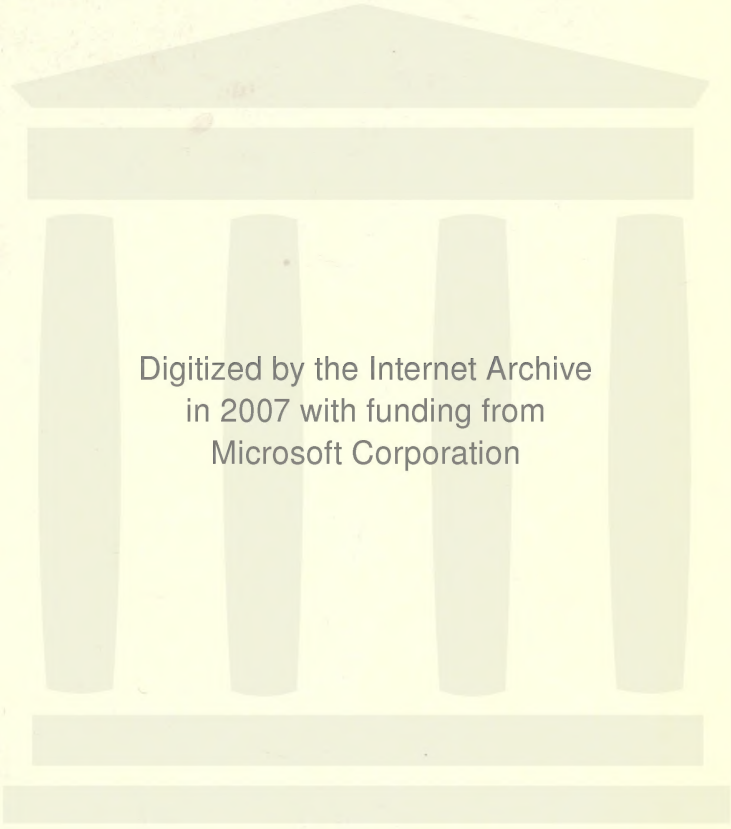
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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR THE PEOPLE.

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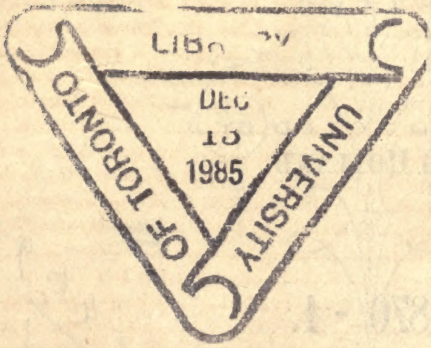

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"I SAT AND WATCHED IT WITH GROWING AWE."

[WILFRID CUMBERMEDE, by George MacDonald; page 98.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1870. No. 1.

JEREMY TRAIN—HIS DRIVE.

IT was Jeremy Train who sat down to his tea
In his holiday clothes, looking prim as could be.
The cravat on his neck had a marvellous tie,
And his boots were as bright and as black as his eye,
And his whiskers and hair, which were turning to gray,
Had been colored and curled at the barber's that day;
And forgetting a little bald spot on his head,
And a stoop in the back, any one would have said
That the hearty old drover had seen less of life,
By a dozen of years, than his sad little wife.

Mistress Barbara Train sat and served him his toast
As polite as a princess, but pale as a ghost.
There was fire in her eye which her tears could not quell,
And a pain in her heart which her tongue might not tell;
For she loved the old drover too well, and she knew
She had ceased to be charming and he to be true;

And she saw at a glance, as she handed his tea,
That his dress was for somebody younger than she,
And was not for a man. Alas! who could it be?

Naughty Jeremy Train, you had better refrain,
For the wind has turned east: it is going to rain.
It is cruel to harness your delicate mare,
And expose her to-night to this terrible air.
Oh! the night will be fearful: the night will be dark:
You will come to some evil, believe me: and hark!
How the storm-wind comes on through the woods with its roar!
How it buffets your windows and bangs at your door!
How the sky gathers blackness from minute to minute!
Forbear! There are mischief and misery in it.

"Every drover must look for his bargains, you know;
"And Mackay has a heifer, as clean as a doe
"And as plump as a partridge. He wishes to sell,
"And the evenings are long, and perhaps it's as well
"Just to fasten the trade when one finds him inclined;
"For our farmer Mackay often changes his mind."

'Twas a truth that he told to the questioning eye
Of his wife, but it artfully covered a lie.
Well she knew that old Train was a slippery chap;
But she brought out his dreadnaught, and fastened his cap,
And she held to the window her flickering light
As he passed o'er the threshold out into the night.
Then the dear little soul, with a sigh and a groan,
Hurried back to her knitting and thinking alone.

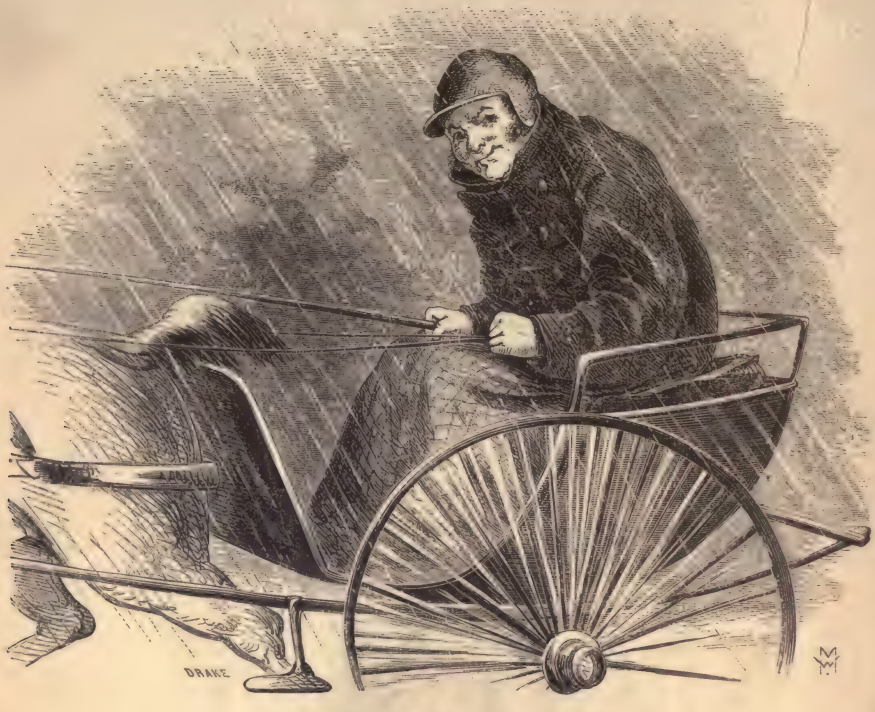
Ay, the evenings were long, but her thoughts were the same,
With their griefs and regrets and their anger and shame;
And they brought her too soon to the merciless keep
Of a pillow that knew not the secret of sleep.
She remembered the days when her features were young,

And when Jeremy wooed with his smooth-going tongue;—
When her form was as bright as a fay's in the dance,
And the thrill of her voice and the light of her glance
Called her suitors around her, with hearts in their hands,
And with feet swift to answer her lightest commands.
Well-a-day! That was past, and could ne'er come again
To the desolate lot of old Barbara Train!

Then she reddened with anger to think that the charms
She had borne, pure as snow, to her Jeremy's arms,
And had held for his own, in the truth of a wife,
Till they faded away in her vanishing life,
Were the sum and the substance of all he had sought;
While her delicate soul, with its feeling and thought,
And her heart, with its loyal affection and trust,
Like the husks of sweet fruit, had been trod in the dust.

Then her eyes filled and flowed with the tenderest tears
As she called back to mind all the beautiful years
When her children were round her, a clamorous brood,
And when she like a bird-mother brought them their food,
Until one and another spread wings for their flight,
And were wafted away from her nest and her sight,
Some to build other nests in the world, or to share,
And the rest to fly upward: her heart told her where.

But in all of her musings, whatever their hue,
She was haunted that night by a face that she knew,—
By the mischievous face of sweet Maggie Mackay—
Which returned every time that she drove it away,
And persisted in coming till, vexed with herself,
Dear old Barbara Train laid her work on the shelf
And her hand on the Bible, and started to read;
But the first words she said were—"*a heifer indeed!*"



What is selfish old Jeremy doing meanwhile?
He has passed down the garden and leaped o'er the stile,
He has mounted his gig, and has given the goad
To his bonny brown mare, who remembers the road,
And, with eyes that are faithful and feet that are sure,
Climbs the hill and strikes out on the shelterless moor,
Where she hurries the wheels with a swash and a hiss
Through the ruts that are full, and each miry abyss,
While the jolly old Jeremy, muffled and warm,
With a genuine joy in a horse and a storm,
Takes the wind in his eye, as a sailor would say;
And so chuckles and talks to himself by the way.

"Pleasant night!" says old Jeremy: "pleasant for me!
"Ah! you gossiping geese! Don't you wish you could see
"Who it is that rides by at this thundering pace?
"Don't you wish that you knew what a pretty young face,
"And a pretty young hand, and a pretty young lip
"Are awaiting old Train at the end of this trip—
"Not to speak of the fire and forgetting the flip?"
Then he laughs a "ha! ha!" with his nose in the air,
And he shouts a "hi! hi!" to his bonny brown mare.
(Have a care, drover Train, with your rollicking boast;
It were wiser to reckon to-night with your host.)

He has passed o'er the moor and descended the hill,
He has crossed the long bridge, and gone up by the mill;
And his mare tries her prettiest paces again
As she picks out her path o'er the desolate plain;
And his features expand in a blossoming smile,
For he sees through the storm, at the end of a mile,
A beacon more bright to his heart than the day,
In the fire on the hearth of young farmer Mackay.

Now the mare dries her flanks in the farmer's warm shed,
With a robe on her back and a hood on her head,
And, as wet as a sea-horse and red as a beet,
Drover Train pauses stamping and scraping his feet
At the door which flies wide at his knock and his shout;
And behold the young wife of Mackay, looking out!

"Oh! if here isn't Jeremy Train, I declare!
"What a wonderful, vigorous person you are!
"And how kind to come out in this terrible rain!
"And how brave! Deary me! I've a mind to be vain;
"But you havn't come here to see me—that is plain!"

Then she took off his muffler and hung up his cap,
And she hit his wet cheek with a delicate tap
Of her pretty warm fingers, and drew him a seat
In the ample old chimney's most cosy retreat,
And went chatting and laughing and rattling away
Like an innocent, frolicsome child at its play,
Till old Train—made a fool by her flattering tongue—
Rather thought, on the whole, that his face was as young
As the face of her husband, who stood with a grin
That was meant for a smile, but was cunning as sin.

Well, and what did the jolly old Jeremy say
To the sugary words of dear Mistress Mackay?
He was chipper and chatty, and frisky and sweet,
And he praised her plump figure and delicate feet,
And he said he would ride any number of miles
For the sound of her voice and the light of her smiles.
Then he turned to the farmer, and talked of his stock,—
Of his Durhams and Devons, and then of the flock
Of Merinoes that clipped such a wonderful fleece,
Coming down by degrees to the turkeys and geese,
And declaring, at last, in his gallantest tone,
That Mackay should be proud as a King on his throne
(And he gave the young wife an affectionate look),
For the queenliest creature he had was his cook.
Then he laughed at his wit till his eyes filled with tears,
And she said he deserved a good box on the ears,
Which he begged her to give in her spitefullest measure,
As the touch of her hand was as good as a treasure,
And the stronger the touch, why, the greater the pleasure!

Then his tongue very artfully took a new tone:
He declared he was living as good as alone;—
That his wife was an excellent woman, he knew,
But her health wasn't good; and, the weaker she grew,
Still the closer she clung to her chamber, of course;

And so he, who was active, was driven perforce
To go out in the world, and pick up as he might
Such refreshment, in fact, as they gave him that night.
It was all very well for good people to scold,
And to say that a man, just because he is old,
Is a rake and a scoundrel, in choosing to roam
For an evening away from his wife and his home;
But he knew his own business, and paid his own bills,
And they'd find they had got the wrong fish by the gills
If they thought they could manage old Jeremy Train;
And he walked the long kitchen again and again,
And he brandished his arms in a terrible rage,
And he talked very loud for a man of his age.

"But you know, Mr. Train," said dear Mistress Mackay,
"That we never have talked about you in that way;"
And the kind, sympathetic young creature besought
The old man to sit down, and not give it a thought.
There were envious folk who were sure to condemn
Any man who in calling called not upon them.
It was very disgusting and vexing, no doubt;
But a thousand good people were gossiped about;
And a man of his wealth and position must bear,
As a matter of course, his appropriate share.
So she swallowed his bait, or pretended she did,
And she flattered and coaxed him, and soothed him and chid,
Till he softened and sweetened by happy degrees,
And grew jolly again, and was quite at his ease.

"By the way!" said old Train—shifting off with a shock
From the grief of his soul to the matter of stock—
"I have heard, but just where I don't think I can tell,
"That my friends have a very fine heifer to sell—
"Very large—quite a monster—and ready to kill;
"And, as I have a difficult order to fill,
"It occurs to my mind that perhaps she will do,
"And I'll take her along when I go, if we two
"Can agree on a price, which is easily made
"When a pair of good fellows are ready to trade.
"It will harm nothing surely to look at the beast."
And the wife said: "Oh! certainly! not in the least."

"Bh-o-o-o-h!" shouted Mackay, with a shuddering shrug,
"It's a horrible night: Maggie, bring me the jug,
"And the flip-iron too, and the mugs and the beer.
"I can never go out at this time of the year,
"And this time of the night, without taking a nip
"At a flask of old rye or a noggin of flip.
"Maggie, bring out the lantern and see to the lamp—
"(Yes, we'll have something steaming to keep out the damp).—

"And my boots and my hat and my overcoat too,
"While I pour out the beer, and attend to the brew."

Now young farmer Mackay was as sharp as a knife,
And a quiet, cool fellow, who worshipped his wife,
And who trusted her wisely, and keenly enjoyed
The performance that night, as she frolicked and toyed
With the gallant old Jeremy's passion and pain;
But he knew that the man was as cruel as Cain,
And he hated him roundly for daring to come
With a thought in his heart that dishonored his home.
So he tipped to his wife an intelligent wink
As a hint that her hand should deliver the drink,
And her feet should stand by while his customer quaffed
A respectable dose of the savory draught.

It were good to have seen the old Jeremy then!—
The politest, the blandest, the grandest of men!
He insisted, at starting, that never a sip
Or a look would he take at her noggin of flip,
Till the brim had been kissed by her beautiful lip!
So she kissed it, and tasted, and laughed in his face,
And he kissed with a taste at the very same place;
And he laughed with a roar as the vapor arose
And enveloped his head and invaded his nose.
Then he tossed her a kiss from his fingers by stealth,
And he slapped young Mackay as he proffered his "health;"

And he drank very deeply, and drank very long,
For the flip was not only abundant, but strong;
And with cream on his mouth, at the end of the swig
He fell back with a smack and a grunt like a pig.

But Mackay had drunk lightly, and, lantern in hand,
He stood quietly waiting the drover's command;
Though, of course, there were many things still to be done;
For old Jeremy Train had his coat to put on,
And our Maggie Mackay had his muffler to tie,
Looking up, as she wrought, to his wicked old eye,
And completing the task with a delicate tweak
Of his ruby-red nose, and a tap on his cheek.

'Tis a dangerous path you are going to tread,
With a sin in your soul and the flip in your head,
Drover Jeremy Train! Keep your eyes open wide,
For the man so polite and so cool at your side
Bears a fire in his eye that has mounted to flame
Since he learned that your heart would delight in his shame.
And that wife, whom you covet so much, is too true
To be fooled by a silly old fellow like you.
But the word comes too late, for the drover is daft
With the beauty that muddles him more than his draught.

They are out in the rain: they are breasting the wind,
While the farmer before and the drover behind
Make their way to the stable, and into the stall,
Where the heifer awaits them, as comely and tall,
And as keen in the eye and as clean in the shank,

And as broad in the back and as fat in the flank—
So old Jeremy sees—as a heifer can be.
"And, now, what will you take for the creature?" says he.

But our farmer Mackay hadn't made up his mind;
And, to tell just the truth, he was rather inclined
To reserve her till Spring, as the market for beef
Was improving a little, and she was his chief—
Nay, his only—reliance, so far as he knew,
For the taxes and interest then to be due
On the farm that he held. He would see: he would think:
In the mean time, he thought that a little more drink
Would perhaps give his slow calculation a jog,
For in smoothing a trade there was nothing like grog;
And he wished to accommodate Train if he might,
After coming so far, on so stormy a night.

So they took a good look at the heifer once more,
And went out of the barn and refastened the door,
And returned to the fireside, where Maggie (kind soul)
Was prepared with a flip-iron red as a coal,
And the mugs and the beer and a newly filled flask
To refresh the cold night-farers after their task.
Then they doffed their wet wrappings, and toasted their feet,
And they sipped at their mugs till their bliss was complete;
And old Train, as the vapor so gratefully curled
Round his nose, was the happiest man in the world.

Then they talked of the weather, the news, and the crops,
Of the relative profits of barley and hops
(Sucking slow at the compound, and licking their chops);—
Of the different plans of the farmers around
For reclaiming their swamps and enriching their ground,
And the policy—then very much on the gain—
Of expending in fodder the most of their grain,
And restoring the crop, in that way, to the plain.

"By the way!" said old Train, coming back to his trade,
"We shall have to be lively, my man! I'm afraid
"We are making slow headway. Come! tell me the price
"Of your heifer, and have the trade closed in a trice."

But Mackay hadn't made up his mind to sell then;
And he thought that perhaps they would go out again,
And look over the heifer. His fortune was slim;
And the price was a matter of moment to him.
So they went out again, and came in as before,
And—to tell the whole truth—half a dozen times more;
And they drank when they went, and they drank when they came,
Till the moment arrived when the price was the same
To old Jeremy Train, whether little or large,

And he bought the man's heifer at last at a charge
Which involved a dead loss to his pocket, no doubt,
Though he never would know how the trade came about.
Then he pulled out his wallet, and counted his cash,
Throwing down the amount with a swaggering dash:
And he rose to his feet, and paraded the floor,
With a step just a little unsteady, and swore
That he did his own bizzens and paid his own bizz,
And the farmer would get the wrong fiss by the gizz
('Twas a favorite figure of speech with the fellow
When his mettle was up, whether sober or mellow),
If he thought in a trade of that sort he could gain
The advantage in dealing with Jeremy Train!

"By the way!" said old Train, with a staggering shock,
"Id's a-gettin' quite late! id's eleven o'clock!
"And Mackay! as the heifer is mine now, suppose
"That you take an old halter, and fasten her nose
"To the tail of my gig. She will lead, I dare say."
Then he gave an arch leer to sweet Mistress Mackay.
As a hint that when he was well out of the house
The old cat would be gone, and the dear little mouse
Would be free to indulge in her frolicsome mood;
And she nodded to show that she quite understood.
But Mackay was alert, and had noticed the hint,

And he said to himself: "I will fix his old flint;"
But he turned with a countenance simple and bland
As he went to the door, with his lantern in hand,
And remarked that the drover had better stay there;
He would fasten the heifer, and bring round the mare,
And would see to the blankets and harness and all;
And when all was prepared for the drive, he would call.

Now old Jeremy Train had advanced a degree
Past the dubious line that, half over the sea,
Marks the spot where a poor fellow's senses have sunk,
For, to speak the truth plainly, the drover was drunk;
And our Maggie Mackay had the courage and tact
To encounter a dozen such persons in fact,
And to keep them as proper and quiet and good
As a lamb by its dam, or the Babes in the Wood.

So it happened that when the young farmer had left,
The old drover grew sad, like a person bereft
Of the lovers and friends and delights of his life;
And he poured out his griefs at the feet of the wife
Of his fortunate neighbor, who soothed him and smiled,
While the dismal old Jeremy wept like a child.
He declared that he felt himself ready to die;
And that but for the light of her beautiful eye
And the warmth of her presence, the world would be cold,
And he wondered if she would esteem him too bold
If he asked for her hand, just a moment, to hold!
So she gave him her hand, and he blubbered his grief
On her pretty plump fingers, but found no relief;
And the sorrowful minutes went speeding away
Till he jumped at the summons of farmer Mackay,
Snatched a blundering kiss from the charmer, and tore
His sad eyes from her face, and rushed out of the door
With the lunge of a whale, and the speed of a rocket,
Into darkness that closed round his head like a pocket.

Well for Jeremy Train that the passage was straight
That conducted his feet from the house to the gate!
For the lantern was dead, and the storm at its height,
And the voice that was calling him into the night
Was assailed by the tempest and tossed in the air,
Till it came to his ears through the billowy blare
Of the blast, from above, from below, from around,
With a strangely confusing, bewildering sound.

So he paused for a moment, then luckily chose
To go straight from the doorway and follow his nose,
Which he did, till it struck on a wheel, and the drover
(Though hurt) thought the worst of his troubles were over;

For his mare was the trustiest creature alive,
And had borne the old wanderer home to his hive
Many times when his burden forbade him to drive.

Then he mounted his gig with a swell and a surge
That projected him quite to the opposite verge
Of the seat; but he rallied and straightened again,
Took his whip from the socket and gathered the rein,
Saying gruffly: "Go 'long!" but the beast wouldn't budge.
So he twitched at the rein, and he gave her a nudge
With the end of his whip. As the gig failed to start,
Indignation rose high in old Jeremy's heart,
And he muttered: "Oh! ho! we will see about this!"
And the long, snaky lash cleft the air with a hiss,
That came down with the sting of an asp to a back
That was tender and touchy. It answered the crack
With a snort and a plunge, and set off on a run;
And the drive of old Jeremy Train was begun.

"You'll be sober enough in a minute or two,"
Growled the spiteful old drover. "I'll hammer you through;"
And the lash went aloft in the darkness and rain,
And descended in anger and vengeance again;
But the answering leap of the hurrying feet
Nearly threw the old drover back over his seat.
There was that in the plunge which half-sobered the man;
And with such of his wits as he held, he began
To observe a strange motion—a swing and a roll
He could neither explain to himself nor control;
For he stiffened his back, and he pulled at the bit,
Which the furious beast answered never a whit,
But went leaping and lunging and tearing along,
Till he said: "There is something about it that's wrong.
"Can the creature be drunk? I should judge by her pace
"That Mackay had been careless and breathed in her face;
"While I stuck like a fool to that beautiful elf,
"And neglected to see to the matter myself."

It is vain, drover Train, to go back to the fault
Of yourself and the farmer; so come to a halt
With your drunken surmises, and stick to your seat;
For you dare not leap off and you cannot retreat.
And the danger and darkness are doing their work,
For you stare with wild eyes at the horrible mirk
That is cheating your sight of the demons that lurk
In the bosk by the way; and by careful degrees
You are finding the floor of your gig with your knees.
And still faster and faster the animal flies,
Like a devil that hurries away with his prize;
And your staggering wits have awaked to a scare

That puts lead in your bosom and thorns in your hair,
And you promise and pray with a passion as wild
As if, under the rod, you were only a child.

"If the Lord will assist me this time to escape,
"With a neck that is sound, from this terrible scrape,
"I will never go visiting out at Mackay's
"In the evening again, till the end of my days.
"I will drink no more flip for the rest of my life,
"And I'll stay in the house, and attend to my wife,
"And I'll try to be good, and I'll do what I can
"To become a respectable sort of a man.
"I'm a stingy old scoundrel, I know and confess;
"But my wife shall have plenty of money for dress,
"And I'll take her next summer away for a tour;
"And I'll do something handsome for feeding the poor;
"And I'll get the new linen she wants, and the dishes,
"And the Dorcas shall come to my house when she wishes;
"And" (just then the old gig gave a threatening lurch)
"I will go—now and then—of a Sunday—to church.
"I can't promise to join; but I'll pay for a pew,
"And I'll send some good things to the minister too."

He had done what he could: he had offered to trade,
And had promised his remnant of life for the aid

That he needed so sorely. It failed to appear,
And he gave himself up to the sickening fear
That his wicked old soul was at last in the clutch
Of the demon of death he had dreaded so much.

There's a light just ahead, at the edge of the path,
But the creature sweeps by like a besom of wrath,
Giving Train but a moment to gather a glimpse
Of the devil himself, or of one of his imps,
For he peeps o'er the dash-board as well as he may,
And perceives by the glint of a fugitive ray
Just a rough pair of horns! "There's the devil to pay!"
Said the frightened old drover, and fainted away!

The next morning a passenger, early abroad,
Saw a crow on a sapling that fluttered and cawed
In so crazy a mood that he hurriedly went
Through the field to find out, if he could, what it meant.
And oh! what do you think that the gentleman found,
But a heifer as dead as a nail on the ground,
And, beside her, rolled up in the shape of an egg,
Mr. Jeremy Train, with a break in his leg,
And a snore in his nose, and the smell of a keg?

And his gig was a wreck, and the harness was—where?
It was not in the gig: it was not on the mare,

Who was nibbling the bar where her halter was fast;
And the curious gentleman found it, at last,
On the heifer herself! Well, he stood quite aghast,
But not long: there was much of importance to do:
So he woke the old man with a touch of his shoe,
Who, on seeing the horns lying close to his nose,
Muttered: "Curse that Mackay!" and sank back to his doze,
That was broken at last by the gentleman's toes.

How to get the old man to his home was a question,
That was settled at length by the happy suggestion
To arrange a good seat on the back of the mare,
And to place him upon it, and fasten him there,
Though it proved, in the trial, no easy affair.
Still, the plan was accomplished; and Jeremy Train,
With a leg that was swinging, and stinging with pain,
And the man at his side, with a hand on the rein
And another in his, started homeward again.

Oh! the joy that leaped up in old Barbara's eyes
When her Jeremy came! 'Twas a happy surprise
To the wicked old man, but he peevishly said:
"Get me down from the mare, and then take me to bed,

"And go swift for the doctor. I've broken a limb,
"And I've taken a cold, and I feel pretty slim."

So they bore him up stairs, and took off his wet clothes
(To the tune of his cries and the time of his oaths),
And they laid him as straight as they could on the sheet,
With a rag on his head and a brick at his feet,
And they covered him well, and surrendered their post
To his wife, who came in with the coffee and toast,
And a steak of the cut that delighted him most.

Well, the surgeon came soon, and the member was set,
And arrangements were ordered for keeping it wet
(As they do in such cases). Then counselling quiet,
And prescribing warm drinks and a nourishing diet,
He went tiptoe away, with a hint to the wife
That the drover would have a hard struggle for life.

What a pleasure it was to dear Barbara Train
To attend the old man in his sickness and pain!
She was with him by day, she was with him by night;
She was with him through all of that dangerous fight
Which the surgeon predicted, and helped him to win;
And was happier far than she ever had been,
And grew fat every day while the drover grew thin.

He was long on his bed; and, away from his drink
And his wicked pursuits, he had leisure to think;
And the stone in his bosom grew tender and sore
Till it felt like a heart, and responded once more
To the delicate motives of honor and truth,
And the love of the dutiful wife of his youth.

It is Jeremy Train who sits down to his tea
In his wrapper and slippers, as pale as can be;
But the old man is happy, for, close at his side,
In her prettiest clothes, sits his charming old bride,
With the light in her eye and the flush on her face,
And in all of her motions the exquisite grace
That enchanted his youth; and he pats her gray hair,
And exclaims: "What a lovely old woman you are!
"Here's a bargain between us: come! give me a kiss,
"And I'll give you a pledge in return. It is this:
"I will never go hunting for heifers again
"In the night, when it threatens an easterly rain;
"Never drive a strange beast in a family chair,
"But look well to my harness and stick to my mare."

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

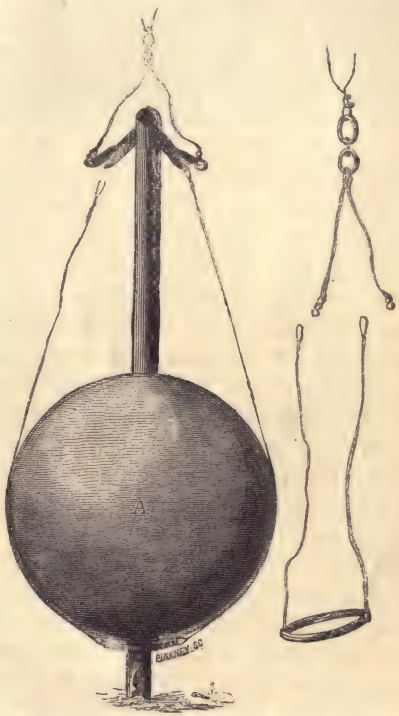
MAN'S CONQUESTS OF NATURE.

THERE remains very little of the dry land which has not been explored by the traveller and the naturalist; but of the ocean, which covers the greater part of the earth's surface, our knowledge is as yet comparatively limited. We are, however, impatient to know more, and the recent results of deep-sea soundings and dredgings are so truly wonderful that some of the leading naturalists and physicists are giving special attention to this line of investigation. It seems already probable that our ideas of geological epochs and time wil shortly undergo serious modifications, in con sequence of the nature and abundance of th life discovered at great ocean depths. Physi cists are also making many valuable addition to our knowledge of the temperature an currents of the sea; and now that the Darie Canal project is again agitated, questions i regard to the effect of the two oceans upo one another, through this artificial communi cation, are also much discussed. As com

mercial and political, as well as scientific interests are influenced by these investigations, they claim the attention of every liberally educated and thoughtful person. We have consequently attempted in the following pages to present briefly matter to be found in certain late English and French memoirs and popular treatises bearing on the physics and natural history of the sea, and are especially indebted to Mr. L. Sonrel's recent very interesting work.

The plummet is the oldest and simplest instrument in use for ascertaining the depth of the ocean. It consists essentially of a cylinder of lead, suspended by a cord attached to one of its extremities, while the other is tallowed in order that some portion of the soil at the bottom of the sea may adhere to it. It is simply dropped into the water, and allowed to fall suddenly to the bottom. The imperfection and uncertainty of such an instrument are obvious. If the sea be calm and of slight depth, it may prove equal to its work, and report correctly. But how often is the lead pulled up without anything adhering to it! The sea, in fact, is seldom or never at rest, and at all times there are currents below the surface, which may carry away in a bight hundreds of yards of the line, without indicating that the lead has reached the bottom.

Various attempts have been made to improve the plummet. The object has been to make sure that it shall bring up to the surface a sample of the soil at the bottom of the sea, and to diminish the effect of currents, so that no error may be occasioned by the length of line carried away out of the perpendicular. The lead used for making the soundings preparatory to laying the first Atlantic telegraph cable is the invention of an officer in the United States Navy, and is known as "Brooke's deep-sea sounding apparatus." This consists of a cannon-ball perforated so that a rod or cylinder may be passed through it. The ball is supported a certain distance up the rod, on which it slides freely by means of a sling, the ends of which are looped on to the movable ears at the top of the rod. To these, also, the line is attached by which the apparatus is lowered into the ocean. The weight of the shot, being sufficient to resist a current, carries the line down perpendicularly; and when the protruding end of the rod strikes the bottom the line slackens, the movable ears drop, and the loops of the sling are disengaged. The shot then slides down the rod, and the latter, no longer encumbered with the weight, can be drawn up with ease. At the lower end of the rod there is a cup-shaped depression armed with tallow, or the barrel of a common quill takes its place. By either contrivance specimens of the sea-bottom may be brought up from great depths. Every time this apparatus is used the shot and sling are of



DEEP-SEA SOUNDING APPARATUS.

course lost, the rod alone being recovered when the line is pulled in.

The sounding apparatus now most generally used was devised by Commodore Sands, and may be considered as a modification of the one we have described. It has the advantage over Brooke's in detaching the weight more certainly, and admits of the use of a larger and better specimen cup.

Methods have been proposed for sounding the ocean, in which the line is dispensed with; one is by detaching a float at the bottom when

MEASURING DEPTH OF SEA BY MEANS OF A BOMB.

the lead strikes, and watching for its return to the surface, and computing the depth from the time required in the experiment. But, unfortunately, there is no material applicable, on account of the great pressure, which condenses bodies to such an extent, even at moderate depths, as to render those specifically lighter than water at the surface, heavier than this element after being subjected to its influence.

The method has also been suggested of letting a bomb fall into the sea, which would explode when it struck the bottom. The noise of the report would reach the surface, and the time that had elapsed from the moment the bomb was dropped into the water would afford the means of calculating the vertical distance it had fallen. It is well known that water is a good transmitter of sound. Dr. Collodon caused a clock to strike under the water of Lake Geneva, and it was heard in the first experiment four leagues off, and in the second at more than twice that distance.

By means of the sounding apparatus we are enabled to construct correct charts and sections of the ocean bottom. If for instance we would make a vertical section of the Atlantic in a line from Mexico, across Yucatan, Cuba, San Domingo, and the Cape de Verds, to Senegambia, on the African coast, let us take our departure. We notice that the plummet descends at first nearly 2,000 feet, and returns to the surface on the coast of Yucatan. After doubling this peninsula there is again an abrupt descent of about 3,000 feet, and from thence to Cuba the valley is only interrupted by a chain of submarine hills of little importance. Rounding Cuba, we find ourselves floating above a perpendicular ravine, from 7,000 to 8,000 feet deep, between that island and Hayti.

Between Hayti and Porto Rico, and between the latter and the Windward Isles, the average depth is something less than 7,000 feet. Beyond the Lesser Antilles there is nothing above the waves until we reach the Cape de Verd Islands. When we first spread sail for that point, the plummet falls suddenly to a depth of 16,500 feet or more, and rises as suddenly to a little more than 13,000 feet. Again, it descends suddenly to 16,000 feet; and then continues to mark a depth varying by sudden changes, say from 16,000 to 10,000 feet, until near the Cape de Verd Islands, when the depth, even close in shore, is about 14,700 feet. These pinnacled isles rise to the height of 10,000 feet above the surface of the sea. Deep gulfs separate the one from the other, and a still deeper trench or canal with almost perpendicular sides brings us to the African coast.

Experiments of this kind can only be made by governments, or by commercial companies interested in their results. For example, the laying of submarine telegraph cables has made it necessary in recent times to sound the ocean in various tracks. Almost every day sees some addition made to our knowledge in this way, and there can be no doubt that the multiplication of submarine telegraph lines will tend very greatly to hasten the time when we shall have an accurate idea of the form of the earth. Within a few years the North Atlantic has been sounded in so many points, that by combining the results obtained we are able to trace the configuration of its bottom, and construct a chart analogous to a geographical tracing designed to indicate the surface of a country in relief. Such a chart shows that it

average depth is not more than three or four miles. Westward from the British Isles, and even across the middle ground to Newfoundland, the depth is so uniform that when soundings were made for the purpose of laying a telegraph cable between the Old World and the New, all this part of the ocean-bottom seemed as if it were purposely designed to form the bed of that wonderful conductor of thought. Hence the name of "Telegraphic Plateau" was given to it.

From Spain to the Azores, and from the Azores to Newfoundland, the depth nowhere exceeds 3,000 fathoms. It has therefore appeared to present a suitable course for a telegraphic cable. The French line is laid midway between this plateau and the English cable of 1866.

Soundings have also revealed the presence of shallow sea extending from Nova Scotia to the east of the Great Bank of Newfoundland and to the coast of Labrador. It is by this route, as all know, that the polar ice and icebergs descend towards the Gulf Stream, the warm current of which causes them to melt, and deposit in the bed of the sea the *débris* of the land from which they had drifted away.

The composition of the air is uniform at all altitudes the world over, and the same is probably true of that of sea-water, with certain limitations. The streams which flow from the land into the ocean are charged with many soluble substances, and the extreme point of saturation would have been long ago reached had it not been for the counteraction of innumerable marine animals and plants, which extract from the waters of the ocean the solids held in solution. From this source the foraminifera, the polypi, and the molusca derive their calcareous structures and coverings. An estimate may be formed of the stupendous nature of the action of these little creatures, by considering the vast extent of the beds of calcareous rock which form part of the earth's crust, and which are composed chiefly of the remains of beings so small that upwards of fifty-eight thousand of them have been counted in a cubic inch of chalk.

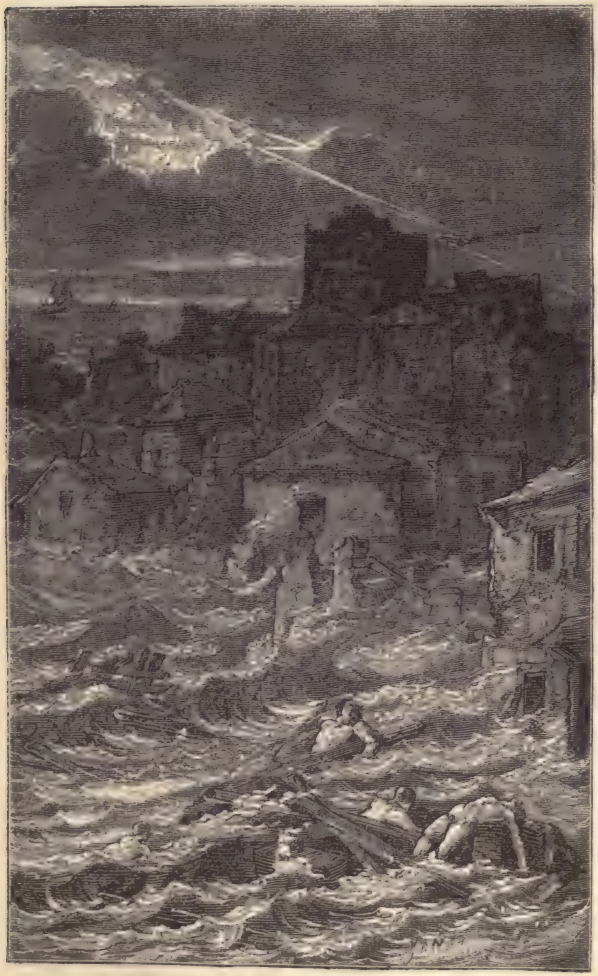
The enormous pressure exercised by a column of water many thousand of yards in depth often causes extraordinary difficulties in the construction of the necessary apparatus for obtaining water from the bottom of the ocean for examination. It is not possible to employ empty vessels, such as are used for investigations into the character of the atmosphere, contrived to open at the required depths. The water would either break the vessels, or filter through them. On their approaching the surface, any gases that had been subject to the enormous powers of compression of the superincumbent water, would dilate to an extent which no ordinary closed vessel could be expected to resist. As yet these difficulties have not been fully overcome, and we must confess our ignorance of the quantity of salt held in solution in the profound depths of the ocean.

Rain and evaporation cause the saltness of the superficial waters of the sea to vary considerably. If it rains frequently in certain regions, the saltness is slight in comparison with that of places where the clearness of the atmosphere favors evaporation.

In the polar regions the saltness of the sea is modified by another cause not less active than the above, namely, the melting of the ice, accumulated like two vast cowls over the extremities of the earth. Every year, during the summer of each hemisphere, torrents of fresh water are poured out towards the temperate regions. These torrents gradually mingle with the salt water of the ocean, upon which they first flow along as a river on its bed; and as a consequence of this, and the other active causes to which we have alluded, the saltness of the sea grows less at the surface in proportion as we approach the poles.

The composition of sea-water varies most in the neighborhood of the coast. It is only at a considerable distance from its embouchure that the water of a river mixes with that of the ocean, and the one is often distinguished from the other by a well-defined line. This phenomenon is most striking at the embouchure of the Mississippi. The "Father of Waters" rolls into the sea laden with yellow mud, which forms a shifting promontory in the midst of the dark waters of the Mexican Gulf.

Fresh water is contributed even by the bottom of the sea itself. It is true the phenomenon of submarine springs is of rare occurrence; yet some remarkable instances are known, and many others may have escaped notice. In some places, generally near the shore, the sea may be seen to bubble, and yet no gas is disengaged. The movement is occasionally so pronounced that the surface of the sea swells as with a wave; and if in such a case we test the water, it will be found to be less salt than usual; indeed, if the source be abundant, it will be quite fresh.



RISING OF THE SEA AT ACAPULCO.

Sea-water not only contains salt, but gases. Air rich in oxygen plays a most important part in oceanic phenomena. Without it no living thing could exist in the sea. Except for it, even those beautiful algæ, whose long and brilliantly colored ribbons are floated in undulating curves by the marine current, would no longer charm the eye;—the whole race of polypi would cease their labors on the stony edifices which are so much admired by the lovers of Nature.

It has been supposed that the renewal of gases in deep water is effected with difficulty, and that this prevents the existence of organized beings at great depths; that as aërial plants and animals are confined to the lower strata of the atmosphere, no marine plants and animals are condemned to remain near the surface of the waters, comparatively speaking.

But as within a few years life in great variety has been discovered many thousands of feet beneath the zone to which all organized beings were presumed to be confined, it is fair to conclude that air, probably by means of currents, reaches the profoundest ocean depths.

The phosphorescence of the sea, which sometimes shows itself even in vivid flashes like lightning, is generally due to the presence in it of certain infusoria or floating molluscs. Travelers have attributed this phenomenon also to the spawn of fish existing in such numbers as to form enormous banks. Ships sometimes pass for miles and miles through vast layers of water so thronged with the phosphorescent bodies of salpæ as to present the consistence of jelly. This animal in certain seas is the principal food of the whale.

At mid-ocean the color of sea-water is blue, but near the shores the color of the bottom has a decided modifying influence. A yellowish sand, for instance, will change the tint of the blue water to green, and

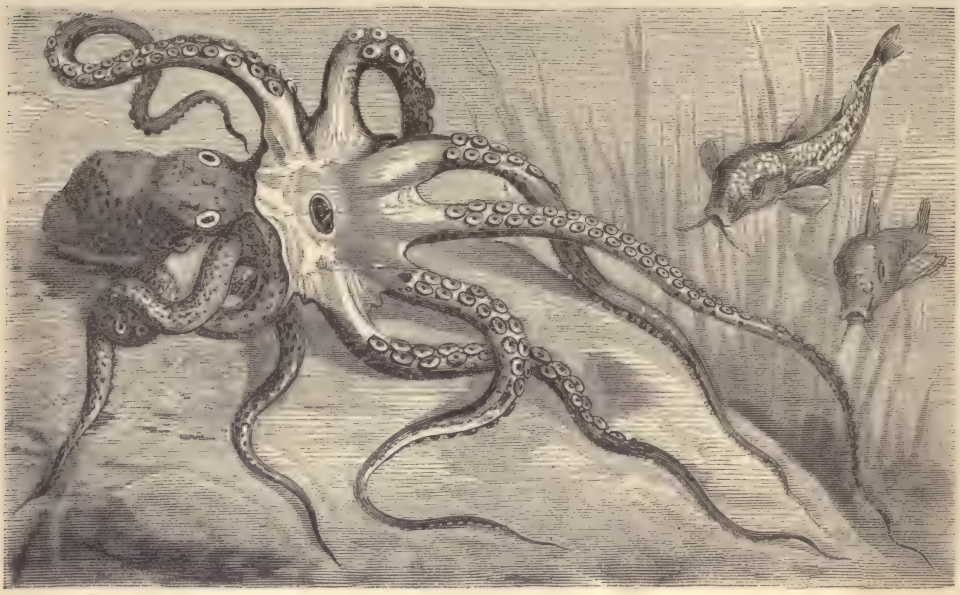
ROCKS WORN BY THE WAVES.

the sea may appear of the color of blood where the bottom is red. The light reflected from the clouds also lends its color to the water..

The attempt to ascertain the temperature at the bottom of the sea at any given time is surrounded with as many difficulties as the procuring of water from certain depths. The thermometer is subjected not merely to the influence of temperature, but to the pressure of the water by which it is environed. This pressure becomes enormous when the descent is measured by thousands of yards. As yet no perfectly reliable marine thermometer has been constructed; but results have been reached sufficient to satisfy the physicist that the view once held that the sea has a uniform temperature below a certain line is untenable. Its surface is hottest at the equator, and coldest at the poles. Between these extreme latitudes there is a succession of diminishing temperatures, greatly interrupted, however, by marine currents. The same causes also complicate the temperature according to the depth,—hot and cold currents flowing one above the other and crossing each other in various directions. Recent thermometric soundings have rendered it probable that in certain parts of the ocean, at very great depths, the water has a temperature even below the freezing-point of fresh water.

Waves are caused by the action of the winds. The greatest, according to Humboldt, at a distance from any coast, do not exceed thirty-seven feet in height; and their motion is not propagated, probably, to a depth of more than a few hundred feet. Earthquakes which extend under the ocean stir the waters obviously to their most profound depths, and give rise to a phenomenon which has been called the "Wave of Translation." On the 23d of December, 1854, a huge wave overwhelmed the city of Simoda in Japan, which was preceded by several earthquake shocks. Some hours later, at a distance of nearly five thousand miles, waves of an unusual height broke upon the shores of California. In 1820 a part of the city of Acapulco was destroyed by a rush of the sea, caused by a rising and sinking of the land.

The dry land is constantly at work contributing material for the building up of the floor of the ocean. The rock which forms the culminating point of the highest mountains crumbles when subjected, as in winter, to sudden changes of temperature, or it yields slowly to the constant action of atmospheric agencies, and, broken up by continually increasing fissures, rolls as *débris* into the bed of a torrent. The troubled water breaks furi-



THE CUTTLE FISH.

ously against the obstruction, and grinds the fragments to pieces one against another. The river carries the pebbles, gravel, and sand to the sea, where it deposits them, at a distance more or less great from its embouchure, according to their weight and the strength of its current. The muddy water of the Amazon is distinguishable at sea nearly a hundred miles from its mouth.

The rocks of the sea-coast also yield their tribute. If the shore is steep, the erosive action of the sea is considerable. The upper part of the cliff, though not subjected to the direct action of the waves, falls forward, and occasionally forms deep rocky caverns, such as we see at Bonifacio. In this manner, entire promontories have been destroyed; even within the historic period the Straits of Gibraltar have been enlarged by this process.

If the sea struggles victoriously against the land when the latter opposes to it some formidable obstacle, its efforts fail, its force, so to speak, expires when there is no such resistance. It batters down the rock-bound shore with resistless force; it flows harmlessly over low and sandy flats. The tidal wave spreads out over the level shore until it has lost all its speed, and when it retires it leaves behind it on the sands all the materials which it had pushed before it as it came in from the sea.

The transporting power of floating ice must not be forgotten when considering the agencies at work in building up the ocean-bed. In the polar regions detached masses of glaciers, carrying on their surface, as well as in their interior, fragments of rock, gravel, and dirt, float away into the open sea. Every year the cold currents visit Newfoundland with their imposing freight of ice-fields and frozen mountains. On approaching that island they encounter the Gulf Stream, and the frozen masses gradually disappear, being eaten away by the water, the heat of which undermines them. The earth and fragments of rock which they carry fall to the bottom.

Independently of the remains of terrestrial animals and plants which are borne into the sea, the submarine deposits are greatly influenced by the abundance of life in the sea itself; and a knowledge of this life is indispensable to one who would form an accurate idea of the submerged portion of the earth's crust, and of the phenomena which are produced on that wonderful stage of animate and inanimate existence.

The inhabitants of the greatest depths, like those of the greatest heights, are the most uniformly distributed. Many of them are genuine citizens of the world; others, inhabiting the low bottoms, are separated from the rest of the world by the deep waters, as by an impassable barrier. A current of warm water is as effective in keeping the distinct fauna apart as a rampart of flames. The Gulf Stream nourishes beings to which the neighboring waters would prove fatal; while on the other hand its own genial boundaries are impassable to species accustomed to the cold northern seas.

There is an immense difference in the aspects respectively of warm and cold seas. The actors are not the same. The landscape itself presents totally different characters. The richest vegetation is found in the temperate zones. There flourish immense forests, even more mysterious than the sacred woods of olden time. Fish, mollusks, crabs, are the happy denizens of these shady retreats. As we advance towards the equator, vegetation becomes less abundant and less varied. The waters are too much heated to be agreeable to the greater number of the algæ, and if in any part of the equatorial seas the submarine vegetation attains the scale of grandeur, it is still wanting in the delicacy and elegance which characterize the vegetation of the temperate zones.

Nor are the frozen regions of the earth more agreeable to the algæ than those which are too highly heated. Flowers preserve their brilliancy under the snow, but the polar ice does not seem to perform a similar kind office for marine plants. Here we no longer find the charming rural retreats of the hippocampi, those quaint hybrids of the creation.

Thus we see that heat and cold play an important part in the extension of life beneath the ocean, and it was till within a few years believed that all plant and animal existence ceases long before we reach its greatest depth. But, as we have said, recent investigations have discovered life in great variety and abundance many thousands of feet below the surface of the sea; and the difficulty now is to determine why many of the animals found at these great depths have perfectly formed eyes, since, according to the physicist, light can penetrate the water for only a few hundred feet. Can it be that, as certain ones of almost all classes of marine animals are known to be phosphorescent, their movements are influenced by light of this nature solely?

Life in the sea is limited in extent, and we may say in quantity, not only by heat and cold, but animals prey upon one another. Between some of them there prevails a sufficiently good understanding, and others appear to live in continual warfare. Even the whale, whose vast mass imposes on nearly all the inhabitants of the sea, seems to be troubled in an extraordinary manner when he perceives the swordfish at a distance. The voracity and power of the shark are terrible almost beyond credence. Fishermen believe that when it has once tasted human flesh it is certain to continue its visits to the places where it expects to find it. For this reason the pearl-fisheries are the theatre of dreadful struggles, in which the coolness and intelligence of man happily triumph sometimes over this tiger of the seas.

At every step we have to note the destruction of the feeble by the strong, the little by the great. Most of the life of marine animals seems to be passed in a study or a struggle

THE HIPPOCAMPUS.

FIGHT BETWEEN A SAILOR AND A SHARK.

how one shall eat the other. The problem has to be settled by continued ruses, attacks, and precipitate flights, battles and deaths, without a spectator to compassionate the sorrows of the vanquished. There is no outcry, no useless talk over these tragedies. One meets another, attacks him, devours him — that is all.

There is no region with a favorable climate and an agreeable site, where animals are not found living in colonies, and working by their petrifaction at the construction of rocks and reefs of an immense extent. No part of the world presents them in the same marvelous variety as the Great Ocean and the Indian seas. If we direct our gaze into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, we shall there see realized the most wonderful dreams and fairy tales of our childhood. Everywhere the eye is charmed with the brilliancy of color; delicate shades of sea-green alternating with browns and yellows, rich purple tints passing from the most vivid red to the deepest blue; nullipores, yellow or pink, delicately touched as the perch, covering decaying plants with fresh development of life, and themselves enveloped with a black tissue of retipores resembling the most delicate carvings in ivory. Around the coral-bushes play the humming-birds of the ocean—brilliant little fishes, now sparkling with metallic red or blue, now with a golden green, or with the soft hue of silver. All this marvelous manifestation of life is displayed in the midst of the most rapid alternations of light and shade, changing with every breath, with every undulation that ripples the surface of the sea. When daylight declines, the shadows of night spread in the deep waters, and the exquisite garden which they cover is lighted up with new splendors. The medusæ and the microscopic crustaceans shine in the darkness like fairy stars. The pennatula, which during the day is of a reddish cinnabar color, floats in phosphorescent light; every corner of the sea-bottom sends out its ray of color, and objects that look brown and dull in the universal radiation of daylight now shine with the most charming green, yellow and red light.

For a long time the zoophytes or reef-builders were taken for indurated marine plants. Their animal nature and their likeness to animals, under forms and aspects so grotesquely various, were not thoroughly recognized until our own times; the name they still retain recalls their apparent analogy to vegetables.

The *actiniæ*, or sea-anemones found on our own coast may serve as a type, as to structure, of the reef-building corals. The body of the polyp is soft, and its form is that of a hollow cylinder. At one of its extremities an opening serves for the introduction of aliment into the body of the animal, and also for the expulsion of matters which have not served for its nutrition. This single opening is surrounded with fleshy appendices or tentacles, more or less numerous. The digestive apparatus is formed of a double pocket, the one completely enveloping the other. The animal might be well enough described as a sack, closed at one of its extremities and with its superior or open part folded back upon the bottom. It attaches itself firmly to the rocks: adhesion is effected by means of a large and fleshy base, which secretes a glutinous matter, and it depends entirely on the will of the animal.

We may compare one of these creatures to a flower plunged in water, with petals so soft and flexible that they yield to its slightest movements. At one moment they may be

seen gathered together to agitate the water, as a means of renewing its freshness before the mouth which they protect; at another they contract and disappear before some threatened danger, or they stretch themselves out to seize their almost invisible prey. These animals, unlike coralline polyps, are nearly always found separate from other individuals of their species; and while the latter are for the most part bound to their native place, the actinaria are free to choose their abode.

One of the most interesting of the fixed polypi, though not living and serving as a reef-builder, is the commercial or precious coral. Naturalists of ancient times regarded it as a stone, or as the solid axis of a marine plant. Dioscorides thought it to be a shrub which hardened on being taken out of the sea and exposed to the air. He even thought it petrified if touched while it was alive in the water.

The colony of polyps are supported by a hardened axis (the true coral), to the increase of which they are constantly contributing, and are lodged in little cavities or hollows of a crust or bark which they also secrete.

Coral is found in the Mediterranean chiefly, but also in the Red Sea. It is fixed to the rocks by an enlargement of its base, and is generally fished in comparatively shallow waters, ranging from ten to fifty yards, never being taken at greater depths than from 200 to 350 yards. The tackle used for obtaining it is a kind of drag with arms, worked by means of a capstan. Each branch or arm of the drag has a netted sack at the end of it, into which the coral falls as it is broken off. Beneath the centre of the cross formed by the arms, a heavy stone is swung; and the whole apparatus is dragged along the rocky bottom by the forward motion of the vessel and the lifting action of the capstan operated at the same time. When the drag is pulled on deck, the available coral is selected from the mass and cleaned for sale.

The color of coral is generally a beautiful red, but it is found of every intermediate tint between red and white. That fished on the coast of France owes its celebrity to the richness of its colors. The different kinds are known to commerce under the various names of "blood coral," first, second, third, etc., according to the shade. White coral is but little esteemed, if we except that kind known as "cornelian-white."

DENDROPHYLLIA (HALF THE NATURAL SIZE).

Those species of calcareous polypi which exercise the most marked influence upon the varied surface of the sea-bottom, and which have distinguished themselves as the constructors of reefs and islands, are confined mostly to tropical regions. They bear a close resemblance to the actiniæ or sea-anemones, but differ from these chiefly in that their lower part is supported by a calcareous framework or skeleton which they are constantly increasing. Each polyp elevates itself by steady additions of solid material to its base. When the individuals are isolated, or not

FISHING FOR SPONGES ON THE COAST OF SYRIA.

closely grouped together, the polypier attains no great dimensions; but when, as in asteria, they develop side by side, and are joined one to another by a compact tissue, the solid compound base often reaches several feet in diameter. Sometimes the polypier takes the form of a tree, the buds in the process of development not remaining parallel with the mother-branch. Madrepora and dendrophyllia are examples of this kind. In the brain-cord the polyps appear huddled together in the shallow sinuosities which furrow the surface of the polypier. All that can be discovered in the furrows is a row of mouths. The sinuosities vary according to the species. Their numerous folds wind among one another like a maze, reminding one of the famous Cretan labyrinth; hence the scientific name, *meandrina*. They are generally globular, or nearly so, in form, and their size and appearance have suggested the name by which they are sometimes called by sailors—*Neptune's Brain*.

But there are other beings of a microscopic nature which are as effectually at work building up by their solid remains the floor of the ocean. The sand of the sea is often almost entirely composed of the variously and elegantly formed shells of foraminifers and diatoms; they flourish at all depths, and in certain regions the bottom of the sea for hundreds of miles seems to be taken possession of as the pasture ground and sepulchre of these individually insignificant beings. There are great animals in the ocean, but the armies of the infinitely little count by millions. The giants of the deep make their presence felt while they live; the pigmies of creation are the true world-makers.

Air is necessary to the life of man; his organization forbids a too protracted stay beneath the surface of the water. If he dives, he is soon compelled to return to the surface. He is, therefore, unable to acquire any extensive acquaintance with the submerged part of the earth, for no sooner does the depth exceed a few feet than some special apparatus becomes requisite.

But man is ambitious to assert his sovereign right over the whole globe; universal nature is his inheritance, and he studies her every phase and all her changing humors with patience. With a sublime audacity he would penetrate and master, in every direction, an empire the limits of which appear to him to be too narrow. He is not satisfied to run with lightning speed over the surface of the earth; he would also cleave the air like a bird, and dispute their darkest and dreariest retreats with the inhabitants of the seas.

Ambition and the love of gold are an almost universal motive power. Poverty and fear often supply their place. The pearl-divers not only run the risk of drowning, and of being devoured by sharks, but they are also in danger of being suffocated, in consequence of having to hold their breath for a protracted time; and if no worse effects ensue, this condition often results in blood-spitting. The pressure supported by the explorer augments by one atmosphere when he has reached a depth of 32 feet; it soon becomes so great as to involve conditions in which it would be impossible to live.

Who can form an idea of the immense changes which would result if men were able to travel freely under the surface of the waters? Where would be the natural frontiers which politicians so much desiderate? Man darting through the air like a bird; locomotives competing with the eagle in point of speed, and losing themselves in the midst of the clouds; powerful machines plunging beneath the ocean's tempest, and scattering in terrified hosts the multitudinous inhabitants of the sea! Great minds have nevertheless devoted their labors and thoughts to such objects, and we shall presently see how they have partially resolved the question in respect to the ocean. Sailors of a new order may now be shipped for submarine expeditions; the adventurer can already carry with him a provision of air, light and food; he can sink or rise at will, or maintain himself at any particular depth, like a spirit of the deep; he can suddenly make his presence felt in the midst of a fleet, or on a hostile coast, before the astounded enemy has time to prepare for defence.*

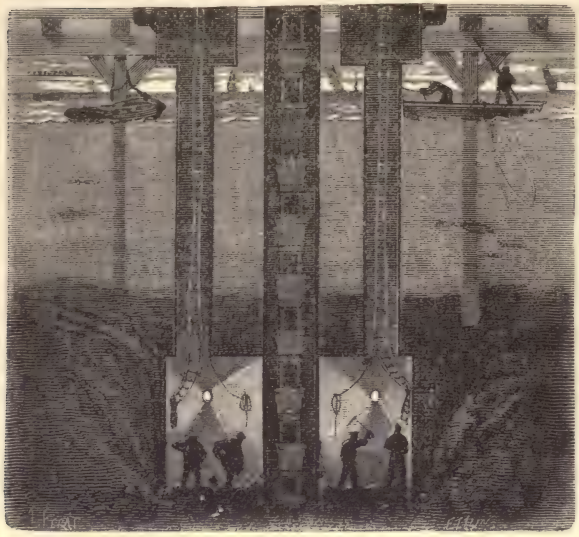
If a few steps have been made in the realization of such marvels, how many more still remain to be accomplished! It will perhaps never be man's lot to tread the hitherto unfathomable abysses of the sea; at any rate, there must be patient waiting through a long series of ages for this result, and we must leave to our descendants the care of adding another chapter to the history of the earth.

The exploration of the bottom of the sea made but little progress in ancient times or in the middle ages. During many centuries the few attempts of which we hear are rather of a legendary than authentic character. It is hardly a century since the celebrated astronomer Halley, commencing the experiments in submarine exploration which have been continued to our time, descended to a depth of 50 feet in a diving bell which he had constructed. English engineers utilized this invention in building the immense submarine structures with which they have covered the English coasts. This has been gradually replaced by another apparatus, which gives to each individual workman the utmost possible liberty of movement; moreover, whether the diver be naked or covered with impervious clothing, his respiration depends entirely on the exercise of his own will, and on the power of his lungs.

This result is obtained by means of an *artificial lung*, or *supply-regulator*, which consists of a reservoir made of steel or iron, capable of resisting very great pressure, and surmounted by a chamber so constructed as to regulate the afflux of air. The diver carries this apparatus on his back. A respiratory tube issues from this chamber, and is terminated by a mouth-piece composed of a piece of sheet-caoutchouc, which is held between the lips and the teeth of the diver. This pipe is furnished with a valve, which permits the expulsion of air, but opposes the entrance of water. The steel reservoir is separated from the air-chamber by a conical valve, opening from the air-chamber towards the reservoir in such a manner as to open only by the influence of an exterior pressure—the pressure of the air in the reservoir tending to close it. The air-chamber is closed by a movable lid, to which is attached the tail of the conical valve. The diameter of the lid is somewhat less than the interior diameter of the chamber, and it is covered with caoutchouc, to render it air-tight. It yields to both interior and exterior pressure —the former causing it to rise, the latter to fall.

The entire apparatus, when under water, works as follows: By drawing in his breath the workman removes a certain part of the air from the chamber; exterior pressure is then immediately exerted on the movable lid,

* See cut on page 18.



FIXED APPARATUS SUPPLIED WITH COMPRESSED AIR.

which falls, and through the intermediate rod causes the valve to open. Air issues from the reservoir, and re-establishes the equilibrium between the interior of the air-chamber and the surrounding medium; the lid rises, and the conical valve, returning to its former position, again intercepts the communication between the reservoir and the air-chamber, until another aspiration brings about a repetition of these phenomena. The workman receives exactly the quantity of air necessary for respiration; this air reaches him at a pressure equivalent to that to which the rest of his body is submitted, and he is able to breathe without attention or effort. Another important advantage connected with this apparatus is, that expired air rises in bubbles to the surface. So long as the diver breathes regularly, the intervals which separate the appearance of the bubbles are sensibly equal. If they come more rapidly or more slowly than usual, it is a sign that something abnormal is going on. If they cease altogether, the diver must have ceased breathing, and should be hauled up immediately.

This is the most recent form of diving apparatus. In the old diving-dress the air filled the space betwixt the body of the explorer and his impervious clothing, the expired air escaping by a little valve fitted into the helmet. But the excess of air transmitted by the pump also escaped by this valve. Irregularity in working the pump would therefore cause irregularity in the escape of the bubbles; and if the pumpers continued their work they might, quite unconsciously, for a long time continue to send air to a corpse.

The light is very feeble beneath the water, and darkness increases with the depth, soon becoming such that the workman has to grope his way about—more especially where the bottom is muddy. To remedy this serious inconvenience, attempts have been made to use an oil or spirit lamp, and even a simple lantern lighted with a candle. Air for combustion was conveyed by tubes; but it was found that the wicks carbonized, the light was pale, and lasted hardly a quarter of an hour. These difficulties have been overcome by employing the electric light. A perfectly water-tight lamp of iron or brass encloses the regulator of an electric light, on Serrin's system. The wires which conduct the current enter the lamp by traversing a non-conducting plug of tow. The current is derived from a pile of fifty elements, and a dazzling light, equivalent to two thousand of Carcel's jets, is obtained. The sides of the lamp resist the pressure exerted by the water, and the gases, becoming dilated by the heat, escape by means of a little valve analogous to that used in the artificial lung. The light will maintain its energy for about three hours, and then it is only necessary to change the carbon point.

Divers are very generally employed to recover things which have fallen into the sea. With the equipments we have described, they make their investigations in perfect safety and ease; they can see quite as well as in full daylight; they examine every cranny; they overturn the bottom, stone by stone; they map out their field of operations, and thus save themselves from a useless repetition of their search. Some of the vessels sunk by Prince Mentzchikoff at the entrance of the harbor of Sebastopol have been recovered by the aid of divers. An enormous pump, raising nearly 1,000 tons per minute, was used to withdraw the water from the interior of the vessels, the port-holes

and other openings of which had been previously imperfectly closed. This powerful machine emptied the hulk of a submerged vessel in a very short space of time. The lightening was so sudden that the vessel rose to the surface before the water had time to re-enter by the various openings left.

The diving apparatus is of great use to the sailor when it becomes desirable to clean or repair the bottom of his vessel. Every day increasing importance attaches to the parts of the vessel below water-mark. Sea going steam-vessels, especially, require the frequent employment of submarine workmen. To clean or repair the bottom of a ship it is no longer necessary, as heretofore, to lay the vessel up in dock, and thus incur great expense, as well as the loss of valuable time. A rope-ladder, with rungs of wood or iron, is passed under the vessel. The ladder having been stretched tight, the diver descends, and clings to its rungs by means of a triangle, the base of which is iron and the two sides of rope, terminated by an iron hook. This renders the use of his hands unnecessary to his support. He may fill his air-tight clothing with air, and thus be in a manner floated against the overhanging sides of the ship and sustained without any trouble.

There is a limit beyond which it is very dangerous, not to say impossible, to descend. This limit is at the depth of about 200 feet. The diver to that depth is subjected to the pressure of seven atmospheres, and any trifling incident might endanger his life. Hence, notwithstanding all the efforts of genius, we cannot penetrate the oceanic abysses. Nearly all that we can do must be done on the borders of the vast expanse. Nevertheless, our visits to the sea, though limited, have a great theoretical and practical importance.

The act of diving is almost indispensable in building submarine constructions. The beautiful breakwater at Cherbourg, one of the most gigantic of modern undertakings, had been thrown down many times by the sea before it stood in its invincible strength to form an impassable barrier to the fury of the waves. Such works were formerly built by casting into the sea at the chosen site a vast number of immense boulders, stones, and concrete, piling them up in the regular pell-mell fashion attributed to the giant in the fable when seeking to scale the heavens. These works are now effected with less precipitation and infinitely more studied circumspection; enormous blocks are built

RAISING RUSSIAN SHIPS SUNK AT SEBASTOPOL.

THE OCEAN BOUNDS.

one upon another, upon which the sea may exercise its utmost fury in vain.

Previous to the invention of the apparatus which we have described, diving-bells were employed in the construction of jetties, fortifications, light-houses, docks—in a word, in all important submarine work. This invention consists of a large cast-iron bell, communicating, at its upper part, with a force-pump.

Invert a common drinking-glass in a basin of water; the air diminishes in volume as the glass is sunk further in the water; indeed, its bulk may be seen to decrease by the gradual rise of the water in the glass. The air collects in the upper part of the glass, and becomes gradually more compressed—preventing the water, however, from completely filling the vessel. Make a communication between the bottom of the glass and a reservoir of air compressed to the same extent as that in the glass, the water still remaining at the same level. Compress this somewhat more, it drives the water from the glass, which it fills. This is precisely what happens in the diving-bell.

While the bell descends the workmen are supported on transverse benches. Having reached the bottom, as they cannot leave the bell, the field of their operations is necessarily limited—an inconvenience which is remedied by moving the bell laterally. In fact, this inconvenience is only nominal when, as is often the case, the labor consists in making an excavation in one particular spot. In such case the diving-bell may be even advantageously replaced by apparatus employing compressed air, and of such a form as the conditions of the work demand. It was by the exercise of ingenuity in this respect that the magnificent bridge over the Rhine, near Strasbourg, was so rapidly constructed.

Each of the piers of this bridge rests on a foundation composed of four iron caissons of large size and weight. Each caisson was open at its lower part. The upper part supported three shafts, a middle and two lateral ones. All three rose above the surface of the water of the Rhine. The middle shaft communicated with the open air, and the water rose in it to the general level of the river. It enclosed a dredging apparatus worked by a steam-engine. This dredge, as well as the shaft itself, descended to the bottom of the river. The workmen loaded the compartments of the dredge, which discharged its load into the river.

REMOVING AN OBSTRUCTION BY MEANS OF A TORPEDO.

What ingenuity has been brought to bear on the construction of submarine engines, both for purposes of destruction and investigation! Boats to sail beneath the water, diving-bells and dresses, submarine fire-ships and torpedoes, are all so many evidences of the activity developed in the human mind by the sea. In our age—which may be called an age of progress, since it has witnessed the development of so many ideas which illustrate the fraternity of men, and the solidarity of their interests, without which we are little superior to the brutes—how many instruments of destruction have been converted from their original design in the interests of our common humanity, and applied to beneficent purposes! Manby in England, and Delvigne in France, have transformed the cannon into an instrument for the saving of life, so that the destructive missile is hurled through the air as a messenger of hope to the shipwrecked crew, by carrying the thread on which depends their safety. The torpedo has been successfully turned from its original application to the removing of sunken vessels and other obstructions from the entrance of harbors.

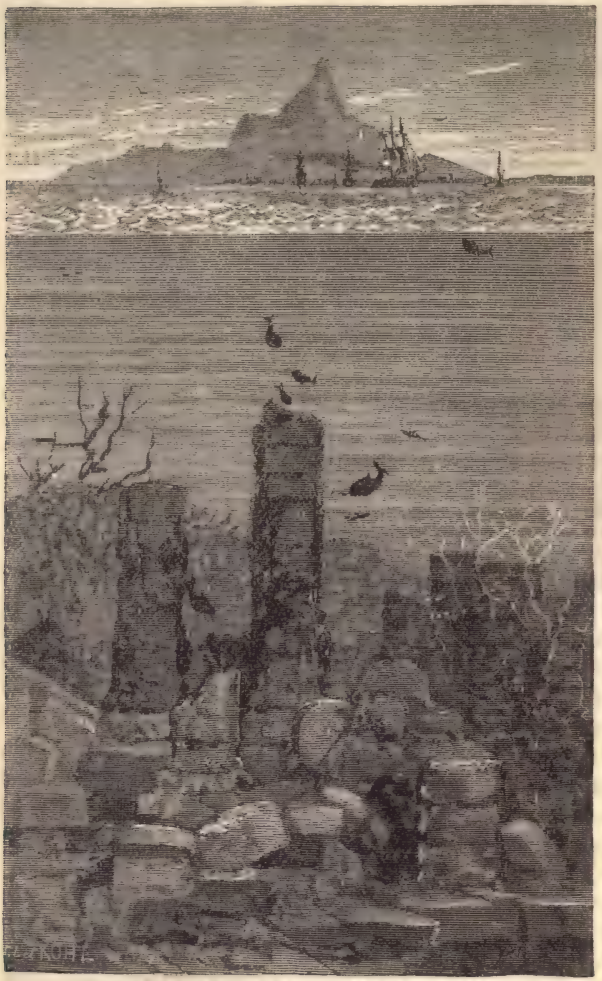
The sea changes its level day after day, as if it oscillated around a fixed point.

The sea has once covered the whole earth. Geology affords the data by which we may determine its limits at successive epochs. But it is not necessary even to revert to remote geological periods in order to be convinced of the fact that land and sea have frequently changed their relative level. The Strait of Gibraltar is a conquest of the ocean. Dureau de la Malle quotes the measurements of old geographers, and they tend to show that it has been continually enlarged even down to our own times.

Besides this, Avienus relates that between Africa and Europe there were two wooded isles, on which were built a temple and altars in honor of Hercules. These were called the Pillars of Hercules. The same author mentions that the Carthaginians were obliged to build flat-bottomed vessels to sail over the shallow water.

Pliny, who visited the Straits, speaks of a low-lying island, covered with wild olives, situate in mid-channel, upon which was built the Temple of Hercules. In 1748, on the

IRRUPTION OF THE SEA IN ZEALAND.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES AT GIBRALTAR.

occasion of a very low tide, the remains of the famous temple were discovered in the oceanic part of the Straits, and some souvenirs of it were obtained for preservation.

One of the most disastrous irruptions of the sea on record is that which in 1446 submerged more than two hundred cities of Friesland and Zealand. For a long time after this catastrophe, the summits of the towns and the points of the steeples could be seen standing above the surface of the sea.

The bottom of the sea, as well as the surface on which we live, is subject to modifications by the action of earthquakes. They are generally accompanied by submarine volcanoes, which also alter the sea-bed, and cause a displacement of the waters. It is observable, in fact, that volcanoes never display their whole energy except in the neighborhood of seas or large sheets of water.

The existence of submarine volcanoes has long been known. Many of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago owe their birth to this cause. The Azores are entirely volcanic. Evidence of the existence of a submarine volcano, near St. Michael, was given by four eruptions in less than 200 years. One of them began on the 11th of June, 1638, during an earthquake. Flames and smoke were thrown out by the agitated sea near that island; earth and rocks were projected to a great height; and, again falling into the sea, at last accumulated sufficiently to form an island ten kilometres in extent, and nearly 400 feet high.

Iceland is a very furnace of volcanic activity, and we observe in its neighborhood phenomena of elevation analogous to the instances we have already cited. Mackenzie relates that, in the year 1780, he observed on the western coast of the island, at the distance of ten leagues from Reïkianey, flames rising from the sea during many months. Afterwards a little island made its appearance, which for some time vomited flames and stones, and then disappeared again.

In the island of Bima, or Sumbawa, there is a very active volcano, named the Tomboro. In 1821 such a movement of the sea occurred here, that the island was partly submerged, and vessels at anchor in the port were thrown to a great distance on the shore. Many were landed even on the roofs of the houses. Tomboro itself remained calm during the time, but a volcanic mountain to the north-east of it threw up stones and cinders in the midst of a torrent of vapors.

We have studied the more sudden shocks to which the earth's crust may be subjected. Incessant movements of a more gradual kind, which to be demonstrated must be studied

SUBMARINE ERUPTION AT THE AZORES.

during several generations, also influence it, embracing vast regions, and acting equally on the bottom of the sea and on the highest mountains. Under the influence of such slow, almost insensible changes of the earth's crust, countries at one time flourishing have disappeared, and others have risen in their stead.

That *terra firma* gains continually on the waters of the Gulf of Bothnia is proved by the existence of many ancient ports at a distance from the coast, and by the abandonment of fisheries dried up or converted into shallows. Nilson declared in 1837 that Scania, the most southern province of Sweden, seemed to have sunk during several centuries. A large stone near Talbourg, the distance of which from the sea had been measured by Linnæus, in 1749, was more than 30 yards nearer the shore in 1837. Moreover, the soil of Denmark, of Norway, and of Sweden contains deposits of shell entirely similar to those which are formed at the bottom of the neighboring seas. The soil of Scania contains none. Therefore, at no very remote period, Denmark and certain parts of Norway and Sweden were submerged, but not so Scania. Submerged forests, whose disappearance beneath the waters is proved by positive documentary evidence, exist off the coasts of Normandy. The same may be said of the opposite English coasts. The whole of the channel is sinking.

In spite of its apparent immobility, the whole surface of the earth is continually undergoing a balancing action, which is at present of such a character that the great continental zones are rising, whilst the great oceanic basins are sinking.

The thin pellicle of the earth's crust, which we laboriously scratch here and there in the accomplishment of our great designs, hardly counts for anything in the harmony of the universe, even as a whole; its modifications by our labors are of small account indeed, whether regarded for their grandeur or their durability. If the intelligence of man has placed him at the head of the creation, the feeble influence that he can exercise over Nature ought to humble his pride. All that he can accomplish by physical labor is almost imperceptible by the side of the work effected by the microscopic infusoria; man, the giant, is dwarfed in results by the almost invisible atom!

ERUPTION OF TOMBORO IN 1821.

A DAY WITH DR. BROOKS.

WHO is Dr. Brooks?

Ah, that is the very question I asked my friend Theophilus.

"How strange!" he replied, mildly at first, but allowing himself to grow unaccountably indignant as he proceeded, "how very strange that any one here in New York, and in this day and generation, should have to ask that question! But I might have taken it for granted. Such men never *are* known as they deserve to be. What a world it is! Well, when can you go?"

"Almost any day," I replied, abjectly.

"That means exactly never," said he.

"Well, then, to-morrow."

So, on the next afternoon, at 5.10 precisely, we took the Hudson River R. R. cars for Fort Washington, in search of the man whom it was my disgrace not to know. On, through ugly suburbs, to the shore of the beautiful river which kept alongside till we alighted at a dear little amphibious railroad station that had just crept up on the rocks to sun itself. Then came the half walk half climb up a romantic stair-path, and at last the meeting with a party of ragged Fort Washington boys, whom we accosted on their way to the river for a swim.

They had answered our inquiry as to the whereabouts of the New York Juvenile Asylum, and vouchsafed some further conversation, when Theophilus suddenly exclaimed:—

"He *beats* the children—do you say?"

"O awful, sir!" returned the smallest boy.

"You bet he licks 'em!" put in another.

"With what?" pursued Theophilus.

"Big stick."

"Why?" I asked indignantly.

"Why for breakin' loose, ma'am."

"Breaking loose?"

"Yes 'm. Lots of 'em breaks loose and runs away."

"*Try* to run away, they do;" corrected another boy, evidently a brother of the speaker; "but they gen'rally gets ketched afore they start."

Thereupon gloom settled upon the dirty little faces of the prospective bathers, and they passed on silently.

This looks rather bad for the doctor, thought I. But I said nothing.

"Pretty country," remarked Theophilus.

"Very."

We walked along, admiring the distance and gathering way-side flowers, until we came to a large iron gate. A shabby village street, suddenly appearing not far off at our right, made it easier to realize that, though on Washington Heights, we were still within city limits—near the corner of 10th avenue and 175th street.

"Here we are!" said Theophilus.

The gate could be opened readily enough, but we preferred first to peer through its ornamental open-work. Nobody thinks of breaking the seal of a puzzling letter till after curiously scanning the outside.

We spied two boys within, raking hay; also some men at work in the distance. The general effect was that of fine private grounds.

Loudly as the gate clicked in closing behind us, the busy little hay-makers hardly raised their eyes.

We halted to speak with them.

"Are you inmates, here?" I asked.

They leaned on their rakes and answered simultaneously, in class-fashion.

"Yes ma'am."

"How many are there altogether?"

"About four hundred and fifty boys, and more than a hundred girls."

"Do you like it here?" asked Theophilus, thereby, as I feared, for the second time greatly imperilling the doctor.

"Well, we do," said the larger boy, brightly, though not without an instant's reflection—"we get good learning and"—

"First-rate learning," put in the other. "I get on better'n I did at the Ward school down in town. They're not so set in their way of teaching here."

"Do the children ever try to run away?" I asked, not looking at Theophilus.

"Well they do sometimes," answered the big boy, in an off-hand yet confidential way, as if to say, a fellow likes his liberty, you know; "they mostly get brought right back, though, by the p'licemen. Some chaps hide away in

the water-tanks, and so slip off when the way comes. But there's lots of chances all the time, if you're sharp."

"All us boys out at work are watched," interposed his companion; "you see those two fellows working over there—they're on the lookout."

"Their backs are turned away now," remarked the first boy dryly; then added after a moment, "What's the sense of running away from a man that's good to you? I don't see it."

"We're hurryin' now," said the other, tugging violently at a tangled tuft as he spoke, "for cherries. All who get through their job before the bell rings can spend the extra time up in the trees."

We moved on, following a wide, well-graded carriage road, passing grass-plots and rows of vegetables in various stages of growth, and noting by the way that the men working there turned right about face as soon as we left our young hay-makers. As we advanced, now in full view of the fine buildings constituting the Asylum, we saw a forlorn-looking girl outside the grounds, who had climbed up and was peering over the fence. She was ragged, dirty, and wretchedly thin.

"Do you belong here?" I asked, much shocked.

"No, indeed," was her haughty reply as she slid out of sight, "nor I don't want to neither."

"That's it," said Theophilus. "Of course there's a strong outside prejudice against the Asylum among the children of the poor. They use it probably as a 'hangman's whip' to keep the little wretches in order."

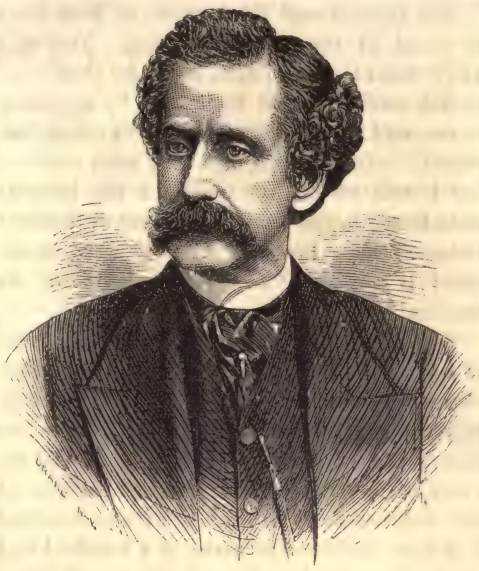
Just then we heard a familiar sound—the clicking of wooden balls.

"The Doctor is out playing croquet," exclaimed Theophilus, radiantly—"Ah, here he comes!"

A tall, fine-looking man, of perhaps fifty years, emerged from the shrubbery and advanced to meet us.

You're not as hard and stern-looking as one might suppose, thought I, as with a cordial welcome he led the way up the massive steps of the main entrance.

Leave us for a while, good reader, taking supper in a pleasant room, with the sweet



DR. BROOKS.

breath of flowers stealing in at the window, the rustle of waving trees outside, and pleasant sounds of song and laughter in the distance. Go back to the busy, beautiful, wicked city, pierce its showy surface, and descend into the depths where hundreds upon hundreds of little ones are dwelling in places of misery and vice.

You will find very bad children there. Such hardened little hearts! Such horribly wise little heads! You will find children made by your Maker, who have been taught to steal and lie and fight and curse, whose currents all are setting prisonward, who know not the sweetness of home, the love of kindred, nor the holiness of God—poor, dreadful little creatures seething in viciousness, favored when some expression of their individuality, recognized as crime, puts the law on their track to take them away, anywhere.

There is another class of little New Yorkers—it would be a pity if your sweet little girl in white frock and pretty sash knew anything about them—who are not quite so bad as the worst children, but who are taking in wrong impulses at every pore; who now are known only to be lazy, disobedient, given to truancy and disorderly ways; children who in their tender years strike cruel blows, crippling the energies or breaking the hearts of honest, hard-working parents.

Still another and third grade of little ones is found in the midst of these. You will know them by their pitiful faces, by their neglected, suffering little bodies, or by appalling ways and habits that are imitative merely, not vicious. Their young lips may utter oaths—but it will be just as simply as the baby in your home might repeat snatches of Mother Goose. They laugh at a street fight as the other laughs at "This little pig went to market."

These are the partially unpolluted children of lazy, drunken, degraded mothers, or of dissolute, neglectful fathers; or, it may be, of honest parents forced by destitution to live among the vicious and depraved. When we think of the over-crowded tenement-houses of the city, where from seventy to one hundred and forty, and even as many as a hundred and eighty human beings have been found living under the same roof, on a surface area of 25 by 50 feet, with only four or five stories above the cellar, we may well shudder at the chances of the little ones who live there.

Twenty years ago, if any city child, whether vile or simply neglected, committed a legal offence, the only place except a prison to which the courts could send it was to the institution popularly known as the House of Refuge. This, virtually, was a penal institution, though its conduct embraced the disciplining and training of its inmates. It aimed then, as it does to-day, to be truly a refuge from vice. Good men were interested in its success, and it was recognized as being just what was needed. It had already been in existence twenty-seven years, and during that time had received over five thousand young offenders—a big number until you divide it by twenty-seven and count the thousands outside who needed to be snatched from their dreadful surroundings. The necessity of additional means of breaking up the juvenile vice and crime of the city was keenly felt by the authorities as well as by all thoughtful philanthropists. Not only vicious, but homeless, deserted, and truant children, wandering about the vilest districts of the town, needed to be wisely sheltered and trained. Especially was it deemed important to provide a reformatory home for disobedient children voluntarily surrendered by parents unable to control them.

Out of these wants and considerations grew the New York Juvenile Asylum, in the year of our Lord 1851.

This institution proposed to receive all destitute or vagrant children between the ages of five and fourteen, legally committed to its charge by the courts, or by parents or guardians, to rescue them from the consequences of their evil surroundings and train them to ways of goodness and usefulness. They were to be retained until, in the opinion of the managers, their condition warranted their being released on application of friends, indentured to suitable employers or consigned to homes of Christian families in the country. Even afterward, the institution would follow up its young charges, by correspondence and personal visitation, until right habits were established and the children "saved from becoming burthens to themselves and a curse to others." Twenty-four well-known benevolent merchants of this city obtained their charter as a body corporate under the title of "The New York Juvenile Asylum." The extensive building on 175th street and a House of Reception on 13th street were erected by voluntary subscription from citizens and an equal appropriation from the city supervisors. Then the Society set to work, the annual expenses being met equally by private donors and the city government.

Thus sprang to life one of New York's noblest institutions. It is nineteen summers old to-day. Dr. Brooks has been its superintendent and physician for about twelve years.

We are rising from the supper-table when our host says:—

"Will you come into the chapel? The children are about to begin their evening exercises."

Without claiming remarkable susceptibility, I must say I have a dread of seeing child-paupers. The feeling was especially strong now, as Theophilus whispered while passing through the hall—"You mustn't expect to find little saints, you know."

Little saints indeed! How could they be little saints? I gave him a look, and hurried in as the Doctor opened the door leading form

the hall into the chapel. It was a very large room, with broad, high windows on each side, through which the evening sun shone brightly, lighting up rows upon rows of little square desks.

There sat the children! more than five hundred of them. The drift of the Five Points and all the dirtiest streets, docks, and alleys of the city! Five hundred little truants, thieves, vagabonds, and beggars!

Who said so? Not Theophilus. He was gazing at them with shining eyes. Not the Doctor. He was quietly standing on the platform. It must have come in through the windows, from New York.

As for myself, I was listening and looking. The little creatures, one and all, were singing their evening hymn. Somehow, I could not see their faces on account of the music, and I couldn't hear the music on account of the faces. Committees may not feel like crying on such occasions; but every one is not a committee.

As a general thing, melodeons are hardly to be commended. With their gallons of grandeur "sharpened to a pint," they are apt to confound harmony and small measure in a peculiarly exasperating way. But the melodeon that accompanied these children behaved well. It put on no airs, and allowed the little ones to attend to the *vox humana*.

The performer, a young girl, was nearly hidden from where we sat upon the raised platform. As her head bent over the keys, she seemed whispering coaxingly—"Now don't try to do anything but breathe."

So it breathed a soft, rich, half-sighing accompaniment while the childish voices sang:

"On the sweet Eden shore, so peaceful and bright,
The spirits made perfect are dwelling in light:
Their white wings are wafting them gently along
Through the beautiful regions of glory and song."

After this, a little evening speech from the Doctor—just a few simple, fatherly words. Then, with clasped hands and closed eyes, the children said the Lord's Prayer in concert, and then stood up in their places, and looked straight at the Doctor.

"Good night!" said he, cheerily.

"Good night, sir!" they answered as heartily, and in perfect order quietly filed out of their places, and so went off to bed.

It was settled that we should stay all night and "go through" the institution the next day.

Back again into the pleasant parlor, where hangs a full-length imperial photograph of Apollos R. Wetmore, the President of the institution as well as one of its founders—a philanthropist of whom New York may well be proud. We were glad of the picture—firstly, because the grand, hearty, benevolent face did us good; secondly, because it formed such a capital text for the Doctor. He is so provokingly modest that it is only by his extolling the sort of thing he reveres one can surmise his own quality or estimate his enthusiasm in his life-work—at least, it is the only conversational way, since we must in the end judge a man by what he accomplishes, and rate his opinions, not by what he makes of them, but by what they make of him.

I felt in a peculiarly positive and practical frame of mind that day. Had the Doctor looked

NEW YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

HOUSE OF RECEPTION, ON THIRTEENTH STREET.

stern, forbidding, or worn a pompous institution expression—had he had the slightest contradictory shade of conceit or hypocrisy, or even of downright assumption, I might have been very much more receptive. As it was, I resolved not to let the goodness in his face bias me. Perhaps, after all, it might prove to be no great loss not to know all about "such a man," Theoph to the contrary nevertheless.

It is hard, though, to withstand a bright eye that is mild when it speaks of conquered difficulties, and flashing when it recalls righted wrongs; to wait for proof when an earnest, glowing face, wearing the peculiar, grieved look which such faces always acquire after years of philanthropic labor—very hard when such a face looks into yours not to invest it almost with the realization of the beatitudes. But I wouldn't. I drank in every word of the conversation, felt happy and inspirited, but determined to wait till we had gone over the institution. How about that "big stick?"

Meanwhile, we had gratefully obtained a good deal of information concerning the Asylum and its two very important adjuncts, the House of Reception and the Western Agency.

To the former the children are in the first instance taken, either by their friends or by a policeman, as shown in the illustration. In the latter case, their parents or guardians are duly searched for and notified, if possible, ten days being allowed in which applications for surrender will be heard. Sometimes several children are brought in during a morning; and often it happens that a solitary wretched, frightened little vagrant, taken in all his rags and dirt by one of the truant-police force, finds himself standing in the reception-office a prospective victim, as he believes, of every horror this side of hanging.

All new-comers, after the required legal formalities are attended to, are medically examined, bathed, and provided with clean clothing before being permitted to join the other inmates. From that time their personal traits and habits are carefully studied; they are admitted to the chapel and school-room exercises, and every care is taken to fit them for entering the Asylum. For twenty days the magistrate has the unconditional right of discharge. After that time commitments become final, and the children are removed to the Asylum in a covered wagon, every precaution being taken that no mistakes or informalities shall occur.

Detentions at the main institution are governed in each instance by the time required to accomplish a reform. Sometimes a few weeks will suffice to render it safe and wise to return a child to its parents, or to send it to a good western home; sometimes more than two years; the average period is about five months. European reformatories retain children for a much longer period than ours—four years for boys and five for girls being with the former considered the ordinary term.

The importance of the present Western Agency can scarcely be over-estimated. Formerly the agent who attended to the indenturing of asylum children to western farmers or other employers, and who was expected to find good Christian homes for scores of girls and boys, had no local habitation or post-office address. His "head-quarters" were on the railway or in the saddle, and of course under these circumstances it was impossible for him to fully meet the demands of such a work. Through the suggestion of Dr. Brooks a Western Agency is now firmly established at Chicago, and under its admirable organization an incalculable amount of good is being accomplished. Theoph and I have since read the reports of its principal, Mr. Wright. The Agency has constantly under its charge

about fifteen hundred minors, scattered all over the State, concerning whom it is his duty to keep himself informed, ready to hear complaints from either side, adjust difficulties, or remove dissatisfied wards to more congenial homes. Added to this are the cares incidental upon transporting, receiving, and distributing fresh instalments of children, as often as circumstances require. Thirty-four gatherings of the wards have been held by the agent during a single year at various points in the West. Our illustration represents a group of boys and girls who had thus fallen in with each other after having been happily located by the agency. "Numbers of the former wards of the asylum," he says, "are now married and owners of farms, or prosperous reputable citizens. Numbers are in, and others preparing themselves for, the several professions of law, medicine, and teaching. One, a lawyer, although but twenty-four years of age, holds the office of State Attorney, having been duly elected thereto by his district; and another is Assistant Superintendent of a prominent Reform School. Others are partners and clerks in prosperous mercantile firms, engineers and mechanics, leading useful lives, and enjoying an average measure of life's blessings."

Think from what a life most of these probably have been rescued! True, not all of the children indentured are vicious, or even friendless and neglected. In many instances they are orphans, well cared for in earlier years; or their parents have suffered reverses, and have chosen to consign them to the Institution for the express purpose of having them indentured. A great many of the Asylum children are bad enough; but Theoph quite shocked the Doctor that night by speaking as if all of them were little vagrants, more or less criminal. Not so at all. "The parentage of some of our inmates would astonish you," said the Doctor. "We have had the children of lawyers, merchants, clergymen, and high dignitaries here, to say nothing of descendants of noted men, all voluntarily sent from comfortable homes for reform. Again, a number of our children are innocent of any known offence. They are brought simply on account of destitution, and are sent away as fast as suitable homes can be obtained."

Quoting the Doctor from memory, I may not give his exact words. He spoke of institution life as a necessary evil at best, allowing, as a governing principle, that as soon as it can be safely done, asylum children should be removed to the more natural conditions of a private home. Above all, he deprecated any set system that unfitted inmates for subsequently mingling with the outside world. Rules and fixed regulations are entirely thrown out of his scheme of management; he prefers to deal with the individuality of the children, creating and acting up to a high public sentiment among them.

His distinction between order and discipline interested us. There is order in a time-piece, he says, in military movements, in the tides, in a statue, in the planetary movements, the seasons, and the processes of Nature generally; but none of these exhibit the vital characteristics of true discipline. The most perfect order may exist in a school-room without a particle of discipline. Discipline comes from a different law, and is wholly dependent upon the higher qualities of our being. Discipline is culture, embracing education, instruction, amusement, labor; chastisement, or consequences of neglect. Order is effected by timing, promptness, regulations, adjustment, bells, signals, gestures, and the like.

How many curious facts our host told us! How he unconsciously opened our eyes to the difficulties of presiding over this constantly changing household of hundreds of children; of so managing them that they shall feel like members of one family—the Institution truly a home to them, to be looked back upon in after-life with pride and gratitude, never with a sense of disgrace! How he revealed the inner life of such an asylum; the varied characters with which he had to deal; the incongruous, almost hopeless material to be harmonized and elevated! *

Many of the inmates are boys who, as "dock-rats," house-thieves, peace-breakers, and horse-stealers, have grown preternaturally quick-witted in certain directions and correspondingly stupid in others. They are keen

* 14,622 children have passed through the Institution since its opening. The annual average is now about 750.

CHILDREN RECEIVED AT HOUSE OF RECEPTION, BY MR. E. G. BATES.

at dodging the police and mastering complicated systems of signalling; adepts in arts of deceit and low cunning, yet almost witless in simple every-day matters. When the better nature of such boys is really touched, they seem to lapse into an almost infantile condition, so utterly ignoring their bad line of progress that the result is wonderfully like childish innocence. Some very bad children appear subdued and good as long as their self-esteem is fed and love of approbation satisfied; but the instant their self-love is wounded, the real character reveals itself. All their badness appears in their faces, and every pro-

mise of reform is forgotten. Others, outwardly well-behaved, take a pride in seeming inwardly vicious, stubbornly holding out against better influences. But the good seed is sown, and sooner or later it comes to fruit. Such children, strange to say, are reformed against their will. The soil is good enough; it is only that the early plantings were bad.

Certain boys, the Doctor said, hold to their subtle ways, putting on the appearance of contrition while they are doing their best at getting up plots among the children, heading secret organizations, and showing a wonderful degree of shrewdness and diplomacy in ill-doing. These are apt to select the dullest-looking boys as tools. Indeed, it often happens that the burden of some mighty scheme among them rests upon a pudding-faced, gaping-mouthed youngster, who seems never to have had an idea in his head.

In the Doctor's experience, a moderately bad girl is more easily reformed than a moderately bad boy; but of very depraved children, girls are the hardest to cure. Nearly all, good and bad, boys and girls alike, are quick at weighing the character of the officers, and keen at detecting shams of any kind. Sentimentalism they abhor. Not long ago, a member of the Truant Police was giving the children rather a flowery account of his experience in saving a vagrant child. "That's a lie!" exclaimed a girl to her neighbor during one of his most brilliant passages. She had been deeply interested until suddenly she detected a flaw and felt there was a falsity somewhere.

If in any way they feel themselves injured or unfairly dealt with, they invariably manage to have "satisfaction," as they term it. Their great delight is to try a new teacher, who is certain, at the outset, to be given some exasperating nick-name suiting none but himself. Sometimes as many as fifty secretly agree to be disorderly for the sole purpose of testing him. Woe to the officer—man or woman—who under such circumstances gets confused or angry. There is no retrieving the lost position. The only escape is in absolute abdication.

Lately three male teachers failed successively in governing the main room—that is, it was evident insubordination would result from their continued presence. On such occasions the charge has been given to Miss Stickney, a lady who has labored in the Institution eleven years. Her control is always perfect. She need not speak—her glance is sufficient. [I looked for the lady that night when the officers assembled in the Doctor's room for evening prayers, but there was none who corresponded with my idea of such a woman.]

In controlling even the worst children, violent measures are never allowed—not even corporal punishment, beyond a few strokes with a light ratan ("cracks," the children call them), and these are not administered except by the Superintendent, who assured us that frequently many weeks would elapse without even this slight correction being required. Such a thing as any officer shaking a child, cuffing it, or jerking its ears, is not to be thought of. Any act of the kind would be considered a fair cause of dismissal.

The word punishment, Doctor B. insists, should be banished from institutional nomenclature. Chastisement he considers the right word and the right thing—chastisement adopted as a stimulant or correctant, administered upon general principles—that is, not for any special acts, but simply for *not* improving. To whip for special offences, such as stealing, lying, impudence, he says is merely to doctor symptoms—a false and short-sighted system in reformatory practice.

When Dr. Brooks entered the Asylum twelve years ago, he found lock-up cells there, which he demolished with his own hands. Floggings, bread-and-water fare, and forcing culprits to lift heavy weights or stand in painful positions, were among the authorized forms of punishment.

Nothing of the kind is possible now. Yet the Doctor aims to subdue all cases; to confront opposition and secret organizations with moral force; to starve discontent by depriving it of the sympathy of the mass; to create a love of study in children who at first will *make their own eyes sore*, and otherwise maltreat themselves in order to be unfit for school duties. He expects to conquer hatred with love, and overwhelm bad tendencies with Christian firmness and charity. Failure must

meet him sometimes; but how can he ever succeed?

From all these points and considerations, Theophilus and I came to sundry sage conclusions—chief among which was, that it was no joke to carry on the New York Juvenile Asylum.

To be sure, the Doctor modestly quoted the Board of Directors and extolled his family of officers; but, indispensable as these are, the fact remains: In all reformatory institutions, it is the superintendent, not the system, that, under Divine guidance, must do the good work. The personal magnetism of the man, his zeal, his tact in drawing forth the best abilities of his assistants, his sense of serving the highest Master, are the forces that prevail. Lacking these, the very best organization must fail of real success. Müller in England, Heldring in Holland, Martin in France, Fingardo in Germany, and such men as are the glory of reformatory institutions in our own country, are, under God, the rescuers and preservers of thousands of children, their machinery being the institutions under their control.

I wonder if our bed-time hymns floated into the children's dreams that evening, or if the cheerful laughter that came from the rooms of the lady-officers after we closed our doors for the night rang through the girls' dormitory as it rang through mine. It was not the sort of laughter that disturbs, but a kind that made you feel like going to sleep in peace, since all the world was happy.

I *did* go to sleep, falling straightway into the silence of some dear stupid deaf and dumb dream that held me till———

Mercy! What was the matter! A red light was forcing its way through the blinds, and *such* a noise! It was not thunder nor rain, nor a whirlwind, nor the roar of wild animals, nor a general collapse of the building. It was all of these sounds combined. Next, the trees—every tree in the grove near by and for miles around seemed falling with a tremendous rush, and every branch of every tree shouting.

I sprang to the window. Could that be all? Was it only the boys of the institution going to their play-ground? Rubbing my eyes, I again looked down upon the flagged foot-path; yes, the long procession still was pouring out of the building—an endless string of bare-footed boys walking two by two, talking, shouting, laughing as they went.

That was all. But of all the noises that ever I heard, the din of those boys was the most bewildering. What wonder—with nearly a thousand bare feet pattering on the flagging, to say nothing of all the voices. The tramping in cold weather, when stout shoes are worn, may be louder; but certainly it is not so strange.

They had had their bath and their breakfast; this was their morning constitutional. I wondered if Theophilus had looked out on the girls' play-ground from his side of the building, and what their noise was like; but when we met at breakfast there was so much to talk about I forgot to ask.

In the chapel again, to see the fresh, clean children seated at their desks, with their morning's play still in their eyes. Was it play? I looked more keenly. No, it was simply themselves. Of all things, it is the rarest to see individuality in the eyes of a charity child. Aha! thought I, no repression here. But let us see, perhaps they are too much for the Doctor. He stood up.

"Good morning, children!"

"Good morning, sir!" with an electric heartiness not to be mistaken.

After the brief prayer came his little morning chat or lecture—fresh, simple, clear, and practical. He spoke of the cherries which they had been enjoying, and set their young wits thinking on the wonders of the fruit from its starting to its full development, suggesting quietly that though pigs might swallow such things without thinking about them, it was not quite the way for human beings to do. Then he told them of one of their schoolmates having lately written a letter, and that another boy had criticised its superscription, saying that it "pitched up." Explaining the expression, he said, "Though it is not well, in addressing a letter, to let the lines slant toward the upper corner of the envelope, it gives a good hint in the matter of schoolmarks and of daily life. I want to see all your lines of conduct 'pitch up.' Whatever you do, don't let them pitch downward.

SCHOOL-ROOM AND CHAPEL.

The upward pitch is always the best." He went on, asking questions, making the children laugh one instant and bringing a reflex of his own earnestness the next. Theoph looked proud, and with cause. Meanwhile, taking in every word of the ten-minutes' speech, I glanced about the hall. It is the main school-room and chapel combined. A vase full of pretty flowers stood upon the speaker's desk; assistant teachers were seated or standing near by. A few monitors stationed about the hall kept perfect order by means of an occasional gesture. The children all were attentive and seemed interested. On the walls hung maps, various national coats of arms, illuminated Bible-texts, and near us, on the side wall, a message sent to the children in 1860. It is printed in large letters, the American flag is draped above it, and beneath, in illuminated text, are the words, "God bless our country."

TELL THE BOYS OF THE NEW YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM THAT THEY MUST FOLLOW TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND HUMANITY, IF THEY WISH TO BECOME USEFUL AND HONORABLE MEN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

When the Doctor had finished, he telegraphed smilingly to a gentleman standing near. The gentleman nodded. Straightway we saw a little tot of a boy coming down the aisle toward us. Reaching the open place in front of the platform, he bumped his head gravely against the air, and, without so much as a breath of preparation, began:—

"I'm the boy that's gay and happy,
Wheresoe'er I chance to be;
And I'll do my best to please you
If you will but list to me.

CHORUS (*sung by all the children*).

So let the wide world wag as it will,
We'll be gay and happy still;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
We'll be gay and happy still.

SPOKEN.

If the President should sit beside me
I'd sing my song with usual glee;
Fools might laugh and knaves deride me,
Still I'd gay and happy be.

CHORUS.—Then let, etc."

What if the words were jolly, the speaker, feeling the responsibility of his position, maintained his gravity to the last. At the close of the chorus he threw us a quizzical look, bumped his head again, and returned to his seat.

Next followed a beautiful movement-song by the entire school. Amid the soft clapping of hundreds of hands they began:—

"Hear the music of the rain falling down
On the roof and window-pane, falling down;
'Murmur not,' it seems to say,
'For our Father's love to-day
Orders only in our way
Good to fall.
Like the gentle falling rain,
Over mountain, lake, and plain,
Will His tender care remain
Over all.'"

The rhythmic sweetness of this song was charming, and with the appropriate sounds and movements of the flashing hands, gave so strong an idea of a summer shower, that, seeing the sunlight streaming in through a corner window, one involuntarily felt there must be a rainbow somewhere.

What now? A sweet little girl, stepping to the front, out of the rain as it seemed, to tell us in a faint voice about—we could scarce make out what, except that on account of something happening to a nest, she would never in her play,

"Steal the little birds away
To grieve their mother's breast."

Next came a part-song by a dozen or more picked singers, who, at some invisible signal, glided from various parts of the hall and formed a semi-circle about the melodeon, girls on one side, boys on the other. They sang admirably, and the richest voice of all came from a black boy who stood nearly midway in the semi-circle. It was a sight to be remembered—that great room alive from end to end with young faces, some bright, some lowering, some tender and winning, others stamped with inherited wrongs, and around and above all the sweet hymn floating:—

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O! let me from this day
Be wholly thine."

After the general exercises, the children divided off into their respective class-rooms—in the manner of their going, certainly reflecting great credit on the drill-sergeantry of the establishment.

We went the rounds, staying awhile in each apartment, listening to the recitations and enjoying the enlightened, progressive character of the teaching.

The range of study is about the same as that in the ward schools. All the rooms are pleasant, spacious, thoroughly ventilated, and provided with comfortable seats for the pupils. Maps, charts, pretty chromos and lithographs, adorn the walls. Illuminated mottoes abound. If some walls have ears, these certainly have tongues: "SPEAK THE TRUTH," they say to the little ones; "LOVE ONE ANOTHER;" "WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE;" "THE EYES OF THE LORD ARE IN EVERY PLACE." Again and again they insist that "NO LIE THRIVES." Sometimes they throw back a sort of echo to the child's conscience, in this wise: "I AM LATE;" "SLOTH IMPOVERISHETH;" or: "I AM EARLY;" "DILIGENCE ENRICHETH."

Although their play-grounds are separate, girls and boys recite together. We noticed here and there a colored child studying or reciting with the others—attentive pupils they seemed to be, though larger than the average of the white children in the same classes. The Institution has had some very bright negroes in charge, chief among whom stands an orphan boy, who, with his brother and sister, found a home in the Asylum some years ago. He was unusually clever, and had so remarkable a memory, that though only about ten years of age, he could call by rote the

OFFICE-BOY, HOUSE OF RECEPTION.

school-roll of over five hundred names. When requested, he could as correctly call it off, including in their regular order the names of those who had left within the past year or so —the whole amounting to one thousand names. The brother and sister were, after a while, settled in good places, and he was installed as office-boy in the House of Reception, where he renders excellent service. He writes a fine hand, and is moreover a living directory of the names and residences of all the managers and patrons of the Institution, as well as of almost every one whose address he has ever known. Often he is left in sole charge of the office. I have seen him lately, a fine, clear-browed fellow, very boyish, with a good face, yet full of true negro playfulness. It is hard to say whether he is happier laboring at his book-keeping duties, or when out on the side-walk driving his dog before a little wagon. None of the black young shoulders now at the Asylum, however, seem quite ready to catch his mantle. In the infant department we saw a big woolly-headed girl, very much bothered with words of three letters. She was sitting beside a golden-haired little creature, not more than six years of age. They apparently were warm friends; it was pretty to see the anxiety of the little one that the other should come out creditably in the recitation. The class were spelling in concert from the blackboard.

They have object-lessons in this room, exercises in enunciating the elementary sounds of the letters, instruction in numbers, colors, forms, pretty pictures on the walls, and a bright New England girl presiding.

The fifth class, as we entered, seemed full of miniature lightning calculators. They were exercising in mental arithmetic. Such a time, such a shouting of figures, such eager little faces, such an upward flourishing of tiny hands—yet the discipline was excellent. Soon they were busily giving the sounds of *sh*, *th*, *tr*, and other combinations. Next came reading, not quite in Fanny Kemble style, but with a nice quality of its own.

Glancing at the fine view from the window, we went into the fourth and third rooms. The former class was devoted to Geography just then; the latter was in the midst of a spelling match. As we entered, the entire class was in a quiver of alertness. The word under treatment evidently was having a hard time of it:

"*e*, *n*, *y*—any, *b*, *o*, *d*, *d*, *y*—body,"

called out a youngster way off on the back seat.

Up went a dozen hands, the most frantic of which belonged to a little girl, who, having succeeded in winning the teacher's nod of permission, shouted,

"*a*, *n*, *n*, *y*—*b*, *o*, *d*, *d*, *y*."

Ah! how the hands went up, and how patient and calm the grave young teacher stood! Finally,

"*a*, *n*, *y*, *b*, *o*, *d*, *y*,"

came from a meek little colored girl on the front bench, who from the first had been gasping for a chance.

The pupils of the second and first classes study from advanced text-books, and some of them, as we understood from their teacher, are capable of entering the high school.

The blackboards in one room displayed some gorgeous sketches in colored crayons, that had just been drawn by the inglorious Vandykes and Raffaelles of the establishment. Sundry writings on other boards were suggestive of a good understanding between teacher and scholars. Grammar is not taught by rule, in the old-fashioned way (for which let all concerned be jubilant). In every department, as far as possible, the object system of teaching is pursued.

We saw cabinets of minerals, shells, and various interesting relics, all of which, when required, are used for practical illustration. In one class the children put their pennies together and subscribe for a juvenile magazine, from which, at times, their teacher, very much to their delight, reads aloud.

One of the young teachers has lately made the daring attempt of training every boy and girl to salute her politely on entering the room. The result so far is the funniest thing conceivable—such bows, such curtsies—but she is sure to succeed in the end. Bless her sweet impulse! Who knows to what these germs of civility may grow—what courtliness of heart and refining social ambitions may fol-

low? Still the process *is* amusing. As the last long line passes by, you find yourself involuntarily looking on the floor for heads, feeling sure that at least two or three must have tumbled from their owners' necks.

Occasionally during the morning there was a cheery shifting about of the children that did not at all interfere with the general order. Certain companies filed softly out to their farm labors or to their work-rooms. Other bands came in just in time for classes, and periods of general intermission for out-door air and exercise were frequent. It seemed like some stately machine in which study-slides, play-slides, and work-slides shifted themselves silently in and out by means of internal clock-work. How much better this than the old-style wearisome six hours of study, relieved by only one intermission.

At one time while a roomful of children were finding a certain page in their atlases, and we were noticing how like a shower of rain the movement sounded, Dr. Brooks came in and took a seat beside us.

"You were asking," said he in a low tone, "whether children ever come to us from other institutions. Here is a letter just received, which will give you a fair idea of many of the little ones admitted to the Asylum."

We read it, and so may you, good reader, though you may not be shown the entire heading or the signature.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1870.

DR. BROOKS:

DEAR SIR—There is a boy under my care who needs stricter discipline than we can exercise in this Institution. What steps can I take to have him placed under your care? He is 10 or 11 years old, lies, swears, fights, and flings missiles at any one who attempts to control him. If you can manage to take him, if only for a short time (although I would like you to keep him altogether), I should be much relieved. Pray take him, if possible.

Yours respectfully,

After the reading we looked about us. Surely, we saw no children that ever had answered this description.

"Plenty of them," said the Doctor, amused at our surprise. "They come in a few at a time, and generally take their cue of conduct from the rest."

Then I remembered what he had said the night before on the importance of forming a high public sentiment among the children; that he had assured us there were no set rules, no severe forms of punishment, but that the victory is gained whenever a child, thoroughly respecting those in authority, feels the sweetness and dignity of good behavior.

"Theoph," I whispered, after we had seen and heard more, when one by one the practical developments of the Doctor's theories had appeared, "I believe in him!"—"Certainly," answered Theoph, "and do you notice how the children look at him? That speaks for itself."

Just then a very little girl was passing us in the hall. "What is your name?" I said, catching her gently.

"Kitty."

"Are you glad you are here?"

"Yes, ma'am. There are two of us. We haven't any other place. My mother is lame and can't take care of us."

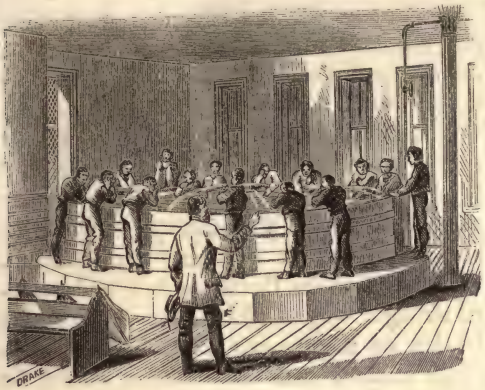
"Is your father living?"

"He drinks," she said so bitterly, and with such a darkness over her wee face, that I wished with all my heart I had not reminded her of him.

Poor little thing! It was a relief to see her afterward come laughing and tripping out from one of the bathing-rooms.

Ah, the bathing-rooms, what grand places they are! None of your paltry tin basins, but great circular wooden tanks, fifteen feet across, with warm or cold water, in which the children may plunge and swim to their hearts' content. Our artist represents them at the jets before the tank is filled. Here, morning and evening, the little ones stand washing their hands and faces, each for the time sole proprietor of the clear, bright little stream pouring out for its benefit—a wise precaution against the spread of ophthalmia or cutaneous affections.

As the number of boys is usually very large, their bathing-room is furnished with two tanks; the girls have but one. Every child's towel, marked with his or her number, when not in use, hangs conspicuously spread out in its own particular place on the back of one of the benches, arranged in the dressing-rooms like seats in a lecture hall. It makes one



BOYS' BATHING-TANK.

think of the famous journey to St. Ives to go through these rooms. Every boy has a towel—every towel has a number—every number has a place, and every place has a comb laid on the seat, just in front of the towel. Twice a week the laundress gathers in these standards of the grand army and puts clean ones in their places, and twice a week, as the rotation is managed, comes each child's turn to take a plunge in the tank—so many to a shoal, like minnows.

After seeing the bathing-rooms, we strolled into the wardrobe.

The Doctor, who goes in with us, remarks that they sometimes purchase a case of goods at a time. We can readily believe it. What a quantity of pegs! The gowns hanging there look like so many husks of girls. Somehow, I think of the Giant Blunderbore, and look involuntarily at the Doctor. He is telling Theoph why the children are not dressed in uniform. It is best to give them the benefit of variety, he thinks. It prevents the charity-badge idea. So it does. We remember now that the girls wear their hair long or short, as they please. There is no universal cropping of heads, as in some institutions. Pink and lilac calico dresses for Sunday wear abound; so do high-necked gingham aprons. Newly-made garments and clean clothes are placed in this room, ready to be dealt out as needed.

Observing that one side of the room is nearly covered with wooden drawers about a foot square, each drawer numbered, Theoph and I looked interrogatively at each other.

"Oh, those are the girls' treasure-boxes," says the cheery voice of the matron introduced as Miss Sanford. (The lady looked so like our Phœbe Cary, I wondered whether she wrote poetry or not.)

"May we open them?"

"Certainly."

Ah, what a slight thing sometimes sets one's eyes swimming! In the first, a soiled fan, a bit of colored paper, a printed scrap of poetry; in another a piece of bright calico and a pasteboard box; in another, some faded ribbon, a photograph, and a pretty glass button. How meagre these, their precious possessions! But it is beautiful thus to provide each girl with a little nook which she can call her own. Meantime, Miss Sanford looks on, her face sparkling with hearty kindliness. Recalling what the Doctor has told us of her years of faithful service, I exclaim inwardly, "She *acts* poetry, anyhow, whether she writes it or not."

"This way," said Theoph, looking back at me, as he followed the Doctor out-of-doors.

We went to the little work-shop, close by, where, under the direction of a master-cobbler, the boys made the shoes of the establishment. A few little fellows on benches were busily pegging away at their work.

"They do pretty well," said their 'boss;' "but our boys never stay long enough to get a trade. It helps them ever after, though, the little cobbling they manage to learn."

"What is that mountain of shoes in the corner?"

"Those are the mended ones ready for cool weather."

He showed us the patches with no little pride. Shade of St. Crispin—what patches they were! The original shoe sank into insignificance beside them.

Thence to the main building again, and into the tailoring room. The click of a sewing-machine greeted us. It was odd to see the boy operator, and odder still to see another boy pressing seams with a big "goose," and about twenty other boys sitting in rows on low chairs, sewing away, with silent whistles in their faces.

Another bright-eyed lady here, who surveyed her sewing-class proudly, with a special appreciation of the good button-hole boys.

She tells us all about it in a few words. There are fifty little tailors, in two divisions of twenty-five each, including two sewing-machine workers. Each division works three hours a day alternately, giving also an extra hour before school. The little tailors make all the boys' jackets and trousers, and make them well, too.

"They would do better," said our pleasant informant, "if we could have them longer; but the divisions are constantly changing."

"Constantly changing." That is what the Doctor said last night, thought I; it is easy enough to see the difficulties to be encountered on that score. He has to cleanse and re-plume his draggled birds on the wing, as it were. It is impossible always to succeed, but how he accomplishes so much is a mystery.

All the children's clothing, bedding, and towels are made in the institution. The girls do their full share, though they are not expected to accomplish the dress-making and mending unassisted.

A beautiful view of the Palisades is seen from the windows of the tailoring room; but we had no time to spare.

Going out, Theophilus threw some figures at me, which any one who wants them may have, and welcome.

The boys last year made 5,907 articles, including jackets, pantaloons, caps, and suspenders. The girls made 4,474, including clothes, bedding, curtains, table-covers, and eight carpets. The articles repaired in the institution numbered no less than 43,912.*

Again, in this labor matter we see the Doctor's views in full flower and fruit. He wishes the children not to suffer from the common error that time devoted to an employment which is not ultimately to be a means of livelihood is time thrown away. They are all the better off, he believes, for doing a reasonable amount of work. Their hands are made skilful, their faculties of calculation developed, and their tastes cultivated. Indeed, the experiment of reform is a failure, unless a love of labor be instilled.

So the boys who are large enough dig and hoe, and rake and plant, or make beds, wash dishes, mop floors, and do scores of other things; while the girls, just as active, are busy with their own employments. The truth of the adage—"Many hands make light work," is admirably illustrated here. If it were not so, we may be sure the labor system would be reorganized so as to spare the children. Very tender is the Doctor of their undeveloped strength, very careful to impose no undue burden on their young shoulders, and especially anxious that the children should be child-like—as unrestrained and joyous as is possible under existing circumstances.

This admirable system, overtaxing none, gives the proper employment to all. Still there is no noise, no confusion—the little busy bees do not even buzz. You see them silently speeding hither and thither with mops and pails, or poking invisible dust out of corners with little sticks. The dust they see you cannot see, for all the place is breezy and shiny with cleanliness. If you want noise and merry voices, you must hear them at their play.

The children may well be happy, and it would seem most of them are so. They are kindly cared for, their rights duly regarded, their confidence respected, and every pains taken to do away with the slightest sense of stigma in connection with the Asylum. They have their high days and holidays, their excursions, their winter home amusements, and under proper regulations are allowed to receive visits from their friends. The twenty acres about their pleasant home, barren and bleak enough twelve years ago, are made fertile and beautiful. Rocks have been blasted away, and flower-beds put in their place; trees have been planted, and the gray lintels and cornices of the stone-buildings tinted, so as to do away with the old prison look. When they leave, the beneficial effects of their surroundings go with them into their old homes, or to new ones. Snatches of hymns and remembered Scripture lessons do a good work, and in after years experience is constantly emphasizing for them the lessons of their Institute life.

Successful good men and noted rascals

* "The working children have been paid small sums of money according to their industry, amounting to from ten to twenty dollars per month. It is believed to have been a good investment."—*Report of N. Y. J. Asylum*, 1870.

THE GYMNASIUM.

are apt to have certain natural attributes in common, such as ingenuity, foresight, shrewdness, daring, and love of gain. Well if such traits be directed rightly while the blood is young, the mind impressible!

Over-worked boys are not prone to patronize turning-poles. We were glad to see that the youngsters who had appeared saints in the chapel were monkeys in the gymnasium. They climbed, and sprang, and leaped, and spun round till we were dizzy. One little chap, especially, seemed boneless. He slid, head first, down the long ropes; he rolled along the floor like a wheel; he rested the back of his head on the soles of his feet, and brushed his ears with his toes. Soon a colored boy, with really a lovely face, joined him, and the two tumbled about together.

What fine times the children will have when the new gymnasium and the forty-feet swimming-baths are finished! Additional French-roofed buildings, now in course of erection, and others being planned, will cost not less than $100,000, to be paid for by donations, legacies, etc., $80,000 of the sum being already secured. These buildings are to be of red brick, to correspond with those recently added, as the effect is less gloomy than that of the gray stone formerly adopted. I hope the improvements will include a swimming-bath and gymnasium for the girls. Why not?

HEAD AND HEEL.

A gong sounds.

"Shall we go in?" asks Theophilus; "the children are at dinner."

"White table-cloths!" he exclaims softly, as we enter.

Here a number of long covered tables, some with girls, some with boys, closely seated on each side, and always a monitor at the end. The monitors may be black or white, little or big, no matter; at their posts they are impressive and superb. The children eat with subdued ravenousness. They have soup, meat, plain vegetables, and all the bread they want. Hands are raised if supplies are needed. They glance pleasantly at each other, but not a word is spoken.

THE LETTER O.

Again the walls have somewhat to say from between the pictures—

THE DINING-ROOM.

"BLESS OUR HOME"—and the knives and forks rattle briskly;—"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." Who, looking round, doubts it? "GOD BLESS OUR DAILY BREAD." Amen, amen to that.

"May we walk about among the tables?" whispers Theophilus to the gentleman in charge.

It is Mr. Appley, assistant superintendent and principal of the school, who, Dr. Brooks believes, has no equal in the country for thorough yet mild control of boys. He has been connected with the Institution for seventeen years; and for nine, his wife has served it faithfully as matron. Many a vagrant boy have they seen lifted to a prosperous and worthy career; many a once homeless and perverted girl trained to honored and happy womanhood!

Permission being given, we make a rambling tour of the room—Theophilus with Mr. Appley, and I with Miss Stickney, talking in an under-tone as we pass along. We know Miss S. by this time, and I have inwardly apologized for expecting to find her an austere, stern-looking woman. Why, she is hardly more than a sunny girl, crowned with sweet womanly dignity. To be sure, one sees an expression about her mouth and chin that might make a bad child tremble; but just as surely it would make a good child long for a kiss.

What a multitude of young faces we see—of all styles and expressions. Involuntarily we recall Hawthorne's description of the blue-gowned girls of an English charity school, where he was surprised to find "so many children collected together without a single trace of beauty or scarcely of intelligence in one individual; such mean, coarse, vulgar features and figures, betraying unmistakably a low origin and ignorant and brutal parents. They did not appear wicked, but only stupid, animal, soulless." We recall it, however, only to wonder at the contrast. There are some beautiful little ones here—children of whom it would seem any parent might be proud. But alack! these are quite likely to be the incorrigibles of the institution—sent in on account of utter insubordination or of crime. Our guides, evidently unwilling to break in upon our admiration, spoke kindly of their charges, finding some good even in the worst. But it was startling to hear of a sweet blue-eyed girl—"her trouble is stealing;" or of a noble-looking rosy-cheeked boy—"yes, but the poor child's temper is terrible;" or of

yet another smiling youngster—"treated his mother dreadfully." On the other hand, it was delightful, while looking at some sallow, mis-shapen face, to be told, "that's a dear little thing, so good and faithful"—or of another with a downcast, unwinsome look, "he's had a hard time of it, poor little fellow!—but he begins to brighten a little. He'll undoubtedly turn out well."

One youngster brought to mind something a teacher had said to me: "A few children yield to good influences right away; but some you have to tune, and tune, and tune." He looked as if no amount of tuning would make anything of him. His little failing was being "utterly ungovernable at home." What a saucy look he shot at us as we passed!

On to the kitchen, where we saw steam-cooking apparatus, modern improvements, big windows, clean tables, tidy cooks. We were bewildered to learn of its serving up, daily, three hundred pounds of fresh meat, a barrel of potatoes, three hundred quarts of milk, besides startling quantities of beets, beans, cabbages, and other vegetables. Thence to the bakery, where three barrels of flour are cast into the oven every day, and on Saturdays nearly an extra barrel for ginger-bread.

Thence again to—

How can I give all the details of that wonderful day? It would require as many volumes as the letter A in the catalogue of the British Museum. Nay, if all were told—but all could never be told—every minute of every hour would widen into a dozen dissertations. The idea is appalling. Let us run for relief to the play-grounds.

GIRLS' CROQUET-GROUND.

THE KITCHEN.

Just in time; dinner is over. A few girls are playing croquet; their place is prettier than the boys', because with them grass and flowers are not impossible. Theoph and the Doctor feel like joining in. A tall girl with weak eyes hands her mallet to Theoph; the rest crowd around the Doctor, their mallets thrust at him like a medley of jackstraws.

"Whose turn shall I take?" he asks.

"Mine"—"mine"—and "mine," they answer.

"We *all* want you to play for us," comes from a little one, just as the Doctor hastens to position.

Theoph and the Doctor cannot play as well as the girls, so they decide that the ground is uneven, and move off to pastures new. Soon, hearty shouts near by drew us to the boys' quarters, a great bare place, where many feet have trodden the ground almost to a solid stone.

Here we see turning-poles, swings, flying courses, benches, and—boys. Boys shouting, laughing, racing, swinging, turning, jumping; boys playing leap-frog, and boys falling in line at the pump!

Not a whit do they mind our august presence. The Doctor radiates mirth on the play-ground as he radiates zeal in the school-room, and devotion in the chapel. The thirsty ones at the pump, perhaps, are a little more orderly in waiting their turn; but the monitor in charge is a power in himself.

Now, for the twentieth time, we laugh at the boys' hats. What hats! Yet they all were new a few weeks ago. They were good ones, too—strong white straw with a black band. Some few are in good condition yet, but many are brimless or crownless, or both,

BOYS' PLAY-GROUND.

being in fact hardly more than little mats of ravelled straw. Looking attentively at the owners, you are not surprised. You can see their demolished head-gear in their faces. One red-headed little fellow, wearing a mere rim, entered heartily into our amusement at seeing another cautiously lay a few shreds on his head before leaving the building. He had just enough straw left to prove that it *was* his hat; an important point, for in a few days a second summer distribution would take place, and new ones would be given in exchange for the old.

Soon the Doctor beckoned to a speck on the pump-line, and out it came—Master Bernard Austin Daly, six years old, the same wee orator who in the main room had given his funny speech in such a solemn way. His sober little face looked still more sober in the sunlight, as, after the inevitable bow, he favored us with a song, the burden of which was :—

"I would I were a fly
To buzz about all day;
O, wouldn't I live high
Without a cent to pay!"

"Some of the best quaker blood of England there," said the Doctor, as we walked away from the little fellow—"quiet yet full of snap."

As he spoke, a number of the larger boys walked off, led by only one of the teachers. They were going to the river to bathe; the idea of any of them attempting to run away seemed to be quite unthought of. During the day we had noticed a party of boys setting out for a ramble to High Bridge with one of the lady officers, as a reward for good conduct.

"What could she do if they should try to escape?" I asked of the Doctor.

"Very little," said he. "But there is no danger. They would consider it intensely dishonorable to run away under such circumstances. If one attempting it should be caught and brought back, his position would be made intolerable by the rest."

Theoph coughed—and the cough said "I told you so," as plainly as could be.

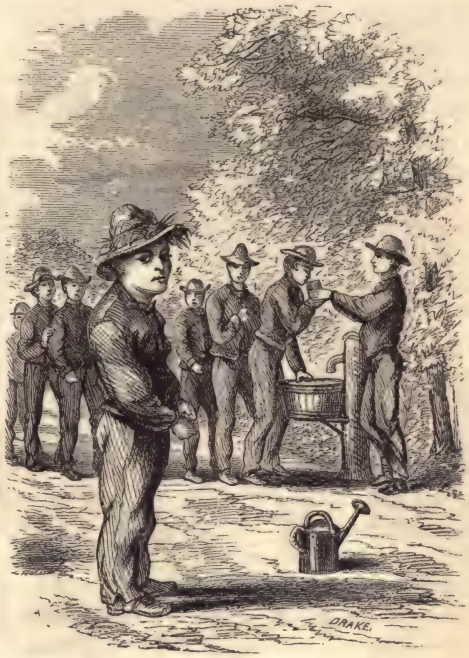
Bless the Doctor! He is studying human nature every day, he says; yet most men

with half his knowledge would dub themselves H. D.—Doctors of Humanity—at once. Hearing how he talks to the children, we cease to wonder at their so quickly yielding to him. Like Davy Crockett's coon, they may as well "come down" at once, since his first shot is sure to send the daylight clear through them. He knows just how to aim and when to fire, or whether to fire at all. "Such conduct must come from sickness," he says to one style of bad boys—"you need medicine." Or, to others, "Go away. I'm discouraged. I don't want to think of this sort of thing." To others: "Why, if this failing of yours were cured, I could dance for joy." Sometimes he pleads: "How long must I bear this burden? Can't you *try* to do better?" Sometimes he startles and shames one of the fighting kind by "squaring off" at him, on the spot; and not long ago he told his boys that under certain desirable circumstances he would joyfully sing Old Grimes for them. They caught him there—acted up to the mark—and to their intense delight he kept his promise to the letter. Respecting each child's individuality, never attempting to set down in plain black and white things that cannot be so recorded, using the best methods flexibly, kind without indulgence, and firm without harshness, he evidently keeps the general sentiment and sense of justice on his side, yet is a moral terror to each evil-doer. "He's an *awful* kind man, Dr. Brooks is," said a youngster lately who had just left the superintendent's presence after being summoned to answer for some grave offence.

The reader may be glad to learn here a few points of the Doctor's history, recently communicated by one of his almost life-long friends.

Dr. Brooks is a native of Massachusetts.

A FAVORITE POSE.



LINE AT THE PUMP.

In 1827, when but ten years of age, he left the parental roof to earn his bread, get his education, and wrestle with the world alone, as so many young New Englanders had done before him. He worked in the summer and attended a district school in the winter until he was eighteen years old, when after a renewing religious experience, he began to give shape to his life. Alternately as student and teacher, he followed a course of study which prepared him for the pursuit of medical science, and at the same time laid the foundation of those solid successes whose nature he did not then contemplate. For three years he taught in the private school of Rev. John C. Nash, in Pittsfield, and there had his first and best experience in the disciplining of boys. Subsequently he read medicine in Pittsfield with the late Dr. H. H. Childs and Dr. Lee, and took his medical degree at the Berkshire Medical College in 1841. The first six years of his practice were spent in Huntington, Mass.; and the last six years at South Hadley, where he had the medical supervision of Holyoke Seminary, and enjoyed the privilege of ministering to Mary Lyon* during the closing year

* Founder of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary and one of the noble women of the age. "In the

of her life. In 1843 he married; his wife, a daughter of the late Dr. Stickney of Huntington, has proved such a helpmate as few men are blessed with. They have one child, a son, Lawton S. Brooks, now assistant physician of the Juvenile Asylum.

When Massachusetts established her system of State Alms Houses, Dr. Brooks was appointed to the superintendence of the institution at Monson, and then entered upon the genuine mission of his life. This was in 1853, and here he remained for a period of five years, manifesting rare aptitude to the delicate and difficult task of organizing and administering that institution. Dr. Brooks originated its system of classification of paupers, separating the young from the old where it did not part parent and child, and giving to curable lunatics the advantages of cheery scenery and surroundings, while the dissolute were placed in something more like work-houses. During his administration, and through his influence, the State Farm School or Reformatory for Juveniles, connected with the Alms House department, was organized. For years he labored here with admirable results, until or near the year 1858, when he assumed his present important position.

Theophilus had told me something of the Doctor during that day, but I needed only to look and listen to feel sure that for once the right man was in the right place.

About sundown we heard a fluttering as though a flock of soft-winged birds were settling in the hall.

"What is that?"

"The girls are going to bed," was the answer. "In a moment we may look into their dormitory."

It was but a step from the family parlor. Miss Sanford and I went in. The flock had indeed settled; all the children were saying their prayers. I noticed that several of them made the sign of the cross as they rose.

The great room contained more than a hundred snowy cots, every one of which in a moment had an occupant.

"In winter some of our girls have a curious way of arranging their bedding for the night," said the matron; "they call it 'making a nest;' would you like to see it?"

"Of course I would."

Soon two girls, giggling very much, and very proud at being asked to 'show the lady,' were busily converting their beds into nests. It is a curious process. They shake the mattress and shove the straw about till a hollow is formed just large enough for the body. In this, with the covers twirled about them, they curl themselves for sleeping.

"How funny! Where did you learn to do this?" I asked one of the girls. Her face sobered in an instant, as with a show of bashfulness she declined to answer. Then it flashed upon me—though they did not tell it—how the lesson may have come: Through bitter cold nights—a heap of straw in the corner—a few dirty rags to wind about the shivering little body! Well, they could laugh now, as with clean straw and soft, sweet covers, they showed the lady. That was something.

How the wide-awake eyes turned to us from every pillow! What half-suppressed titters ran through the room! In all probability the little creatures would have liked nothing better than a game of romps, or at least a pillow-fight. All the windows were open, letting in the pleasant summer breeze and the ruddy remnants of the sunset.

"How can they go to sleep?" said I, "it is so early."

"But you forget their long day," answered my guide; "they rise almost at daylight."

We stayed for some time, lingering at the various bedsides, bending to speak to the children, and listening to what they had to say. One brown-eyed little girl pulled my face down close to whisper: "My mother hasn't been to see me at all. She's gone away out of where we used to be, and I don't know where to think she is." Poor little thing! lonely there among a hundred. She seemed comforted when I told her the Doctor maybe would find out and tell her; said in a brighter way, "I know it;" and added: "Won't you look at me when you sit up there in the chapel to-morrow? I'm just three seats in front of Mr. Appley's desk." I whispered

course of her life as a teacher," says a recent biographer, "Miss Lyon instructed more than three thousand pupils, all of whom bore, more or less, the impress of her character."

A REUNION IN THE WEST. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

"Yes," kissed the little rosy face, that was just as sweet as the last royal baby's, and passed on to speak with the other girls, asking questions, but not always about their mothers. I was afraid to do that. Meanwhile the children were softly bidding each other "good night!" or slyly reaching to clasp hands from one bed to another.

All at once, as if blowing a candle, the matron made a signal, and out went the voices. You could have heard a pin fall. "Now, children," she said kindly, "it is time for us to leave. If you wish you may chant before you go to sleep."

Instantly every pair of hands was crossed, every child lay motionless. We moved toward the door and listened. It was beautiful. More than a hundred childish voices chanting the Lord's Prayer! As the last notes of the "Amen" died away, we could just distinguish the children's forms. A fresh breeze came stealing in through the windows, the last faint flush faded from the sky, and night closed softly and tenderly about them.

A few hours later, when Theoph was conversing with the Doctor, somebody from the girls' dormitory asked if we would "like to come for a moment."

We went in—Theoph and I. There lay the children, sleeping in the moonlight! I cannot describe the picture. It is a vision of young eyelids beautiful with peace; of plump little cheeks pressed against conscious pillows; of white arms thrown carelessly over restful heads; of tumbled hair catching sudden lights, or of golden wealth tossed back rippling into the shadows. "Angels of little children!" exclaimed Theoph, under his breath. He was thinking of little Nell.

Moonlight never before had seemed to me so wonderful, so divine. It came in like mother-love, with its proud lights and tender shadows, making the plainest beautiful.

Not homeless wanderers now, nor idle va-

grants, nor cruel-born babies hunted into ways of sin—but happy children far off in dream-land, taking with them the holy, helpful lessons of the day!

We went back to the parlor. Our host was resting, half asleep. "He's tired," said Theoph, stepping softly.

Tired! I should think so. With all its present rewards, his must be a hard life—to work on bravely hour after hour, fighting with difficulties, thrusting aside weariness and discouragement, keeping up active enthusiasm in one steady line of philanthropic work, day in and day out, year after year, from early manhood to three-score—

Ah, well! God knows.

Dr. Brooks and his noble co-workers—the founders, directors, and laborers of this and kindred institutions, all who are faithful to their charge, have the one joy—inasmuch as they have done it unto the least, they have done it also unto Him.

> How sweet 'twill be at evening,
> If you and I can say,
> "Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
> The lambs that went astray;
> Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
> We heard them making moan—
> And lo! we come at nightfall
> Bearing them safely home!"

NATASQUA.

CHAPTER I.

"THAT was twenty-five years ago, Dick. But there was a secret in that story of your birth that I ken't puzzle out yet."

Richard gave the boat an impatient jibe. "Let's call it a disgrace, and be done with it," he said, in his abrupt dogmatic tone. "A man's a fool that has any mysteries in his life nowadays. Like a cheap play!"

Old Inskip pulled up the centre-board uncertainly, and let it down again. His fingers, with the rest of his spare old body, had hesitated and deliberated all through his tardy life. "Luff, Dick! I think I'd like to say a word or two to you before we land."

Richard nodded, and steered the boat out into the channel. He went on for a while, calculating silently how many oysters would be needed for planting next week, and then, glancing at the old man's anxious face, his eyes began to twinkle. Usually he left his old comrade the two or three hours he required for the incubation of an idea; but this subject had galled the good-natured young fellow a little, and had better, he thought, be put out of the way at once.

"There's no use of trying to put the word or two so that it won't hurt me, sir. That old story don't matter to me a whit; not the weight of a straw. When I was a romantic cub of fifteen I used rather to hug myself on the idea of being a foundling. But I've no time for such follies now. I've never felt the need of a father or mother."

Inskip rubbed his hairy legs with the palms of his hands. "Haven't you, Dick?" he hesitated, looking at the other shore.

"God knows I haven't, sir!" heartily. Dick clapped his big hand on the other man's shoulder, shaking every bone in his body. "There's not a young fellow on the coast whose father and mother have done for him what you have done for me. You know that. Now let's be done with that old matter. As for a father and mother that I never saw, they are not of so much importance to me as —as this boat here. How could they be?"

Inskip looked at him doubtfully as Dick began to whistle, interrupting himself presently with—"What did De Conce offer for the oysters?"

"Two, or two-twenty."

The boat pushed along, muddying and cutting the fungus-like growth of sea-weeds beneath. Boat or horse must go like steam express under Richard's guidance. He would have gone post-haste over the Styx, good-naturedly inventing a better tiller for Charon as he went, and giving him gratuitous hints in navigation. Inskip, according to his custom, sat watching him, looking, in his bare legs and arms, and leathery shirt and trousers,

like a bony continuation of the wooden bow. Nothing could be so manly in his eyes as the boy's broad bluff figure and decisive face, yet a vague doubt hung hazy in his brain of shallowness. Shallowness. Were oyster-beds and New York trade, and the boat, the real things after all? To the old fisherman, who had never had wife or child, the dim ghosts of this father and mother; the mysterious untold story of birth and death; the inexplicable sweet danger of love, some day coming to Dick, were the actual matters of life. Though, if you were to talk to Inskip for years, he would serve you with no better matter than plans for fishing, or thin, pointless stories borrowed entire from his grandfather, the sole contribution the Inskip family were likely to make to the world of thought.

There was a necessity for him to speak to the point now, however, and at once, as they were pushing rapidly in-shore.

"I must go back to that old story once more, Richard."

"Very well, sir. Will you haul in that sheet?"

"The woman who brought you here said your mother and father were dead. She did not tell even me more than that, though she knew I would take you when she died. Three years ago I had a letter, sending money. It was from your mother."

"What did you do with it?" sharply.

"I sent it back, Richard."

"Right." Dick began to whistle again to keep his tongue still. He would not reproach Inskip. But, with his propensity for managing other people's affairs, it was hard on him that his own should have been taken out of his hands. He would have liked to deal with this woman who had entailed her guilt on him at birth, deserted him till now, and was coming thus late to shame him.

"There is something else, Richard. I had a letter from her the other day. It was not dated nor signed. It only said that your mother would be here this summer, and begged that you would not leave the beach."

Dick for a while silently pulled and wound his ropes. "If she comes, leave me to meet her," he said at last, quietly. He did not ask to see the letter, but jumped on shore. "I'll go and settle that job with De Conce," nodding good-by, pleasantly, as he walked off. This business of his mother he had also settled and set aside. Inskip looked after him with a queer quizzical smile. Were love and passion, remorse, death itself, jobs which Dick could attack with his shrewd eyes, and hat cocked on one side, sort, label, and clap on the shelf as finished? The old man could not put his thoughts into words, even to himself, but he remembered vaguely a carpenter he had seen once finishing off a lot of coffins, dismissing each with a nod of satisfaction. He loosened the sail and drifted out into the current, while Dick's stout swinging figure, in its sacque and trousers of brown tweed, and jaunty cap atop, went steadily across the marsh, in sharp relief against the far horizon. It seemed to have absorbed into itself all the energy of the hot sleeping landscape.

The Natasqua hardly deserves to be called a river. It is one of those openings into our rocky coast through which the sea stretches its groping fingers on the hills, and lays upon them the spell of its own loneliness and quiet. Inskip floated along the banks of red clay which edged the water; the wind hardly stirred the bit of blue tape hanging down from his hat; the fields of feathery wild carrot belting the shore glared white in the afternoon sun; the brownish ledges of hills rose tier beyond tier, shutting him in from a world of which he never had known anything, and the water, tea-colored on the surface, and cold and brackish on the hottest day, sunk in sombre, impenetrable depths beneath him. It was one of those out-of-the-way corners of the world where Nature seems to carry on her secret silent processes of healing and of birth; where we dimly know that, if our souls were cleaner and eyes clearer, we might come some day suddenly upon the great Mother unawares at her eternal renewing work.

"It's curious," thought Inskip, "that the boy kin think of tradin' in oysters here." Dick, being an educated man, could have put the peculiar meaning of the place into better words—if he had ever seen it. But he never had. Inskip paddled along, thinking, if Dick's mother could meet him here, all would go well between them: her sin would somehow

fall off from her; the boy's heart would go out to her full of love and forgiveness. The place was awful in its inexpressible beauty and quiet; he felt vaguely that human souls in it lay bare and naked before God. The old fellow, who was chosen by the men thereabouts to settle their disputes, because of his dry, shrewd sense, was full of a lax, pitiful tenderness for all women-folks, for which the sharp-nosed, contented fishermen's wives seldom made call upon him. He had fallen into the habit, therefore, for years, of prosing to himself about this unknown mother of Dick's, and lavishing it upon her, set apart, as she was, from others by a great crime and a great punishment.

Dick, jumping over the fences of the marsh, looked at the affair in a different light. It was not an uncommon thing, he knew, out in the world, for a certain class of children to be put out of the way; he might be thankful that he had not been disposed of in a more summary fashion. And Master Dick was quite aware of the loss to the world if he had been choked off prematurely in his cradle. He had not done badly with his life so far, beginning as the charity child of a poor crab-fisher; what with a turn as peddler, photographer, school and books at every moment that could be spared from work, and now his oyster and clam farms, in which he had at last become master and director of other men.

"The land belongs to the man with money," he had told Inskip, "but the water to the man with wit to use it."

Dick's course brought him to the river again, which made a sudden turn, as sharp as a V. The sun was down by this time. The cedars, gray with their gummy berries, began to gloom in the cool shadows. There was a bar of rippling, golden light across the water. On the yellow sands a woman was picking up bits of kelp. Dick went up to her.

"It dries into different shades of brown, they tell me," said she, by way of good evening.

"Very likely. I don't know. It makes poor manure. Though I have an idea," kicking it critically, "if the essence was extracted—as they do with moss-bunkers." Dick stopped with an awkward laugh. For the first time in his life, perhaps, it occurred to him that the wisdom and information with which he was brimful was overflowing inopportunely, though the girl's soft eyes were fixed on him attentively.

"What does she know of moss-bunkers or manure either?" sitting down to watch her. The dark water behind her slowly kindled into a sheet of pale color—subdued pink and violet; a blue heron swooped down black and sharp over the glassy surface, and was gone; the locusts droned on in an unknown tongue their song of sleep and summer. Her walk up and down the beach was leisurely and drowsy; the soft brown bathing-dress clung to her rounded limbs; there was an edge of scarlet about her full white throat and uncoiled hair; now and then she held up a weed or shell, asking him to praise it with her smiling, appealing eyes. The woman and all that she owned were made to be praised and petted, Dick thought, with a novel compassionate swelling at his heart, which he had never given before to any helpless baby. The opaline water, the heaps of ash-colored kelp, the unseen wailing sea, were only manure and fishing-ground to Dick; but the sense of beauty, the new feeling of rest akin to pain which came to old Inskip through them, had reached this full-blooded dogmatic young fellow through the girl, for the first time in his life. Dick's life threatened to be a stifling chamber of trade and barter; but there would be one crack at least through which the light could creep that lay in broad, unpriced sunshine about some other men.

Dick was ready enough in dealing with men; he had a simple downright habit of knowing his rights, and taking them, which blunted the sharpest New York traders; but of women and society he knew no more than he did of babies; looked, indeed, upon them as denizens of an overgrown nursery. He did not notice that the dress which clung to this woman was of delicate make and stuff, as high-bred and æsthetic a triumph in its way as a fine picture. He knew that she was one of the city people who came down for a whim to tent on the beach. Two or three days before he had found her too far out in Inskip's boat, trying to crab, and had waded out and pulled her to shore, explaining her mistake as they

went. "I am Richard Dort," he said, as he climbed up, dripping, on the bank to help her out.

She looked at him. She had been going to thank him, but she only said instead, "I am Romaine Vaux," and went on to the tent. Miss Vaux's eyes looked at everybody with the same babyish soft appeal; but the peculiarity about them was that you could not shake them off when she was gone. They stayed with Dick oddly; he fancied them steady and searching; weighing, labelling him at his value. Richard had met her once or twice since, and they had talked of the fishing and marl.

It was growing dark when she tied her kelp into a bundle; the jelly-fish, in luminous blobs, rose here and there in the sheet of dark water, kernels of soft white fire. "I must go home," she said.

It seemed quite natural to Richard to walk beside her, and he did it naturally, as few city-bred men would have the art to do. To be sure, she was not like the raw-boned women he knew, in their sleazy pink calicoes, but as for any difference of rank between her and them, it never occurred to him that there was any. He was a man, and they were women; that was all there was about it.

They came in sight of the tents. Natasqua beach was the fashion that summer in the New York set to which the Vaux's belonged. There was a gay little camp on the sands, beside a cottage in which boarders were taken.

"That is my father's—Major Vaux's—tent, beside which the fire is burning."

"I will give the Colonel some hints, then, about building his fire to leeward," said Dick. Miss Vaux smiled and nodded to the strollers they met, who glanced furtively at the young crab-fisher beside her, with his bare feet and cool, good-humored swagger. Dick, meanwhile, was wondering if his mother was among any of these groups. She was most probably a servant or housekeeper, whom some of these city people had brought down. What if she were to come out and proclaim the shame of his birth before Romaine? He had not felt before how the girl had embodied to him all there was of chasteness and modesty in the world.

"I think I will go back," he said, stopping short, a fierce throb at his heart.

"I want you to go on with me," with an amused twist in her babyish mouth. She had told her stepmother that very afternoon about Dick. She told her everything; colored, altered, lied a little sometimes to amuse the meagre, anxious little woman, who found it such hard work for her tired legs to keep step with that corps of heavy dragoons—Major Vaux and his four sons.

"The crab-fisher, after he had dragged me to land, told me his name quite as if we had been equals," she had said; "and I began to think we were."

"You ought to be careful, Romy," piped Mrs. Vaux. "Your dear father might not like such an acquaintance. He could not possibly make any use of a man like that. Could he?"

Romy made no answer. She held her stepmother's hand between her own plump pink palms, stroking it. The thin, blue-nailed fingers were loaded with showy rings. Mrs. Vaux, who would have been draped in drab if she had her way, wore an inexplicable clothing of scarlet and green flying fringes, tassels, an Arab mantle, wisps of false hair hanging dishevelled, according to the highest art of the coiffeur, about her lean rasped face.

"Do you like this costume, Romy?" she said, anxiously. "It was one of those your dear father designed himself, and ordered from Storm. He said the colors would suit the clear sky to-day."

"Nothing in it is so becoming as your wearing it, mother," she said gently. "How was Storm paid, by-the-by?"

"In puffs, my dear. Oh, very well paid, of course!" eagerly. "You did not think your father was still in debt to him? He wrote a copy of verses for the *Family Journal* on Storm's show-rooms, and embodied descriptions of two of my costumes in letters from Long Branch and Newport. Oh, he was amply remunerated! You would not allow your father to design one dress for you?"

"I did not need any," dryly. "But to return to my crab-fisher," with a sudden gayety that seemed a little forced.

"Here is your father coming!" with a

breathless pass of her hand over flounces and wisps of hair. I must tell him the circumstance, Romy. It is intolerable to him if we do not place confidence in him." Romy, who dared not send a pair of stockings to the laundress without the gallant Major's knowledge, nodded. A large florid man with English side-whiskers advanced with a military step up the beach.

"Major," fluttered Mrs. Vaux, "Romy tells me—"

"My love! one moment!" with a bland wave of the hand. "If you *would* say, 'My dear Major!' We are now among strangers, in the very eye of the public, as I might say. Our private life is liable to be commented on by reporters and correspondents at any moment. Why not make its beauty apparent, then?"

"Oh yes, certainly, dear Major. I was going to say—"

"Of your affection I have no doubt." The Major's trombone voice was in full wind now, and rolled in triumph up and down. "Why should it not, then, be manifest to others? 'Love is a creature of such heavenly birth'—you doubtless recall the remainder of the quotation. You were about to remark, my dear wife?"

Mrs. Vaux always spoke to her husband in a shrill frightened falsetto, which was timed now to high-pressure speed by his rebuke. She managed to jerk out the story of Romy's adventure in half a dozen incomplete sentences. "I was afraid the young man might presume on it to call," she ended lamely.

"I shall be heartily glad to see him. Heartily!" and from his puffy white hands and broad expanse of purple waistcoat to his bloated rolling voice, he was the very impersonation of oppressive hospitality. "Let us come in contact with the people. The very dregs of the people, if you choose, as in this case. You never have understood my principle, my love. I am glad that Romaine does, and is willing to join with her brothers and myself, at last. The more we come in contact with the people, the better for ourselves and our business. Socially, our position is impregnable. Vaux & Sons, who command the advertising patronage of one hundred daily journals, can afford to meet any social Pariah. We hold the public by the ear, as it were, like an overgrown donkey, and lead it where we will. Our rank is higher than money, Frances. We are of the blood-royal of intellect."

"Yes, I'm sure I understand, Major."

The Major could not bear interruption in an oration. "I am very sure that you don't," testily. "I would embrace in charity, as it were, all human beings. There is no knowing which of them may need a newspaper. We can go out to meet this crab-fisher, for instance; not, of course, as an intelligent being, such as Judge Parker, who can push us as vehicles for government advertising, or any of our Congressional friends. But the inferior orders of God's creatures also were made to be of use. The sheep gives us wool, the cow beef, and this young man—"

"May give an advertisement," added his daughter.

"Precisely," turning his glaring topaz ring leisurely in the sun. "What's o'clock, Romaine?"

Now Mrs. Vaux knew by instinct that the aristocratic Major already rebelled against longer companionship in his thoughts with this fishy inferior, and made divers grimaces to warn Romy of the peril she was in. But the girl stumbled on for want of something to say.

"One peculiarity about him I did not tell you, mother; his name."

"I do not perceive, my daughter," he interrupted, "how the name of persons of this class can concern us. If they advertise—well. But their names or habits are matters into which I should no more be tempted to examine than those of the slugs or these very unpleasant beetles who torment us at night."

"But the name was peculiar," persisted Romy. "I never knew any family of the same, mother, but yours. You, at least, ought to be civil to the man."

Was it the cold sea mist, or fear of her husband, that gave the meek little woman's rouged face that sudden chilled look? Her voice, too, had lost its ordinary scared quaver, and sounded unnaturally quiet and controlled.

"What is his name?"

"Dort; your own. Richard Dort."

"It is very improbable," blustered the Major, angrily. "Your stepmother's unusual name bears inherent evidence to the good blood and breeding of her family. If this fellow has it he has stolen it, that's all."

While the Major fumed and clucked about, his wife got up and went up the beach. He scowled after her through his eye-glasses. In town she dared not violate his rules by going off the two squares' aristocratic beat. But his face relaxed as he watched her fluttering figure zig-zagging over the sands. "Your mother is fond of solitary walks here in the country. They are hardly *en règle*. But the world may ascribe them to a love of Nature. And if it does not,—let her have her own way!" with a gulp. "Curse the world! Are we to be tied neck and heels by it?"

Late as it was when his daughter brought Dort that evening, Mrs. Vaux had not yet returned. The Major marched pompously up and down, watching the manufacture of some oyster *rissoles* in the fire by the black cook. He wore an amazing sea-side costume of his own devising, part sailor and part brigand, unprecedentedly embroidered and baggy. He rolled in his walk as though on quarter-deck.

The sight of him woke Dick with a shock out of a queer drowse into which he had fallen. The twilight, the lapping water, the soft steps pit-a-pat with his own, the contact, light as a breath, with the womanly form beside him, had touched him as so many magnetic fingers, bringing him like the clairvoyant into a new world of both facts and fancies.

A wife? Of course he must marry. And this—this was the first woman he had ever known. As for the fish-girls of the coast, he saw now how strong an infusion of the man and animal there was in them. Looking at Romy, with his dominant masculine eye, he counted her as won. Dick had domestic instincts, a big affectionate nature, and usually—his own way. He was shrewd enough to see that, in the gross, his education was better than the girl's. What obstacles could there be in the way? Why not marry her as soon as he had money enough?

Clearly, Dick knew the world no better than any other young cub with its eyes not yet fully opened.

If he felt for a moment that there was nobody in the world than he, the man, and she, the woman, the portly apparition of Major Vaux promptly disabused him of the idea.

"My father, Mr. Dort, Major Vaux."

The Major's prompt effusive greeting was a novel experience to Richard. To a well-bred man it would have been overglossed and stagey; Dick, it bewildered and daunted. In a moment he found himself whisked into the tent, and before a *beaufet* covered with liquors. There was a glitter of silver presentation-cups with flattering inscriptions; there was exquisitely shaped glass; there were wines, crimson, amber, purple, of whose names even Dick had never heard.

"Dry or wet, Mr. Dort? Indifferent, eh? Adolph, a hock-glass! You see us in the rough, sir, in the rough! We find it good once in the year to loose ourselves from the trammels of state and fashion and throw ourselves upon the bosom of Mother Nature. Hence, our tent, our couch of skins, our barbaric cookery."

Dick held the gold-edged glass to his lips, his keen eyes glancing over it. If this was their barbaric life, what kind of world did these people have about them in town? It was as far removed from poor Dick as Al Raschid's palace, and the Major's urbanity drove that bitter truth home on him with every bow and grimace. Shrewd Dick felt too that they would not have dragged an equal in to drink at the first moment of acquaintance. It was to an animal or inferiors they would offer the hospitality of victuals instead of ideas.

A gentleman from another tent, a Mr. Langton, strolled over, and Dick had leisure to compare his own treatment with that of this stranger, who belonged to their own caste and culture. The Major probed Dick's specialties of knowledge, oyster-planting and the like; applied his pump, and speedily drained him dry. He got material enough in half an hour to work up into one magazine article and two leaders.

"When you are sufficiently prepared to bring your business formally into notice, I

will do what I can for you, young man," he said, summing up the matter and, in effect, dismissing him. "Vaux & Sons are the great advertising agents for the East. They command three hundred daily journals. We hold the public by the ear, Mr. Langton," with a puffy laugh, "as it were an overgrown donkey, and lead it where we will."

"And you ride the beast hard, Vaux?"

"Ah! now you do me too much credit! But I tell you," putting the topaz-ringed finger confidentially on the other man's breast—"I tell you—Romaine, my child, explain to Mr. Dort the machinery of Adolph's *cuisine*. You may find some useful hints there for your life in the swamps, sir. I was going to remark, Langton, as soon as we were rid of the young man, that there's no beast so profitable as the public, and no way of drawing the best juices from it like that of the newspaper. Make up your mind to put your capital in with ours, sir, and try it. What do I want?" falling into oratorical swing. "A house on the Hudson? A place in the Customs for my son? A coat? Jewelry for Madam Vaux? I apply my fingers to the beast, in the shape of a puff, and it gives me the best it has; forces it on me! Why, sir, my cellars are filled with wines such as Stewart could not buy. I have eight pictures of Mrs. Vaux in my drawing-room, by the best artists. I have her as a peasant, St. Cecilia, Andromeda chained to the rock, and four other appropriate conceptions. I felt it my duty to Art to preserve her face before it faded." There was an odd touch of natural feeling in his tone, just here.

"You have no portrait of your daughter?" asked Langton, who had been one of that young lady's suitors.

"Of Romaine?" indifferently, "No. She is a good girl. Sound sense, sir, sound. But as to beauty, compared to Mrs. Vaux!—However, the child is well enough." It occurred to him suddenly that now was a good opportunity to give Langton his quietus. With all his money he was no match for Miss Vaux. "Yes, Romy is well enough. With my power in the press I can open circles to her where she will make a brilliant marriage. One match commanding political power is now in my eye. So it goes, sir. The newspaper rules in trifles or matters of life and death. One hour it overthrows a dynasty, the next I go into the best French barber's in New York, and say 'I am Vaux of the press,' and he leaves me,"—with triumphant gesture over his dyed hair and moustache—"a work of art! And does not charge a penny!"

There was a pause in which Langton, a clever man of the world, managed to put his chagrin out of sight. "Where is Miss Vaux?"

"In her tent. She has shaken off the crab-man, I see," looking through his eye-glass at Dick, shirking off with his head down, across the sands.

"Romaine has certain democratic proclivities which make her the fittest member of the family to deal with that class. We leave them to her."

An hour or two later, Adolph's miracles of art were placed on the round table under the tent. One or two tiger-skins formed a carpet; Mrs. Vaux wore another costume yet more redolent than the last of the sea; the Major and his four sons were in strict sailor rig; the Major himself had fastened a white gull's wing in Romy's jetty hair. "We celebrate our repose upon the bosom of Mother Nature by such trifling rites as these," he told each of the three Congressmen who were bidden to dinner in turn as they arrived. The Major often made a successful point in his life-long game of euchre by picturesque dinners, aided by his inimitable wines. He described Dick, his capability and conceit, with a few keen touches. "One is astounded at the amount of power running to waste in the lower orders of men and animals," nodding philosophically. "You did not see the young man, my dear?"

Mrs. Vaux was brushing a moth away from her plate, and did not answer directly. "I met him on the sands," she said. "He did not know me."

The Major's face heated angrily. "If you had been here he would not have known *you*, my dear. The children and I may amuse ourselves with such persons, but they never are allowed to annoy you by contact." The children, Romy included, belonged to

the Major's early days of poverty and obscurity. But the meek scared little woman, the last of the Dorts, whom he had married late in life, was as a Grand Lama to him. She was the cap and crown of his social success; she embodied all his claims on gentility and fashion. Besides, he had, in the mite of a heart hidden somewhere under the purple waistcoat and yellow seals and paunchy breast, a queer aching fondness for the woman, as a woman. He did his best now to show her off before Mr. Coles (then the Secretary of the Interior), who was their guest for the first time. When, at long intervals, she chirped out some small platitude, he looked round triumphantly, inwardly delighted, as though it were an epigram of the purest water. He noted her uneven breathing, and the deep daubs of rouge on her cheek-bones, and signified anxiously, by grimaces and nods to Romy, that one of her mother's headaches was coming on. When she fell into absolute silence he quoted her, supplying her with emotions, wit, and logic, *ad libitum*.

"Four fine boys, did you say, Mr. Coles?" with a sweep of his hand to the young men. "Not bad, sir, not bad! Mrs. Vaux overrates them, however. She must have them all about her in the home-nest. She gives them little significant names when we are alone. This cub, Newcastle (dramatic critic on the *Age*), is her Bayard; John, to your right (local on the *Standard*), is her Philip Sidney; George, who does the religious reporting for several of the New York papers, she calls Melancthon; and Porter ——" The Major drained his glass, his invention suddenly collapsing. "Porter's sobriquet I have forgotten. He is my secretary in the advertising business. But it instances a mother's folly, Mr. Coles. We know the weaknesses of a mother's heart."

"Not a mother in reality?" said Mr. Coles, politely. "I need but look in Mrs. Vaux's youthful face to know these stalwart fellows are only yours by adoption, madam."

"Only by adoption," she said, smiling faintly.

"You have none of your own?"

Mrs. Vaux was raising a glass of wine to her mouth as he spoke. She held it there a moment untasted, and set it down again.

"No. I have no child," she said.

Mr. Coles was in the middle of one of his best anecdotes a minute later (and all the world knows what a famous story-teller he was) when the Major cried out shrilly, "What is it, Frances? Romaine, your mother!"

But Romy had her arm about her mother before he spoke to her. "No, she is not dying"—to the frightened men. "Her head troubles her at times. We will take her outside."

They carried the meagre figure out, and laid her on the sands. The brilliant wax-lights within the door of the tent flamed down on the frosted silver and red wine, and the gay tiger-robes. Outside a horned spectral moon hung low over the waste of black water, and the stretch of gray beach disappearing in the night on either side. Far off in the marshes, where the night was, a man walked, watching as he went the red beam of light streaming out from the tent, and the ghost-like figures moving about it. His feet sunk deep in the mud; an army of moths and grasshoppers rose from the sedge before him, the gnats stung him furiously. These people belonged to a world of ease and refinement and culture, of whose existence he had never even heard until to-night. The gulf between him and them was broad as that which lay between Dives and Lazarus. He saw that clearly now.

CHAPTER II.

MR. LANGTON kept an observant eye on Miss Vaux's comings-in and goings-out. He soon discovered that the young crab-fisher was oddly associated with them. If she was belated in her solitary explorations among the cranberry bogs, Dort was sure to discover her and bring her home; if she ventured too far out in her boat, it was Dort's seines she ran into, and he paddled her to shore out of self-defence; when she came back from the hills, it was Dort who followed behind, a beast of burden loaded with lichen or moss.

Langton, being one of those men who dribble out every fear or fancy to the first passer-by, ran with the matter to Coles. "There's an attachment there," he cried, "take my word for it. There's an attachment. The

romance of the thing—solitary nills—sea. These chance meetings have bewildered her."

"Nonsense! Why, I know that young lady, Langton; she is a lady. There is not a drop of her blood that belongs to the Vaux breed. She is delicate and refined beyond most women. And this fellow is a vulgar crab-man, I think you told me? Red shirt—bare legs—toes for clams, eh?"

"N-no." Langton hesitated thoughtfully. "He has a certain amount of culture; a heterogeneous mass of book-learning, with utter ignorance of society. I can understand the attraction the fellow has for her. There is a genial, downright straightforwardness in his manner that had an odd charm in it even to me, and Romaine Vaux has lived on sham and varnish until one would think her soul loathed it."

Coles laughed. "That's true. The Major is certainly the cursedest ——, but sharp as a steel trap under all his weakness. He would have smelled the rat in the arras in this affair, if there were any there. He keeps a keen watch on Romaine. She is his right bower. He means to play her some day, and win."

"I know it. But that very idea blinds him. He talks of Dort as a sort of hireling whom Miss Vaux employs. 'I hope you remunerate the man for rowing you about,' he said to-day. 'Bring him up and I'll give him a bottle or so of ale, if you don't care to spare money. These water-rats 'long-shore drink like fish,' he added, turning to me. No. He sees nothing."

"There's nothing to see. It's all your jealousy, Langton. Miss Vaux is a pure, sweet girl—a good deal too clear-sighted to throw herself into the gutter in that fashion."

Mr. Coles strolled away, and Langton turned toward the Vaux tent. "Sweet?" Oh! there was no doubt of her amiability, poor Langton thought bitterly. It hid her, and kept unwelcome intruders off from her as effectually as would plate armor. But what the deuce was she thinking of under the sweetness? "There she is," he muttered, "just the same, with her pleasant laugh and gentle, soft glances, whether she refuses to marry me, or sits listening to the Major toadying one man and bragging to the next. By George! what gall and wormwood that must be for the girl to drink! I don't wonder she is ready to fling herself to the first honest crab-fisher that comes along, to be rid of it."

He was resolved to move in the matter at once—but how? A word to old Vaux would be effectual, but Langton was loath to put the girl in her father's power; he had a fancy that with all the Major's purring softness he had tigerish claws. "He has no affection for anything under God's heaven but his wife," he thought. Mrs. Vaux? Hillo! There was a chance! Langton quickened his steps to the tent. The woman has common sense, he thought; he could appeal to her without risk.

Mrs. Vaux was sitting on a pile of the tiger-skins at the door of the tent when he came up; netting, as usual, with breathless eagerness at some gaudy enormity of zephyr and beads. She manufactured such quantities of these pouches and caps, that the steel needles seemed to have grown a part of her fingers. The money she made (for they were sold secretly) the Major deposited in bank for her, and refused to touch, no matter how close to starvation they were pushed sometimes. "It is your mother's little secret," he would say gently to the Vaux boys. "Let her keep it. Some deed of holy charity, doubtless."

She looked up smiling when Langton approached. When the Major was out of sight, the scared little woman had a certain timid dignity of her own, very winning and pleasant.

He took a seat on the skins at her feet. "I came to speak to you in reference to Miss Vaux, madam."

Mrs. Vaux bowed and straightened her thoughts and her thread, with a sly amused glance at the young man. If Romy's lovers came for information from her, they would find she could fence and parry and guard the child's secrets as well as any man of them all. It was like the ghost of one of her own old love-affairs coming back. Her thin cheek grew red and her blue eye sparkled.

"You know this young man, Dort, doubtless, Mrs. Vaux?"

Mrs. Vaux turned sharply and looked at him.

"Dort? You came to talk to me of him?"

"And of your daughter. The subjects are the same, unfortunately. Can you give me your attention for a moment?"

"Dort, you said? I have never seen him. I have been in the tent and heard his voice. But I have never looked at him. Never."

"You feared Major Vaux would dislike it, probably?" Gently, for the inexplicable agitation of the poor lady touched him. Was Vaux such a tyrant, that the mere thought of his annoyance could so shake the woman? She had recovered herself, measurably, however, before she answered him.

"I have no fear of displeasing my husband. I have never wronged him knowingly—not in the least trifle," with a steady countenance, but for a queer quaver in her chin. "Of what did you say you came to talk to me, Mr. Langton?"

"I won't detain you long. It is a matter in which I fear you will think I have no concern." He drew closer to her, and lowered his voice.

CHAPTER III.

MR. LANGTON had ended his conference. Mrs. Vaux sat for a while on the tiger-skins, fingering the heaps of purple worsted and steel beads in her lap. The gaudy things had filled a miserable, pathetic part in her life. She was thinking about them rather than the story he told her. Since she was a pink-faced, coquettish little chit, it had been Fanny Dort's habit to seize on the trifles of life, and keep as far as she could out of the great currents of love or passion and right or wrong. She got up and went down the beach in search of Romaine, trying to think of the turtles and frogs down in the sedge, or the blue dragon-flies flashing in the evening light over the black gullies she crossed. But in spite of herself she went back to that day—that one day which had put meaning and strength into her shallow life when she was a girl; when from noon till dark her baby, her own baby, lay on her bosom. A single short half-day! They took him away the next. But she fancied the fat little hand was fumbling now about her neck, and could feel the milk throb again in her withered breasts, on which a child had never lain since then. She went over it all. How when they told her the boy was dead, as well as its father, she had gone, flirting and giddy, into the world she lived in now—fastened herself in. It was a world made up of the Major, and cheap finery, and a footsore tagging after fashionable people, and puffery, and perpetual brag. She, too, had learned to brag in her piping way; and to gape at and imitate the habits of her betters, as the Major called their richer neighbors. When the time came that she found her child still lived, she had nothing left her to do but to sit and chafe year after year at the intangible meshes which she had woven, that kept her from him, inflexible as chains of steel, and to net and crochet hideous finery to make money to send him. In the midst of her tawdry fashion and eternal pleasure-going, the soul of the weak little body dwelt alone and kept silence, as in darkness and the shadow of death. Other women held their children close to their lives—dirty greenbacks were all that were left her with which to touch or reach hers. She stretched out her hands now over the wide beach with a cry. She had come there, not hoping she would have courage to claim him, but thinking she might look at him once, perhaps find his steps in the sand, and put her own feet in them. "I must call those great Vaux men my sons," she cried feebly, "give them pet names; and when my own boy stands without the tent, I dare not look at him!"

She saw Romaine coming, and tried to be cool, and reason with herself what was best to be done. If Langton's story was true, and Major Vaux should discover the hold Dort had upon his daughter, the whole truth must come out.

"He must be told that he is my son!" Mrs. Vaux stopped short. "My son!" Her shrivelled heart swelled for the moment to the measure of a true woman's. Romy was very dear to her: all that was bright and real in her life had belonged to the girl. "My son and Romy, man and wife?" After all, there were such things as love and sincer-

ity, and actual happiness! She had missed them; but here they were!

But the Major? How would she come to him with her shame? And the Vaux boys? And their set on Fifteenth street? How could the Major tell them that his wife was a mother instead of a maid when he married her? "They would cut him at once! And he's been so long getting into society! They might overlook it, though," pausing hopefully. "There was that story of the Kartrights was worse. But Richard is only a crab-fisher! and Mr. Langton has seen him bare-legged!" She stopped again, pulling desperately at a wisp of false hair until it came out. Romy, coming up, laughed at her mother while she kissed her, and began to set her to rights. But the little woman was worn-out with the life-long battle going on within her between love and sham: or, if you choose, God and the devil.

The tears stood in her eyes. "It's that braid I got at Bury's. He charged me fifty dollars, and it's nothing but combings. But it's not the hair!" she sobbed. "It's all alike! I and all the rest of it—false and a cheat!"

Romy put her strong arm about her mother, and walked gravely beside her until she stopped sobbing.

"Now, come on!" she said. The girl had a sudden idea. Her tanned cheek reddened and her eyes blazed. They turned their backs on the uneasy tide and entered a pine forest. Their feet sank noiseless and deep in the brown needles; the soft sunset light shone tranquilly through the aisles of gray trunks; a spider swung drowsily across the path, the web gleaming like a red hair; there were low bay bushes here and there, whose leaves, crushed under their feet, filled the air with a pungent, reviving scent; dusty-winged moths flew lazily through the arching, dusky green roof overhead.

"It is as still and solemn as a church," cried Mrs. Vaux. They came out of the forest presently into an apple orchard, in the middle of which stood a large house built of logs, as gray and feathery with lichen as the living trees. There was no living thing in sight, but two or three cows staring gravely out of their enclosure. The sunshine here was broad and unimpeded; so full of life, that a wisp of dull smoke from the chimney turned into a brilliant crimson cloud in it, and drifted over the sky; the old trees in the orchard had that curious friendly welcoming air which trees that generations of children have climbed always have; now and then an over-ripe apple dropped with a thud upon the grass; the house-door stood wide open, and inside a wood fire burned on a broad hearth. Romy led her mother in.

"It is an old fisherman who lives here with his son. I come to see him sometimes, when the son is away. He is a good friend of mine."

"But the door is open."

"They never shut it, I believe, day or night," laughed Romy. She pulled a chair near the fire and placed her mother in it, so that she could look out of doors and yet be warmed.

"But it's a very peculiar habit not to shut a door," dribbled Mrs. Vaux. "It must be a great relief to have the idea of burglars and pickpockets struck out of the world. I spend so much time thinking of them."

Her clothes, which were damp, were drying already; a pleasant drowsy warmth relaxed her lean body; the fire leaped and crackled, and fell in soft gray ashes; outside the sun shone. A row of purple hollyhocks edged the fence; some chickens came pecking at the fallen red apples; a sparrow hopped among them unmolested. The room was large, the walls stained a clear gray; it was kept in that certain order dear to an old maid or a skilled mechanic. There were crab-nets and lobster-pots and guns at one end, a dresser with dishes at the other, and a great book-case full of books. Mrs. Vaux could read their titles from where she sat. "He must be a scholarly fisherman," she said.

They sat quiet for a long time. Purposely, Romy did not break the cheerful silence. Mrs. Vaux's feeble inconsequent brain received impressions as readily as a shallow pool of water, which has no color of its own. Besides, she had been tired for many years; this was a different rest from any she had ever known.

"This is a different life from ours. One is quite shut off from the world here," she said. "I suppose now, a woman who lived here would never know in all her life if skirts were worn *bouffante* or plain, and the men would never need to advertise or take a newspaper. Dear, dear!"—with a sigh of relief, "The furniture is dreadfully out of date, Romy, but it's very comfortable."

"It's all paid for," said Romy, dryly; and then, angry at her own acrid tone, she hurried on, talking to fill the silence. "There's a great deal of hard work done here. But they live out of the woods and rivers, you understand. That is the way the great quiet comes. It's a curious sensation to take food which costs nothing, right from Nature's hand."

"It must be, indeed; no butchers' bills. Small tradesmen are so exacting; and no advertising, as I said. But your old fisherman is dreadfully rough, I suppose. Very unlike your father."

"He is very unlike my father."

A quick, decisive step was heard crunching the dry grass outside. "Here he is," said Romy. "But no!" rising hastily with a blush of annoyance and pleasure, "it is his son. I thought he was out of the way to-day."

The man came up whistling. There was a moment's pause, in which Mrs. Vaux gave a rapid glance about the room, at the nets in the corner, and the books; then a terrified gleam of comprehension came into her face. She got up, steadying herself by the mantelshelf as he came nearer, calling to a dog that followed him. When she first heard his voice she turned, looking wildly from side to side for some chance to escape, and then she suddenly stood still.

The boy she had lost twenty-five years ago was coming back to her. She held out her trembling hands.

"What is the matter, mother?" said Romy quietly. "It is only Richard Dort."

(To be continued.)

THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT.

THE average American pulpit of to-day is not wanting in talent. The standard of capacity among ministers is fully as high as it is among the men of other intellectual vocations. The average American pulpit of to-day is not wanting in eloquence. For good speaking, our preachers might confidently dispute the palm with their peers of the great rival estates of oratory—the bar, the forum, and the senate. Our pulpit is not wanting in learning. Ministers are at least as widely conversant with the things that are known as are the members of any profession. The clergy are themselves creditably represented by specialists in some departments; and specialists in all departments would concede that they are quite as likely to find intelligent audience for their facts and their inductions among clergymen, as among the ranks of any cultivated class outside their own particular guild. Our pulpit is not wanting in skill of versatile adjustment and in thrifty knowledge of the world. Preachers are hardly less studious nowadays than journalists of current social, political, and national events. The sermon registers, almost as sensitively as the article, the transient state of the public temper. Our pulpit is not wanting in industry. It is not wanting in practical and popular philanthropy. It is not wanting in piety. The pulpit has its deficiency, but its deficiency lies elsewhere. What it lacks is the spirit of aggression, readiness to take the offensive, enterprise to attack. It lacks initiative—Prussianism—pluck. It fortifies and arms. It organizes and counts. It parades and reviews. It marches and countermarches. It reconnoitres and skirmishes. It issues proclamations and bulletins. But it forgets its objective, or dreads it. SIN goes unrebuked. Precisely at this point our pulpit is wanting. Samson here consents to be bound.

But no wonder. It requires a rare temper of soul to qualify one to be a Hebrew prophet. There is something in the universal atmosphere of this moral frame of things without us and within us, that strangely works to relax the tone and tension of that moral austerity

which seems necessary for the office, even if a man happens to have been born with it. But not many men are born with it. There are plenty of us critical enough by our mental constitution. There are plenty of us observant enough by natural habit. There are plenty of us censorious enough by our moral disposition. But there are almost none of us that, to these indispensable, though vulgar qualifications, unite at once the dauntless faith, the tireless industry, the inexorable vicarious conscience, the generous self-sacrifice, and, above all, the high audacity, the long tenacity, of will, which must bestead the man who volunteers to become a prophet of God, to denounce their sins to his fellows. It is not sufficient that a man win the individual victory of immovable moral steadfastness for himself alone. No mere and bare ascendency over his personal temptation will serve him here. He must win an abundant victory. His ascendency must overflow with an ample surplusage. He is conquering for a whole congregation—a whole community—of beleaguered souls. Nay, before he conquers for them, he must even conquer them. He is not to be Michael until he has first been Abdiel. It is comparatively easy, in the cloistered quiet of his study, having drunk deep of the tonic power of prayer, and been braced by communion with the dead heroes of an unquenchable testimony in his Bible, for the pastor to acquire that finely attempered moral state which would make him equal to almost any task of endurance—*then* and *there*. But that same invincible Stephen of the study shall hardly have ascended his pulpit to confront the dread assembly of those against whom he has just received a message of fidelity to deliver, but the tense heroic temper that had made steel of his nerves, and calmed all the river of his blood to a swift and even flow, will feel some secret influence dissolving it, and resistlessly reducing him to the level of conscious moral likeness to his peers. That was a profound forecast of what he needed, when the sad prophet of the Lamentations was warned, on receiving an unwelcome errand for his wayward brethren, not to be *dismayed at their* FACES.

It is the very last summit of moral valor—a summit to which few among the sons of men can climb—to stand, without support from anger or from acrimony, unabashed and unelated, with no agitation whatever of the ineffable serene of the spirit—and there, abating naught of the burden in matter or by manner, in the imminent living presence of the wrong-doers, denounce the wrong.

Yet this is no inconsiderable function of the office of the pulpit, as prophetic vindicator of righteousness, and prophetic arraigner of sin. It becomes an era in the history of the Church, and if so an era in the history of the world, when a great preacher, like Elijah, like John the Baptist, like Novatian, like Savonarola, like Luther, like John Knox, appears, who, not merely once in a while, raised by a rare occasion, but habitually, borne upward by the irrepressible buoyancy of his own spirit within him, and by the translating power of God, breathes in this severer moral atmosphere, and walks on these overtopping moral heights. It is an event in the experience of an ordinary human life, to hear the rapt seraphic testimony of a preacher whom, for that single sermon, perhaps, in the whole history of his pulpit career, the spirit of Almighty God has caught up to some seventh heaven of apocalyptic moral vision, whence, as from Mount Sinai, in the voice of thunder and with the tongue of the lightning, he launches down the flaming bolt of his speech upon a bared, a scathed, a kindling sin, embodied before him.

Most persons, we suppose, will agree that the regular attendants at the Sunday services of the average religious congregation of the day generally listen to preaching pitched in a very different key from this. The minister, if he be of the better, that is to say, the staid and sober type, and not exceptional by genius or by spiritual fervor, probably torpifies you with the ten-thousandth iteration of some doctrine desiccated to the very dust of death from among the intense vitalities of the New Testament; or else he gently hums his tune about some point of abstract ethics, which the unearthly manner of the man seems all the while, as in a dream, to remove immeasurably far away from any effectual contact with the human daily life that is throbbing, and sinning, and suffering, and perishing innumerably

around him. If, on the other hand, your minister be of the progressive type, he does differently and worse. He takes the same mummy doctrine, perhaps, which his brother preacher had reverently wrapped around with one pious swaddle more, and reverently laid away to its immemorial sleep again—the sensation preacher takes this supposititious doctrine, and with much ostentation of his pride in emancipated thought, shreds it vehemently to tatters, and puffs the residuous dust of it in his hearers' eyes—and in his own. Meanwhile, the immortal doctrine itself, rooted in the heart of the Lord and bearing fruit in the life of His Church, maintains its youth and strength, maugre them both. Quite as likely, again, the "advanced" preacher selects a "live" subject, a theme for the times, for his discourse, and beats about his impertinent hour in a point-no-point dissertation on the "woman question," the "labor movement," the "Franco-Prussian war," or some other such secular matter that he found in his newspaper (and had better left there)—topic and treatment. There are honorable and notable exceptions; but such is the average American pulpit of the day. The Sinaitic thunder of its denunciation for sin sleeps. The sword that goeth out from its mouth has lost the bitterness of the edge of its rebuke.

And yet we institute no injurious comparison between the pulpit of the present and the pulpit of the past. We do not charge that the pulpit of the present is degenerate. We do not think that it is degenerate. It is not decay, it is deficiency, of severity and earnestness that we deplore. Our preachers' failure is not comparative failure, it is positive failure. The failure falls at the point where no doubt it has always fallen. It touches the most distinctive, most vital, and most arduous function of the prophetic office—the vigor of protest, the energy of rebuke.

We charge that the effrontery of sin stares through eyes that stand out with fatness, and with safe scorn vainly courts the Abdiel encounter that should make it quail. We do not mean that abstract sin does not get its due of faithful scoring. Ministers ever and anon exhaust the resources of their rhetoric in exhibiting its exceeding sinfulness. We do not mean that the concrete sins of the transatlantics and the antipodes are not, from time to time, relentlessly exposed and wholesomely damned. What we mean is, that the concrete sins of the actual congregation, once sanctioned in open practice, generally enjoy a valid guaranty against rebuke from its pulpit. A bishop of the Roman Catholic Church dropped in to hear Hugh Latimer preach. Latimer was in the midst of his sermon; but he saw the bishop enter, and instantly changing his theme, drew an ideal picture of what a prelate should be. It was not Latimer's fault that his auditor's character did not correspond. It was an honestly-shotted and not a blank cartridge rebuke. It had an aim, and was not fired at random. It hit. But Hugh Latimer is dead.

Let us be fair. We frankly admit that the pulpit of the day does sometimes administer the semblance of rebuke. Not to do so much, would be too palpable an abdication of the authority of its office. The expectations of the audience, and the unsatisfied proprieties of the place and of the pastoral relation, demand it. But it is usually painful to a degree to assist as auditor at the ceremony. The manful starts to charge and the craven recoils, the missiles fairly aimed and faint-heartedly hurled short of their mark, the round rebuff that the next-door neighbor of the actual sin receives, the reprehension not well uttered till it is qualified or withdrawn, the thousand feints to strike and the continued suspense of the blow, and the long-drawn breath at last of mutual relief between preacher and hearer, when all is over and nobody is hurt—who does not recognize in this description the style of rebuke most common from the average pulpit of the time? Occasionally, indeed, the matter is managed differently. There will be a kind of implicit understanding between the pastor and his flock, that the pastor shall enjoy the privilege of clearing his skirts once in a while by what both parties pleasantly agree to call a "scolding" sermon. The pastor then uses great plainness of speech. If you are a stranger, you are amazed at the equanimity of the audience under such stinging reproofs. Nobody winces, but a merry wink belike of mutual intelligence is

tipped across from deacon to deacon and from brother to brother. At the close of the service the pastor beams his sunniest on his brethren at the hand-shaking, and very likely a little brisk raillery is exchanged between pastor and people about the sermon. The congregation go home talking with somewhat unusual animation. "Did you feel hit today?" asks one. "Not I," is the answer, "I heard for Brother Jones." "The pastor will feel better now for a while," says another. "Oh, yes, it does him good to free his mind." And sure enough, the following Sunday the pulpit weather is all bland May. The pastor is not going to be a one-idea preacher. He has presented that side of the subject, and now he will proceed to present the other. Accordingly his next sermon will with great precision neutralize the sermon just preached. There is no fighting it out on one line,—and the rebuke is rightly taken by those whom it concerns, if there are any such, in the Pickwickian instead of the apostolic sense. We repeat it with emphasis, that when sin is once snugly intrenched in the practice of a majority, or even of a decent minority, of a respectable Christian congregation, it is thenceforth in general safe from pulpit rebuke. The pulpit is dumb in the face of it; or the pulpit, if not dumb, chokes and mumbles its speech.

There are several reasons why this is so. Let us look at some of them.

In the first place, rebuke to the purpose presupposes moral courage in the person who gives it. Moral courage, as we have already said, is a rare gift among men. Ministers are men. Moral courage, therefore, is a rare gift among ministers. Ministers, as a class, are probably full peers with any class in moral courage. It would not be surprising if ministers as a class were superior in moral courage to any other class. Moral courage, wherever it exists, has a natural call to the ministry of the Gospel. We do not assert that the ministry of the Gospel has not its attractions, and even its special attractions, to slothful and cowardly souls. We think that it has. These attractions it is that recruit its ranks with the pastoral sluggards and the pulpit poltroons. But it is true, nevertheless, that wherever there is a man more nobly endowed than his fellows with the self-forgetful spirit of readiness to confront and to challenge sin, there is a man in whom nature has done all that nature can do to make him a minister. Such select spirits here and there redeem their calling from the unbelieving world's contempt. They accumulate for their office that fund of popular esteem, from which so many of their brethren embezzle to squander with profligate recklessness. They are few, however, and we must reckon moral abjectness—a poverty of spirit by no means evangelical and by no means blessed—as foremost among the causes which sell the average pulpit into bondage.

And this want of moral courage among ministers exists where there is vehement need that moral courage should be present in extraordinary power. The severest censors of the pulpit for its moral deficiency will be likely to be those who have least considered the peculiarly hard conditions of the case. To maintain the function of rebuke in integrity and in energy, makes an overwhelming demand upon even the most abundant moral resources. Let it once be fairly considered what transcendent moral height, and what resilient moral nerve it presupposes in the man who is to stand up before a respectable and self-respecting congregation of his own equals, and neighbors, and virtual patrons, and there, eye to eye, without faltering a syllable, lecture them on their vicious practices! Between man and man alone this sheer fidelity is almost never found, except under the incitement of anger or of a wish to humiliate. To be thus faithful in a public relation, is an unspeakably exhausting drain upon the rarest, and costliest, and most precious moral forces with which God ever feeds a human soul. Spiritual power of this degree must be bought with a price. It is an effort of heroism which is never maintained but at the cost of days and nights of purifying prayer, and a long strain of purified life—and then generally, we believe, at the eventual sacrifice of bodily health. All that is in a man, and all that is of him, is, as it were, taken up and transformed and refined into this "bright consummate flower" of his being.

In the second place, the bondage of the

pulpit has an intellectual cause. It is not always primarily that ministers are not morally brave enough. It is often also first that they are not intellectually independent enough. These two points of personal infirmity are closer of kin than is commonly remembered. It requires moral courage to be intellectually independent, and it requires intellectual independence to be morally courageous. Evidently, if a man is to take a stand, it is important that he make up his mind where to take it. Uncertainty is weakness. Mistaken certainty is misapplied strength, but paltering uncertainty is helplessness itself. The question for settlement, be it remembered, is not usually one to which the answer is foregone. It is a question on which, though disinterested theoretical opinion, if it could be had, might be one, practice at least is divided. It is accordingly a question of apparent doubt. Here, for instance, is a social, or a business, or a political, usage which seems clearly wrong to the pastor. His unsophisticated moral sense springs to its condemnatory conclusion without pause. But he is staggered by seeing the usage a usage. It is established, it is respectable, it is many-lived. His imagination summons his congregation before him. Those well-dressed, respectable religious people patronize it. Innumerable doctors of divinity wink at it. It may be the question of temperance in drink. If so, some clever magazinist has just undertaken to show how beer-guzzling by the gallon is justified by the occult climatic reason in the case. It may be the question of lascivious spectacles. A graceful rhetorical casuist has courted the popular breeze for his sail by virtually defending the indecencies of the modern taste in theatricals. Altogether there is an overpowering conspiracy of influences to overawe the intellectual judgment of the minister, and make it unnecessary to overawe his moral courage. An intellectual decision, perhaps, would insure the moral triumph. But the situation appals his mind. *His* moral sense —an apparent precept in the New Testament, for him—social prestige, custom, and at last a serviceable philosophy gendered of the two, in triple alliance against him. The poor man is hopelessly perplexed. His mental doubt cuts the sinews of his moral strength. He probably compromises. He preaches a sermon admitting the use, and deprecating the abuse! His hearers smile inwardly, and, intent on the use, risk the abuse. Half a leap is into the ditch, and in the ditch most of our ministers lie before the well-fortified sins of their churches and congregations. Let it however in charity be said of them, that they are generally, perhaps, intellectual bondmen before they are moral poltroons.

In the third place, among the causes which contribute to abridge the efficient freedom of the pulpit must be mentioned the pecuniary, the material, motive. In its gross, crude form, this, we believe, is far less operative than is vulgarly imagined. It requires no very extraordinary virtue to refuse a palpable bribe, or to spurn a directly threatened pecuniary penalty. But the sordidness of this motive is disguised before it addresses the minister. The principle of voluntaryism, as it has come to be technically called in application to the material support of religion, renders the preacher pretty immediately dependent, in most cases, for his living from month to month, on the good-will of his congregation. Perhaps if the principle in its first Gospel simplicity were more frankly adopted than it is, by the majority of churches and ministers, different and better results would come from its operation. Isolated experiments are not wanting that go to make it doubtful whether Christian trust may not walk better, leaning full on the arm of its Beloved, without crutches of human contriving, than with them. But this is no place for discussion of Gospel rudiments. Whatever might be, a certain situation is. With this existing situation exclusively we have to do. It will be found on narrow scrutiny that the actual administration of the voluntary principle furnishes an unintended instrument of subjugation for the free spirit of the pulpit, of altogether exquisite adaptedness and cruelty.

If it were a question fairly proposed, whether you would tell your congregation some certain necessary unwelcome truths, at a known and definite pecuniary loss to yourself, you would not hesitate an instant. As much

easier as it is in general, for rightly constituted natures, to say the things that please than it is to say the things that offend, still, if the choice were made a perfectly plain matter of material interest to yourself at the time, the very spirit of perverseness would come to your aid, and your congregation would be tolerably sure to hear the whole counsel of God—so far as you, the preacher, then had it in present available possession. But the effect of his fidelity on the worldly fortunes of the preacher, reports itself to him in a much more circuitous and much more imposing manner. The manner is such that few ministers can wholly resist its peculiarly penetrating influence. The most of them practically decide that the range of topics for preaching is so wide, without including those on which the sensibilities of their congregations are morbidly acute, that the offensive topics may be omitted without serious damage to the integrity of their gospel. One foolish sermon, a single indiscreet expression—there is no telling what harm it might do. It might, for instance, deter some intending pew-renter. If it did, the church treasurer would be sure to know it. The minister, not trained in a business college, will be conscious of cold water in the aspect and address of this financial brother in taking the pastoral receipt for the next quarter's instalment of his salary. The man of the temporalities will lugubriously speak of the tenantless pew, and regret that Mr. —— did not take it. If the young apostle—apostles that make these mistakes are generally young—errs again, he hears something of the same sort again. By and by he learns that the church money-matters are running behind-hand. If he does not take this hint he is soon asked to read a carefully worded notice of a church-meeting to be held on business of importance, at which a full attendance of the entire society is urgently requested. At this meeting the pastor presides himself. He there hears a discussion of ways and means that makes him rub his eyes. If he gets his eyes open, well—if not, at the close of the fiscal year he is informed that, owing to the large number of pews not taken, the church revenue is too small to meet the present "running" expenses. There will have to be retrenchment somewhere. Almost any bright pastor's instinct will tell him where. Things go on another year, and grow either better or worse for the worldly prospects of the church and the pastor. If the pastor's apostolic enthusiasm has all been spent, probably things grow better. If he is too young still, they grow worse, and the end hastens. He resigns. That minister becomes a marked man. The leading lay brethren of the different churches of his denomination constitute a kind of masonry among themselves. They meet at the great anniversaries, and they know each other. "Your pastor has resigned?"—"Yes."—"What seemed to be the matter?"—"Well, his health rather failed, and in fact he lacked experience. He wanted to make us all perfect right away, and some of us wanted more time. He'll be wiser before he's younger." It takes but a very short time for our young apostle to be generally known for a wrong-headed, impracticable man. The ranks of the ministry of nearly every religious denomination will furnish illustrations. Ministers of whom the church is not worthy go floating about, like light-ships, from congregation to congregation, to warn their brethren of their peril. No wonder if the majority of ministers learn at length that the wisdom of the serpent is better for them than the simplicity of the dove. It would be a marvel of constancy, or of obstinacy, if they did not acquire the pitiable skill of preaching through a muzzle. It is inconceivably disheartening to a faithful ministering soul to be left without an audience and without a living. He must possess qualities of a very fine temper if he is not badgered by his fate into believing, with bewildered sincerity, that he must have mistaken his duty. He will almost inevitably submit to press the footsteps of his brethren.

It may be said that we have been pronouncing the sentence of the voluntary system of church support. But State care of religion is an alternative resort attended with at least equal alternative evils. The pregnant truth is, that there constantly sets an energetic tendency toward the establishment of a common moral level between a ministry and the church. The ministry cannot long maintain itself much above the moral level of the church at large,

nor will the church at large long abide a ministry much below its own moral level. If the ministry cannot raise the church to a moral level with itself, then the ministry will sink to a moral level with the church. Like priest like people, but also like people like priest. Nor would a solitary minister's lone example of fidelity, unsupported by adhesion found or won in the ranks of a congregation, be of any practical moral value to society, save as a kind of prophetic testimony and menace. The voluntary principle alone admits of the perfect freedom which is necessary, if the antagonistic moral forces of society are to be arrayed in a visible order of battle which shall accurately correspond to their real, but else invisible, relation to each other. It is a completely illusory, and indeed an injuriously illusory, advantage to the truth, to have even a faithful minister sustained in his formal relation to a people, after the formal relation has ceased to represent his actual relation. It was not mere judicial severity, it was practical wisdom, when Christ directed His disciples to shake off the dust of their feet against those who refused to receive their words. They were not to remain to reiterate a barren, because a rejected, testimony. The true remedy for the incidental disadvantages of voluntaryism is not to be sought in replacement of the system. The pulpit will not be emancipated by making it pecuniarily independent of the congregation. Pecuniary independence is not necessarily moral freedom. The free pulpit may remain a dependent pulpit—but it will be free by being superior to its dependence. A young minister, a good type of a class, said in our hearing, soon after his first settlement as pastor, that he should consider it a life-long misfortune not to remain, under any circumstances, in that relation at least five years. He has had his reward. He has remained five years, and he is a doctor of divinity. We presume that he had his wish and earned his degree, at no greater cost of compliance than is incurred by the majority of his equally fortunate brethren. But how could the man whose confessed ambition it was at all hazards to meet, in so far, the popular caprice, be an independent preacher? Was it possible? The freedom of the pulpit cannot be created out of external conditions. It must be like the Roman citizenship of the apostle. The preacher must be free-*born*.

But in the fourth place, this same enslaving motive may be present in a far subtler and far more seductive mode of its operation. The nobler mind that would be even too jealously disdainful of submission to considerations of mere worldly interest, will, by virtue of that very superior nobleness, be the more susceptible of a singularly entangling apprehension, different, and yet nearly allied. He will dread a fall into the error of rudeness and incivility, if he uses a faithful frankness of address towards those from whom he has himself received only the most grateful appreciation, the most flattering attentions, the most agreeable hospitality, the most open-handed generosity. Social blandishments and personal favors, with the illusion of reciprocal obligation which they imply, form the silken cord that softly ties the tongue of many a minister of the gospel. We are tempted to wish we could commend to pastors who are doubtful of their strength against this gentle bondage, the severe wisdom which Sir Thomas More so suavely practised when he was Chancellor. A gentleman's servant one day brought to his door an elegant and costly wine-flask, and begged the Chancellor's acceptance of it in the name of his master. Sir Thomas handed the flask to his butler, and bade him fill it with his choicest wine. He then returned it to the footman who brought it, with the hope that his master would find the contents to his taste. The Chancellor would receive no gifts. A gift might become a virtual bribe in a future suit before him in which the giver should be a party. It happens, however, that pastors are not often rich like chancellors, and at any rate such a course on their part might appear, to a church and a world that love to see them humble, to betray an excess of spirit. Besides, the relation of pastor to congregation as the natural favorite object of their friendly attentions in every kind, makes it quite impossible for him to escape the sense of obligation altogether, even if it were desirable that he should altogether escape it. The alternative is his, whether he will discharge the

obligation thus created, by seeking chiefly to benefit them, or by seeking chiefly to please them. The inseparable moral quality of the man will determine his preference.

It needs no effort to understand how it must perplex a fine and delicate spirit to meet on the Sunday a congregation, with a select portion of whom he has spent a social evening during the week, and from his pulpit frankly reprove, for instance, the selfishness of caste, or the lascivious excess of some amusement, which he observed while guest among them. Not unlikely it will even seem to him to partake of meanness to make this retort upon the courtesy of the host and the company. Christ's rebuke to the Pharisee, whose hospitality He was enjoying, will hardly suffice to justify to the pastor's timidity an imitation of his Master's example. There may be some one family in his congregation of exceptional wealth and refinement, through whose influential introduction the pastor finds doors open before him into agreeable circles of society from which he would otherwise be debarred. Can he find it in his heart to rebuke the social sins which he there discovers? Many persons will say at once and instinctively, that the relation in which he has consented to stand to his patrons should honorably seal his lips. Again, some member of his church, a proverb in the community for the sharpness of his commercial transactions, has presented his pastor with a costly and valuable set of books. Can the pastor afterwards, in common decency, say anything from the pulpit that could possibly be construed into allusion to that gentleman's business methods? It is not surprising that occasionally a conscientious minister will resolve on principle wholly to abstain from general society, in the conventional sense in which that term is employed, as his last resort for avoiding these embarrassing relations. But anchorite habits will secure him very imperfectly at best, and besides, he remembers that he must mingle with men in order to know them and to do them good. It will constantly prove, we repeat it, that here, as at every point of the minister's disadvantage, there is no way of victory for him but by nourishing an inalienable moral superiority to his temptation within his own spirit. We remember some years ago hearing one of the most eminent and most irreproachable of living American clergymen, a man whose antique and rugged virtue entitles him to be called, as he has been called, a Hebrew prophet, accused by a member of his congregation of gross rudeness to several of his parishioners. The circumstances, as we recall them, were these. The gentlemen referred to had contributed handsomely to furnish their minister's purse for the expenses of a European tour. Soon after his return he administered a pastoral rebuke to a portion of his congregation, on some occasion, no matter what, that seemed to him to demand it. The contributors to the purse had the misfortune to deserve, and consequently the good fortune to receive, a share of the admonition. This was all, but this was enough. Everybody would admit that the peculiarity of the relation increased the delicacy and difficulty of the minister's duty. Almost everybody, however, on reflection, would say that each added degree of delicacy and difficulty in the duty only enhanced by a degree the merit of doing it. It would at least be strange to hold that the delicacy of a duty might abolish the duty. But the number is so small of persons who will take the trouble to think twice, that probably in the case alluded to that brave high soul was not forgetful of the risk he ran in doing his duty. But he did it. Not many ministers have the strength of Stephen H. Tyng.

In the fifth place, the dread of being personal, or of being thought to be personal, imposes no unimportant limitation upon the proper freedom of the pulpit. There is directness and there is personality in pulpit address. Hugh Latimer, it is true, did not see the distinction. He used to make sure of hitting his mark by calling the name. His auditors were thus as certain to get each his portion in due season, as are the soldiers of a company at the issuing of rations on roll-call. Modern manners, however, have well changed this. But in changing this, they have done more, not so well. They have imported the idea that if the pastor *knows* of a member of the congregation to whom the rebuke of a sin has a damaging adaptedness, the courtesy of the pulpit requires that he should omit the

rebuke lest he be blameworthily personal. This law of pulpit comity has a wide application. We would like to know, for instance, how many of the New York city judges, that must have found out by this time that they are rascals, if they read the reports of sermons in newspapers, have heard anything to the same wholesome effect from the fidelity of their own particular pulpit—supposing for the argument and humor of the thing that they patronize a pulpit. We would like to know how many of the corrupt legislators and the infamous congressmen, who are sternly denounced from a thousand outspoken pulpits elsewhere all over the land, get wind of their corruption and their infamy from an outspoken pulpit at home, when they come back to enjoy their recess in the bosom of their family and their constituency. We would like to know how many unscripturally divorced couples have the scriptural doctrine of marriage plainly expounded and energetically applied for their benefit where they sit in their own hired pews. We would like to know how many of the great railroad sheiks and stock-jobbing Bedouins (and certainly some of these have their own pulpits—too much their own?) enjoy the advantage of hearing from their own pulpits a careful estimate of their ratable moral value—such an estimate, for example, as would be furnished by the actuary to a board of insurers who were on the point of fixing a rate at which they would be willing, as a strict matter of business, to underwrite them for heaven. And yet, outside of their own particular pulpits, all the preachers in the country have rung the alarm-bells about the decay of morals, till their shoulders ached and their breath was spent.

Probably the pastors of the accused would exonerate themselves from blame in two ways. They would say that it would not become them to assume the truth of vulgar rumors, and rebuke their hearers for sins of which they were not proven guilty. Or else they would say that they could not be faithful without being personal. We are not going to pretend that some weight should not be conceded to each one of these pleas. The bondage under which the pulpit is reduced is none the less bondage for being necessary bondage—if it is necessary. But this we will say, that more than one American minister has earned a flourishing popular repute for spirit and bravery at a very cheap rate, by stoutly rebuking the sins of other ministers' congregations. These Buncombe rebukes on careful inspection, will, with amusing uniformity, resolve themselves into this:—the hearers, instead of being set home upon themselves with awakened consciences, are in effect, if not in form, invited by the preacher to assist, as attentive and co-operative auditors, while he proceeds to arraign before them, for their scorn, "men" who are such and such, or who do so and so. Very likely, it is true, there may be persons present whom the description fits. But the culprits are pretty certain to be of the third, and not of the second, person. The difference in moral quality and in moral effect between this and the "Thou art the man" style of rebuke is immense. When Nathan preaches, there is moral courage required in the preacher, and the hearer is then confronted with himself. When the representative from Buncombe preaches, the moral courage is an imposture, or a delusion, and the hearer, never dreaming of himself, is vastly entertained to see "men" get their deserts. Confront this reputed pulpit hero with a conspicuous member of his congregation that has committed a great social crime, and watch if he says, It is not lawful for *thee* to have her. To vent personal spleen from the pulpit is indeed base. It is probably the true moral nadir, the bottom of the bathos of baseness. But a step in the descent it certainly is, to desist from rebuke when rebuke is so instantly needed that there is actual ground to apprehend that it may be regarded as personal. The true condition on which the propriety of public rebuke depends would seem to be this, that the offence be public. An open sin demands an open rebuke. That preacher's preaching is subject to a ruinous tacit discount, with consciousness or unconsciousness constantly applied by his thoughtful hearers, whose congregation contains a member convicted in the public conscience of a public offence not publicly condemned from the pulpit.

The subject is of course far enough from being exhausted. But the popular character of this magazine appoints a just limit to such discussions in its pages. We have not yet even named the chief practical suggestion to introduce which our strictures were originally conceived. We began this paper with no barren critical purpose. At a future time we may feel invited by the public interest in the subject to resume its discussion. We shall then pursue it to an issue that will not, we hope, remain without its fruit.

TWICE ALONE.—A TALE OF THE LABRADOR.

THE Stormy Petrel, or Mother Carey's Chicken, is the bird of omen in the Northern seas;—the storm-bird, upon whose breath depends a good or bad voyage to the mariner. Down on the Labrador the sailors believe that the presence of this bird portends a storm. They take it as a warning. Woe be unto him who fails to heed it; a thousand times woe unto him, if he destroys the bird while in the performance of its mission.

Down on the Labrador—down where the icebergs crash and grind and pound themselves to pieces on a shore bleak and desolate — down where the north-east wind flings destruction upon the waves — down where death is ever raving for his victims and is never satisfied—down on the Labrador—there's where I went to seek my fortune in a fishing-smack, the *Squid;* there's where I went, despite friends and family; there's where I—John Hardy—did the deed that brought an evil day on me, as if it were a judgment.

We were returning from the Labrador after fishing there all the summer—nine of us altogether—nine able-bodied men, if I could be called one; for, although doing a man's work, I was, in fact, little more than a boy in years.

Blue Pond was the harbor we were making for, and we were about a mile to windward of a long and lofty island, with dark and forbidding cliffs. We had to pass to the southward of this island, and by keeping close hauled on the wind, we had hoped to weather its south-east cape without tacking off from the land. This accomplished, there were but nine miles more for us to sail. To be sure, we would have some seaman's work to do in making these nine miles; but then the captain had been through the passages so often that he could almost sail the *Squid* there in the night-time.

This was our course. After passing Gull Island (leeward of us), a clear run of three miles brings us to Charge Rock; then four miles more, dead before the wind, and we are in Blue Pond Tickle. Hauling then sharp on the wind, we keep an island close aboard on the weather, or starboard hand, in order to avoid a shoal; and so along we go, now swinging off, or rounding to, as the dangers of the channel compel us to change our course. And then we are through the Tickle, with a little sheet of smooth water lying before us. The *Squid* comes to the wind, down her anchor goes, and we are at home —home after four months of weary work and hard exposure on the dreary Labrador—home, too, with a record of good fortune that makes our coming still more welcome.

We saw all this before us in prospective, and were making merry over it through the day. We counted the hours that would pass yet before we reached our anchorage; and we laughed over the cries that would be raised in the little town: "The *Squid* is coming," shouts one; "The *Squid* is in the Tickle," roars out another; "The *Squid's* in port!" "All's well on board the *Squid!*" "The *Squid* has had a splendid 'catch.'" The prospect was a pleasant one, and well might we laugh.

Then we wish that Gull Island, which we are struggling to weather, might be sunk in the sea, and buried from sailor's sight and track of ship forever; for it is dreadfully in our way, directly in the course to where our mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts are waiting for us.

There were some good fellows on the *Squid*, or I thought so then. There was Old Bunks,

my special admiration, who had harpooned his whales off Nantucket, and spread his herring-nets on the Dutch coast, and whose yarns would run easy through a night-watch. And Tufts —"Capt'n" we called him below deck—who had been in a mutiny (though only Bunks and I knew it), and the Book Rat, as we got to calling him. Book Rat was the scholar of the crew, and was forever writing in a note-book, which no man could get a look at for love nor money, though most of them wouldn't have gained much in looking, not being scholars. I, being the youngest aboard, was the butt of the crew. They were always laughing at my landsman ways, and suspecting, or pretending to suspect me of being at the bottom of every mishap occurring on board. Bunks alone stood my friend. Ignorant and rough though he was, he had some sense of fairness.

One of our chief sports was firing at seals; and it so happened that, good marksman as I knew myself to be, the creatures played me false at every shot, especially if Bunks bet his pint on me, and Book Rat looked on, log in hand. One day, feeling in capital spirits, and seeing an unusually fine seal, I recklessly challenged attention—sent a shot after him—and missed. Such a shout as went up from the deck! Even Bunks ha!-ha'd! and mockingly presented me with his fowling-piece.

At that instant a stormy petrel flew across our stern. Calling to the sailors to "Look! look sharp!" I aimed and fired. I saw the storm-bird fall; saw the blood-stains on his wings; and, before the waves had swept it from our sight, I saw it give a gasp for breath. At that very instant the wind struck us with a fearful force. The sails were split, the sheets were parted, and the topmasts broken short off at the caps—broken as if they had been reeds.

We were crowding on all sail to make our port. Our vessel was the common fishing-smack, and of such great numbers are seen down on the Labrador every year. It was, however, not so usual a craft in that sea as many others, being sharp at both ends, of the form known among seamen as a "pinkie." It was a small craft, and carried no other canvas than fore and mainsails, fore and main gaff topsails; fore staysail and jib. Both gaff topsails and the jib were carried away in the squall following the shooting of the bird.

The sea and sky, and all our prospects, were in an instant changed. Every man on board was terror-struck. For a moment they were paralyzed. Not that they had never met such an accident before, for they were hardy sailors all, and had made rough weather many a day. When they saw the stormy petrel fall heavily upon the sea they read their fate—destruction to them all, despite every effort they might make. What use to clear away the wreck, and save the spars and mend the sails, when their doom was pronounced already?

This utter hopelessness was general, from the captain to the cook. A sudden thought, however, seemed to strike them, or at least some of them. The outraged deity of the storm had given us a fearful warning; they would offer up a sacrifice in propitiation, and thus ward off the dire mischief that was threatened.

Then I heard reproachful voices—voices full of anger and despair and hate. "Overboard with him!" "Heave him in the sea!" "Kill him before the bird dies!" and other such threatening speeches. Then, amid shouts of "Kill him, kill him!" I felt strong hands upon me.

I was already appalled by what had happened, even before this sudden outburst of violence. The horrified faces of the sailors, as they gazed upon the wreck, convinced me that I had been guilty of a crime; but its magnitude was realized only when I saw the dismay and fury that had followed it, and, for the instant, I felt as if the death my shipmates proposed for me was deserved. Old Bunks, who stood among them, did not raise his hand or voice to stay their resolution; but I thought I heard him cry, "Into the sea with him!"

Then my heart failed me utterly, and I had almost sprung over the rail of my own accord, when the captain stilled the tumult. "The bird is dead," said he. "It does not matter now. Let the wretch live, if he can." Then I saw him look up at the sky with a fervent "God help us!"

He said not a word to me, nor did any-

body. At the captain's command the men had given up their evil purpose; but they all avoided me as if I were afflicted with some foul disease. Then they cleared away the broken spars; but they would not let me help them do it. Whenever I approached them at their work I was driven off, or the person next me moved away, as if to avoid my touch.

Soon the squall was followed by a gale; the bitterness of the men returned when the storm threatened to head us off; they grew furious, and again they threatened me. Before, they had proposed to offer me as a sacrifice; now, there was evidently in their hearts a feeling of revenge.

The captain went below—probably to look at his chart. No longer restrained by his presence, they rushed upon and bound me in a moment. A little boat lying on the deck was launched; into it they put a keg of water and a bag of hard ship's biscuit; then bore me to the side, cut my bonds, lowered me into the boat, and I was adrift on the raging sea.

Something hit my shoulder. It was a flask of liquor thrown to me from the receding *Squid*. I looked up, and saw Bunks turn away. It was his most precious possession.

Once only I had begged for life, and they had bid me thank my stars they did not throw me into the sea at once. And, indeed, I was glad for even the slender chance that the boat promised me; although I have no idea that the crew regarded it as anything more than the least repulsive way of putting me to death.

Thus launched upon the sea in a frail open boat, I drifted rapidly to leeward, while the pinkie shot ahead in the gathering darkness, and I saw her no more.

Was she safe? Was my crime sufficiently atoned for? Paralyzed and bewildered, I gave no thought whatever to my own danger, and, perhaps not unnaturally, thought only of the crew.

Returning at length to consciousness (for I was really like one asleep and dreaming), I was greatly rejoiced to discover that the boat had shipped very little water, a circumstance which seemed to me providential. To be sure, the storm-bird was being avenged; but had not the sailors cried "God help us!" while putting me in the boat? I did not so much as think about it then, but I have since come to know that this is not unusual in the world—the help of Heaven being often asked at a time when the mind is under the dominion of a wicked superstition or wicked desire, not unfrequently misnamed "a sense of duty."

In the bottom of the boat I discovered an oar or scull, which I quickly dragged out, and running it over the stern, shoved the boat around, and brought her head to the wind and waves, which certainly saved me from being overwhelmed, for the storm soon increased in violence, and the waves ran higher. After this I worked vigorously. Of course, with a single scull I could do but little more than keep my boat from falling off into the trough of the sea, where she would be in danger of swamping; but, knowing that land was under my lee, and dreading to drift down upon it, I was eager to keep as far out as possible. Sometimes, therefore, after mounting a wave I managed to shoot the boat ahead a little. If I could keep away from the land until the storm subsided, or the air cleared, I thought there would be little difficulty in making a harbor somewhere.

While struggling on with this idea in my mind, I met with a singular adventure. I had been so successful in manœuvring my little boat that very little water came aboard; but at length she took a sudden sheer to one side, and then giving a weather roll, the water rushed in at a fearful rate. At first I expected to be swamped, but escaping that, I looked into the bottom of the boat. Something besides water had come in; by its fluttering, evidently a bird; and, as we rose up on the next wave, it floated down between my feet. Not requiring both of my hands at the scull, I picked the bird up, and was about to throw it overboard, thinking that it would be in my way, when I perceived that it was wounded. Then I saw that it was a storm-bird, and believing its presence boded evil to me, I became afraid, and did not know what to do. So the old superstition was on me once more, with all its force, and my faculties again became clouded. Not long, however,

for I soon began to see hope ahead. Thus I reasoned: "This wounded bird has come to me for shelter, and surely it would not have so come had the storm-spirit wholly given me over to evil fortune." So I plucked up courage again, and placing the bird under my jacket, where it nestled very quietly against my breast, I sculled on with the same resolution as before.

After this the sea became more quiet, although the storm did not abate in the least. This convinced me that I had drifted under the lee of land,—probably a small island. Soon the sea became still more smooth. Being now in water which enabled me to manage the boat without danger of swamping, I worked up towards this land, which I soon saw looming out through the thick atmosphere. The waves were still high enough to break heavily upon it, as I could plainly see. The land altered its trend presently; following its course, I was soon completely in its shelter. Then I saw and heard breakers on the other hand, which satisfied me that I was either passing through a strait or had drifted into some bay—the latter, as it proved, for I soon came to the end of it; yet there was still a line of breakers all along the shore, showing that the bay was not a good harbor; and to make a landing there would be both difficult and dangerous. With great joy, I discovered a sandy beach; at once headed my boat for it, and rode in on a breaker. As soon as the boat touched I sprang out and seized it, vainly hoping to drag it out of danger before the next wave came. But the boat was struck under the counter, and hurled upon me with great force before I could get away. I was knocked down, and my ankle was fearfully bruised. My bag of bread, keg of water, and the oar were likely to be lost; yet, badly hurt as I was, I managed to save them; so also at last the boat, but not until her bottom was completely stove in.

Drenched and exhausted, my first impulse was to look about me for help. I walked up the beach and over the rocks, and halloed feebly. No answer. Not a living thing was to be seen—not even a tree or flower or blade of grass—all was desolation.

Then I sat down on the rocks and cried—cried from pain and utter wretchedness.

Instantly my bird commenced crying also. I had forgotten all about the poor wounded thing. Taking it from under my jacket, I found its feathers all ruffled, and as thoroughly water-soaked as were my clothes. It seemed quite stupid, and could only keep its eyes open by making a great effort. Its wet feathers gave me a good chance to see its skin, and on the back of its head I found a wound, with a piece of lead sticking in it. This I removed. Then there were two other shots in the breast which I could not reach. One leg was helpless, but I could not discover any fracture. The wings were quite sound.

It never once occurred to me, until I saw its wounds, that this was the very same bird I had fired at from the deck of the *Squid*. The identity was clearly proved by the square piece of lead that I took from the back of its head —the very same kind that I had used, for we were entirely out of shot on board the pinkie, and had to cut slugs from a piece of sheet-lead.

Having dressed the bird's wounds, I made a little pen of flat stones and put him in it. The sky cleared soon afterwards, and the sun came out, which was very grateful both to the bird and myself, for it dried our coats. Then the clear air gave me an opportunity to see where I was. There could be no doubt that I was on Gull Island, for I recognized the very cliffs near me that I had seen as we passed along in the smack.

My desire now was to look for help. If nobody lived on the island, surely I could signal some passing vessel. I did not then feel much doubt of being rescued in one way or another, being so near the port for which we were bound, and where the pinkie belonged. My bag of bread would last for several days. As soon as the sun came out, I spread the bread to dry. I think my greatest comfort was in the bird. I was so sorry before that I had shot it; I was so glad now that I had rescued it. Had it died, I believe I should have given up in despair.

But when I tried to climb a hill for a look-out, I found my confidence in the bird somewhat abated, for I could not go far, owing to

my ankle, which continued to grow worse, swelling greatly, and causing me real agony. Nor for eight days did I move from the spot where I had come ashore.

I will not recite the misery of those days. The weather was often bitter cold; sometimes it snowed and blew heavily. I should have perished, having no shelter but the rocks, had I not managed to break up my boat, and start a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together. I scarcely slept all of that time. Walk I could not, and my pain was so great that I was just able to crawl. Meanwhile I lived upon my bread, having nothing else to eat; and my bird ate the same food. Finding a stream of water near at hand, I had no longer any use for my keg, so I made an open cage of it for the bird, and it became quite tame, as we two poor wounded creatures grew well together.

My bird recovered perfectly, and I often felt guilty in keeping the poor thing shut up in a cage. I could do nothing more for it, or it for me. Still, when I thought of letting the bird go, I could not do it; the feeling was strong upon me that, in some mysterious manner, our fates were linked together for good or ill.

On the ninth day I managed with great difficulty to climb a neighboring hill, but discovered nothing. There was not a sail in sight. I came back intending to carry my bread up there and remain on the watch; but on the following day I was quite unable to move. Then, for the first time since my bird had recovered I thought it an evil spirit, and determined to set it free, which I did without any reluctance. But it would not leave me when I released it. It tried its wings once or twice, then settling on the rock near by fixed its uncanny look upon me for an instant and swaggered into its pen.

On the eleventh day I was much refreshed, though suffering greatly, and very weak and emaciated; yet, feeling that I must make some effort or perish, I dragged myself to the farthest end of the island, which was very lofty, and commanded an extensive view. Still, not a sail did I see; but, on my way back, while near the south-east cape, I discovered something which gave me at first hope, and then filled me with horror. I was then in a gorge, which I followed toward the sea, expecting to find a village, or a fishing-station, or something of that kind. The first thing I discovered was a handkerchief, then a familiar-looking old gray coat; then the heel of a boot, near which was a sailor's sheath, with a knife in it; and a tarpaulin hat, which I would have declared I had worn many a time, had I not known that my tarpaulin was on board the *Squid*.

Looking about me in joyful bewilderment, I was suddenly startled and horrified to see a man or a corpse (it was difficult to say which) sitting upon the ground, with his back to a rock and his face toward me. His eyes were closed; his head had fallen forward on his breast; his right hand clutched a pencil, and his left held a volume, in which he evidently had been writing. It was the Book Rat! Emaciated though he was, I could not be mistaken; and this in his hand was his mysterious "log," open enough now to any prying eye. Gasping for breath, I called his name, but he did not answer. Going closer, I placed my hand upon his shoulder, and tried to wake him, for I wanted to think him only sleeping; though from the first something had told me he was dead. He was firm and solid as the stone he leaned against.

This man had never been kind to me on board the *Squid*, and when I saw him there dead, I must in candor own that I felt a momentary sense of triumph, miserable though I was myself, and likely as it seemed that I should follow him very soon. Yet he, who had been one of eight that were willing to sacrifice me, had gone before, to all appearance the greater sufferer.

The man had died in the act of writing. The last feebly written words beneath his fingers were very illegible, but I managed to decipher them: "Beware of harming the stormy petrel. The boy did not die, or we would not have suffered thus; beware of him. I am cold and sleepy; very cold; will write about the boy to-morrow; may curses fall—" But no to-morrow ever came to him in this world.

I took the book from his stony hand, and turning back the leaves, read what he had written. It was a full account of what befell

the crew of the *Squid* after I had been cast adrift. It was an awful record. Ending with an unfinished curse, it began with a deliberate lie, written on a loose sheet, to which eight names were signed;—the captain's first, and that of the author of the record last. It ran thus:—

"The boy shot a stormy petrel, and then fell overboard. We threw the punt to him, but did not see if he was able to reach it. We could not help him, for when the bird died we were struck by a squall which carried away the topmasts, and we had to look out sharp for our own safety, as the weather came on thick, with a heavy gale, which is blowing now."

This had evidently been written immediately after I was set adrift. They clearly thought themselves safe, and felt sure of reaching home, where they might be questioned about me. The next entry was in a different vein, and was headed with:

"On Gull Island, where we were wrecked yesterday, October 3d."

So the *Squid* had gone ashore before I had been long away from her, and by setting me adrift the crew had really saved my life—at least, so far. I thought of the stormy petrel now as a forgiving spirit, and not as an avenging one. Loving it as I had done in my misery and loneliness, I loved it more than ever now.

The record, after giving some details about the different men, went on to say:—

"After the gale set in we kept on close-hauled, trying to weather the cape, the pinkie laboring heavily, and carrying on an unusual press of sail, considering the strength of the wind; but we could not reduce our canvas. The sea rose very rapidly; wave after wave dashed madly over us, and we were helplessly driven to leeward. The wind hauled, too, and headed us.

"With despair we saw it was impossible for us to weather the cape, which loomed like a great black wall with a fringe of white along its base. But the captain, ever on the alert, cool in proportion as dangers thickened, would not lose hope. Not until after his efforts were baffled again and again did he yield to fate. We were completely embayed, with no possible chance of beating out. There was nothing left but to find a soft place among the rocks to lay the pinkie's bones.

"But there was no such place. The coast was as erect as a house-wall, and very high. There was no break in it anywhere, only an occasional cleft. Into some of these the sea entered; others were not so deep, and were above the reach of the waves. One lay almost directly ahead of us, and the *Squid* being steered for it, we were borne in on the crest of a great wave, which hurled us with terrific force against the rocks, striking first with our starboard bow. The pinkie did not stick fast here, however, but sheered to port, and shot ahead about half her length on the next following sea, when she struck again, driven in like a wedge, and between two upright walls, the space between which widened but little above for some three or four fathoms, though converging to a point about a ship's length ahead of us.

"I have since looked down the chasm. In the first terrific shock both masts went by the board, but they fell leaning against the wall of the cliff. When we sheered to port I saw the main-mast go over the stern, striking in its fall and knocking overboard the captain, who had stuck to the helm. Then I remember being carried from my feet and pounded on the deck; that a great weight of water was on me, and that I was swept along by it until violently dashed against the forward bitts.

"Not being seriously injured, I was quickly on my feet again, and, looking up, saw that the fore cross-tree had caught against a jutting rock. The rigging was still dangling from the mast-head. Climbing up by it, I secured a footing on the ledge. My shipmates followed, and carefully working our way upwards, step by step, we reached a place of safety; but not a moment too soon. The succeeding waves swept away the broken spar that had saved us from present death."

Here closed the entry in the journal, relative to the wreck; and I need hardly say that I read it with intense eagerness. The story of the captain's fate smote me heavily, for he alone had no hand in setting me adrift. Convinced that I had been greatly

wronged by them (so far at least as their purpose was concerned), I felt that I could wish the other seven in his place. But, then, where were they? I looked down upon the one stone-dead beside me, and wondered if the end of the other six had been like his.

This thought filled me with so much dread that I could read no more. I looked about me, feeling as if dead men were lying all around. I called loudly, and the echoes of my voice seemed like the answering cries of living men. My impulse was to seek for them, dead or alive, and I hastened down the gorge as fast as my wounded leg would let me; but I had not gone far before my first impression was fully realized. In a sort of cave I found six ghastly bodies huddled together, as if they would keep each other warm. They were but little more than clothed skeletons. Their sunken eyes and cheeks, and projecting bones, told of fearful want and suffering. One had a handkerchief crammed in his mouth; another had fastened his teeth upon his sleeve; and a third had died with a knife clutched in his right hand, as if he would carve a meal from the body nearest him, which he was glaring at, and seemed to be reaching for. It was Bunks, the gentlest-hearted of them all. At this awful spectacle I buried my face in my hands, and, for the first time since landing on the island, felt that I should never get away from it alive. Every hope of rescue left me. Not until I again sought my good angel, the petrel, did confidence revive, and then only a very, very little. The bird would no longer eat my bread. The day before, I had found a few small mussels, but these were insufficient for its wants; and this day none could be found. It seemed less dependent on me than before, and for the first time appeared as if it would be glad to escape.

My stock of bread was running low. I was very miserable. Making a little fire of the well-treasured fragments of my boat, I ate a few crumbs and tried to sleep, but I could not; my thoughts were constantly in that dreadful gorge upon the hill. The cries of my dead comrades seemed to reach me in the mournful voices of the waves.

In my distress I remembered the journal that I had read with such harrowing emotions, and taking it from my pocket, I began where I had left off, and finished it, reading by the light of my feeble fire. It was a sickening tale of suffering and remorse, too horrible to be repeated here in all its sad details, and therefore I only give the substance of it.

On the first day after the wreck the crew felt no alarm about their future safety. They were looking confidently for the small fleet of smacks which had sailed with us in the spring from Blue Pond, and which they knew could not be very far astern of our pinkie. They knew also that, in pursuing their usual course, they must pass near Gull Island. To men inured as they were to exposure, it was no great hardship to wander about the rocks and keep watch there, even although the wind continued to blow hard. They could obtain nothing from the wreck to eat, however; the falling of the foremast, by which they had effected their escape, having prevented them from holding any further communication with the pinkie; but they found some fresh water, which relieved their first pangs of suffering. The second entry ran:—

"The night was dark, and full as stormy as the day had been; and the tide rose very high, for the moon is new, and the spring-tides are running with full force. The tide may have lifted the pinkie and taken her from the cleft, or perhaps she is pounded to pieces; certain it is, that now at dawn no traces of her are to be seen."

Neither had anything lodged upon the ledges of the cliffs save a single barrel, which might contain bread; but they could not reach it. They were very cold, yet still they slept, having found a cave, the mouth of which they partially closed with stones—the same cave where I found their bodies.

On the following day they began to suffer seriously for want of food. It is terrible to think of the poor wretches perishing in full view of the spire of their native village, almost in sight of their own houses—homes teeming with plenty, and where loving ones were waiting and watching for them day after day, little suspecting how near they were, and yet how hopelessly far off.

The next day their sufferings became more

intense. They knew before that there were no inhabitants on the island, so they made no search, and therefore did not come upon me. Their hope was wholly centred in the Blue Pond fleet arriving from the Labrador. They looked out from the summit of the island toward Blue Pond, and spoke of their wives and those they loved; and they gave messages to each other, to be delivered Heaven would show how and when. Another night of suffering, and then utter despair settled upon them; death stared them pitilessly in the face; but still they crawled up to watch and look out toward their homes once more. It was so hard to die in sight of the familiar church spire.

Then they fell to quarrelling among themselves, and finally, in their frenzy, turned against Book Rat, who exasperated them by coolly keeping his log, and whom now they charged with causing all their woes.

"This may be true," the journal says, "though I think not; but, fearing their anger, I have withdrawn myself from them, and now *will tell the truth* here in my log. The statement signed by the captain and the crew, affirming that the boy fell overboard after shooting the petrel, is false; our intention was to send him to his death. While the captain was below for a few minutes, I incited the crew, and led them to the boy's destruction. For this they blame me now, thinking that the act was an unjust one, because the bird might not be dead. Still, I think it was, and believe that the sacrifice of the boy's life would have insured our safety. We should have hove him overboard at first, as I wanted them to do, and made sure of it. And so the fools would kill me because they have repented, and perhaps they would save their lives by picking my bones afterwards. But I laugh at them. They know not where I am."

The next entry filled me with horror.

"I've seen them, all lying dead together. And now, what they would have done to me I will do to them,—and live."

That he wrote this where I found him, lying against the rock, I could not doubt. He had probably tried to move away, and go to the cave, but could not, and had only strength to write—

"I am very feeble, but growing stronger, and will feast as soon as I have slept."

Then he seemed to revive again, for without another date, and immediately below, he began the curse which, Heaven be praised! was never finished.

Now my bird fell sick. I took him from his cage and carried him along with me for company, when I set out early to the hill where I had found the bodies; there to take my turn of dreary watching for the Blue Pond fleet.

My ankle was still painful; but I reached the summit at last, and commanded an unobstructed view. Not a sail in sight. The wind was blowing half a gale, and my fretting companion seemed to grow more lively, and tried to get away. Once I was almost inclined to let him go, but I could not. It at least was a living creature, something warm and alive, to nestle to my heart during the long, wearisome night. It would be time enough to let it go when the worst came: when not to open its cage would be to leave it to starve, as the rest of us had starved.

Taking some comfort in this resolution, I looked towards the sunset, wondering feebly if it were for the last time, when suddenly a dark object appeared in the horizon.

Intense anxiety sharpens the vision. Soon the object took shape. It was a schooner. Presently I saw another, and afterwards many more. It was the Blue Pond fleet! They would pass near the island.

But no! they neared me very slowly, and by a course which plainly showed that they had been driven off the coast, and were making in from the eastward towards a passage much to the south of Gull Island, too far away for me to signal them.

It is surprising how quickly we think in an emergency on which our life depends. The stormy petrel might save me now! for at once I remembered that he was always in the wake of ships, and not before them, and it seemed to me that he must be there to search for food that the passing vessel had stirred up in the briny waters. There was no thought of superstition now, for might not the bird's hunger inspire him to seek the vessels? The idea was so reasonable, I felt sure he would.

Tearing a leaf from the journal I had taken from the dead man's hand, I wrote with his pencil:

"THE SQUID, OF BLUE POND, WAS CAST AWAY ON GULL ISLAND TWELVE DAYS AGO, AND ALL OF THE CREW ARE DEAD BUT ONE. FOR GOD'S SAKE COME AND SAVE HIM."

Then I snatched the oilskin lining from my hat, wrapped the paper up tightly in it, and having bound it securely around the petrel's neck, I let him go.

How glad he seemed to be to get his freedom once more, as he flapped his wings and skimmed away above the waves. I felt sure now that he would go straight to the smacks. But would the people on board discover the packet on his neck?

Yes; hope was supreme now. My petrel would be seen—the billet would attract attention—a boat would be lowered. They would not harm a storm-bird, but they would take the message from his neck; he would still be my deliverer.

After what seemed an age, one of the vessels hove to, and soon afterwards changed her course, directly for the island.

I signalled. They answered. I waited, and waited, and waited; then, in a whirl, as it seemed, I found myself in the village, every one crowding around me.

The crew of the *Squid* were all back at last; I alive, full of mingled joys, anxieties, and busy questionings as to what to go about next; they sleeping in the little churchyard, at rest under the spire at which they had gazed so yearningly—their future no longer within their own devising.

To this day the petrel may be skimming its way alone, "far out at sea;" and to this day, thank God, the story of that cruel setting adrift upon the ocean has never been told where the telling would bring the lost ones a reproach.

I had been twice alone; and each time had its lesson. The first brought man's lesson of superstition; the second brought God's lesson of charity—and faith.

SONNET.

IN riftless gloom when earth lies shivering cold,
And tessellated summer-squares with snow
Are bordered, while the streams impetuous flow,
Mad with escape from durance, waxen bold,—
When scudding winds forth sally from the wold,
Gride with fierce wings the rainy air, and go
Back to their sounding caves, a coward foe,
And life peers out of darkness manifold,—
Upleaps the ghost of pain! — I hear the groan
Wrung from my palsied heart as the truth fell, —
Swift darkness, where my noon of bliss had shone, —
And, with clinched hands, parched lips, and prayer, "Farewell"
I breathed,—henceforth to walk in woe and moan,—
Hope gone—heart dead—and hear their funeral knell!

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE MACDONALD.

In something less than three years we have become acquainted with a new name in literature. It has drifted to us across the Atlantic, and with it has come a vague hint of a personality whereof in future we may know more. The works of this hand and brain are mainly in a poetical prose, with an occasional relapse into verse. His books sell largely, and he is better known as "the author of *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*" than as George MacDonald.

Lately he appears among us as the editor of *Good Words for the Young*, always, however, forgetting the prefix "Rev.," and carrying that balancing "LL.D." as "the draigon" of his own Robert Falconer carried the weight which steadied her in mid-air. We hear of him as a tall man, of earnest demeanor and shaggy beard, proclaiming now and then in clear and forcible speech his own peculiar doctrines of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He is reputed to have the ear of his audience on these rare occasions, and certainly, if the humanity of his books is a test, he deserves it.

As far back as *Phantastes, a Faery Romance*, his imaginative style seems to have begun. *Within and Without*, a poem of about the same date, shows more deliberate thought—perhaps more metaphysics than poetry. But these two books, which were at the beginning of his fame (if indeed he had no share in the composition of *The Green Hand, a Short Yarn*), have been entirely displaced to American readers by other and more mature productions.

First, we had as reprints, *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, and *Guild Court, a London Story*. To these succeeded the importation of *The Disciple and Other Poems*, another volume entitled *Unspoken Sermons*, and the *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, with its sequel, *The Seaboard Parish*. Next came *David Elginbrod* and *Robert Falconer*, both reprints; and current literature was at the same date refreshed by a series of articles on the *Miracles of Our Lord*, in the *Sunday Magazine*, and by *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*, and *At the Back of the North Wind*, in *Good Words for the Young*.

In attendance upon these, Mr. MacDonald sent forth a volume of the Sunday Library, uniform with Chas. Kingsley's *Hermits* and Miss Yonge's *Pupils of St. John the Divine*, which was styled *England's Antiphon*. It is a most important contribution to our knowledge of the singers and songs of the English Church.

In all these books there is a vein of consistent, fresh, original thought, often expressed in language extremely apt and powerful. It tends towards the religious at all times, and particularly it tends to that blunt plainness as to hypocrisy and cant and sham of every kind in which our dear departed masters, Thackeray and Dickens, took the lead. But to compare Mr. MacDonald with either, or with both, would be unfair. He has not the same elements in him. He cannot, if he would, write in their light, easy, man-of-the-world style, which, like Saladin's scimetar, cuts deep and to the quick.

As his is now a considerable place among us, I have thought that a *résumé* of his method and writings might aid in a fuller appreciation of the man's actual talent—not to say his genius of a certain sort.

His novels are, with one exception, Scotch in scene, and with a great deal of the dialect about them. Their central figure is much the same—a boy, who, while a hearty, active lad, nevertheless has his fancies and his thoughts. This fine fellow's life possesses many points of humor—especially in *Alec Forbes*—and introduces scenes and pictures which are at times simply exquisite. This education of the hero evolves the æsthetic from its lurking-place within him. A female presence casts a halo of protecting beauty and goodness over his path. He has stalwart male friends—adherents of the cast-iron theology of the North, or else scapegraces of a droll and facetious turn, in whom he detects the good beneath the bad. He generally befriends or finds in the horizon of his career some forsaken boy, of a curious devotedness. Rela-

tives or near friends, of the pure Scottish type, are around him, who, like Falconer's grandmother, have warm hearts under bosoms calmly cold. And, as nearly as words can achieve it, we have a process of photography going on from the day we set eyes upon our principal actor until he goes off the stage, with the closing of the book.

For all this, Mr. MacDonald's abundant observation, fruitful fancy, and thorough sympathy, fit him excellently well. Leaving out such eccentric persons as Count Halko, in *David Elginbrod*, who practises mesmerism and electrical bewilderments, his characters stick to common facts, and invest ordinary things with the charm of spicy conversation, and a minuteness which never degenerates into tedious recapitulation. Wit sparkles in the speech of Cosmo Cupples as naturally as a brook laughs in the sun, and you may be profoundly sure that the talk will ripple freshly up whenever any obstruction appears in the channel.

The books are of their own kind. They are professedly of high intention—the later ones, by which I do not mean our latest reprints, being the best. One cannot read them without being stimulated to something nobler and purer, for they may honestly be called both. They are a mine of original and quaint similitudes, and their deep perceptions of human nature are certainly remarkable. To have realized some of the scenes as he has, Mr. MacDonald must have known the student-life of Aberdeen, and the boy-life of a little Scotch town. Nature, from smallest to largest, must have been carefully under his notice. And in the world, so wide as it is to all of us, he has seen the little flower grow up in a life, or the great storm sweep over it.

This is notably the case in the *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*, and its sequel, the latter being by no means the best. Here he is shown as a close pathologist. Disease of mind and disease of body, as influencing or off-setting each other, he has acutely studied. As a matter of art, the London *Spectator* was right when it called this application of knowledge in this book "something wonderful." The sentences sometimes are like the soliloquy of one thinking aloud upon creation, chaos, and infinity. And of course, as this is from the clergyman's standpoint, Mr. MacDonald is freer, more natural, and (except in *Alec Forbes*) more successful here than anywhere else.

On the whole, Mr. George MacDonald is a power already, and will soon be a greater one. If we fully agree with him, we shall grow enthusiastic over his earnest defence of his ideas. If we differ from him, it will be with the respect due to an honorable opponent who hits hard, and whom it requires skill and brains to meet. Let it stand to his credit, that in an age of loose literature he is, like Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, pure-minded. He writes better English (because more imaginative and loftier) than Charles Reade, or any of that ilk.. And while Wilkie Collins outdoes him in plot, he outdoes Wilkie Collins and the rest of the plotters in delicacy and sweetness of touch. But it is already too plain that (unless he gets more leisure) the work which he has done, and which the world has on its bookshelves, will be the best of his doing. Should George MacDonald rise hereafter above this present point, high and good as it is, he will merit and receive distinguished praise. And, as a man hardly at the entrance of middle-life, there is no reason why this should not be. His hand has not lost its cunning, and his eye is still undimmed.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL.

SPEAK naught, move not, but listen, the sky is full of gold;
No ripple on the river, no stir in field or fold;
All gleams but naught doth glisten, save the far off unseen sea.

Forget days past, heartbroken, put all thy memory by!
No grief on the green hill-side, no pity in the sky;
Joy that may not be spoken fills mead and flower and tree.

Look not, they will not heed thee; speak not, they will not hear;
Pray not, they have no bounty; curse not, they may not fear;
Cower down, they will not heed thee; long lived the world shall be.

Hang down thine head and hearken, for the bright eve mocks thee still;
Night trippeth on the twilight, but the summer hath no will
For woes of thine to darken, and the moon hath left the sea.

Hope not to tell thy story in the rest of gray-eyed morn,
In the dawn grown gray and rainy, for the thrush, ere day is born,
Shall be singing to the glory of the day-star mocking thee.

Be silent, worn, and weary till this tyranny is past,
For the summer joy shall darken, and the wind wail low at last,
And the drifting rack, and dreary, shall be kind to hear and see.

Thou shalt remember sorrow, thou shalt tell all thy tale
When the rain fills up the valley, and the trees amid their wail
Think far beyond to-morrow, and the sun that yet shall be.

Hill-side and vineyard hidden, and the river running rough,
Toward the flood that meets the Northlands, shall be rest for thee enough,
For thy tears to fall unbidden, for thy memory to go free.

Rest, then, when all moans round thee, and no fair sunlitten lie
Maketh light of sorrow underneath a brazen sky!
And the tuneful woe hath found thee, over land and over sea.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM—I will not say how old, but well past middle age. This much I feel compelled to mention, because it has long been my opinion that no man should attempt a history of himself until he has set foot upon the borderland where the past and the future begin to blend in a consciousness somewhat independent of both, and hence interpreting both. Looking westward, from this vantage-ground, the setting sun is not the less lovely to him that he recalls a merrier time when the shadows fell the other way. Then they sped westward before him, as if to vanish, chased by his advancing footsteps, over the verge of the world. Now they come creeping towards him, lengthening as they come. And they are welcome. Can it be that he would ever have chosen a world without shadows? Was not the trouble of the shadowless noon the dreariest of all? Did he not then long for the curtained queen —the all-shadowy night? And shall he now regard with dismay the setting sun of his earthly life? When he looks back, he sees the farthest cloud of the sun-deserted east alive with a rosy hue. It is the prophecy of the sunset concerning the dawn. For the sun itself is ever a rising sun, and the morning will come though the night should be dark.

In this "season of calm weather," when the past has receded so far that he can behold it as in a picture, and his share in it as the history of a man who had lived and would soon die; when he can confess his faults without the bitterness of shame, both because he is humble, and because the faults themselves have dropped from him; when his good deeds look poverty-stricken in his eyes, and he would no more claim consideration for them than expect knighthood because he was no thief; when he cares little for his reputation, but much for his character—little for what has gone beyond his control, but endlessly much for what yet remains in his will to determine; then, I think, a man may do well to write his own life.

"So," I imagine a reader interposing, "you profess to have arrived at this high degree of perfection yourself?"

I reply that the man who has attained this kind of indifference to the past, this kind of hope in the future, will be far enough from considering it a high degree of perfection. The very idea is to such a man ludicrous. One may eat bread without claiming the honors of an athlete; one may desire to be honest, and not count himself a saint. My object in thus shadowing out what seems to me my present condition of mind, is merely to render it intelligible to my readers how an autobiography might come to be written without rendering the writer justly liable to the charge of that overweening, or self-conceit, which might be involved in the mere conception of the idea.

In listening to similar recitals from the mouths of elderly people, I have observed that many things which seemed to the persons principally concerned ordinary enough, had to me a wonder and a significance they did not perceive. Let me hope that some of the things I am about to relate may fare similarly, although, to be honest, I must confess I could not have undertaken the task—for a task it is—upon this chance alone: I do think some of my history worthy of being told, just for the facts' sake. God knows I have had small share in that worthiness. The weakness of my life has been that I would ever do some great thing; the saving of my life has been my utter failure. I have never done a great deed. If I had, I know that one of my temperament could not have escaped serious consequences. I have had more pleasure, when a grown man, in a certain discovery concerning the ownership of an apple of which I had taken the ancestral bite when a boy, than I can remember to have resulted from any action of my own during my whole existence. But I detest the notion of puzzling my readers in order to enjoy their fancied surprise, or their possible praise

of a worthless ingenuity of concealment. If I ever appear to behave to them thus, it is merely that I follow the course of my own knowledge of myself and my affairs, without any desire to give them either the pain or the pleasure of suspense, if indeed I may flatter myself with the hope of interesting them to such a degree that suspense should become possible.

When I look over what I have written, I find the tone so sombre—let me see: what sort an evening is it on which I commence this book? Ah! I thought so: a sombre evening. The sun is going down behind a low bank of gray cloud, the upper edge of which he tinges with a faded yellow. There will be rain before morning. It is late autumn, and most of the crops are gathered in. A bluish fog is rising from the lower meadows. As I look I grow cold. It is not, somehow, an interesting evening. Yet if I found just this evening well described in a novel, I should enjoy it heartily. The poorest, weakest drizzle upon the window-panes of a dreary roadside inn in a country of slate-quarries, possesses an interest to him who enters it by the door of a book, hardly less than the pouring rain which threatens to swell every brook to a torrent. How is this? I think it is because your troubles do not enter into the book, and its troubles do not enter into you, and therefore nature operates upon you unthwarted by the personal conditions which so often counteract her present influences. But I will rather shut out the fading west, the gathering mists, and the troubled consciousness of Nature altogether, light my fire and my pipe, and then try whether in my first chapter I cannot be a boy again in such fashion that my ghostly companion, that is, my typical reader, will not be too impatient to linger a little in the meadows of childhood ere we pass to the cornfields of riper years.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE I FIND MYSELF.

No wisest chicken, I presume, can recall the first moment when the chalk-oval surrounding it gave way, and instead of the cavern of limestone which its experience might have led it to expect, it found a world of air and movement and freedom and blue sky—with kites in it. For my own part, I often wished when a child, that I had watched while God was making me, so that I might have remembered how he did it. Now my wonder is whether when I creep forth into "that new world which is the old," I shall be conscious of the birth, and enjoy the whole mighty surprise, or whether I shall become gradually aware that things are changed, and stare about me like the new-born baby. What will be the candle-flame that shall first attract my new-born sight? But I forget that speculation about the new life is not writing the history of the old.

I have often tried how far back my memory could go. I suspect there are awfully ancient shadows mingling with our memories; but, as far as I can judge, the earliest definite memory I have is the discovery of how the wind was made; for I saw the process going on before my very eyes, and there could be, and there was, no doubt of the relation of cause and effect in the matter. There were the trees swaying themselves about after the wildest fashion, and there was the wind in consequence visiting my person somewhat too roughly. The trees were blowing in my face. They made the wind, and threw it at me. I used my natural senses, and this was what they told me. The discovery impressed me so deeply that even now I cannot look upon trees without a certain indescribable, and, but for this remembrance, unaccountable awe. A grove was to me for many years a fountain of winds, and, in the stillest day, to look into a depth of gathered stems filled me with dismay; for the whole awful assembly might, writhing together in earnest and effectual contortion, at any moment begin their fearful task of churning the wind.

There were no trees in the neighborhood of the house where I was born. It stood in the midst of grass, and nothing but grass was to be seen for a long way on every side of it. There was not a gravel path or a road near it. Its walls, old and rusty, rose immediately from the grass. Green blades and a few heads of daisies leaned trustingly against the brown stone, all the sharpness of whose fractures had

long since vanished, worn away by the sun and the rain, or filled up by the slow lichens, which I used to think were young stones growing out of the wall. The ground was part of a very old dairy-farm, and my uncle, to whom it belonged, would not have a path about the place. But then the grass was well subdued by the cows, and, indeed, I think, would never have grown very long, for it was of that delicate sort which we see only on downs and in parks and on old grazing farms. All about the house—as far, at least, as my lowly eyes could see—the ground was perfectly level, and this lake of greenery, out of which it rose like a solitary rock, was to me an unfailing mystery and delight. This will sound strange in the ears of those who consider a mountainous, or at least an undulating surface, essential to beauty; but nature is altogether independent of what is called fine scenery. There are other organs than the eyes, even if grass and water and sky were not of the best and loveliest of nature's shows.

The house, I have said, was of an ancient-looking stone, gray and green and yellow and brown. It looked very hard; yet there were some attempts at carving about the heads of the narrow windows. The carving had, however, become so dull and shadowy that I could not distinguish a single form or separable portion of design: still some ancient thought seemed ever flickering across them. The house, which was two stories in height, had a certain air of defence about it, ill to explain. It had no eaves, for the walls rose above the edge of the roof; but the hints at battlements were of the merest. The roof, covered with gray slates, rose very steep, and had narrow, tall dormer windows in it. The edges of the gables rose, not in a slope, but in a succession of notches, like stairs. Altogether, the shell to which, considered as a crustaceous animal, I belonged—for man is every animal according as you choose to contemplate him—had an old-world look about it—a look of the time when men had to fight in order to have peace, to kill in order to live. Being, however, a crustaceous animal, I, the heir of all the new impulses of the age, was born and reared in closest neighborhood with strange relics of a vanished time. Humanity so far retains its chief characteristics that the new generations can always flourish in the old shell.

The dairy was at some distance, so deep in a hollow that a careless glance would not have discovered it. I well remember my astonishment when my aunt first took me there; for I had not even observed the depression of surface: all had been a level green to my eyes. Beyond this hollow were fields divided by hedges, and lanes, and the various goings to and fro of a not unpeopled although quiet neighborhood. Until I left home for school, however, I do not remember to have seen a carriage of any kind approach our solitary dwelling. My uncle would have regarded it as little short of an insult for any one to drive wheels over the smooth lawny surface in which our house dwelt like a solitary island in the sea.

Before the threshold lay a brown patch, worn bare of grass, and beaten hard by the descending feet of many generations. The stone threshold itself was worn almost to a level with it. A visitor's first step was into what would, in some parts, be called the house-place, a room which served all the purposes of a kitchen, and yet partook of the character of an old hall. It rose to a fair height, with smoke-stained beams above; and was floored with a kind of cement, hard enough, and yet so worn, that it required a good deal of local knowledge to avoid certain jars of the spine from sudden changes of level. All the furniture was dark and shining, especially the round table, which, with its bewildering, spider-like accumulation of legs, waited under the mullioned, lozenged window until meal-times, when, like an animal roused from its lair, it stretched out those legs, and assumed expanded and symmetrical shape in front of the fire in winter, and nearer the door in summer. It recalls the vision of my aunt, with a hand at each end of it, searching empirically for the level—feeling for it, that is, with the creature's own legs—before lifting the hanging leaves, and drawing out the hitherto supernumerary legs to support them; after which would come a fresh adjustment of level, another hustling to and fro, that the new feet likewise might settle on elevations of equal height; and then came the snowy cloth or

the tea-tray, deposited cautiously upon its shining surface.

The walls of this room were always whitewashed in the spring, occasioning ever a sharpened contrast with the dark-brown ceiling. Whether that was even swept I do not know; I do not remember ever seeing it done. At all events, its color remained unimpaired by paint or whitewash. On the walls hung various articles, some of them high above my head, and attractive for that reason if for no other. I never saw one of them moved from its place—not even the fishing-rod, which required the whole length betwixt the two windows: three rusty hooks hung from it, and waved about when a wind entered ruder than common. Over the fishing-rod hung a piece of tapestry, about a yard in width, and longer than that. It would have required a very capable constructiveness indeed to supply the design from what remained, so fragmentary were the forms, and so dim and faded were the once bright colors. It was there as an ornament; for that which is a mere complement of higher modes of life, becomes, when useless, the ornament of lower conditions: what we call great virtues are little regarded by the saints. It was long before I began to think how the tapestry could have come there, or to what it owed the honor given it in the house.

On the opposite wall hung another object, which may well have been the cause of my carelessness about the former—attracting to itself all my interest. It was a sword, in a leather sheath. From the point, half way to the hilt, the sheath was split all along the edge of the weapon. The sides of the wound gaped, and the blade was visible to my prying eyes. It was with rust almost as dark a brown as the scabbard that enfolded it. But the under parts of the hilt, where dust could not settle, gleamed with a faint golden shine. That sword was to my childish eyes the type of all mystery, a clouded glory, which for many long years I never dreamed of attempting to unveil. Not the sword Excalibur, had it been "stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings," could have radiated more marvel into the hearts of young knights than that sword radiated into mine. Night after night I would dream of danger drawing nigh—crowds of men of evil purpose—enemies to me or to my country; and ever in the beginning of my dream, I stood ready, foreknowing and waiting; for I had climbed and had taken the ancient power from the wall, and had girded it about my waist—always with a straw rope, the sole band within my reach; but as it went on, the power departed from the dream: I stood waiting for foes who would not come; or they drew near in fury, and when I would have drawn my weapon, old blood and rust held it fast in its sheath, and I tugged at it in helpless agony; and fear invaded my heart, and I turned and fled, pursued by my foes until I left the dream itself behind, whence the terror still pursued me.

There were many things more on those walls. A pair of spurs, of make modern enough, hung between two pewter dish-covers. Hanging book-shelves came next; for although most of my uncle's books were in his bed-room, some of the commoner were here on the wall, next to an old fowling-piece, of which both lock and barrel were devoured with rust. Then came a great pair of shears, though how they should have been there I cannot yet think, for there was no garden to the house, no hedges or trees to clip. I need not linger over these things. Their proper place is in the picture with which I would save words and help understanding if I could.

Of course there was a great chimney in the place; chiefly to be mentioned from the singular fact that just round its corner was a little door opening on a rude winding stair of stone. This appeared to be constructed within the chimney; but on the outside of the wall was a half-round projection, revealing that the stair was not indebted to it for the whole of its accommodation. Whither the stair led, I shall have to disclose in my next chapter. From the opposite end of the kitchen, an ordinary wooden staircase, with clumsy balustrade, led up to the two bed-rooms occupied by my uncle and my aunt; to a large lumber-room, whose desertion and almost emptiness was a source of uneasiness in certain moods; and to a spare bed-room, which was better furnished than any of ours, and indeed to my mind a very grand and spacious

apartment. This last was never occupied during my childhood; consequently it smelt musty notwithstanding my aunt's exemplary housekeeping. Its bedstead must have been hundreds of years old. Above these rooms again were those to which the dormer windows belonged, and in one of them I slept. It opened into that occupied by Nannie, our only maid. It had a deep closet in which I kept my few treasures, and into which I used to retire when out of temper or troubled, conditions not occurring frequently, for nobody quarrelled with me, and I had nobody with whom I might have quarrelled.

When I climbed upon a chair, I could seat myself on the broad sill of the dormer window. This was the watch-tower whence I viewed the world. Thence I could see trees in the distance—too far off for me to tell whether they were churning wind or not. On that side those trees alone were between me and the sky.

One day when my aunt took me with her into the lumber-room, I found there, in a corner, a piece of strange mechanism. It had a kind of pendulum; but I cannot describe it because I had lost sight of it long before I was capable of discovering its use, and my recollection of it is therefore very vague—far too vague to admit of even a conjecture now as to what it could have been intended for. But I remember well enough my fancy concerning it, though when or how that fancy awoke I cannot tell either. It seems to me as old as the finding of the instrument. The fancy was that if I could keep the pendulum wagging long enough, it would set all those trees going too; and if I still kept it swinging, we should have such a storm of wind as no living man had ever felt or heard of. That I more than half believed it, will be evident from the fact that, although I frequently carried the pendulum, as I shall call it, to the window sill, and set it in motion by way of experiment, I had not, up to the time of a certain incident which I shall very soon have to relate, had the courage to keep up the oscillation beyond ten or a dozen strokes; partly from fear of the trees, partly from a dim dread of exercising power whose source and extent were not within my knowledge. I kept the pendulum in the closet I have mentioned, and never spoke to any one of it.

CHAPTER II.

MY UNCLE AND AUNT.

We were a curious household. I remember neither father nor mother; and the woman I had been taught to call *auntie* was no such near relation. My uncle was my father's brother, and my aunt was his cousin, by the mother's side. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with a sharp nose and eager eyes, yet sparing of speech. Indeed, there was very little speech to be heard in the house. My aunt, however, looked as if she could have spoken. I think it was the spirit of the place that kept her silent, for there were those eager eyes. She might have been expected also to show a bad temper, but I never saw a sign of such. To me she was always kind; chiefly, I allow, in a negative way, leaving me to do very much as I pleased. I doubt if she felt any great tenderness for me, although I had been dependent upon her care from infancy. In after years I came to the conclusion that she was in love with my uncle; and perhaps the sense that he was indifferent to her save after a brotherly fashion, combined with the fear of betraying herself and the consciousness of her unattractive appearance, to produce the contradiction between her looks and her behavior.

Every morning, after our early breakfast, my uncle walked away to the farm, where he remained until dinner-time. Often, when busy at my own invented games in the grass, I have caught sight of my aunt, standing motionless with her hand over her eyes, watching for the first glimpse of my uncle ascending from the hollow where the farm-buildings lay; and occasionally, when something had led her thither as well, I would watch them returning together over the grass, when she would keep glancing up in his face at almost regular intervals, although it was evident they were not talking, but he never turned his face or lifted his eyes from the ground a few yards in front of him.

He was a tall man of nearly fifty, with gray hair, and quiet meditative blue eyes. He always looked as if he were thinking. He

had been intended for the church, but the means for the prosecution of his studies failing, he had turned his knowledge of rustic affairs to account, and taken a subordinate position on a nobleman's estate, where he rose to be bailiff. When my father was seized with his last illness, he returned to take the management of the farm. It had been in the family for many generations. Indeed, that portion of it upon which the house stood was our own property. When my mother followed my father, my uncle asked his cousin to keep house for him. Perhaps she had expected a further request, but more had not come of it.

When he came in, my uncle always went straight to his room; and having washed his hands and face, took a book and sat down in the window. If I were sent to tell him that the meal was ready, I was sure to find him reading. He would look up, smile, and look down at his book again; nor, until I had formally delivered my message, would he take further notice of me. Then he would rise, lay his book carefully aside, take my hand, and lead me down stairs.

To my childish eyes there was something very grand about my uncle. His face was large-featured and handsome; he was tall, and stooped meditatively. I think my respect for him was founded a good deal upon the reverential way in which my aunt regarded him. And there was great wisdom, I came to know, behind that countenance, a golden speech behind that silence.

My reader must not imagine that the prevailing silence of the house oppressed me. I had been brought up in it, and never felt it. My own thoughts, if thoughts those conditions of mind could be called, which were chiefly passive results of external influences—whatever they were—thoughts or feelings, sensations, or dim, slow movements of mind—they filled the great pauses of speech; and besides, I could read the faces of both my uncle and aunt like the pages of a well-known book. Every shade of alteration in them I was familiar with, for their changes were not many.

Although my uncle's habit was silence, however, he would now and then take a fit of talking to me. I remember many such talks; the better, perhaps, that they were divided by long intervals. I had perfect confidence in his wisdom, and submission to his will. I did not much mind my aunt. Perhaps her deference to my uncle made me feel as if she and I were more on a level. She must have been really kind, for she never resented any petulance or carelessness. Possibly she sacrificed her own feeling to the love my uncle bore me; but I think it was rather that, because he cared for me, she cared for me too.

Twice during every meal she would rise from the table with some dish in her hand, open the door behind the chimney, and ascend the winding stair.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY-STAIR.

I FEAR my readers may have thought me too long occupied with the explanatory foundations of my structure: I shall at once proceed to raise its walls of narrative. Whatever further explanations may be necessary, can be applied as buttresses in lieu of a broader base.

One Sunday—it was his custom of a Sunday—I fancy I was then somewhere about six years of age—my uncle rose from the table after our homely dinner, took me by the hand, and led me to the dark door with the long arrow-headed hinges, and up the winding stone stair which I never ascended except with him or my aunt. At the top was another rugged door, and within that, one covered with green baize. The last opened on what had always seemed to me a very paradise of a room. It was old-fashioned enough; but childhood is of any and every age, and it was not old-fashioned to me—only intensely cosy and comfortable. The first thing my eyes generally rested upon was an old bureau, with a book-case on the top of it, the glass-doors of which were lined with faded red silk. The next thing I would see was a small tent-bed, with the whitest of curtains, and enchanting fringes of white ball-tassels. The bed was covered with an equally charming counterpane of silk patchwork. The next object was the genius of the place, in a high, close, easy-chair, covered with

some dark stuff, against which her face, surrounded with its widow's cap, of ancient form, but dazzling whiteness, was strongly relieved. How shall I describe the shrunken, yet delicate, the gracious, if not graceful form, and the face from which extreme old age had not wasted half the loveliness? Yet I always beheld it with an indescribable sensation, one of whose elements I can isolate and identify as a faint fear. Perhaps this arose partly from the fact that, in going up the stair, more than once my uncle had said to me, "You must not mind what grannie says, Willie, for old people will often speak strange things that young people cannot understand. But you must love grannie, for she is a very good old lady."

"Well, grannie, how are you to-day?" said my uncle, as we entered, this particular Sunday.

I may as well mention at once that my uncle called her *grannie* in his own right and not in mine, for she was in truth my great-grandmother.

"Pretty well, David, I thank you; but much too long out of my grave," answered grannie; in no sepulchral tones, however, for her voice, although weak and uneven, had a sound in it like that of one of the upper strings of a violin. The plaintiveness of it touched me, and I crept near her—nearer than, I believe, I had ever yet gone of my own will—and laid my hand upon hers. I withdrew it instantly, for there was something in the touch that made me—not shudder, exactly—but creep. Her hand was smooth and soft, and warm too, only somehow the skin of it seemed dead. With a quicker movement than belonged to her years, she caught hold of mine, which she kept in one of her hands, while she stroked it with the other. My slight repugnance vanished for the time, and I looked up in her face, grateful for a tenderness which was altogether new to me.

"What makes you so long out of your grave, grannie?" I asked.

"They won't let me into it, my dear."

"Who won't let you, grannie?"

"My own grandson there, and the woman down the stair."

"But you don't really want to go—do you, grannie?"

"I do want to go, Willie. I ought to have been there long ago. I am very old; so old, that I've forgotten how old I am. How old am I?" she asked, looking up at my uncle.

"Nearly ninety-five, grannie; and the older you get before you go, the better we shall be pleased, as you know very well."

"There! I told you," she said with a smile, not all of pleasure, as she turned her head towards me. "They won't let me go. I want to go to my grave, and they won't let me! Is that an age at which to keep a poor woman from her grave?"

"But it's not a nice place, is it, grannie?" I asked, with the vaguest ideas of what *the grave* meant. "I think somebody told me it was in the churchyard."

But neither did I know with any clearness what the church itself meant, for we were a long way from church, and I had never been there yet.

"Yes, it is in the churchyard, my dear."

"Is it a house?" I asked.

"Yes, a little house; just big enough for one."

"I shouldn't like that."

"Oh, yes, you would."

"Is it a nice place, then?"

"Yes, the nicest place in the world, when you get to be so old as I am. If they would only let me die!"

"Die, grannie!" I exclaimed. My notions of death as yet were derived only from the fowls brought from the farm, with their necks hanging down long and limp, and their heads waggling hither and thither.

"Come, grannie, you mustn't frighten our little man," interposed my uncle, looking kindly at us both.

"David!" said grannie, with a reproachful dignity, "*you* know what I mean well enough. You know that until I have done what I have to do, the grave that is waiting for me will not open its mouth to receive me. If you will only allow me to do what I have to do, I shall not trouble you long. Oh dear! oh dear!" she broke out, moaning, and rocking herself to and fro, "I am too old to weep, and they will not let

me to my bed. I want to go to bed. I want to go to sleep."

She moaned and complained like a child. My uncle went near and took her hand.

"Come, come, dear grannie!" he said, "you must not behave like this. You know all things are for the best."

"To keep a corpse out of its grave!" retorted the old lady, almost fiercely, only she was too old and weak to be fierce. "Why should you keep a soul that's longing to depart and go to its own people, lingering on in the coffin? What better than a coffin is this withered body? The child is old enough to understand me. Leave him with me for half an hour, and I shall trouble you no longer. I shall at least wait my end in peace. But I think I should die before the morning."

Ere grannie had finished this sentence, I had shrunk from her again and retreated behind my uncle.

"There!" she went on, "you make my own child fear me. Don't be frightened, Willie dear; your old mother is not a wild beast; she loves you dearly. Only my grandchildren are so undutiful! They will not let my own son come near me."

How I recall this I do not know, for I could not have understood it at the time. The fact is that during the last few years I have found pictures of the past returning upon me in the most vivid and unaccountable manner, so much so as almost to alarm me. Things I had utterly forgotten—or so far at least that when they return they must appear only as vivid imaginations, were it not for a certain conviction of fact which accompanies them—are constantly dawning out of the past. Can it be that the decay of the observant faculties allows the memory to revive and gather force? But I must refrain, for my business is to narrate, not to speculate.

My uncle took me by the hand, and turned to leave the room. I cast one look at grannie as he led me away. She had thrown her head back on her chair, and her eyes were closed; but her face looked offended, almost angry. She looked to my fancy as if she were trying but unable to lie down. My uncle closed the doors very gently. In the middle of the stair he stopped, and said in a low voice,

"Willie, do you know that when people grow very old, they are not quite like other people?"

"Yes. They want to go to the churchyard," I answered.

"They fancy things," said my uncle. "Grannie thinks you are her own son."

"And ain't I?" I asked innocently.

"Not exactly," he answered. "Your father was her son's son. She forgets that, and wants to talk to you as if you were your grandfather. Poor old grannie! I don't wish you to go and see her without your aunt or me: mind that."

Whether I made any promise I do not remember; but I know that a new something was mingled with my life from that moment. An air as it were of the tomb mingled henceforth with the homely delights of my life. Grannie wanted to die, and uncle would not let her. She longed for her grave, and they would keep her above ground. And from the feeling that grannie ought to be buried, grew an awful sense that she was not alive—not alive, that is, as other people are alive, and a gulf was fixed between her and me which for a long time I never attempted to pass, avoiding as much as I could all communication with her, even when my uncle or aunt wished to take me to her room. They did not seem displeased, however, when I objected, and not always insisted on obedience.

Thus affairs went on in our quiet household for what seemed to me a very long time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PENDULUM.

It may have been a year after this, it may have been two, I cannot tell, when the next great event in my life occurred. I think it was towards the close of an autumn, but there was not so much about our house as elsewhere to mark the changes of the seasons, for the grass was always green. I remember it was a sultry afternoon. I had been out almost the whole day, wandering hither and thither over the grass, and I felt hot and oppressed. Not an air was stirring. I longed for a breath of

wind, for I was not afraid of the wind itself, only of the trees that made it. Indeed, I delighted in the wind, and would run against it with exuberant pleasure, even rejoicing in the fancy that I, as well as the trees, could make the wind by shaking my hair about as I ran. I must run, however; whereas the trees, whose prime business it was, could do it without stirring from the spot. But this was much too hot an afternoon for me, whose mood was always more inclined to the passive than the active, to run about and toss my hair, even for the sake of the breeze that would result therefrom. I bethought myself. I was nearly a man now; I would be afraid of things no more; I would get out my pendulum, and see whether that would not help me. Not this time would I flinch from what consequences might follow. Let them be what they might, the pendulum should wag, and have a fair chance of doing its best.

I went up to my room, a sense of high emprise filling my little heart. Composedly, yea solemnly, I set to work, even as some enchanter of old might have drawn his circle, and chosen his spell out of his iron-clasped volume. I strode to the closet in which the awful instrument dwelt. It stood in the farthest corner. As I lifted it, something like a groan invaded my ear. My notions of locality were not then sufficiently developed to let me know that grannie's room was on the other side of that closet. I almost let the creature, for as such I regarded it, drop. I was not to be deterred, however. I bore it carefully to the light, and set it gently on the window-sill, full in view of the distant trees towards the west. I left it then for a moment, as if that it might gather its strength for its unwonted labors, while I closed the door, and, with what fancy I can scarcely imagine now, the curtains of my bed as well. Possibly it was with some notion of having one place to which, if the worst came to the worst, I might retreat for safety. Again I approached the window, and after standing for some time in contemplation of the pendulum, I set it in motion, and stood watching it.

It swung slower and slower. It wanted to stop. It should not stop. I gave it another swing. On it went, at first somewhat distractedly, next more regularly, then with slowly retarding movement. But it should not stop.

I turned in haste and got from the side of my bed the only chair in the room, placed it in the window, sat down before the reluctant instrument and gave it a third swing. Then, my elbows on the sill, I sat and watched it with growing awe, but growing determination as well. Once more it showed signs of refusal; once more the forefinger of my right hand administered impulse.

Something gave a crack inside the creature: away went the pendulum, swinging with a will. I sat and gazed, almost horror-stricken. Ere many moments had passed, the feeling of terror had risen to such a height that, for the very terror, I would have seized the pendulum in a frantic grasp. I did not. On it went, and I sat looking. My dismay was gradually subsiding.

I have learned since that a certain ancestor—or was he only a great-uncle?—I forget—had a taste for mechanics, even to the craze of the perpetual motion, and could work well in brass and iron. The creature was probably some invention of his. It was a real marvel, how, after so many years of idleness, it could now go as it did. I confess, as I contemplate the thing, I am in a puzzle, and almost fancy the whole a dream. But let it pass. At worst, something of which this is the sole representative residuum, wrought an effect on me which embodies its cause thus, as I search for it in the past. And why should not the individual life have its misty legends as well as that of nations? From them, as from the golden and rosy clouds of morning, dawns at last the true sun of its unquestionable history. Every boy has his own fables, just as the Romes and the Englands of the world have their Romuli and their Arthurs, their suckling wolves and their granite-sheathed swords. Do they not reflect each other? I tell the tale as 'tis left in me.

How long I sat thus gazing at the now self-impelled instrument, I cannot say. The next point in the progress of the legend is a gust of wind rattling the window in whose recess I was seated. I jumped from my chair in terror. While I had been absorbed in the pendu-

lum, the evening had closed in; clouds had gathered over the sky, and all was gloomy about the house. It was much too dark to see the distant trees, but there could be no doubt they were at work. The pendulum had roused them. Another, a third, and a fourth gust rattled and shook the rickety frame. I had done it at last! The trees were busy away there in the darkness. I and my pendulum could make the wind.

The gusts came faster and faster, and grew into blasts which settled into a steady gale. The pendulum went on swinging to and fro, and the gale went on increasing in violence. I sat half in terror, half in delight at the awful success of my experiment. I would have opened the window to let in the coveted air, but that was beyond my knowledge and strength. I could make the wind blow, but, like other magicians, I could not share in its benefits. I would go out and meet it on the open plain. I crept down the stair like a thief—not that I feared detention, but that I felt such a sense of the important, even the dread, about myself and my instrument, that I was not in harmony with souls reflecting only the common affairs of life. In a moment I was in the middle of the storm—for storm it very nearly was and soon became. I rushed to and fro in the midst of it, lay down and rolled in it, and laughed and shouted as I looked up to the window where the pendulum was swinging, and thought of the trees at work away in the dark. The wind grew stronger and stronger. What if the pendulum should not stop at all, and the wind went on and on, growing louder and fiercer, till it grew mad and blew away the house? Ah, then, poor grannie would have a chance of being buried at last! Seriously, the affair might grow serious.

Such thoughts were passing in my mind, when all at once the wind gave a roar which made me spring to my feet and rush for the house. I must stop the pendulum. There was a strange sound in that blast. The trees themselves had had enough of it, and were protesting against the creature's tyranny. Their master was working them too hard. I ran up the stair on all fours: it was my way when I was in a hurry. Swinging went the pendulum in the window, and the wind roared in the chimney. I seized hold of the oscillating thing, and stopped it; but to my amaze and consternation, the moment I released it, on it went again. I must sit and hold it. But the voice of my aunt called me from below, and as I dared not explain why I would rather not appear, I was forced to obey. I lingered on the stair, half minded to return.

"What a rough night it is!" I heard my aunt say, with rare remark.

"It gets worse and worse," responded my uncle. "I hope it won't disturb grannie; but the wind must roar fearfully in her chimney."

I stood like a culprit. What if they should find out that I was at the root of the mischief, at the heart of the storm!

"If I could believe all I have been reading to-night about the Prince of the Power of the Air, I should not like this storm at all," continued my uncle, with a smile. "But books are not always to be trusted because they are old," he added with another smile. "From the glass, I expected rain and not wind."

"Whatever wind there is, we get it all," said my aunt. "I wonder what Willie is about. I thought I heard him coming down. Isn't it time, David, we did something about his schooling? It won't do to have him idling about this way all day long."

"He's a mere child," returned my uncle. "I'm not forgetting him. But I can't send him away yet."

"You know best," returned my aunt.

Send me away! What could it mean? Why should I—where should I go? Was not the old place a part of me, just like my own clothes on my own body? This was the kind of feeling that woke in me at the words. But hearing my aunt push back her chair, evidently with the purpose of finding me, I descended into the room.

"Come along, Willie," said my uncle. "Hear the wind, how it roars!"

"Yes, uncle; it does roar," I said, feeling a hypocrite for the first time in my life. Knowing far more about the roaring than he did, I yet spoke like an innocent!

"Do you know who makes the wind, Willie?"

"Yes. The trees," I answered.

My uncle opened his blue eyes very wide, and looked at my aunt. He had had no idea what a little heathen I was. The more a man has wrought out his own mental condition, the readier he is to suppose that children must be able to work out theirs, and to forget that he did not work out his information, but only his conclusions. My uncle began to think it was time to take me in hand.

"No, Willie," he said. "I must teach you better than that."

I expected him to begin by telling me that God made the wind; but, whether it was that what the old book said about the Prince of the Power of the Air returned upon him, or that he thought it an unfitting occasion for such a lesson when the wind was roaring so as might render its divine origin questionable, he said no more. Bewildered, I fancy, with my ignorance, he turned, after a pause, to my aunt.

"Don't you think it's time for him to go to bed, Jane?" he suggested.

My aunt replied by getting from the cupboard my usual supper—a basin of milk and a slice of bread; which I ate with less circumspection than usual, for I was eager to return to my room. As soon as I had finished, Nannie was called, and I bade them goodnight.

"Make haste, Nannie," I said. "Don't you hear how the wind is roaring?"

It was roaring louder than ever, and there was the pendulum swinging away in the window. Nannie took no notice of it, and, I presume, only thought I wanted to get my head under the bed-clothes, and so escape the sound of it. Anyhow, she did make haste, and in a very few minutes I was, as she supposed, snugly settled for the night. But the moment she shut the door I was out of bed and at the window. The instant I reached it, a great dash of rain swept against the panes, and the wind howled more fiercely than ever. Believing I had the key of the position, inasmuch as, if I pleased, I could take the pendulum to bed with me, and stifle its motions with the bed-clothes—for this happy idea had dawned upon me while Nannie was undressing me—I was composed enough now to press my face to a pane and look out. There was a small space amidst the storm dimly illuminated from the windows below, and the moment I looked—out of the darkness into this dim space, as if blown thither by the wind, rushed a figure on horseback, his large cloak flying out before him, and the mane of the animal he rode streaming out over his ears in the fierceness of the blast. He pulled up right under my window, and I thought he looked up, and made threatening gestures at me; but I believe now that horse and man pulled up in sudden danger of dashing against the wall of the house. I shrank back, and when I peeped out again he was gone. The same moment the pendulum gave a click and stopped; one more rattle of rain against the windows, and then the wind stopped also. I crept back to my bed in a new terror, for might not this be the Prince of the Power of the Air, come to see who was meddling with his affairs? Had he not come right out of the storm, and straight from the trees? He must have something to do with it all! Before I had settled the probabilities of the question, however, I was fast asleep.

I awoke—how long after, I cannot tell—with the sound of voices in my ears. It was still dark. The voices came from below. I had been dreaming of the strange horseman, who had turned out to be the awful being concerning whom Nannie had enlightened me as going about at night, to buy little children from their nurses, and make bagpipes of their skins. Awaked from such a dream, it was impossible to lie still without knowing what those voices down below were talking about. The strange one must belong to the being, whatever he was, whom I had seen come out of the storm; and of whom could they be talking but me? I was right in both conclusions.

With a fearful resolution, I slipped out of bed, opened the door as noiselessly as I might, and crept on my bare, silent feet down the creaking stair, which led, with open balustrade, right into the kitchen, at the end farthest from the chimney. The one candle at the other end could not illuminate its darkness, and I sat unseen, a few steps from the bottom of the stair, listening with all my ears,

and staring with all my eyes. The stranger's huge cloak hung drying before the fire, and he was drinking something out of a tumbler. The light fell full upon his face. It was a curious, and certainly not to me an attractive face. The forehead was very projecting, and the eyes were very small, deep set, and sparkling. The mouth—I had almost said muzzle—was very projecting likewise, and the lower jaw shot in front of the upper. When the man smiled the light was reflected from what seemed to my eyes an inordinate multitude of white teeth. His ears were narrow and long, and set very high upon his head. The hand, which he every now and then displayed in the exigencies of his persuasion, was white, but very large, and the thumb was exceedingly long. I had weighty reasons for both suspecting and fearing the man; and, leaving my prejudices out of the question, there was in the conversation itself enough besides to make me take note of dangerous points in his appearance. I never could lay much claim to physical courage, and I attribute my behavior on this occasion rather to the fascination of terror than to any impulse of self-preservation; I sat there in utter silence, listening like an ear-trumpet. The first words I could distinguish were to this effect :—

"You do not mean," said the enemy, "to tell me, Mr. Cumbermede, that you intend to bring up the young fellow in absolute ignorance of the decrees of fate?"

"I pledge myself to nothing in the matter," returned my uncle, calmly, but with a something in his tone which was new to me.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the other. "Excuse me, sir, but what right can you have to interfere after such a serious fashion with the young gentleman's future?"

"It seems to me," said my uncle, "that you wish to interfere with it after a much more serious fashion. There are things in which ignorance may be preferable to knowledge."

"But what harm could the knowledge of such a fact do him?"

"Upset all his notions, render him incapable of thinking about anything of importance, occasion an utter——"

"But *can* anything be more important?" interrupted the visitor.

My uncle went on without heeding him.

"Plunge him over head and ears in——"

"Hot water, I grant you," again interrupted the enemy, to my horror; "but it wouldn't be for long. Only give me your sanction, and I promise you to have the case as tight as a drum before I ask you to move a step in it."

"But why should you take so much interest in what is purely our affair?" asked my uncle.

"Why, of course, you would have to pay the piper," said the man.

This was too much! *Pay* the man that played upon me after I was made into bagpipes! The idea was too frightful.

"I must look out for business, you know; and, by Jove! I shall never have such a chance, if I live to the age of Methuselah."

"Well, you shall not have it from me."

"Then," said the man, rising, "you are more of a fool than I took you for."

"Sir!" said my uncle.

"No offence; no offence, I assure you. But it is provoking to find people so blind—so wilfully blind—to their own interest. You may say I have nothing to lose. Give me the boy, and I'll bring him up like my own son; send him to school and college, too—all on the chance of being repaid twice over by——"

I knew this was all a trick to get hold of my skin. The man said it on his way to the door, his ape-face shining dim as he turned it a little back in the direction of my uncle, who followed with the candle. I lost the last part of the sentence in the terror which sent me bounding up the stair in my usual four-footed fashion. I leaped into my bed, shaking with cold and agony combined. But I had the satisfaction presently of hearing the *thud* of the horse's hoofs upon the sward, dying away in the direction whence they had come. After that I soon fell asleep.

I need hardly say that I never set the pendulum swinging again. Many years after, I came upon it when searching for papers, and the thrill which vibrated through my whole frame, announced a strange and unwelcome presence long before my memory could recall its origin.

It must not be supposed that I pretend to

remember all the conversation I have just set down. The words are but the forms in which, enlightened by facts which have since come to my knowledge, I clothe certain vague memories and impressions of such an interview as certainly took place.

In the morning, at breakfast, my aunt asked my uncle who it was that paid such an untimely visit the preceding night.

"A fellow from C——" (the county town), "an attorney — what did he say his name was? Yes, I remember. It was the same as the steward's over the way. Coningham, it was."

"Mr. Coningham has a son there—an attorney too, I think," said my aunt.

My uncle seemed struck by the reminder, and became meditative.

"That explains his choosing such a night to come in. His father is getting an old man now. Yes, it must be the same."

"He's a sharp one, folk say," said my aunt, with a pointedness in the remark which showed some anxiety.

"That he cannot conceal, sharp as he is," said my uncle, and there the conversation stopped.

The very next evening my uncle began to teach me. I had a vague notion that this had something to do with my protection against the machinations of the man Coningham, the idea of whom was inextricably associated in my mind with that of the Prince of the Power of the Air, darting from the midst of the churning trees, on a horse whose streaming mane and flashing eyes indicated no true equine origin. I gave myself with diligence to the work my uncle set me.

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE LESSONS.

It is a simple fact that up to this time I did not know my letters. It was, I believe, part of my uncle's theory of education, that as little pain as possible should be associated with merely intellectual effort: he would not allow me, therefore, to commence my studies until the task of learning should be an easy one. Henceforth, every evening, after tea, he took me to his own room, the walls of which were nearly covered with books, and there taught me.

One peculiar instance of his mode I will give, and let it stand rather as a pledge for the rest of his system than an index to it. It was only the other day it came back to me. Like Jean Paul, he would utter the name of God to a child only at grand moments; but there was a great difference in the moments the two men would have chosen. Jean Paul would choose a thunder-storm, for instance; the following will show the kind of my uncle's choice. One Sunday evening he took me for a longer walk than usual. We had climbed a little hill: I believe it was the first time I ever had a wide view of the earth. The horses were all loose in the fields; the cattle were gathering their supper as the sun went down; there was an indescribable hush in the air, as if Nature herself knew the seventh day; there was no sound even of water, for here the water crept slowly to the far-off sea, and the slant sunlight shone back from just one bend of a canal-like river; the haystacks and ricks of the last year gleamed golden in the farm-yards; great fields of wheat stood up stately around us, the glow in their yellow brought out by the red poppies that sheltered in the forest of their stems; the odor of the grass and clover came in pulses; and the soft blue sky was flecked with white clouds tinged with pink, which deepened until it gathered into a flaming rose in the west, where the sun was welling out oceans of liquid red.

I looked up in my uncle's face. It shone in a calm glow, like an answering, rosy moon. The eyes of my mind were opened: I saw that he felt something, and then I felt it too. His soul, with the glory for an interpreter, kindled mine. He, in turn, caught the sight of my face, and his soul broke forth in one word:—

"God! Willie; God!" was all he said; and surely it was enough.

It was only then, in moments of strong repose, that my uncle spoke to me of God.

Although he never petted me, that is, never showed me any animal affection, my uncle was like a father to me in this, that he was about and above me, a pure benevolence. It is no wonder that I should learn rapidly un-

der his teaching, for I was quick enough, and possessed the more energy that it had not been wasted on unpleasant tasks.

Whether from indifference or intent I cannot tell, but he never forbade me to touch any of his books. Upon more occasions than one he found me on the floor with a folio between my knees; but he only smiled and said—

"Ah, Willie! mind you don't crumple the leaves."

About this time also I had a new experience of another kind, which impressed me almost with the force of a revelation.

I had not yet explored the boundaries of the prairie-like level on which I found myself. As soon as I got about a certain distance from home, I always turned and ran back. Fear is sometimes the first recognition of freedom. Delighting in liberty, I yet shrunk from the unknown spaces around me, and rushed back to the shelter of the home-walls. But as I grew older I became more adventurous; and one evening, although the shadows were beginning to lengthen, I went on and on until I made a discovery. I found a half-spherical hollow in the grassy surface. I rushed into its depth as if it had been a mine of marvels, threw myself on the ground, and gazed into the sky as if I had now for the first time discovered its true relation to the earth. The earth was a cup, and the sky its cover.

There were lovely daisies in this hollow—not too many to spoil the grass, and they were red-tipped daisies. There was besides, in the very heart of it, one plant of the finest pimpernels I have ever seen, and this was my introduction to the flower. Nor were these all the treasures of the spot. A late primrose, a tiny child, born out of due time, opened its timid petals in the same hollow. Here then were gathered red-tipped daisies, large pimpernels, and one tiny primrose. I lay and looked at them in delight—not at all inclined to pull them, for they were where I loved to see them. I never had much inclination to gather flowers. I see them as a part of a whole, and rejoice in them in their own place without any desire to appropriate them. I lay and looked at these for a long time. Perhaps I fell asleep. I do not know. I have often waked in the open air. All at once I looked up and saw a vision.

My reader will please to remember that up to this hour I had never seen a lady. I cannot by any stretch call my worthy aunt a lady; and my grandmother was too old, and too much an object of mysterious anxiety, to produce the impression of a lady upon me. Suddenly I became aware that a lady was looking down on me. Over the edge of my horizon, the circle of the hollow that touched the sky, her face shone like a rising moon. Sweet eyes looked on me, and a sweet mouth was tremulous with a smile. I will not attempt to describe her. To my childish eyes she was much what a descended angel must have been to eyes of old, in the days when angels did descend, and there were Arabs or Jews on the earth who could see them. A new knowledge dawned in me. I lay motionless, looking up with worship in my heart. As suddenly she vanished. I lay far into the twilight, and then rose and went home, half bewildered, with a sense of heaven about me which settled into the fancy that my mother had come to see me. I wondered afterwards that I had not followed her; but I never forgot her, and, morning, mid-day, or evening, whenever the fit seized me, I would wander away and lie down in the hollow, gazing at the spot where the lovely face had arisen, in the fancy, hardly in the hope, that my moon might once more arise and bless me with her vision.

Hence I suppose came another habit of mine, that of watching in the same hollow, and in the the same posture, now for the sun, now for the moon, but generally for the sun. You might have taken me for a fire-worshipper, so eagerly would I rise, when the desire came upon me, so hastily in the clear gray of the morning would I dress myself, lest the sun should be up before me, and I fail to catch his first lance-like rays dazzling through the forest of grass on the edge of my hollow world. Bare-footed I would scud like a hare through the dew, heedless of the sweet air of the morning, heedless of the few bird-songs about me, heedless even of the east, whose saffron might just be burning into gold, as I ran to

gain the green hollow whence alone I would greet the morning. Arrived there, I shot into its shelter, and threw myself panting on the grass, to gaze on the spot at which I expected the rising glory to appear. Ever when I recall the custom, that one lark is wildly praising over my head, for he sees the sun for which I am waiting. He has his nest in the hollow beside me. I would sooner have turned my back on the sun than disturbed the home of his high-priest, the lark. And now the edge of my horizon begins to burn; the green blades glow in their tops; they are melted through with light; the flashes invade my eyes; they gather; they grow, until I hide my face in my hands. The sun is up. But on my hands and my knees I rush after the retreating shadow, and, like a child at play with its nurse, hide in its curtain. Up and up comes the peering sun; he will find me; I cannot hide from him; there is in the wide field no shelter from his gaze. No matter then. Let him shine into the deepest corners of my heart, and shake the cowardice and the meanness out of it.

I thus made friends with Nature. I had no great variety even in her, but the better did I understand what I had. The next summer, I began to hunt for glow-worms, and carry them carefully to my hollow, that in the warm, soft, moonless nights they might illumine it with a strange light. When I had been very successful, I would call my uncle and aunt to see. My aunt tried me by always having something to do first. My uncle, on the other hand, would lay down his book at once, and follow me submissively. He could not generate amusement for me, but he sympathized with what I could find for myself.

"Come and see my cows," I would say to him.

I well remember the first time I took him to see them. When we reached the hollow, he stood for a moment silent. Then he said, laying his hand on my shoulder,

"Very pretty, Willie! But why do you call them cows?"

"You told me last night," I answered, "that the road the angels go across the sky is called the milky way—didn't you, uncle?"

"I never told you the angels went that way, my boy."

"Oh! didn't you? I thought you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Oh! I remember now: I thought if it was a way, and nobody but the angels could go in it, that must be the way the angels did go."

"Yes, yes, I see! But what has that to do with the glow-worms?"

"Don't you see, uncle? If it be the milky way, the stars must be the cows. Look at my cows, uncle. Their milk is very pretty milk, isn't it?"

"Very pretty, indeed, my dear—rather green."

"Then I suppose if you could put it in auntie's pan, you might make another moon of it?"

"That's being silly now," said my uncle; and I ceased, abashed.

"Look, look, uncle!" I exclaimed, a moment after; "they don't like being talked about, my cows."

For as if a cold gust of wind had passed over them, they all dwindled and paled. I thought they were going out.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" I cried, and began dancing about with dismay. The next instant the glow returned, and the hollow was radiant.

"Oh the dear light!" I cried again. "Look at it, uncle! Isn't it lovely?"

He took me by the hand. His actions were always so much more tender than his words!

"Do you know who is the light of the world, Willie?"

"Yes, well enough. I saw him get out of bed this morning."

My uncle led me home without a word more. But next night he began to teach me about the light of the world, and about walking in the light. I do not care to repeat much of what he taught me in this kind, for, like my glow-worms, it does not like to be talked about. Somehow it loses color and shine when one talks.

I have now shown sufficiently how my uncle would seize opportunities for beginning things. He thought more of the beginning than of any other part of a process.

"All's well that begins well," he would say. I did not know what his smile meant as he said so.

I sometimes wonder how I managed to get through the days without being weary. No one ever thought of giving me toys. I had a turn for using my hands; but I was too young to be trusted with a knife. I had never seen a kite, except far away in the sky: I took it for a bird. There were no rushes to make water-wheels of, and no brooks to set them turning in. I had neither top nor marbles. I had no dog to play with. And yet I do not remember once feeling weary. I knew all the creatures that went creeping about in the grass, and although I did not know the proper name for one of them, I had names of my own for them all, and was so familiar with their looks and their habits, that I am confident I could in some degree interpret some of the people I met afterwards by their resemblances to these insects. I have a man in my mind now who has exactly the head and face, if face it can be called, of an ant. It is not a head, but a helmet. I knew all the butterflies—they were mostly small ones, but of lovely varieties. A stray dragon-fly would now and then delight me; and there were hunting-spiders and wood-lice, and queerer creatures of which I do not yet know the names. Then there were grasshoppers, which for some time I took to be made of green leaves, and I thought they grew like fruit on the trees till they were ripe, when they jumped down, and jumped for ever after. Another child might have caught and caged them; for me, I followed them about, and watched their ways.

In the winter, things had not hitherto gone quite so well with me. Then I had been a good deal dependent upon Nannie and her stories, which were neither very varied nor very well told. But now that I had begun to read, things went better. To be sure, there were not in my uncle's library many books such as children have nowadays; but there were old histories, and some voyages and travels, and in them I revelled. I am perplexed sometimes when I look into one of these books—for I have them all about me now—to find how dry they are. The shine seems to have gone out of them. Or is it that the shine has gone out of the eyes that used to read them? If so, it will come again some day. I do not find that the shine has gone out of a beetle's back; and I can read *The Pilgrim's Progress* still.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

THAT which appears to be the first "topic of the time," to a magazine beginning its existence, is, naturally, itself; and perhaps the editor will find no better place and opportunity to present his offering to the public than here and now. HOURS AT HOME, whose unpretending dress and suggestive title had grown familiar to the eyes of many thousands of American families, died in October—died, not of disease, not of old age, not of decay—died simply that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY might live. PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, which has embodied in its pages not only the old Knickerbocker culture and prestige, but the free spirit of modern progress and the broadest literary catholicity, dies a month later, or, rather, merges the gathered resources of its life in the new magazine. Its founder and publisher, than whom no man holds a higher place in the popular esteem and affection, passes into our hands the garnered tribute of its character and fame, and yields to us the vantage ground he has so honorably won. It would not interest the public to know by what steps the two magazines have made their way to this change. It is sufficient to say that it is heartily entered upon by all parties, and that it is adopted with the conviction that such changes have occurred in the popular demand that a great success is not possible if sought only by the old means and methods. So, while SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY hopes to retain among its friends and patrons, all the friends and patrons of the old magazines, it confidently looks for a broader field, more thoroughly occupied, and for a more fruitful and grateful prosperity.

As a new title has seemed desirable for a magazine proposing to strike out a path for itself, the titles of both the old magazines are left behind as the names of completed series. The privilege of selecting this title has been fraught with rare pleasure to the editor, for it has furnished to him the opportunity to honor one of the strongest personal friendships of his life, and to give befitting recognition to a name that, as the head of a large publishing house, has been associated

for many years with what is purest and best in American literature. This magazine needs no higher aim than to be worthy of the name it bears, and can achieve no better honor than to do its part to maintain the position which the house represented by it holds before the Christian people of the country.

It is an exceedingly pleasant reflection to the editor that he and those for whom he prepares this magazine are not strangers. In books, newspapers, periodicals, and public addresses, he and they have met many times during the last twenty years. In that period he has experienced much of their kindness, and they have had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with him. To their generous confidence he appeals in presenting to them this new enterprise. He asks them to believe that it is his purpose to obtain for them the best reading that money will buy, to furnish the finest illustrations procurable at home and abroad, and to make a magazine that they will all desire to possess, and will all feel the richer for possessing. It would be easy to publish a list of those who have promised to favor us with their contributions—and a proud list it would be—but we prefer to let every number act as pledge for its successor. The magazine will be as good as we can make it, and increasingly good as the means are gathered more thoroughly in hand, and usage shall instruct in the handling.

The feature of illustrations has been adopted to meet a thoroughly pronounced popular demand for the pictorial representation of life and truth, and in the well-assured belief that there is no person, young or old, learned or illiterate, to whom it will be unwelcome. With this popular auxiliary we shall try to make a magazine that is intelligent on all living questions of morals and society, and to present something in every number that will interest and instruct every member of every family into which it shall have the good fortune to find its way.

REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE.

We trust that the friends of popular government in America will build no high hope and expectation of the establishment of their principles and practice in Europe upon the changes that for several weeks have been in progress there. France has proclaimed a Republic, and America has given it quick recognition. There may have been nothing else that France could do; for the Empire was dead in the hearts of the people, and no new despot was at hand, with power to turn the crisis to personal account. The Republic proclaimed, there was no proper course for the first republic of the world to pursue but to extend to it the right hand of recognition. The end will prove, however, that both acts were formalities, growing out of circumstances which neither France nor America could control. The French Republic paves the way to a new despotism, which America will be obliged to recognize with the same show of cordiality that has marked her greeting of the present government.

There are two causes working powerfully throughout Continental Europe—powerfully and effectually—to bind its people to monarchical institutions. The first is the interests and prejudices of the educated and powerful classes, and the second is the low intelligence and low morals of the masses. Nearly all the men of Europe who have practice in politics—who are accustomed to lead and govern, and manage the machinery of power—are men of aristocratic associations. Their titles, their position, their influence, and frequently their wealth, depend upon the existence and integrity of monarchical institutions. If, in any popular uprising, these institutions sink, these men join in the new order of things for the simple purpose of getting the lead, and taking the country back to the ancient order, whenever it may become safe to do it. The fact that the adherents of imperialism and monarchy are so prominent and busy in the affairs of the French Republic is full of menace to the new government. They do not intend that the Republic shall be permanent. On the contrary, they intend that it shall last only long enough for the accomplishment of their own schemes, in restoring some old form of power. The Orleans princes and their friends are on the ground and in the Republic: for what?

But France, even if her leading men were sincere republicans, is entirely unable to maintain a republic. Such a government can only be permanent in a country where intelligence is universal, where thought is free from priestly domination, and where men have faith in God and in each other. We have seen in the history of the Empire how much a French ballot means, and what it is worth. Its decisions are proved to be entirely within the control of the man or men in power. The men who have just voted their satisfaction with the Empire and the changes introduced into its administration are, to-day, shouting for the Republic, and will to-morrow shout for any new despot who may step upon the dead body of the Republic to reach his throne. It is a sad and hard thing to say of any country, but it is true, that there is not enough of intelligence, principle, and virtue in France to sustain a republic. A French peasant, who does not know a letter of the alphabet, and who takes his law from his priest, is a very different person from the American farmer or mechanic, who takes his newspaper and magazine, and reads and judges for himself. In America, men trust each other; in France, there is no faith in men; and none, for that matter, in women. Without this faith, a republic is not possible. Without it no people can govern themselves, and it is not best that they have the opportunity to do so. The Empire has been ten thousand times better for France for the last twenty years than any government could have been, springing directly from the people. A people that cannot govern themselves must be governed, and there is nothing in the history of the French people to prove that they have the capacity of self-government. The national destinies have been placed in the national hands repeatedly, and they have always been surrendered, after the briefest holding, to one

who had the power to order them in the interests of despotism.

What can justly be said of France in this matter, can be said as justly of the other great peoples of Europe. Republican institutions are as impossible in Spain and Italy as in France. A Republic in France, holding its life for a year, would inevitably create great popular disturbances in the countries named, but they would be disturbances that could lead to no great results for liberty. The strength of the republican element in Spain has already shown itself, and is found to be inadequate to inspire and mould the national destinies. Italy is weaker than Spain. Both countries are cursed by a priest-ridden peasantry, of whom it is not possible to make the material of a republic. Why should Americans rejoice to witness these popular uprisings for free institutions, when they know that their only result will be the closer enslavement of the masses, and the martyrdom of the few who have the intelligence to know the right, and the faith and heroism to give their lives to it? Before a permanent republic there must come education, morality, religion. The old ideas of military glory, of governmental pomp and pageantry, and of caste and class distinctions, must be superseded by an intelligent apprehension of the glory of peace, a healthful love of simplicity, and a thoroughly practical recognition of the equality of men. There will be spasmodic revolts against tyranny in all countries, and republics will rise for a day on the ruins of despotic power, but such ruins alone make no fitting foundation for free governments. "*Vive la République!*" "*A bas l'Empire!*" till the Republic dies a natural or a violent death, and then "*Vive!*" whatever may come.

PAPA AND THE DOGMA.

It must be sweet to the old Pope to feel that, although he has failed in everything, the dogma of his infallibility is safe. France, his long-time champion, recalls from his capital the troops that have protected him from his own subjects, and bites the bitter dust at the feet of a Protestant power. The King of Italy, whom he hates, rides into Rome as the French troops march out; but he is too late to interfere with the dogma, even should he think it of the slightest consequence. The powers that dictate the policy of Europe to-day are powers that have no respect for his Holiness. They are powers born of Protestantism. Education and freedom from priestly domination have made them great, while an infallible church has so sucked the life and manhood out of the other States, that they all sink into second and third rate powers. France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Austria,—how much influence have they in the affairs of Europe? Just as much as they get by breaking away from the traditional policy and the prescriptive authority of Rome, and no more. The Pope has failed to make his subjects happy, failed to make them prosperous, failed to secure their affection, failed to educate them, failed to hold his capital, failed to enlighten the masses under his influence in all the Catholic countries of Europe, failed to make them moral and religious, failed to secure their unity against the aggressions of Protestant power, failed to do anything for human progress, failed utterly as a temporal ruler; but he can congratulate himself that the dogma of his infallibility is safe. Happy man!—and so easily pleased!

SEX AND WAGES.

The *Christian Union* contains, in a brief article on this subject, the following words: "We feel intuitively that when a woman does the same work as a man, she should have the same pay." The words look fair, and sound well, and seem good; yet it somehow happens that intuitive feeling has very little to do in settling the knotty problems of the world, and nothing at all to do in settling this. We all know that always, in all countries, the average wages of women have been lower than those of men. To what is the fact attributable? Legislation has not determined it: public sentiment has not established it. There is a law somewhere in which it has its birth and finds its perpetuation. The rapacity of power in the hands of brutal men is responsible for the oppression of woman, here and there, in the matter of wages, as it is for the oppression of man; but it has nothing to do with the general fact to which we allude. Nor is the "law of demand and supply," of which so much is said, primarily or principally active and determinating in this matter. But there is a law, easy to find by the candid observer, and impossible to be set aside, which establishes the inequality that *The Union* deplores. It is the law that that instrument or agent of labor which has the higher value shall command the greater return for use and operation.

The owner of the mastiff that turns a churn cannot expect to receive for his work as much as the man who furnishes a horse to perform the same service. The horse is a hundred times more valuable than the dog as a motive power. It is the dog, and not the horse, that settles the price at which churning can be done. We may "feel intuitively" that the dog ought to command the price accorded to the horse, but the fact is that the horse must come to the dog's price, or lose his work at the churn entirely. The illustration is homely, and, perhaps, extreme, but it has the advantage of being forcible. Let us try another. The cheapest penknife a man can use is one that has a single blade, adapted to the making of pens. If he insist on having one that bears not only a penknife blade, but also a gimlet, corkscrew, toothpick, glove-buttoner, screw-driver, file, saw, lancet, and hoof-hook, he must pay for it the market price. He must not expect that because he proposes to use only the penknife blade, he can buy it at the price of the penknife.

It is entirely legitimate to divide laborers into three classes, viz., men, women, and children. There are points, undoubtedly, in which woman is superior to

man, but man is certainly her superior as a laborer. He has the larger, stronger, and hardier frame, and is free from many of the disadvantages which woman as a laborer is obliged to encounter. In agriculture, he clears the forests, breaks up the land, and cultivates and reaps. He quarries or cuts the material of houses, and builds them. He lays railroads all over a continent, and furnishes them with engines and cars, and operates them. He constructs ships and steamers, and navigates them. The great work of production and commerce is done almost exclusively by man. If woman spins, man makes the spindle and the power that drives it; if she weaves, he invents and builds the loom. In short, he is just as much more valuable than a woman, as a laborer, as a woman is more valuable than a child; and it is this fact which determines that his wages shall be greater than woman's. It is pretty generally understood that women are quite as good teachers as men, yet we know that as a rule they do not get the same wages that have been paid to men in the same office. We may "feel intuitively" that they ought to have the same, but only in exceptional instances will they have. The more generously woman is paid for her labor, the better will all generous men be pleased; but the truth is, that the labor of neither men nor women is paid generously in this world, as a rule. Both must be content with justice; and justice determines that man, as the most capable and valuable laborer, shall receive most for his time. There are some kinds of work that boys can do as well as men, but nobody claims that because a bobbin-boy, in a mill, can do as much and as well as a man at his particular work, he should therefore have a man's wages, or even a woman's. His just wages are those which his value as a general laborer will command—no more, no less. Man is responsible for many sins against woman—sins for which we are glad to see him called to account—but for this law he does not happen to be accountable. Human legislation can no more change it than it can modify the phases of the moon. No new power assumed by, or bestowed upon, woman, will aid her to overthrow it. Her value as a laborer is limited, and her wages will be determined by her value as a laborer at large. If woman could build a house or a steam engine, a ship or a bridge, she could command a man's wages at teaching school, but she cannot, and she must take the wages of a woman.

It is curious to notice in this connection how, in the realm of creative art, this law is immediately set aside. The moment the body is counted out—the instrument of labor—everything becomes equal between men and women. The authors of *Lothair* and of *Adam Bede* stand upon the same ground. The Poet Laureate and Mrs. Browning flew wing-and-wing until she soared above him and was missed. Rosa Bonheur commands as fine a price for her pictures as the proudest of her countrymen whose works adorn the walls of the Luxembourg gallery. Miss Hosmer and Miss Foley are the associates and equals of Rogers, and Story, and Mozier. Where in America is the masculine equal of Mrs. Stowe, the novelist? No: when it comes to simple brains, and any form of creative art, the sexes are on common ground. Whenever woman has a special gift of God, through which she works for the world, no one inquires for her sex that its value may be graduated. No tenor ever commanded such reward as has been poured into the lap of Jenny Lind. If Miss Dickinson could not get as much for teaching school as a man, she can get as much as a man in the exercise of her special gift upon the platform, and no man thinks of quarrelling with the fact. The tests of the labor market touch only common endowments, with relation to the common work of the world, and so long as man alone has the power to deal with the rough forces of nature, and to practise the arts of production and commerce, so long will his time be adjudged of greater value than woman's.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, Oct. 1.

THE past month has been almost an entire blank for literature of all kinds. Independent of the usual dulness of the autumn, the competition of political news has been so great that books have had but a small chance of receiving any attention, and publishers have wisely postponed their issues until a more convenient season. History has been making so fast that all other subjects seem insignificant when put in comparison with the great series of events now transacting at ten hours' journey from London. The Battle of Ages—the true "World's Debate"—commencing, as far as authentic history is concerned, with the irruption of the Cimbri and Teutones across the Rhine, B.C. 101, (though this was probably only one of a series of similar movements stretching far back into pre-historic times), is renewed under our own eyes. The sword of Marius and the Roman Legions *then* stayed the deluge of Teutonic conquest, and gave the ascendency to the Romanized Celtic races, since maintained by them with varying fortunes for two thousand years. *Now* the tide has turned, to all appearance; and it is morally certain that the events of the last six weeks must exercise an influence of the highest importance on the tone and spirit of all that constitutes civilization, mental culture, art, science, &c., as well as on the more material objects of national unity, strength, and preponderance, for the whole future of Europe, and, consequently, of the world. At this moment, every person of common intelligence must be deeply con-

cerned at the fate now apparently imminent to the city of Paris. All seems dark; clouds gather round the devoted city, shrouding it from view. Negotiations have failed, and the Queen City seems cut off from outward succor. It will be a disgrace to the age if it is exposed to the horror and devastation of a bombardment. Never, perhaps, since the first siege of Rome by Alaric, has there been concentrated in one place so great an assemblage of property exposed to destruction and so impossible to be restored. For the last twenty years the material prosperity coinciding with the existence of the Second Empire has caused an abundance of money, and a consequent lavish expenditure on objects of art, such as the world had never before seen. In this respect London cannot for a moment be compared to Paris, and the reason is obvious. The town house of an English nobleman is generally a mere brick box "between the street and a stable yard," (as Gibbon describes his London residence). He is only at home at his country-seat, with its spreading lawns and waving woods, where the treasures of art in Great Britain must be sought for, scattered through the kingdom from "Land's End" to "John O'Groat's House." In France the case is entirely different. The French nobility, under the old or new *régime*, were alike indisposed for a provincial sojourn. The Court and the delights of a city life have always acted as an irresistible attraction drawing to the capital all that could dignify or refine the national existence.

The recent extraordinary increase in the value of everything connected with the Fine Arts is well known. Its cause may be traced to the inexhaustible market afforded by Paris; the riches of its public galleries and libraries are acknowledged by all. The treasures of a similar character in private possession are inappreciable. From the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815, to about 1850, England (with occasional fluctuations) was the chief market for the choicest pictures, statuary, coins, gems, books, manuscripts, and objects of *virtu* of all kinds, and very precious collections were usually sent there when they were to be dispersed. But for nearly twenty years past this state of things has been reversed, and France has shown greater liberality and more lavish resources in the encouragement of all that relates to the cultivation of ancient and modern art than any other country. The book trade of France in particular may be mentioned as one completely localized in Paris. With the single exception of the well-known great Catholic book factory of *MM. Mame & Cie.* at Tours, the capital monopolizes almost the entire supply of books to France, and to a great portion of the world where the French language is current, or studied as classic. The system of trade in France tends to the building up of large and permanent concerns, annually adding to their extent and resources. For example, the house of *F. Didot Frères* dates from 1713. Looking at the grandeur of their enterprises and the value of their stock, they may be called the first publishers in the world. The capital of the firm of *MM. Hachette & Cie.* is stated (within bounds) at six millions of francs, and others of equal importance might be mentioned. The destruction of establishments like these, such as may happen at any moment during a bombardment, would be utterly irreparable, and is frightful to contemplate. It is only to be hoped that the chance of such catastrophes may speedily pass away,—but, alas! for the vanished glories of "The Parks and Gardens of Paris," their record must be sought in Mr. Robinson's book, now doubly valuable.

The quietude of the book trade in England will have a great effect on the supply of illustrated works for Christmas; very little of the kind is announced yet, and photography still seems in the ascendant as a means of execution for books of the kind. One of the most elegant books of this character is the illustrated edition of Thomas Hood's well-known poem, *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg*. The beautiful drawings in outline embellishing the volume have fairly taken the public by surprise. A name is appended to them on the title-page entirely unknown to fame—"Thomas S. Seccombe, R.A." Now as R.A. has generally but one meaning in all matters of art—"Royal Academician"—people rubbed their eyes, wondering who the new dignitary could be. It turns out, however, that in this case R.A. means "Royal Artillery," and that the illustrations are drawn by a captain in that service, simply an amateur, and not a professional artist. Regarded in this light, they "are really wonderful." For invention, richness of fancy, knowledge of form, insight into character, and delicacy of execution, they stand alone, and almost make a school by themselves. The book is altogether got up in a beautiful and unique style, and will be one of the most attractive of the coming season.

In the barrenness of the present it is necessary to look forward, and it is pleasant to see some promise ahead of future performance in the announcements of the leading publishers, who are now gradually putting forth their programmes for the winter. Lovers of standard English literature will be glad to know that the long expected edition of *Alexander Pope's Works* will at least be commenced shortly, by the appearance of a volume every alternate month from November 1st. It will be enriched by the labors of Mr. Croker, Peter Cunningham, and the actual Editor, Rev. Whitwell Elwin, who has succeeded these two gentlemen, deceased, in its superintendence. The quantity of new matter respecting the poet and his times that turns up to diligent investigation, after nearly a century and a half, is remarkable. More than 500 entirely new Letters by Pope, suppressed passages of his Satires, various readings from his original MSS., etc., etc., will give it the value of a new work, to all who are interested in the Augustan age of Queen Anne. *Lord Byron, a condensed Biography, with Critical Essay on Byron's Place in Literature, translated from the German of Carl Elze*, introduces us to a new name that awakens no association in ordinary ears; but as the book is announced by Mr. Murray,

we may be sure that it is a contribution of some importance to the elucidation of the noble poet's career.

In travels, until something authentic is heard from Dr. Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker, the chief interest of adventure centres in Eastern Asia. There, it is remarkable that the advancing supremacy of Mohammedanism, as a conquering and civilizing power, has thrown open to Europeans regions hitherto totally inaccessible. In the Arabian Nights, Kashgar and Tartary are generally represented as the home of wicked magicians and idolaters, far beyond the knowledge of true believers, and during the Chinese rule the same mystery hung over the far distant territory. Now an enlightened disciple of the Prophet reigns at Kashgar and is anxious to cultivate European trade through India, and to secure friends against the advancing power of Russia. In evidence of this change of relations, we have promised for publication: *A Visit to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kashgar (formerly Chinese Tartary), and Return Journey over the Karakorime Pass, by Robert Shaw, with Map and Illustrations.* Mr. Shaw, who has received the Geographical Society's medal for his successful explorations, is the first Englishman known to have visited this region; nor is there any record of his being preceded by any European, with the possible exception of Marco Polo; and it is a coincidence that a new and copiously annotated edition of the old Venetian traveler is promised, edited by the most competent of all scholars, Colonel Yule, well known by the volumes of early voyages to China prepared by him for the Hakluyt Society, entitled *Cathay and the Way Thither.* Another portion of the Chinese Empire will be illustrated by the Rev. Alexander Williamson, B.A., who is publishing *Journeys in North China, Manchuria, and Eastern Mongolia, with some account of Corea,* in 2 vols., small 8vo. Other books of travel promised are: *A Voyage round the World, touching at Australia, Java, Siam, Canton, &c.,* by the Marquis de Beaunoni, translated under the superintendence of the author, 2 vols.; *Notes of a Cruise in the South Sea Islands in* 1865, by Julius Brenchlig; and, coming nearer home, the *Alpine Scrambles of Edward Whymper,* 1860–69, *with maps,* 100 *illustrations from his own Sketches and Chapters on Glacial Phenomena on the Alps and in Greenland.*

Ecclesiastical History, in its various branches, still keeps its place among the studies that engross a large portion of the attention of thinkers of all countries. Nor, when the smoke of battle-fields clears away, will the bloodless revolution lately brought about in Italy fail to be regarded with a degree of interest it can scarcely excite at present. The great contribution to the history of the Papacy, Baron Hubner's *Memoirs of Pope Sixtus the Fifth,* is about to appear in English, translated, with the author's sanction, by N. E. Jerningham. Though originally written in French *by a German,* the book received the highest praises of French reviewers for the vigor, gracefulness, and purity of its style, and the author is now translating it into his native language on account of the favorable reception it has met with. The last words traced by Montalembert were in commendation of this work, a few hours before his death, to the author, who had sent him a copy of vol. 1 previous to publication. *The Gallican Church; Sketches of Church History in France, from the Concordat of Bologna,* 1516, *to the Revolution,* by Rev. Henley Jevons, M.A. (author of the *Student's History of France*), will open new ground to the English reader, who will also find novelty in the forthcoming work by Mr. Bray: *The Revolt of the Protestants in the Cevennes, with some Account of the Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century.* The collected *Literary Essays* of the late Dean Milman, about to appear in one volume 8vo, relate mostly to kindred subjects, as "Savonarola," "Life of Erasmus," "Popes of the 16th Century," "Clement XIV. and the Jesuits," &c. *The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists,* is a work undertaken in the laborious spirit of the olden time. "For seventeen years," the author, the Rev. Luke Tyerman, says, "materials have been accumulating in my hands; my own mass of original MSS. is large. Thousands of Methodist letters have been lent to me. Hundreds, almost thousands of publications, issued in Wesley's lifetime and bearing on the great Methodist movement, have been consulted." His aim has been to collect, collate, and register plain unvarnished facts, and to make Wesley his own biographer without any preconceived plan or philosophy of the subject. The work will form three large octavo volumes, to appear from October 1st to March, 1871. The first separate English edition of one of the most venerable remains of post-apostolic Christian antiquity, *The Shepherd of Hermas,* translated, with introduction and notes, by C. H. Hoole, M.A., is promised in one vol. 12mo. Readers of Baron Bunsen's *Hippolytus and his Age,* will remember his high estimation of this book.

There is little promised in Theology proper; what is most looked for is Canon Liddon's new book, *Elements of Theology,* expected for the autumn; but uncertain as to its appearance from the great demands on the author's time and professional services. As a preacher, Mr. Liddon is almost realizing the stories of mediæval ministrations, and their effect—the crowds of hearers that follow his steps—mark the rise of a new day for the Church of England. *First Principles of Ecclesiastical Truth,* in one volume 8vo, will be published by one of the most eloquent of the Independent denomination, J. Baldwin Brown; and the Rev. Orby Shipley has just ready *The Four Cardinal Virtues, in Relation to the Public and Private Life of Catholics,—Sermons preached at St. Alban's, Holborn, in* 1870. The issue of the *Speaker's Commentary* seems to be retarded; it is scarcely expected to make its appearance before the next year.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

In literature we are just now at low tide—out of season, or between the book seasons—and the reviewer is tempted to imitate those pious ladies who scrupulously stay away from church two or three Sundays because the old bonnet is out of date and the new one not quite in. More and more, literature is coming to be affected by the season. Three months ago, for example, we were quite overwhelmed by guide-books. The anxious seeker for summer rest and recreation was puzzled by the importunity, on the one hand, of a guide in red edges, who plucked his right sleeve and pointed to the White Mountains, and on the other of a writer in tucks, who offered a premature interment in the Kentucky Cave. Half a dozen others, in different dresses, were quite as eager to show him the delights of other places; while the steadfast McFetridge, like an immutable finger-board, was directing him to Europe,—and one medical gentleman offered him the consolation of a little work to prove that seasickness is inevitable. With the guide-books came the flood-tide of summer literature and "railway reading," but the titles of the books are forgotten, and the books themselves lie in dusty oblivion, with warped covers and dingy leaves, on the window-seats of deserted hotels.

Three occasional topics have this year lent some life to the dull season. Innumerable lives of Dickens have been issued, and new editions of his novels in every conceivable shape, and with every sort of title, have been sent out to supply those unhappy people (are there any left?) who have neither a "Household," nor a "Globe," nor a "Charles Dickens," nor a "Red Line," nor a "Blue Line," nor any other kind of a line edition. Next to Dickens, the Council of the Vatican has excited attention during the summer. "When you run out of subjects," said an old divine to a young one, "just attack the Romanists." And many an exhausted writer has been helped to a subject by the dogma. But the chief topic that has kept a little life in literature during September has, of course, been the great war, which, besides a deluge of war maps and newspaper articles, has given us some books, and there are yet many more to come. For the waves of a great commotion show their white caps first in the columns of the daily and weekly papers, next they appear in the magazines, then they dash upon the great rocks of the quarterlies, and expend themselves upon books last of all. It has been an unusual summer, in which three great topics have kept literature somewhat alive in its season of annual faintness, its ordinary period of æstivation. Just now we hear only the murmur of the incoming tide called the "fall trade," and on this flood-tide the new magazine is launched.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Brighton preacher who made little impression on the general public during his life has had an ever-widening audience, and the Harpers have given us a cheap popular edition in one volume of his *Sermons*, which, though little more than briefs, are certainly the freshest and most delightful compositions of the kind in the English language, almost indeed the only Sermons that in our day can be called popular reading. And they have done the same for the *Life, Letters, Lectures and Addresses of Rev. Frederick W. Robertson.* For who indeed can read the Sermons without wishing to know the man? And no man was ever more fortunate in a biographer. Letters never were more full of fresh thought than these. For instance, writing to a young person in answer to a question about the devil, he says: "Our salvation does not depend on our having right notions about the devil, but right feelings about God." On page 266 we find the key to that which, liberal as were his opinions, always makes him seem more than half evangelical, when he says that he finds that he scarcely loves any one else but Christ. He was always a profound worshipper of the Christ, and his religious thoughts centred in the wonderful life of Jesus.

De Pressensé, the eloquent leader of French Protestantism, has taken in hand to contend against French skepticism with its own favorite weapon, Church history in a popular form, and we have not quite a translation, but an edition in English, reconstructed under the author's eye, of *The Early Years of Christianity* (Charles Scribner & Co.). The first volume is devoted to "The Apostolical Era." We cannot enough admire Dr. De Pressensé's mode of treating his theme. "We have endeavored to recognize always the authority of history," he says, "that is to say, of facts accepted, as we find them before they have undergone any transformation from the spirit of system." This method, alas! has not often been followed in treating Church history, and De Pressensé's volume is consequently a most refreshing one. He is not so graphically minute, of course, in his limited space, as are Conybeare and Howson, but he is more rapid, more eloquent, more fluent in his narrative. We hardly know whether the book will be considered more important for its historic or its theological character, since the author goes to the writings of Paul and deduces thence the theology of Paul with all the independence of a man who has never heard of creeds. It is his bold self-emancipation from preconceived dogma, from the "spirit of system," to use his own locution, that makes this not only a most vivid and eloquent piece of history, but one of the most significant theological works of the day.

PROSE FICTION.

It is a curious fact that a public that can appreciate originality in theological thought and statement, as ours has shown itself capable of appreciating Robertson, for instance,—a public that at the same time loves nothing so much as good fiction,—should not have given a better welcome than we have to George Macdonald,

one of the most original of thinkers, one of the best of novelists. He does not describe his characters so well from the outside as Dickens does. The image of the visible person is quite clear to the reader, yet never so distinct as in the case of those who people the pages of Boz. But you know the hearts of Macdonald's characters; his people are earnest. Dickens's people are never religious, never have any subjective anxieties; but Macdonald's generally fight their warfare within. You are quite as much interested in their inward fight of faith as in their outward struggle for success. Herein he is a far greater writer, because a greater thinker than Dickens. Judged by all the best canons of art, he has no equal as a writer of the highest sort of fiction: what we may call the psychological novel, if the name were not enough to frighten away readers. For indeed he does not write for philosophers. *David Elginbrod*, that wonderful work, and *Alec Forbes*, and *Guild Court*, and his fairy romance *Phantastes* cannot fail to interest any reader, cannot fail to charm any thoughtful reader. The Harpers have published a few of his books, and lately Loring has given us an indifferent edition of *Robert Falconer*, in cloth, and this is all that has hitherto been done to reproduce in this country the works of one who is recognized in England by the highest class of readers as one of the choicest spirits of the age. This last story is the life of a thoroughly noble but peculiar Scotch lad, and there is a wonderful fascination in the details of battle with the hard theological problems that puzzle his childhood and drive him later into skepticism, from which he comes back again to a purer faith and a noble and Christian philanthropy.

In *The Three Brothers* (D. Appleton & Co.) we have one of Mrs. Oliphant's quiet, interesting, natural, and every way healthful stories, in which there are no abnormal characters, no harrowing prolongation of plot and counterplot, and no improbable transitions. A father's will puts his sons on a seven years' probation before they are allowed to know the disposal of the property, and their behavior, adventures, and attachments form the plot of an excellent story.

Of all the studies of childhood and the character of children, we hardly know a better one than *Misunderstood*, by Florence Montgomery (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), in which a volatile boy is the subject of the narrative. It is not a book for children, but a study of nature for adults; not many will read the closing chapters without tears, and few parents without receiving instruction.

In *The Choice of Paris* (Hurd & Houghton), Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin has produced a simple romance of the Homeric days. There is not much creative power shown in it, but it is quite an interesting reproduction of the classic story as derived from the old legends, with such filling in as Levantine travel and the author's imagination have been able to suggest. The best praise it can have is to say that it is simple, and that a good taste has prevented Mr. Benjamin trifling with the form of legends so sacred in their association, that they fetter the imagination of a conscientious writer more strongly than historic facts.

EDUCATIONAL.

Long vacations, like everything else, have an end, and as they end in September, school-books fill the vacuum in the trade in what may be called literature proper. So lucrative is this trade when it is successful, that the publishers of popular school-books are beginning to feel the claim that the public have upon them, and to expend money freely in making good books better.

Before the question of the relative importance of physical science and the humanities drops out of public attention, if it ever does, we wish that some one would call attention to the fact, that we do not generally teach the classics with any reference to the humanities or the divinities that are in them. They are merely foils upon which to develop the pupil's memory of paradigms and construction,—material for parsing. Is it supposable, that if Homer had not yet been discovered, any bright student engaged in solving the problems of syntax which the Iliad offers would ever suspect his glorious qualities? We notice in the excellent *First Lessons in Greek* (Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co.), that Prof. Boise protests against the injurious extent to which the system of parsing is carried. And it is because students learn so little of the classics while using them in college, that the *Ancient Classics for English Readers* (Lippincott), by W. Lucas Collins, M.A., are becoming so popular in England and America. Here are little thin volumes devoted to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, in which the graduate or the non-graduate may learn in English what he should have learned in Greek and Latin.

If it is a pity to teach the classics entirely from a grammar-school stand-point, it is a thousand pities to have our own English literature, the true source of *humane* culture to English-speaking people, used as "chopped feed," if we may be allowed a bucolic figure of speech. Yet this is the plan of the author of *Literature of the English Language*, E. Hunt, LL.D., (Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.), who gravely proposes to have the extracts in his stout duodecimo "thoroughly committed to memory." But the selections themselves are exceedingly good.

Now that the rational system of teaching geography, as represented by Prof. Guyot and Mary Howe Smith, bids fair to triumph after a hard-fought battle, we are glad that the publishers (Charles Scribner & Co.) have improved two of their series with maps certainly unequalled by anything ever before done for school children.

HISTORY.

The American publishers of Froude's brilliant *History of England* have just issued volumes XI. and XII. of their "Popular Edition," completing the work in that cheap but not inelegant, and very serviceable form.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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THE STREET-VENDERS OF NEW YORK.

THE TOOTH-POWDER MAN.

THERE is a certain prejudice extant in the world against peddlers. Those ancient and vagabond traders who tarried on their way to Egypt, and invested twenty pieces of silver in a kidnapped Israelitish youth, are not held in saintliest remembrance. Autolycus, the Bohemian rascal whom Shakespeare paints in such penitentiary colors, sang the praises of his wares and cut the purses of his customers with equal readiness, and then soliloquized, enraptured with his own exploits, "Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is!" Even in these modern days many a good and motherly housewife cherishes an unshaken and almost unchristian antipathy against the entire race of peddlers, accounting them intrusive and impertinent and dishonest, and laying I know not what other failings to their charge.

But the difference between the forest wolf and the village dog is scarcely greater than

between the vagrant country peddler, with his pack and staff, and the simple city vender, with his stock of fruits, candies, nuts, or cakes, ranged in a basket or spread on a stand, and with but little choice left save to wait with honest patience for the chinking coins that the swift current of passers-by tosses now and then upon his little commercial beach. The sidewalk dealers who make merchandise of toys or tooth-picks, photographs or flowers, knives or neck-ties, gloves or eye-glasses, balloons or sleeve-buttons, find extortion a losing game, and can only hope to arrest an occasional purchaser by the extraordinary cheapness of their wares. The deep-voiced "licensed venders," whose well-filled carts of fruit or vegetables stand along the curb-stone or slowly traverse the side-streets, are compelled by the keen rivalry of hundreds of fellow-venders to keep their charges within reasonable bounds, however suspiciously small their quart measures may sometimes appear. Furthermore, well-trained city servants do not trust these street purveyors beyond the kitchen door, and they thus escape the temptation that so easily besets their roving country cousins to "convey," as Ancient Pistol smoothly puts it. Even the newsboy, at once the least, the shrillest, and the keenest of the street-vending race, is so hedged about in these latter days with lodging-house comforts and good influences, that his conduct brings no discredit on his older and staider *confrères* in the picayune traffic of the sidewalk.

Though the street-venders of New York are doubtless by nature quite as depraved as their fellow-beings, they have but little chance or enticement to go astray, and are often too old, too ignorant, or too care-worn to practise knavery. No one, with wit or will to play the rascal, ever stoops to the tedious *rôle* of sidewalk merchant, and the meagre profits of street-vending rarely permit indulgence in that strong drink which kindles such mischief in those a few steps higher in the social scale. Watching a cart or stand or basket from morning until nightfall, and often till long after, is lazy work, but it leaves these sentinels of the street little scope for Satan's proverbial mischief. Very seldom are they profane, or even vituperative, and, save in the case of an occasional newsboy, I have never known them to quarrel or to break the peace in any way.

Only one instance ever came to my knowledge in which a New York street-vender was undeniably guilty of deliberate swindling. A worthy dame, living in the brown-stone suburb of Yorkville, was once persuaded to make the odd purchase of a canary-bird from a strolling dealer, who swore it was a charming singer. After a week's anxious waiting, its melodious lay suddenly came in the shape of an egg, which at once convicted the feathered innocent of unmusical femininity, and the unscrupulous seller of downright cheating. But such instances of trickery are too rare to blemish the reputation of the street-venders of New York for a fair share of honesty, as well as for commendable devotion to business.

Including the licensed venders, who are, as a rule, of the sterner sex, the masculine element largely preponderates among these curious camp-followers in the army of commerce. Nevertheless, women keep newsstands not infrequently, and little girls, ragged in dress but stout of heart, sell papers every day in Printing House Square, with the gallant approval of chivalrous newsboys; while scores of baskets and stands, and occasional carts, stocked with orderly heaps of fruit or piles of confectionery, are scattered along the more crowded sidewalks, and patiently tended by aged crones, forlorn and wrinkled, or by here and there a matron, slim and anxious-visaged or cheerful and burly-limbed, and once in a while by a younger and comelier dame with a baby in her arms. There are no jaunty and handsome damsels among these feminine dealers, and they are all too carelessly costumed and too old, ugly, or toil-worn to awaken special interest except by their quaint picturesqueness of aspect or surroundings, or by a certain air of humility and unconscious pathos which suggests a saddened and disastrous life.

Old and young are alike enlisted in the street-vending service, from the gray-haired grandsire who, upon a summer's afternoon, falls asleep beside his basket on the shady

"BISMARCK!"

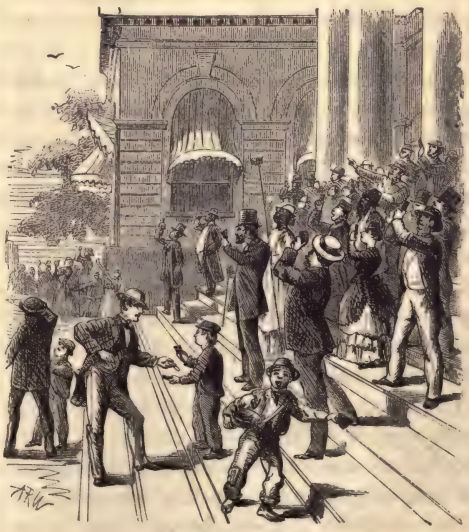
side of Broadway, to the tiny news-girl scarce halfway to her teens, who flits with plaintive cry along the pavement until long after the curfew hour.

The Emerald Isle furnishes a large quota to the ranks of these street-merchants. Many of the shrewdest were born on American soil, while there are not a few Italians and other Europeans among them, with a sprinkling of Chinamen, and here and there a negro. The Chinese deal chiefly in pine-apple candy and in cigars, in which they monopolize the street trade. A negro newsboy would be as great a rarity in New York as a black swan; and very few of the African race venture to engage in ordinary street-vending; but there are many negro women among the mysterious "hot corn" sellers, whose strangely modulated midnight cry, echoing through the deserted streets, is a sound as unearthly and weird as any wild bird's scream.

A certain commercial shrewdness is not altogether wanting in the sidewalk commercial fraternity, especially among the younger venders, who are quick to profit by a chance for extra sales. Fans and other summer wares come promptly into the street market as soon as the rising mercury touches the figures of the heated term. The news-dealer near St. Patrick's Cathedral, with an eye to pious patronage, stocks his stand on a pleasant Sunday morning with the latest issue of the *Catholic World*. When the war broke out last summer, between France and Prussia, exciting at once the ire and the patriotism of the phlegmatic Teutons, photographs of Bismarck were speedily for sale in all the great German beer-gardens on the Bowery. And upon the afternoon of the eclipse of 1869, newsboys and bootblacks simultaneously forsook the "extra" and the brush, and devoted themselves to selling a brown and vitreous material, in small rectangular pieces, which the urchins, after many futile and comical attempts at nomenclature, concluded to call "'clip' glasses."

Besides the time passed in attention to his business, the street-dealer finds much leisure to spend in cloudy revery, in tranquil chat with a neighbor, in poring over a book or paper, in smoking a soothing pipe, or in dozing. The newsboys are more gregarious and sportive, and the licensed venders vary the tedium by long excursions in search of household buyers. But it must be confessed that the average existence of the New York street-vender is a somewhat monotonous and uneventful round, however much some of its features may strike the fancy or pique the interest of the curious student of human nature.

The most picturesque of city peddlers are the balloon men, and the most gipsy-like of the tribe is an old Frenchman who haunts Broadway near Union Square, and whose English vocabulary only includes, "Want one?" "Fifteen cent!" "No understand."



"'CLIP' GLASSES!"

THE BALLOON MAN.

He has a lean and wrinkled visage, gray eyes, a bristly tuft of beard upon his chin, and small silver rings in his ears. His attire is a fine linen shirt and a pair of brown trousers, held in place by a stout red cord twisted thrice around his waist and ending in a heavy tassel. Over his shoulder is strapped a black leather bag full of mysterious odds and ends. In slouched hat and loose shoes he shuffles along at a measured pace, with a stoop in his shoulders and a whistle in his mouth, a brown stick grasped in his right hand, and a bunch of stout threads tightly held in his left. These threads are all tied to one end of the stick, and to each is fastened a round red toy balloon, five or six inches in diameter. These float in a huge cluster like a colossal bunch of scarlet grapes or a flock of rosy soap-bubbles, much to the delight of children, and somewhat to the curiosity of their elders. Half a dozen odd little shriveled reddish-brown pouches are attached to old Pierre's stick, and his whistle is simply a metallic mouth-piece, with which he blows up one of these pouches till it becomes a balloon, full of common air, that speedily escapes again with a small shriek, as if aggrieved at being forced into such uncomfortable quarters.

Fully half the toy-balloons sold in New York are made in Sullivan street, in a dingy little second-story front room, about twelve feet square. This contains a bed, a table, a stove, and all the smaller paraphernalia of a humble household, in addition to the simple apparatus of balloon manufacture. The maker is a Frenchman, with a fierce moustache and a jolly wife, whose favorite expletive is "Good glory!"

"Make *ballon* seventeen year in Paris, tree year in New York," says François. "Make two, tree hundred a day, sometime four hundred."

He shows a red wooden chest full of the little rubber pouches.

"Come from Paris, blow him up, you see."

And he takes a pair of bellows and inflates the limp and dingy little sack into a glossy scarlet sphere, ties the mouth with a cotton thread, and lets it go.

"Fall on the ground, you see. Must put gas in him."

Water, sulphuric acid, and strips of zinc are the materials used to make this gas. The balloons are filled one at a time, a long thread is wound around the mouth of each and securely fastened, and then they are anchored to the table with a tumbler, tied to the back of a chair, or allowed to rise and bump themselves along the ceiling. Three score of these ruby globes, all floating gracefully in the air, lend a rose-colored and picturesque charm even to this forlorn little room and its shabby inmates. A thin coat of liquid isinglass is applied with a brush, to keep the gas from slowly escaping, and when this dries the balloons are ready for the street.

"Four, six, eight men, all French, sell *ballon* now in New York," says François statistically, "and four men make him. I have had one time eleven men to sell *ballon* under *me*," he adds, and goes on plying his isinglass brush with a complacent air, suavely saying, "*Bon jour!*" as we pick our way from the little apartment.

Returning to Broadway, the seller of another toy straightway catches our eye. On a small camp-stool frame, covered with a piece of gay-colored carpeting, lie seven or eight little wooden clowns, negroes or Chinamen, six inches high, and dressed in white ruffs, blue or scarlet blouses with a gilt stripe, and short red or yellow trousers. Their arms are stiffly stretched out in front, and when they are placed on their heels they forthwith turn an imbecile somersault. They have lungs of some doubtful kind, and when set down smartly they utter a squeak strongly suggestive of a mouse in distress. This pleasing noise is much aggravated by pulling their heels. The seller employs himself in making them caper and squeal, or in stalking up and down the sidewalk, with his arms folded, and the air of a man whom the world is not using fairly.

Near Prince street, on Broadway, is another toy man with a black beard and melancholy eyes. He sells canes and whips, card-board butterflies mounted on a pair of wheels, round fur hats which reveal a grenadier when lifted and extinguish him again when dropped, and comical little wooden bald-headed schoolmasters, dangling at the end of a cord, and spanking a stubborn pupil with unwearied patience.

Other toys often sold on the street are Blondin tops, that gyrate on a thread; round gilt bits of trumpery slightly resembling watches; dolls that ride a three-wheeled velocipede in a ring on the sidewalk; and small tin chanticleers, that have cannon-shaped tails or soldiers on their backs, and that utter an absurd little crow, if you blow in the cannon's mouth or through the soldier's cap. Small medallion

THE CHESTNUT MAN.

heads, made of soft rubber, with very black eyes, very red cheeks, and the most preposterous features, are sold by half a dozen young men, who stand for hours pinching the heads into still more ludicrous aspects, and whistling softly in a way to make the unsuspecting passer imagine that the hideous little gutta-percha visage is mysteriously possessed of fine vocal powers.

In the year of the Fremont campaign, an intelligent young Irishman tried to sell some old cents which had accidentally come into his possession, but the coin-dealer would not pay what the young man thought they were worth, and he resolved to offer them to the public himself. Accordingly, to the consternation of his friends, he at once established himself as the first street coin-vender in New York, believing that he could at least make enough to buy a loaf of bread every day, and a pound of beefsteak on Sunday. Fortune favored the young dealer, for the numismatic fever prevailed in 1857, and he surprised every one by clearing fifteen hundred dollars in eighteen months. Considering himself independently rich, he thereupon made a trip to the old country; but on his return he found such an abatement in the rage for coin-collecting, that since then he has only made a modest living as a street-vender of rare, curious, and ancient currency. For many years he stood at the corner of Broadway and Chambers streets, but last summer he migrated and became a Wall street dealer!

He is a man of moderate stature, quiet manner, and pleasant countenance, with short brown beard and moustache, comfortable attire, and a narrow green necktie embroidered with white silk. His coins are fastened in rows with copper tacks upon three small boards, which are covered with white paper, and suspended by loops of twine to the tips of the iron railing near the Treasury Building. There are American coins on one of these boards, European coins on the second, and small silver Roman coins on the third, besides various medals and tokens in a square red, wooden, cord-suspended box, which also contains a little pile of dingy old paper "Continental money," varying in denomination from three pence to eighty dollars, and most of it made in Pennsylvania, and inscribed with the ominous warning, "To counterfeit is death."

The highest price this vender ever received was paid for a cent of 1799, which brought forty-five dollars on account of its perfectness and rarity. He sold some time ago an album, containing eighteen hundred kinds of post-age-stamps, for three hundred and seventy-five dollars, and, in fact, drives a brisker trade of late in stamps than in coins. He also has for sale a very unique collection of "war envelopes," embellished with an infinite variety of patriotic designs. But these sell slowly, and "selling coins," he says, "is just like fishing; you never know when you will have a bite. Some days I don't get a dollar, and again I take fifty dollars in a single afternoon."

The sale of pictures is a noteworthy branch of street trade. The photograph vender has a rack of pink tapes tacked along a large board frame, studded with sun-portraits of the great, the famous, and the notorious—George Washington and Queen Victoria, General Grant and Ida Lewis, the last murderer, and Lydia Thompson, and a thousand more of the worthies and unworthies of the past and present. A dealer near the Custom House spreads his stock of gay French chromos on the railing and the sidewalk, and a youthful Broadway vender, pipe in mouth, patiently watches a pile of steel engravings, placarded as "racing, religious, landscapes, and other scenes."

The most curious street flower-stand in New York is kept on one of the Broadway corners near Wallack's Theatre, by a Union soldier, who, at Atlanta, stopped a Southern bullet with his arm. It is a dark-green, six foot structure, with four small curved legs, meeting in an upright standard, which branches again in two arms, supporting an oval tin-sided box, about a yard long and four inches deep. Through the bottom of this the standard pushes its way three feet into the air, and spreads out in a dozen short, round, hollow branches of tin, inclined upwards at an acute angle. The ex-volunteer is a short, well-made, moustached individual, with black eyes, an intelligent face, and farmer-like attire. He has a little cottage and garden at Union Hill, where he lives with his wife and two babies.

Every pleasant summer afternoon he crosses the Jersey ferry, about five o'clock, with an immense square basket, which looks as if it might hold a giant's champagne bottles. Upon reaching his post, he takes the stand from a neighboring saloon, whose good-natured proprietor allows it storage during the day, and proceeds to make it blossom like the rose, by inserting a plump bouquet in a stiff white paper jacket into each of the hollow arms, and ranging a score or two of smaller nosegays in a row against the tin rim of the oval box. This done, he takes a sprig of evergreen and sprinkles the flowers with sparkling water-drops from a prosaic tin pail, unfolds his favorite evening paper, and seats himself to wait, often till midnight, for flower purchasers enough to exhaust his stock. This nocturnal waiting is no new experience for him, for he is a veteran street florist, and sold flowers on Broadway when Fillmore was President. Twenty years ago he worked at Niblo's Garden, and the flower-boy's profits inspired him with such a floral ambition that he has been a street florist ever since, save during three years of service in the army, including Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and other well-fought fields.

"Times are hard now," he says, regretfully, "and I can hardly make my expenses. 'Tain't like the old days at Niblo's, when there was plenty of gold and silver coin around, and you sold a dozen bouquets where you can't sell one now. Yes," he continues, "there are a good many street florists on Broadway now—Germans, mostly. They spoil the trade, too—live on 'mahogany bread,' as I call it, and a glass of lager, and sell at half-price, and make money at that."

"Do all the street florists raise their own flowers?"

"Most of 'em, except the little girls. They buy 'em of me or other dealers. They make more money than I do, too."

"How is that?"

"Why, when business is dull, I sell 'em for five cents such a little bouquet as this,"—showing one of eight or ten flowers, with a fringe of geranium leaves—"and they just take it to pieces, and make three or four little button-hole bouquets, and sell 'em for ten cents a-piece."

THE FLOWER-GIRL AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

"Some of the dealers come early in the afternoon and make their bouquets on the street?"

"Oh, yes; 'specially down by the Astor House, where they keep 'em in glass cases, mostly, the sun is so hot. Sometimes they have a rustic frame to stick 'em in, or a stand like this, with no middle-piece, and a wire rim instead of tin."

"Or they carry them on a board full of small holes?"

"Yes; a little girl mostly carries bouquets in her hand at first, or gets a piece of stiff paste-board, and punches holes through it with a stick; but when she gets richer she buys a bit of board with two or three rows of holes through it."

"Do you sell flowers here in winter?"

"Oh, no, it's too cold. Even if you kept 'em in a glass case they'd turn black most days if you just took 'em out to show. I keep a place in-doors in winter. The best time to sell flowers on the street is in the fall, when the rich people that buy 'em have just got home from the country, and before the frost comes."

As we pass on, thanking our florist for his courtesy, two brown-faced, bare-footed little girls come skipping along, and chattering Italian volubly, one with a small basket on her

arm, and each carrying a little flower-board full of tiny bouquets. A newsboy brushes by them with a rude push. The taller of the two girls looks incensed. The boy grins, and the girl, handing her board to her companion, clenches her little fist and aims a blow at the discourteous urchin, who returns it with a stroke that sends her basket flying, and scatters its leafy contents on the walk. Nothing daunted, the small Amazon launches a sudden kick, which so smites and discomfits her opponent that he retreats in disorder, leaving the frowning victor to pick up her basket, while the smaller girl chuckles gleefully at the result of the fray.

The stroller down Broadway upon a pleasant afternoon can scarcely fail to observe the "resurrection plant" vender, the only dealer of his kind in New York. He is a well-built man of more than medium size, with a sun-tanned visage and iron-gray hair and moustache, and wears a green coat, a black velvet waistcoat, and a stiff straw hat with a black stripe in the brim. His botanical marvels are displayed in an oblong basket, two feet long and twelve inches deep, and surmounted by a placard inscribed:—

"*Resurrection Plant, or Siempre Vive, from Lower California. This beautiful plant will turn from brown to green in twelve hours after put in water.*"

The basket is filled with small egg-shaped bunches of forlorn vegetation: dry roots and faded leaves, apparently withered to utter lifelessness. But here is one of them in a shallow dish, placed on a little shelf at one end of the basket. The roots are immersed in water, and the broad white plate is almost hidden beneath the fresh and spreading cluster of green and fern-like leaves. These strange plants, which may be dried and revived again at pleasure, rarely or never blossom in this part of the world, but on their native and barren mountain-tops they are said to bloom once a year, sending up short and slender stems tipped with clusters of white or scarlet flowers. The vender has sold thousands of these curiosities on Broadway during the last two years—sometimes a hundred in a single day; but lately he is satisfied if he sells a dozen a day, at thirty-five cents a-piece. He also occasionally vends a very extraordinary oval green leaf, about four inches long, with a purple stem and slightly indented edges. Upon hanging this in a shady place, a small green air-plant, with a bunch of white fibrous roots, will spring from each little indentation, grow rapidly, and, if transplanted to a pot of earth, will produce a single small scarlet four-leaved flower.

Very near Union Square is a certain little fruit-stand, well worthy passing note, although it is one of the rudest and frailest of its sort. A low and narrow table, made of brown and unplaned boards, with notches sawed in the end pieces, to make it stand more firmly; a covering of thick and dingy paper spread over its rough surface; unsavory little heaps of peaches upon two or three shallow tins, such as housewives bake apples in; the whole shaded by an old, ragged, and weather-beaten umbrella lashed to a bit of stick nailed upright to the end of the stand. This is placed on the sidewalk's edge, and close to it is a still smaller contrivance, which may be opened and shut like the frame of a camp-stool, and

THE BLIND SHOE-STRING WOMAN.

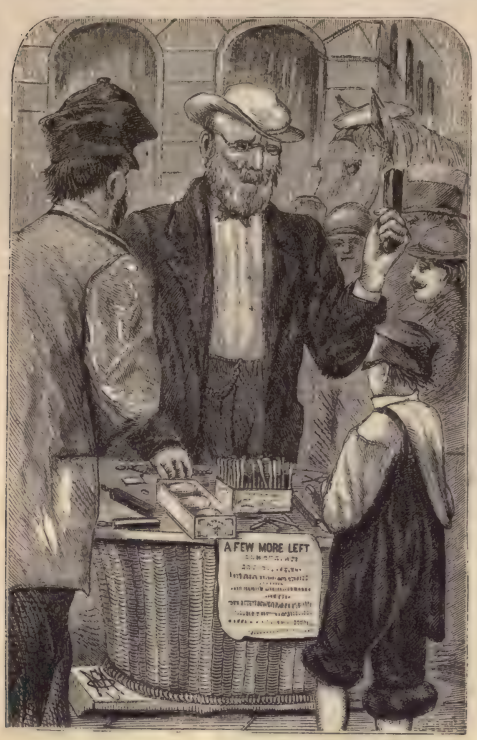
which bears a little wooden tray heaped with a small half-bushel of hard green apples. Bits of card-board with the figures 1, 2, and 3, rudely scratched on them in pencil, indicate the prices of these decidedly unattractive specimens of Pomona's gifts.

A single well-directed kick would throw fruit and all into the middle of the street, and a half-eagle would pay for the damage done. And yet from the profits of this little stand a poor Italian, who cannot speak a word of English except the convenient monosyllable, "Yes," has supported himself, his wife, and seven little children for nearly a year. The boy, who keeps the stand in his father's absence, leans against the lamp-post, basking in the sunshine. He wears a black velvet cap, a thick dark jacket and trousers, and heavy boots, more battered than polished; his short black hair, crisp and curling, and his full, good-natured face, with swarthy cheeks and long eye-lashes, indicate his parentage; but he speaks very good English, for his father sent him to this country to spy out the land more than two years ago.

A SOUTH STREET MERCHANT.

He is shy of talking; but if you buy peaches he will answer questions, and he is soon enticed into telling that he is fourteen years of age, and the oldest of three brothers and four sisters, all of whom live with their parents in a single second-story room in Elizabeth street. Their Italian home was in the country, in view of a distant mountain, "with fire on top of it," and the father kept a small store, and sold coffee and spices. But he could not find food for his houseful of little olive branches, and so he came to this country "two or three months before last winter," as the boy oddly phrases it. And ever since he has sold apples, and peaches, and chestnuts, and candies in the streets of the strange city, and gained a more comfortable living for his family from the little stand in free America than from the larger store in sunny Italy.

Another humble alien who fares better here than in his native land is the Chinese candy vender. This brown-faced Asiatic discards his national peculiarities and appears upon the street in ordinary American attire, with his thick black hair cut Christianly short instead of dangling in a long braided cue. His stand is a low frame supporting a wooden



"A FEW MORE LEFT OF THE SAME SORT."

tray with a ragged zinc lining. On it rest two huge round cakes of candy, one white as snow, one yellow as cream, and both smeared over the top with a hard scarlet coating. A stout black-handled, broken-bladed carving-knife and a short heavy hammer serve for breaking these cakes into small angular fragments, about the size of a cubic inch. These pieces fill two tins and half a dozen small cone-shaped bags of brown paper. One cent a piece, or five cents a bag, is the tariff of prices.

"What do you call this?" we inquire.

"Pine-apple candy," is the prompt reply, for our Chinese friend has been here nearly five years and has learned to speak very fair English.

He further tells us that this candy, which he was taught to make in China, is manufactured from water and white or brown sugar, boiled and stirred thoroughly, seasoned with "pine-apple water from a doctor's store," cooled in tin pans in twelve-pound cakes, and coated with the last of the melted sugar, tinctured with cochineal. We taste and find the flavor very pleasant, which seems to be the opinion of others, for the purchasers are many. The smiling vender keeps his stand scrupulously clean with a wet cloth, which he politely offers us to wipe our sticky fingers on, and we come away with an improved opinion of John Chinaman's courtesy and neatness.

The most renowned street-vender in New York, or in the world, is Henry Smith, the "Razor-Strop Man" of Nassau street. Born in England, six months after Waterloo, his youth was roving and dissipated, and his devotion to drink gained him the *sobriquet* of "Old Soaker" before he was twenty-one. Signing the abstinence pledge for a month, and then for life, he became a good husband, an industrious man, and an ardent temperance advocate. In 1842 he sailed in the *Ontario* for America. Landing in New York, he soon began to sell razor-strops, and his street speeches were such droll, witty, and sensible mixtures of prose and poetry, that in three months he made himself the prince of peddlers. His sayings were chronicled in the papers, his portrait was published in the *Sunday Atlas*, and he even appeared for seven nights at the Olympic Theatre in Mitchell's play of the "Razor-Strop Man." His fame rapidly spread, and he made the tour of the Union, teaching temperance and selling his strops, until his characteristic saying, "*A few more left of the same sort*," became a "household word."

He achieved a fortune in a few years; but the spirit of speculation seized him, and the crisis of 1857 swept away his last dollar. With unshaken courage and a fresh basket of strops he began life anew, visited his native England, and won much reputation as a "genuine Yankee peddler." Returning to America, the war found him at Rochester, where he enlisted in a volunteer regiment. In his left leg he still carries a Gettysburg musket-ball. When told that it might be necessary to amputate the limb, he replied, "Well, I suppose I can afford to lose it, as I shall still have one more left of the same sort!" The leg was saved, but the wound disabled him and compelled his return to Rochester, where he served till after the close of the war as recruiting-sergeant,

and in the soldiers' hospital. With a purse from the city, a letter of thanks from the Mayor, and a Zouave uniform from his regiment, the veteran vender returned again to New York and became once more the "Razor-Strop Man" of Nassau street.

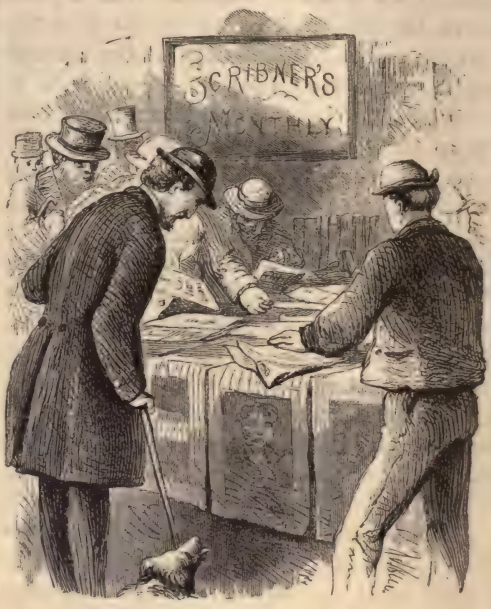
Age has whitened his close-cut hair and moustache, and the short growth on his bronzed cheek and chin; and his witty old-time speeches no longer gather crowds of laughing buyers. But his eye still twinkles with kindly shrewdness behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, and his softly spoken, "Here you are, young man!" is often the prelude to a sensible and genial preachment of temperance and the many virtues of the strops, razors, knives, and other wares that overflow his red, white and blue striped "first national basket."

The observant stroller along the highways and byways of the metropolis cannot fail to notice many a street-vender with something curious or amusing in aspect or costume, in the cry that he utters, in the thing that he sells, or in the cart, stand, or other contrivance that contains his wares. Here is a man holding a submissive urchin's nose with tenacious grip, scouring the youngster's teeth with vigorous brush, and proclaiming all the time with persuasive voice the virtues of his marvellous dentifrice. There is a sleepy foreigner selling strong-scented "Tonka Vanilla Mexican" beans out of a square black box, which reposes on a blue tripod with slender iron legs, each ending in a hoof. Here a female Falstaff, with blue bonnet-strings and a ragged, royal purple dress, trimmed with black velvet, vends suspicious cakes and pies, soggy yellow buns, and frightful red tarts, from a stand with a newspaper for a table-cloth, and a green-flowered shade above to shield it from the sun. There a wrinkled old woman in a green sun-bonnet yawns fearfully, takes a pinch of snuff, and then, with a brush of paper strips tied to a stick, drives away the flies from her little sweetmeat-stand, with its jars and boxes and heaps of many-colored confectionery, sticks and caramels and lozenges, and round, rough cakes, red, white, or yellow, of a cocoa-nut sweet-stuff peculiarly characteristic of New York candy-stands. Here is a man with a roll of soft yellow chamois-skins, and a string of still softer sponges; and there is an old woman with a basket of shelled walnuts and diminutive ginger-cakes. Here is a vender of ice-cream in tiny white goblets, which the young barbarians of the street speedily empty with their little red tongues; and there is an enterprising dealer regaling thirsty purchasers with "ice-water, one cent a glass." Here is an old man calmly compounding red lemonade in a huge tin pan; and yonder is a soda-water stand with its green marble urn, its company of inverted glasses, and its array of richly colored syrups in bottles generously large. Here is a basket of rough-coated pine-apples, and a burly woman with gold ear-rings converting the imperfect ones into piles of juicy slices, which a bit of ice keeps cool and fresh. There is a long stand with a green heap of uncut water-melons and a tempting array of red-fleshed, black-seeded halves and quarters. Here is a poor woman sitting on the church steps with a baby in her arms and two little ones crouching at her feet, mutely asking all who pass to buy a box of matches or a pair of shoe-laces at a charitable price. And there is an old blind man with tight-shut eyes, sitting in a broken chair, with a tedious doggerel appeal framed and hanging on his breast, and a box of wretched cigars in his lap, awaiting

"SODA WATER—5 CENTS A GLASS."

a pitying purchaser. Here is the stencil plate-cutler, his little stand curtained with much-marked handkerchiefs; and there is the street cutter, with a troop of open many-bladed knives sticking upright in the bottom of his tray. Here is a little girl slipping a long file of penny ballads behind two stout cords stretched along an iron railing, and across the street is a dazzling array of tinware spread out on the sidewalk, as a net for purchasers. Here is a lad with half a dozen hammers for sale, and there is another with a handful of combs. Here is a yellow-whiskered man selling bunches of quill tooth-picks and Russian cigarettes out of a green box, and there is a black-moustached fellow with an overflowing stock of gay neck-ties and knots. Here is a street optician with steel-rimmed spectacles, or a cheap jewelry-stand with jet ear-rings and breast-pins and coral sleeve-buttons, all made of glass; and there is a street clothing-store with gloves and handkerchiefs, stockings, suspenders, and other kindred wares. Here is a news-stand shaded by a red-fringed and white and blue striped awning, and stocked with the day's papers, the month's magazines, and a pictorial array of police gazettes and

"FOURTH GERMAN!"



NEWS-STAND.

illustrated weeklies, slipped under cords or weighted with fragments of marble to keep them from blowing away. Yonder is a mob of ragged newsboys, racing and shouting around the office of an evening journal, and shaking the last edition in the face of every passer. Here is a little newsgirl with half her long black hair flying loose, devouring an apple, and exclaiming lustily between the mouthfuls, "Extra *Commercial!* Defeat of the French!" Yonder is another bare-headed lassie, leaping nimbly on the step of a passing street-car, with the cry, "Fourth German!" meaning "fourth" edition of the "German" *News*. Here is a licensed vender in a yellow cart, full of water-melons, going one way, and there is another vender in a green cart, full of musk-melons, travelling in the opposite direction, both uttering discordant shouts scarcely more intelligible than the strange street-cry which once awakened at a hotel a certain husband who positively declared that it was "Lager beer!" while his wife as stoutly affirmed that it was "Lozenges!" and it proved upon inquiry to be "Glass put in!" These venders sell all kinds of fruits and vegetables, fish in their season, fowls at Christmas and Thanksgiving, and I have even known them to vend hats and other

out-of-the-way wares. The humbler class use a two-wheeled cart pushed by hand, while the richer ones indulge in a four-wheeled chariot and a fiery steed.

The three finest out-door stands in New York are at the junction of Wall and Nassau streets, on the broad stone sidewalk in front of Jay Cooke's banking-house. They are all neatly roofed, corniced, and painted, and one is actually panelled and grained to imitate black walnut. Each has a counter and a door, and at the first French candy and tobacco are sold, while tarts and cakes, sandwiches and pies are vended at the other two, ice-cold soda water being the beverage at the second, and smoking hot coffee at the last.

Nassau street is a favorite haunt for street venders of all kinds, including one thrifty fellow who rejoices in the neatest of four-wheeled box-carts, with a spreading fruit-laden top, and red stars painted on the sides; and another whose huge square basket has a door behind and space enough within to hold at least a dozen bushels. In Printing House Square is a curious colony of venders, among whom the principal figures are a helpless genius who whittles with his toes, and an old one-handed peanut merchant with a lavishly heaped cart, rows of nut-filled tin cups, and a black sheet-iron "roaster" with a cone-shaped chimney.

Before we leave the Square, let us stop a minute here in one of the sheltering doorways of the *Tribune* Building. Observe that large basket, thick-woven of small straw-colored reeds, and shaped like an inverted truncated cone, oval instead of round. It is twenty inches deep and nearly three feet long, and

A SCENE IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

would make a charming cradle if it had rockers instead of the two stout handles at each end, one on the edge, and the other halfway down. It has a cunning little oblong door behind, and a wicker shelf, fitting snugly across it near the edges, and resting on a woven ridge, converts it into an admirable fruit-tray, with a brown paper lining nearly hidden under a newspaper, one loose corner of which flutters in the breeze. A couple of bananas and a score of rosy-cheeked peaches are fenced off by a thin and narrow strip of board from two piles of juicy pears, separated by a paper bag folded lengthwise. Small squares of pasteboard, marked in purple ink with the modest numerals, 1, 2, and 3, surmount the piles and denote the prices.

This basket, one of half a dozen standing in sight along the outer edge of the sidewalk, is watched by a little girl, a rosy-faced maid with brown hair and smiling eyes. She wears a green dress spotted with tiny pink flowers, and a little black silk apron. A small square hood of white worsted, with red edges and long woven strings, covers her short, wavy locks, and her round bare legs appear between the hem of her dress and the tops of her black and threadbare shoes. She is dusting the fuzz off the peaches with a stiff, red-handled whisk-broom, and every now and then she makes a raid on half a dozen flies that are buzzing impertinently about, and strikes a vicious little blow at the biggest of the winged marauders.

But the sun shines too hot for so much exertion, and pretty soon she crouches down on the stone flags in the shade of the round red ventilator that stands on the corner like a huge lamp-post, nestles up against it, and crosses her legs like a Turk or a diminutive tailor. The glare of the smooth, stone sidewalk makes her scowl till her round face is full of wrinkles, and her little red lips move as if she were humming a tune to herself. Suddenly she dives into a large pocket tied under her apron and brings out a handful of coins, which she eyes approvingly and makes a feint of counting. At intervals she softly exclaims, as if afraid of making too much noise, "Penny apiece! bananas and peaches!"

Here comes a small and chubby-fisted fellow who grapples with the biggest peach in the basket, while his bearded papa smiles and drops a cent in its place. The little girl jumps quickly up, pockets the coin, and picks up another jerked on the ground by an office-boy in his shirt-sleeves, who snatches up a pear, thrusts it into his mouth and holds it there, while his forefinger travels post-haste through the pockets of his waistcoat in search of a stray two-cent piece. The next purchaser is a deliberate gentleman with a cane and a gray moustache. Carefully extracting a new ten-cent stamp from his porte-monnaie, he puts three choice pears in his pocket, picks out the soundest peach, and places the money in the outstretched palm of the little seller, whose eyes snap with delight at such a wholesale transaction.

Then the crowd rushes by once more without even glancing at the fruit, and the girl drops down again in the shade, but suddenly springs briskly up and commences to chatter volubly to a short stout woman who is evidently the mistress of the basket. The newcomer wears a square red-and-white hood, a little plaid shawl around her neck, and a ragged calico dress looped up over a dingy striped skirt. She has brought a bit of bread and meat in a paper, and the little girl, after giving account of her stewardship, falls to munching as busily as the sailor's wife in Macbeth, while the woman takes her stand on the street-side of the basket, routs the flies with the broom, gives the peaches a whisk, straightens up the price-cards, promotes a couple of pears from the two-cent to the three-cent pile, puts the nicest ones on top with the nicest side in view and all the stems sticking up, and then sets one arm akimbo, grasps the broom in the other hand, and trusts to Providence for customers enough to sweep away the last of her fruit before nightfall.

If you ask you will find that her husband is a licensed vender, who stocks his cart and his wife's basket at the same time, while the girl is her little English niece, fresh from London, where she went to school "some little times;" but here she helps her aunt to sell until her widowed mother can make a new home, and give her little Mary another chance to learn to read.

We stroll on again past a score of baskets and stands. The summer afternoon is growing late. St. Paul's clock has struck six, and the slant rays of the sun are burnishing the cupola of the City Hall. A stream of people, homeward bound, begins to flow along the sidewalks, and the horse-cars are rattling by, loaded to the steps. Just at the junction where one busy thoroughfare meets the other, and adds its quota to the hurrying crowd, a licensed vender has intrenched himself. The two streets unite in an angle as sharp as the pointed tip of the letter V, and the shrewd dealer has backed his four-wheeled, peach-loaded cart so close to the apex of this angle that it stands within arm's length of the passers on either sidewalk.

The horse, with an air of tranquil indifference to surrounding things, switches his tail occasionally or stamps his iron-bound hoofs upon the flinty pavement, to drive away the flies that persist in promenading along his sleek gray sides. His harness is unpatched, and he has the air of a beast to whom a measure of oats is by no means an unknown luxury. There is no need of tying him, for the thought of running away never enters his head, and the ends of the reins lie, with a little black whip, upon the loose straw in the bottom of the wagon.

This vehicle is painted green, and, though well worn, is neatly and strongly made. Upon the side appear the words "Licensed Vender" in small white letters, and underneath is the number of the cart, which is up among the five hundreds. The springs are good, the box is shallow, and the tail-board lets down with a couple of hinges. There is a wooden seat, with a bit of sheepskin for a cushion.

In the back end of the cart the peaches are heaped up in a pile of four or five bushels.

"HERE YOU ARE, NICE FRESH FISH."

They are of medium size, plump and ripe, juicy and fresh, and reasonably sound, for they reached the city this morning, and have just been poured out of the boxes in which they made the trip from Delaware. Behind this pile, sitting on his heels in the bottom of the cart, with a small wooden measure between his knees, is a young fellow of eighteen, with a Scotch cap on his head, a white handkerchief knotted around his neck, and the sleeves of his red patched flannel shirt rolled up to his elbows.

On the seat, with their backs to the horse, are two lads, with faded check shirts and prodigious lungs. About thrice a minute one of them cries, at the top of his voice,

"Pe-e-e-eaches! Pe-eaches! Fi-i-i-ive cents a quart!"

To keep up this cry costs the poor little fellow such vocal exertion, that a great cord in the side of his neck starts out on the smooth surface when he opens his mouth, and disappears again when the sound ceases. His eyes glisten as if the tears were starting, and he almost gasps for breath after each effort. The other lad contents himself with throwing in an occasional cry, by way of relieving his more zealous companion.

Upon the sidewalk stands the vender himself, a slim, sun-burnt young man, with a smooth face, a stiff round-topped hat, a decent pair of boots, a dark coat, and gray trousers with a black stripe. He dispenses with the vanities of waistcoat and neck-tie, but there is nothing vicious or repulsive in his appearance. Two other young men, with moustaches and straw hats, one on the sidewalk and the other on the seat, are quietly busy folding squares of rustling yellow wrapping paper into conical horns of plenty. The tip of each of these is thrust into the mouth of its predecessor, and the little stacks thus made are placed in the bottom of the cart within easy reach of the vender.

Peaches are selling in the markets for twenty cents a quart, and the cry of the juvenile Stentor in the check shirt attracts so many buyers that the fellow on his knees can scarcely fill his measure fast enough. Grasping it with both hands, he shoves it into the pile, scoops it full, adds two or three peaches with his hand to heap it up, and speedily empties it into the cone-shaped bag held by the vender, who puts in one more from the pile, hastily folds down the top of the paper, and jams the parcel into the hands of the purchaser, whose money is speedily tossed into the old cigar-box that serves as a till.

All kinds of people buy. The clerk marches away with a paper of peaches under his arm, and the school-boy walks off emptying his cornucopiæ as he goes. Old women carry the fruit away with trembling hands, and shop-girls stop their chattering long enough to fill their reticules. Patrick, with a short pipe in his mouth and a dinner-pail on his arm, buys a couple of quarts for Bridget and the "childer," and Hans takes home a paper-bag full to his blue-eyed wife and chubby babies.

So brisk is the business, that a young chap with red hair and a roguish face makes bold, without waiting for an invitation, to climb up on the wheel and lend a helping hand. Pitching his voice on the topmost key, he sings out, with a very laughable intonation,

"'E-e-ere you are! Delaware peaches, nice 'n' ripe! o-o-o-only five cents a bushel!"

Now and then, by way of recompense, he demurely allows himself to indulge in a peach or two, and throws one of the stones within an inch of the nose of a short-sighted German gentleman, who looks daggers at the grinning youth.

Presently the business slackens, and the vender takes up the cry in a hoarse, bass voice, "Delaware peaches! five cents a quart!"

The red-shirted individual in the devout attitude chimes in with the same chorus, and the pile continues to grow rapidly less. But it is long after dark before the last are sold. The rest of the party go away, leaving the vender to light a flaring oil lamp, let down the tail-board of his cart, lean idly against it, and wait with patience for tardy buyers. The hours pass slowly. The gas-lights flicker along the pavement. A policeman swings his club on the opposite corner, and listens to the noises of rude revelry from a dozen concert saloons. The pile of peaches grows smaller and smaller, and diminishes at last to a single handful, which the tired vender gives to a

belated newsboy with pinched face and wistful look, and then, extinguishing his lamp, he jumps into the cart, seizes the reins, and drives briskly away, hoofs and wheels clattering noisily along the deserted street until the sound dies away in a distant echo.

JAIL-BIRDS AND THEIR FLIGHTS.

CASANOVA PIERCES THE FLOOR OF HIS CELL.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage—

So wrote Colonel Richard Lovelace "to Althea from prison," meaning thereby that he had a soul superior to captivity, as is implied in the complementary verses :—

Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

The proposition of the light-hearted adherent of King Charles has been taken for true in quite another sense, and been brought, indeed, to a Q. E. D., again and again, by men of fortitude and resource, whom adverse fortune has consigned to prison walls. Stone walls do *not* a prison make to such men ; and when we consider how often escapes have been made from the strongest Bastilles, and how the wisest precautions of tyrants and keepers have proved of no effect to secure their prisoners, we may well doubt if the jail has ever been built from which artifice or audacity could not effect a deliverance.

The records of captivity might furnish one of the most interesting chapters in the history of literature, should so general a work—likely to prove as tardy in the writing, and as voluminous, as Mr. Austin Caxton's *History of Human Error*—ever be compiled. Illustrated by the genius of Byron in the *Prisoner of Chillon*, and made tender by the affecting little story of *Picciola*, it might teach us the lessons of endurance and submission, where a healthful sympathy was inspired with the victims, without reverting to the sufferings of Galileo or the Apostle Paul. And here, with reference to the title of this article, which is to notice some of the most remarkable escapes that have been made from prison, it may be said that "jail-birds" is not necessarily a term of reproach. Though generally thus employed, we shall use it solely in its adaptability to the fugitive efforts of the subjects to whom it is applied ; and although, as we shall see, some of them may fairly come

under the denomination of "bad uns," other some will be found entitled not only to our sympathy, but our unqualified respect. The jail-bird is as various in his character as are the species or genera of ornithology. He may be a magpie or a vulture, an eagle or a dove. He may be kept in confinement because his freedom is supposed to be incompatible with the general interests of society; or for reasons of State policy; or as a temporary means of security until it shall become expedient to wring his neck. Frequently it has happened that before that moment arrived, the bird had flown. And very few, indeed, are the jail-birds, whatever may be the strength of their jail or the vigilance of its officers, who are ready to cry, with Sterne's starling, "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

Among the most noteworthy and conspicuous personages of the Eighteenth Century, a man that might be called a fine bird if fine feathers make one, was the Signor Giovanni Giacomo Casanova di Seingault. In the vivacious memoirs which he left behind him, he speaks of himself as "un des plus mauvais sujets de Venise," but herein he undeniably flattered himself, for he did not rise to the eminence of a great criminal, but was simply a gay, graceless scamp, whom we should sooner entitle a *chevalier d'industrie*. Arrayed in the richest garments of the picturesque period and country in which he lived, garments that were never paid for, Casanova went from court to court of Europe, delighting everybody with his airy bravado and his graceful insolence, winning the hearts of the women and borrowing the money of the men, until there remained for him no longer a theatre for the practice of his arts and the display of his attractions. In biographical writings he is mentioned as the Don Juan of his time; but the Don Juan of the dramatic or the lyric stage was a modest and retiring person in comparison with the Venetian adventurer. He went to visit Voltaire at Ferney, and Frederick the Great at Sans Souci; he saw, but does not seem to have fascinated, Catherine the Second at St. Petersburg, and gained some favor with Pope Benedict XIV. at Rome; he met George III. and the Chevalier d'Eon in London, and encountered Cagliostro at Aix—Cagliostro, who, alone of all his contemporaries, was altogether as accomplished and magnificent a charlatan and beggar as himself. From his social triumphs in such illustrious company, Casanova came down often to most ignoble straits, and was forced to sorry expedients, for so great a man, to make a living. Perhaps the most respectable position he ever occupied, until the lettered close of his remarkable career, was as a member of the orchestra, in 1745, of the theatre of San Samuele in Venice. Here he played for some time, in one of his intervals of impecuniosity, until he could refit his wardrobe and organize his plans for another campaign. Such scamps rarely come to a good end, and yet the last twelve years of Casanova's life were spent in creditable, nay, honorable employment, as the librarian of Count Waldstein of Bohemia, in whose well-stored alcoves he wrote the History of Poland and prepared a translation of the Iliad.

At daybreak on the morning of the 26th July, 1755, when Casanova was living as a man of fashion in Venice, the Grand Master, acting under the orders of the much dreaded Council of Ten, entered his chamber and bade him instantly rise, dress himself, gather up all his manuscripts, and follow where he, the Grand Master, should lead. Upon questioning his authority and receiving for answer that it was on the part of the Tribunal—a word which almost turned Casanova into stone—that the arrest was made, our fine gentleman put on a laced shirt and his best habit, and otherwise obeyed. They got into a gondola and were carried to the house of the Grand Master, from which Casanova was presently conveyed along the Grand Canal to the quay of the Prisons, where, disembarking with the guard, he was made to enter a building, ascend several flights of stairs, traverse a gallery, and cross the Canal, to another building opposite, by a bridge. It was the Bridge of Sighs.

On his way, Casanova passed through the very hall of the Council, and arriving upon the floor above it, was confined in a small cell communicating with a great garret, where,

with other prisoners, he was allowed at stated times to walk. It was that part of the prison which was known by the descriptive and memorable title of "Under the Leads."

It need hardly be said that with so fertile a mind and irrepressible a spirit as he possessed, Casanova entertained, from the very moment of his incarceration, the idea of escape. Fortune favored him at the start. In wandering about the old garret he found an iron bolt, of the thickness of an ordinary walking-cane and twenty inches in length, which he sharpened, upon a piece of loose marble from the walls, into a sort of pike. With this he undertook to cut his way through the floor, which was of three thicknesses, into the apartment below. It was a work of great difficulty. Fearing that the hole to be made under his bed would be discovered by the servants when they came to sweep his cell, he feigned a cough, and by a cut upon the finger stained his handkerchief with blood to corroborate his assertion of hemorrhage produced by the dust. In this way he obtained an exemption from the sweeping of the cells, and went to work with a will. It was only at night that he could proceed without fear of disturbance, and to work at night a lamp was indispensable. With a saucepan, the Lucca oil given him for his salad, and cotton wicks from the lining of his doublet, he improvised a lamp. But how to light it? Casanova was affected at times with an eruption upon his arm, and he brought it into immediate requisition for getting from the prison surgeon some flowers of sulphur. Then, under pretext of wishing a pumice-stone for alleviating toothache by rubbing, he prevailed upon the keeper Laurent to give him instead a piece of flint, with which, and the steel buckle of his belt, he was able to produce a flame. Thus provided, he went on cutting deeper and deeper into the floor, until he had almost reached the under surface. At this period of his labors, and about eleven months after the date of his consignment to the Leads, Casanova suffered a horrible fright, and just missed being discovered in the very act of working at his hole. He was extended at full length upon the floor, with his arm thrust into the opening, when suddenly he heard with mortal terror the noise of a bolt drawn back in the door, and he had scarcely time to conceal his operations, when Laurent entered, bringing with him another prisoner, who was to share Casanova's cell. The new-comer came very near betraying his efforts at once, by declaring that there was a strong smell of partially extinguished lamp-wick in the cell, as, indeed,

THE HIDDEN PIKE.

CASANOVA'S ASCENT.

there was, Casanova not having had time to put the lamp entirely out as the keeper entered. But Laurent fortunately suspected nothing, and the only untoward result was an eight day's interruption of his proceedings, for in eight days his cell-mate was removed. Casanova congratulated himself upon this early relief, as he had previously been interrupted for two months by an inopportune and baleful Jew, who was temporarily, in like manner, a joint occupant of the cell.

Resuming his work with alacrity, he had the satisfaction of getting so near the end of it without discovery, that he was able to fix upon the eve of the fête of St. Augustine, the 27th of August, as the time for his flight. But on the 25th a sad misfortune befell him. Laurent came suddenly into his cell, and informed him that he was to be immediately transferred to another cell of more spacious dimensions, where the air was pure and the light of heaven streamed in through the window. Laurent questioned Casanova's sanity in being reluctant to change his quarters, but reminded him that resistance was useless, so that Casanova yielded to the necessity, and was in a measure consoled for the unhappy conclusion of his plan of escape in seeing that his arm-chair, in the bottom of which was concealed his iron pike, was to be taken to his new place of confinement.

From the grated windows there was a fine view of Venice, reaching as far as the Lido, and when the window was open the breeze from the Adriatic tempered the almost insufferable heat of the prison. Two hours after Casanova had taken possession, Laurent, having discovered the opening in the floor of the cell just left vacant, broke in upon his prisoner with the bitterest taunts, demanding to know who it was that had supplied him with the tools with which he had cut through the planks. After affecting for a time to know nothing whatever about the matter, Casanova at last startled Laurent by the declaration that he himself had furnished all the materials requisite for the work, and promised to reveal everything in the presence of a secretary, an offer which the frightened jailer was prompt to decline, since a revelation of this sort might have caused him to be hanged for his carelessness.

Laurent was therefore to some extent in Casanova's power, and the latter, profiting by this advantage, and furthermore cajoling the jailer by presents of money to his wife, obtained many little favors, such as the loan of books belonging to other prisoners. By

ON THE ROOF.

means of one of these books he conducted a correspondence with two gentlemen, Marin Balbi, a Venetian noble and monk, and the Count André Asquin, who were confined in the room immediately over his head. Their notes were secreted in the pocket formed between the parchment of the back and the body of the volume, and Casanova was even adroit enough to send his iron pike to Balbi in this way, by inducing Laurent to carry a pie to the monk in a dish, which was placed upon the volume spread open in the middle and used as a waiter. Balbi, armed with the pike, began at once to cut into the floor, by way of establishing a communication with the cell of Casanova, and was making excellent progress, when for the third time a fellow-prisoner was introduced into this latter apartment.

The new-comer was an ill-looking wretch, whose wife was the daughter of a Secretary of the Council, and had himself served as a spy in the employment of the Grand Master, so that it was necessary to act towards him with great circumspection. Casanova worked upon his fears and his superstition, inducing him to believe that upon a certain night—the time agreed upon between Balbi and himself for effecting their escape—a messenger from heaven would descend to deliver them from the prison. At length the night arrived, the monk overhead pierced the ceiling, and Casanova ascended to the next floor, taking with him his companion, who was in a condition of abject terror.

At the last moment, when an opening had been easily effected from the upper cell, directly under the leads, to the roof, the courage of the Count André Asquin failed him, and Casanova and Balbi, leaving also behind them the trembling ex-spy, made their way to the top of the building, armed with the iron pike, and carrying long ropes, made of strips of clothing, with which they hoped to effect a descent to the ground. The roof was steep, and rendered slippery by a dense mist; the moon had gone down; far below them lay Venice, and as they crawled to the ridge-pole, it was at the momentary risk of sliding off and being dashed to pieces against the pavement.

After vainly endeavoring to find some bolt or beam to which he might attach their cords, Casanova went on a voyage of exploration around the roof, peering across the blackness of the intervening space at the clock-tower of St. Mark's, which rose darkly above them, but finding no way by which they could get down from their dizzy elevation. When the

effort seemed almost hopeless, a garret window was discovered at an apparently inaccessible point below them. By means of a ladder left upon the roof, very perilously adjusted by them, the monk and the chevalier managed to gain an entrance by the window into the garret, from which they made their way, little by little, to the lower apartments, passing through the grand audience gallery, and, at last, in the early morning, when the janitor came to open the building, walking leisurely down the grand staircase, unquestioned, into the open air.

Casanova tells us, with a delightful assumption of piety, that his heart overflowed with gratitude that he had not yielded to the temptation, which beset him once or twice, to throw the monk over to the pavement for his selfishness and cowardice; and that it had not become necessary for him to kill the janitor in descending the staircase, which he should have done, had that official attempted to arrest him, without compunction or hesitancy. It is also recorded by him that before entering upon this final desperate attempt he had devoutly committed himself to the protection of Heaven, and as he jumped with the monk into a gondola and bade the boatman row rapidly to Fusine, he was no doubt cheered by the reflection that his escape was a direct dispensation of Providence. "Reflecting," says he, "upon the terrible night I had just passed, upon the dangers I had just escaped, upon the place where, the evening before, I had been confined, upon the many chances of fortune which had turned out favorably to me, upon the liberty I was beginning to enjoy, and which I had in prospect, all this moved me so violently, that, full of thankfulness to God, I felt suffocated with sensibility, and I melted into tears."

TRENCK CAUGHT BY THE LEG.

Casanova met with many adventures on his way to the frontier (passing one night under the hospitable roof of a high officer of the police, who had left home in search of him), but at length gained a place of safety without the jurisdiction of Venice, whence he went not long afterwards to Paris, and recounted his hair-breadth 'scapes, with great éclat, in the drawing-rooms of that wonder-loving capital.

A contemporary of Casanova, and a man yet more remarkable for the resolution he displayed during a long and hopeless imprisonment, was Frederick Baron Trenck, son of a high officer in the Prussian army, and cousin-german of the famous Trenck, Colonel of Pandours in the service of Maria Theresa. At the

AT FULL GALLOP.

age of eighteen the Baron became an officer of the body-guard of Frederick the Second, and was greatly in favor with that sovereign. Young, handsome, of approved courage, he had many enemies, among whom, unfortunately, he had soon to number the King himself. One reason that was given for the change in the royal disposition towards Trenck was that he had made himself acceptable in the eyes of the Princess Amelia, the King's sister. Carlyle altogether discredits this *affaire du cœur;* and, indeed, throughout his life of Frederick the Second, mentions Trenck only in most contemptuous Carlylese, as a fraud—a babbling, conceited, empty fellow, who had not quite got his deserts. Whatever may have been the cause of Frederick's dislike, it is certain that it was manifested in a very decided way.

An imprudent correspondence with his cousin, the Austrian, was made the pretext of his earliest imprisonment in the Castle of Glatz. Trenck, who could not conceive that a man of his rank and distinction should remain long in duress, wrote a somewhat bold letter to the King, demanding to be tried by a military tribunal. Frederick did not respond, and Trenck, seeing that his place in the royal body-guard had been given to another, after peace had been concluded, began to meditate upon escape.

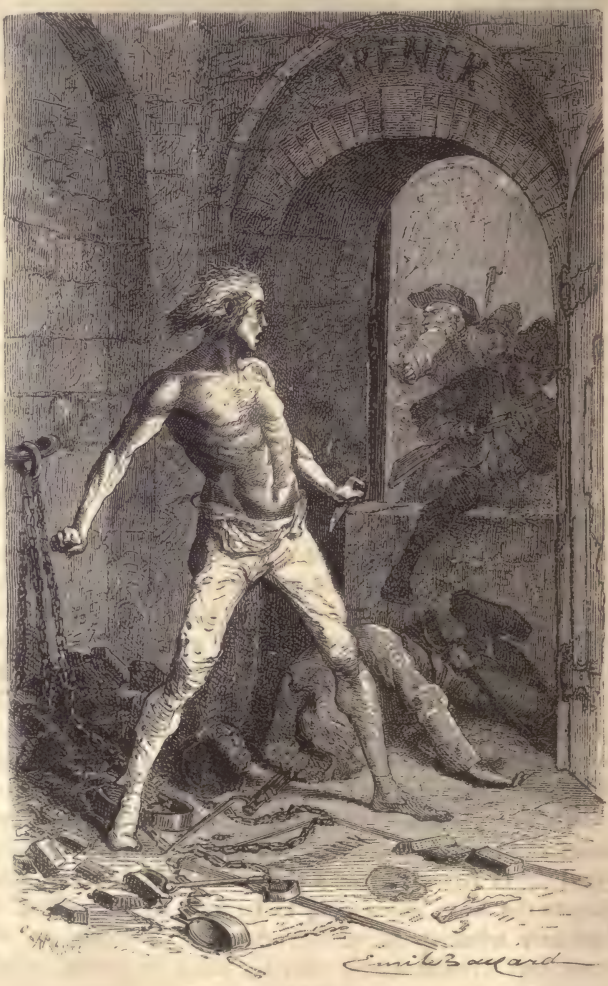
His first attempt ended quickly in mortifying failure. He had won over many of the guards of the castle by a liberal use of money, with which he was abundantly supplied. Two of them agreed to aid him, and accompany him in his flight, but the three most imprudently desired to carry off with them an officer who had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment in the same fortress. When all their preparations had been made, this scoundrel, whom Trenck had loaded with favors, betrayed them, and received his pardon as the price of his perfidy. One of the officers was warned in time to save himself, and the other got off with a year's confinement, by dint of Trenck's money. As for the Baron himself, from this day forward he was more narrowly guarded. But years afterwards, the villain who had sold them, meeting Trenck at Warsaw, received the chastisement he deserved, and desiring satisfaction with weapons, was left dead on the spot.

The king was greatly irritated at the discovery of this plot, which seemed to him to confirm the imputations against the prisoner. Solicited a short time before by Trenck's mother to set her son at liberty, he

had replied in terms that gave her reason to hope for his pardon after a year spent in prison. But Trenck had not been advised of this, and his more rigorous treatment drove him to fresh efforts to gain his freedom; efforts which the good-nature or the well-paid complicity of his keepers greatly favored.

Our hero's second attempt covered him at once with mud and ridicule. He was confined in a tower looking out upon the town. His window gave a view of the ramparts at an elevation of sixty feet. Upon getting clear of the castle in this direction, he would enter the town at once, and the probability was that he would find some place of concealment there. An officer prevailed upon an honest soap-maker to receive Trenck at his house should he succeed in obtaining his liberty. By making a saw of a pocket-knife the Baron was enabled to cut through three bars of his window-grating. An officer then procured him a file, with which he severed five more. Then, with a rope made of strips of leather cut from his portmanteau and of the coverlet of his bed, he slid down without accident to the ground. The night was dark and rainy, and all things favored the fugitive. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself in a sewer, which he was compelled to cross in order to reach the town, and there the luckless Baron floundered, being neither able to advance nor to retire, and was at last fain to call upon the sentinel to extricate him. A more ridiculous predicament could hardly be imagined for a fine young officer, once of the body-guard of the monarch.

Eight days only had elapsed after this most absurd and unfortunate adventure, when Trenck, with unparalleled audacity, had nearly gained his liberty in a way wholly unpremeditated. The commandant of the castle made him a visit of inspection, and improved the opportunity of giving this desperate young fellow a lecture on his frequent attempts at escape, by which he said his crime had been seriously aggravated in the king's estimation. The Baron fired up at the word crime, and demanded to know for how long a term he had been consigned to the fortress. The commandant replied that an officer, who had been detected in a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his country, could never expect the pardon of the King. The hilt of the commandant's sword was within easy and tempting grasp; there were only a sentinel and an officer of the guard in attendance; it seemed a golden moment; Trenck seized it, in seizing the sword, rushing rapidly from the room, hurling the sentinel and the officer



AT BAY.

BENVENUTO CUTS UP HIS BED-CLOTHES.

down the stairs, and cutting his way out of the building. He leaped the first rampart and fell upon his feet in the fosse; he leaped the second rampart, a yet more daring and perilous venture, and again fell upon his feet, without so much as losing hold of the major's sword. There was not time for the garrison to load a piece, and no one was disposed to pursue the Baron along the steep way he had chosen. It was a considerable détour from the interior of the castle to the outer rampart, and Trenck would have had a good half-hour's start of his pursuers, had fortune, so far propitious, continued to favor him. A sentry with a fixed bayonet opposed him in a narrow passage; the Baron cut him down. Another sentry ran after him; Trenck attempted to jump over a palisade, but caught his foot between two of the timbers beyond all hope of extrication, seeing that the unreasonable sentry held on to it with dogged persistence until aid arrived, and thus our hopeful runaway was carried back to the castle and put under stricter surveillance than ever.

Still he did not despair. He employed his money to such advantage in gaining the guard over to his service, that thirty-two of them had agreed to assist him. Of the four officers that formed the superior guard, three were devoted to him. A sub-officer, Nicolai, was to command the expedition planned for the deliverance of all the prisoners in the fortress and the flight with them into Bohemia. Nicolai unhappily confided the scheme to an Austrian deserter, who betrayed him to the commander. Finding himself about to be arrested, he leaped into the casemates, rallied his companions, and by main force broke with them out of the castle, and succeeded in reaching the Bohemian frontier. Before leaving the castle, however, he endeavored to liberate Trenck; but the door of his room was locked, and being solidly built of iron, it resisted all their attempts at bursting it open.

This affair brought down on the Baron's head a storm of wrath, and his guard was instantly doubled. But he bore up under all, looking yet to the officers, who were not suspected of having any concern with Nicolai, to furnish him the means and opportunity of escape.

Lieutenant Bach, who every four days mounted guard near him, was a very quarrelsome fellow and was always challenging and slashing his comrades. One day this terrible man, seated on Trenck's bed, was recounting to him how he had pinked Lieutenant Schell the evening before, when Trenck said to him,

BENVENUTO ATTACKED BY DOGS.

"If I were not a prisoner, you should not wound me with impunity, for I know how to handle a sword myself." Bach immediately had foils brought and Trenck touched him on the chest. He left the room in a fury without saying a word, and presently came back with cavalry sabres, offering one of which to Trenck, he said, "Now, my hectoring blade, we shall see what you can do." The Baron protested against it; Bach insisted; they fought, and the Baron gave Bach a wound in the right arm. Throwing aside his sabre, the disabled man instantly embraced Trenck, crying out, "You are my master, friend Trenck; you shall have your liberty as sure as my name is Bach." Talking the matter over with him afterwards, he told the Baron that it would be impossible for him to get away safely unless the officer of the guard went with him; that for himself he was ready to make any sacrifice for him short of his honor, and that to desert, being on guard, would be dishonorable. But he promised him every assistance, and the next day he brought to him Lieutenant Schell, saying, "Here's your man." Schell vowed perfect devotion, and the two immediately began to concert measures for getting off.

Their project was precipitated in consequence of Schell's having discovered that he had been betrayed to the commandant. A fellow-officer, Lieutenant Schroeder, gave him the intelligence in full time for him to have saved himself, and even offered to accompany him; but Schell, faithful to Trenck, refused to abandon him. Unwilling to risk an arrest by delay, however, he went at once to Trenck's room, carrying him a sabre, and said to him, "My friend, we are betrayed; follow me, and do not permit my enemies to take me alive." Trenck tried to speak, but he seized his hand, repeating, "Follow me, we have not a moment to lose."

Schell passed the sentinel with Trenck, saying to that soldier, "Remain here; I am to take your prisoner to the officers' quarters." They went rapidly in that direction, but suddenly turned off in quite the opposite one, hoping to pass under the arsenal as far as the outer work and then leap the palisades; but meeting two officers, they were compelled to jump from the parapet, which at that point was not very high. Trenck alighted with only a scratch of the shoulder. Schell was less fortunate, and sprained his ankle.

Upon gaining the country the two fugitives were in a wretched case indeed. There was a thick fog and a frosty air; the ground was covered with a deep snow crusted over with

ice. Schell soon began to experience great pain, and already they heard behind them the alarm gun of the castle, and knew that the stir of pursuit was going on. Trenck managed to carry or drag his companion along, and swam with him across the freezing river Neisse, where, for a short distance, it was out of ford, and then for many weary hours they wandered in the cold and darkness, until morning found them on the verge of perishing from hunger and the frost.

There was no help for it but to apply at the nearest farm-house for food and some means of transportation. Accordingly, they invented a story that Trenck, whose hands Schell tied behind him, and who had smeared his face with blood, was a culprit Schell desired to take without delay to the nearest justice. He had killed Schell's horse, so the lieutenant's fiction ran, and caused him to sprain his ankle, notwithstanding which Schell had given him some sabre cuts, disabling him, and had succeeded in pinioning him, and now what he wanted was a vehicle to convey them to town. This story Schell told with great gravity to two peasants at the door of their house, when the elder of them, a man advanced in years, called the lieutenant by name, informing him that they were well known for deserters, as an officer, the evening previous, had been at the house of a farmer near by, and had given their names and a description of the clothes they wore, narrating, at the same time, all the circumstances of their flight.

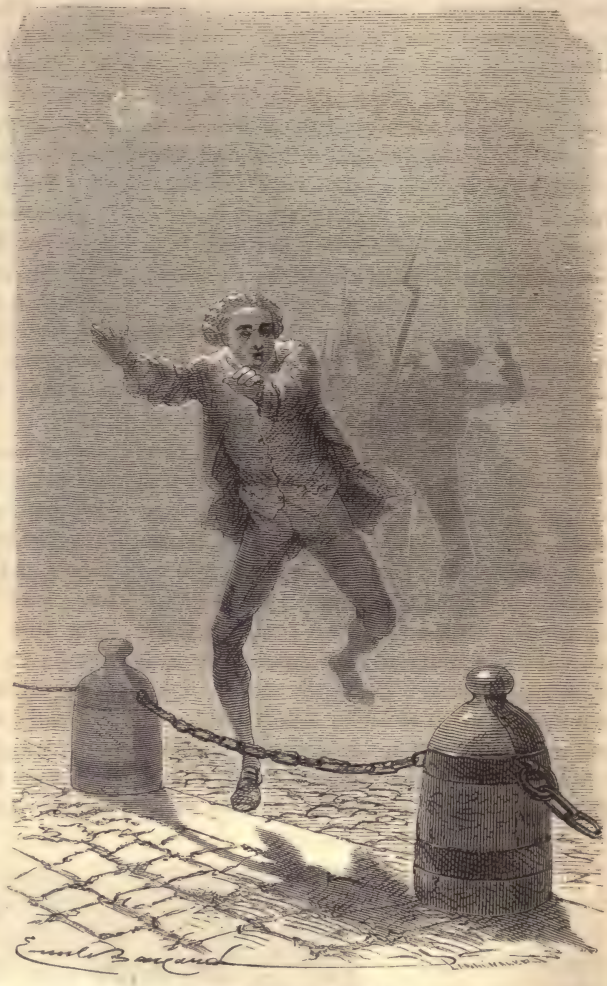
But the old peasant, who had known Schell from having seen him often at the village when he was there in garrison, and who besides had a son in the lieutenant's company, had no thought of informing upon them, and though he begged hard for his horses, he yet permitted the runaways to take two from the stable.

And now behold them mounted upon frantic steeds, bareback, without their hats, which they had lost in leaving the castle, and flying across the country at full speed. Their garments, their bare heads, their whole appearance told what they were ; but it was Christmas day, and the inhabitants were all at church as they galloped along through the villages, and thus they escaped observation.

On the very confines of Bohemia they ran a narrow risk of capture by a corps of hussars stationed upon the frontier; but a friendly brother officer, recognizing Schell, warned

CAUMONT DE LA FORCE RESCUED.

him of their danger, and they turned off upon another road. It was not long before they passed the boundary, and Trenck was at last free. His courage and resolution had at last been rewarded. But the Baron was far from being a happy man. Pursued by the vengeance of Frederick, and sorely beset by Prussian spies, who tried to kidnap him, he wandered miserably about for many months, and subsequently took service in the Austrian army. Finally, after many wonderful adventures, he was basely given up by the governor and authorities of the town of Dantzick to the Prussian king. This sad mischance completely demoralized Trenck. Though many opportunities were afforded him to get away from the escort that convoyed him to Prussia, he had not the spirit to do so. Again he was consigned to prison. This time they took him to Magdeburg and locked him up in the citadel.



LATUDE RUNS OFF IN THE FOG.

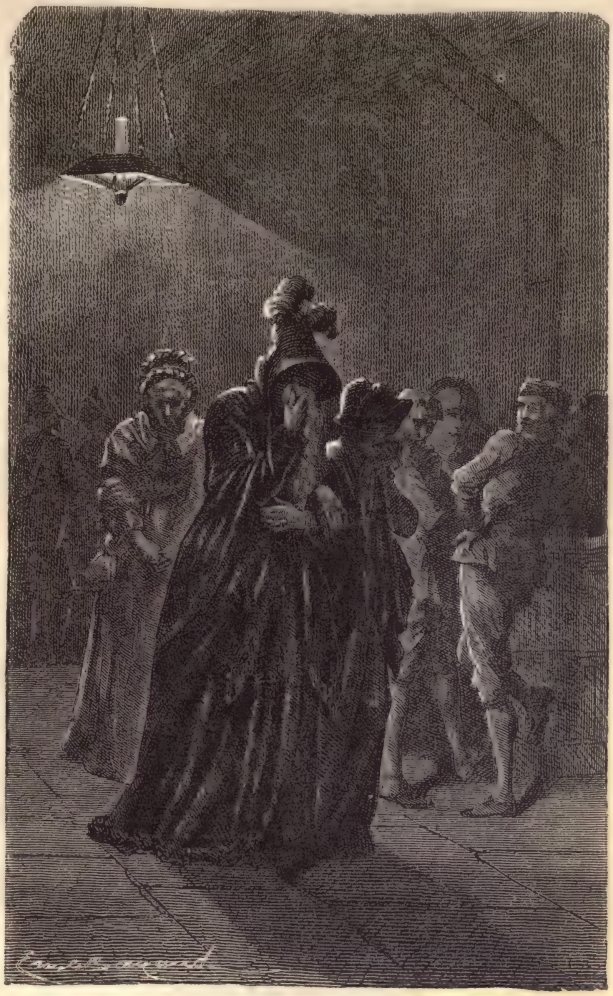
Trenck's sufferings were now greater than ever. His cell was exceedingly narrow, damp, and dark; he was loaded heavily with irons, and the strictest watch was kept over him. Yet he contrived to free himself of his chains, and on one occasion had succeeded in opening three of the four doors which confined him, though in attempting the fourth he broke the blade of his knife and could do nothing more. But in the morning he placed himself at bay in the arch of the doorway, determined to compel the officer to make terms with him, and when the guard essayed to enter he laid at his feet the first grenadier that presented himself. Finding the prisoner resolute, the officer agreed with him upon a capitulation, the doors were rebuilt, and Trenck was again fettered and manacled, besides having a heavy iron belt fixed around his body and attached by a chain to the wall.

His subsequent life in the fortress of Magdeburg was but a repetition of his previous unremitting efforts at escape; but he never again left the prison until he was released by order of the king. He lived many years after his liberation, and was guillotined at Paris in the Revolution, at the same time with André Chenier.

All lovers of art are familiar with the incomparable works in gold and silver of Benvenuto Cellini. This gifted man was a sad reprobate, whose self-indulgence led him into numberless scrapes, and whose ungovernable temper made him as regardless of the sixth as the seventh commandment. He had acquired the favor of the Pope Clement VII. by his spirited defence of the Castle of St. An-

gelo against the Constable Bourbon, and the jewels of the Holy See had been intrusted to him for safe keeping. A rival worker in the precious metals sought his ruin at Court, and Benvenuto stabbed him in open day in the streets of Rome. An interregnum in the Papacy occurred about this time, but on the accession of Paul III. our scapegrace was pardoned. Soon afterwards one of Benvenuto's workmen charged him with embezzlement of the moneys and diamonds committed to his care during the siege. His Holiness readily enough condoned a murder, but the loss of his treasure was quite a different affair. Benvenuto was arrested while taking his morning walk and consigned to St. Angelo, the very fortress he had defended, and to which Pius IX. retired in September, 1870, upon the approach of the King of Italy.

The prisoner was allowed some freedom of movement, and was treated with a consideration beyond that of ordinary prisoners. Availing himself of these advantages he secured a very large supply of bed-clothing of a strong texture, under pretence of giving away the soiled sheets to the soldiers, and with these materials made a rope long enough to reach the bottom of the tower in which he was confined. Accident favored him in his securing a pair of pincers, with which he drew the hinges from the window-shutters, and he was thus enabled to descend. But in getting over the outer walls of the castle he fell, breaking his leg, and could then only drag himself along to the city's gates, at which he arrived about the dawn of day. He managed to effect an entrance by loosening some of the stones and crouching under the gateway, but had no sooner gained the inside than he was set upon by the multitudinous dogs of Rome, and was nearly bitten to pieces. At last, however, he reached a place of safety in the house of a rich and powerful friend, was afterwards recommitted to the castle, and finally liberated at the intercession of the French Minister.



COUNT LAVALETTE ESCAPING IN DISGUISE.

One of the most exciting escapes on record was that of young Caumont de la Force, an episode of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. His father, the Baron, a distinguished Huguenot, and his brother, were slain in the streets of Paris, and the boy was also left for dead between their mutilated bodies. In reality he was unhurt, but dared not move for fear of discovery and instant assassination. There he lay all day until four in the afternoon, when, some of the tenants of the neighboring houses coming out to strip the vic-

THE DUKE OF NORMANDY RESCUED.

tims, a tennis-marker lifted him up. The boy begged for mercy, and the man, touched with a feeling of compassion, said, "Hush, keep quiet, they are still there," pointing to a group of the murderers who were hovering near by. In a little while the tennis-marker brought a dirty cloak and threw over him, and the boy was taken to the Arsenal, where his aunt dwelt, and where, disguised as a page, he eluded the vengeance of the Court. The Arsenal was once searched, but the king's agents failed to find the little fellow, who lay concealed between two feather beds, and who can only be classed among jail-birds by reason of the duress in which he was placed by his relatives for his own safety.

The history of Paris abounds in wonderful stories of escape from prison. Latude, who underwent a long and memorable imprisonment in the Bastille, in consequence of having once sent a foolish letter to Madame de Pompadour, and was constantly getting out of jail and being sent back again, once escaped from Vincennes by running off in a fog so dense that pursuit was out of the question. But the most interesting of all adventures of this kind was that of the devoted and heroic Madame Lavalette, by whose admirable finesse her husband was saved from the fate of Marshal Ney. The Count Lavalette had been condemned to death for having taken an active part in the return from Elba, and was confined in the Conciergerie. His wife, having vainly interceded with Louis XVIII. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême for the Count's pardon, was thrown upon her own resources. Tuesday had already arrived and the execution had been fixed for Thursday. Tuesday evening she went to dine at the prison and exchanged garments with her husband, who walked out, leaning on the arm of their daughter, through triple lines of guards, to the open street, where, getting into a sedan, he was borne safely away. The danger of detection was very great indeed. The Count was taller than his wife, and was likely to strike the flowers of his wife's bonnet against the top of the doors in passing under them. Moreover he was compelled to expose his foot in lifting it over the door-step. Worse than all, he could but partially conceal his face with his handkerchief, as Madame Lavalette had never worn a veil. But the coolness and self-possession of the Count carried him happily through all.

Nine hundred years ago, the little French town of Laon, so recently taken by the Prussians under circumstances implying villany on the part of the garrison which surrendered

it, was the scene of a successful plan of liberation from prison. The young Duke of Normandy was there confined by a designing usurper under pretence of giving him an education suited to his rank. The prince's steward persuaded him to feign extreme illness, by which the vigilance of his keepers was relaxed, and then carried him off in a bundle of loose hay which lay in the court-yard.

Such are some of the most memorable escapes that have been effected from bastilles, castles, and State prisons. On this subject M. F. Bernard has written a very entertaining book, to which we acknowledge our indebtedness for much the greater part of this article.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

It is a matter of wonder that those enterprising gentlemen who proposed during the late war to reconstruct the map of the United States, leaving New England out in the cold, did not discover and point out the fact that New England is divided from the rest of the country by a mountain wall which might well serve as the boundary of a separate State.

The westernmost of the three mountain chains which form the great Appalachian system, stretches without interruption from the western boundary of South Carolina to the northern boundary of Maine. Through the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, it is known as the Blue Ridge. In New Jersey it is called Schooley's Mountain. Crossing into New York, it breaks into a magnificent group of craggy peaks, and, parting to let the Hudson pass, is christened the Highlands. Thence it trends to the eastward, and pushes away to the north near the western boundary of Connecticut, till it reaches the southern line of Massachusetts, where it divides into two parallel ranges. The western range serves as a boundary between Massachusetts and New York, and bears the name of the Taghkonics or Taconics. Over the tops of the other range of hills which are known as the Hoosac range, the zig-zag line of Berkshire county runs. Near the Vermont border these parted columns are massed again in the broad bulwark of the Green Mountains, which stretches northward through Vermont, then north-westward along the northern boundary of Maine, terminating in the Canadian peninsula that separates the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Bay of Chaleur.

Do I hear my intelligent readers suggesting that they knew all this geography before? I must beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for doubting whether half of you know it now.

We are only concerned at present, however, with the fact that the western ridge of the Appalachian chain separates New England from the rest of the Union. A narrow belt of country in Vermont is found on the west of this natural boundary, but neither of the other States crosses it. The commercial intercourse of New England with the West has been greatly obstructed by this mountain barrier. It has not served to stem the tide of emigration westward, neither has it weakened the affection of the people of the new States for their old homes; but it has prevented the emigrants from keeping up the close business relations with their native States that they would, under other circumstances, have maintained. The western merchant, arriving at Albany or Troy by railroad or canal, finds a magnificent river waiting to bear him and his merchandise to New York; while between him and the New England markets, stretches for hundreds of miles up and down an abrupt and difficult mountain wall. It is not surprising, therefore, that he goes to New York with his merchandise. Emigration may follow parallels of latitude, but traffic always follows the easiest and shortest route to market, with no reference at all to parallels or pedigrees.

The people of New England did not, however, sit down behind their mountain wall and suck their thumbs. Close business relations with the great West were essential to their prosperity, and they determined to establish and maintain them. Some way must

GREAT BEND, ON THE DEERFIELD RIVER.

be provided whereby a share of the western trade might reach their markets. If the mountain would not give way to Mahomet, Mahomet must go through the mountain. That is how the Hoosac Tunnel came to be built. It is a clear announcement that New England does not intend to be left out in the cold.

At the present time freight and passengers from the West are brought to the metropolis of New England by three principal routes: the Grand Trunk Railroad through Canada, which reaches the Atlantic coast at Portland, Maine, and approaches Boston from the East; the Vermont Central Railroad, which draws its traffic from the St. Lawrence river by various connecting lines, and the Boston and Albany Railroad. Of these three roads, the two former pierce the mountain barrier by passes far to the northward without any very difficult engineering, but they follow routes too circuitous to be of much practical advantage to Boston as through lines from the West. The Boston and Albany Railroad is nearly as short as any railroad connecting the Hudson river with Boston can be; but between Springfield and Pittsfield, where it climbs over the Hoosac range, the grades are terrific. For this reason, though the railroad is managed with vigor and enterprise, it is still inadequate for the transaction of the business that ought to be carried on between Boston and the West.

If it had not been for the veto of Governor Claflin, the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad might have been added to these thoroughfares from New England to the West. That, however, reaches the Hudson at a point too near to New York to prove of any great benefit to the Western trade of New England.

Long before either of these railways was thought of, before railways had been heard of, indeed, the Hoosac Tunnel route had been surveyed and commended as the most feasible line of communication between the East and the West. This was done in 1825, by a Legislative Commission appointed to ascertain the practicability of a canal from Boston to the Hudson river. Comparing this route with that now followed by the Boston and Albany railroad, the Commissioners unhesitatingly gave the preference to this one *for the building of a canal.* There was no way of getting round the mountain, and they thought it easier to go through it than to go over it with a canal. This is their conclusion:—

"There is no hesitation, therefore, in deciding in favor of a tunnel; but even if its expense should exceed the other mode of passing the mountain, a tunnel is preferable, for reasons which have been assigned. And this formidable barrier once overcome, the remainder of the route from the Connecticut to the Hudson presents no unusual difficulties in the construction of a canal, but in fact the reverse; being remarkably feasible."

It was during this very year, however, that the first railway was put in operation in America; and the Massachusetts Legislature paused, before building the proposed canal, to await the results of this experiment. It soon became evident that the railroad was to super-

sede the canal; and the Legislature decided to adopt this improved method of communication in opening a route to the West. In 1828 another Commission reported to the Legislature of Massachusetts that they could get over the mountain *with a railroad* more quickly and more cheaply than they could get through it; and, therefore, recommended the Boston and Albany line, which was opened for travel in 1842.

The northern line was not, however, abandoned. But for the one formidable obstacle presented by the Hoosac range it was by far the most practicable route between the East and the West. Extending west from Fitchburg, it descends the valley of Miller's river to Greenfield; then crossing the Connecticut, it finds a deep though sinuous passage which the Deerfield river, coming from the west, has cut through the hills for thirty miles. Following this stream upward without difficulty, it reaches at length a bend in the river where the Deerfield comes down from the north, and its course is no longer practicable. Up to this point, with a little care in his alignments, the engineer has found an easy passage, but now he is confronted by the steep sides of the Hoosac mountain range, standing directly across his path. Starting at Troy, the western end of his line, and going eastward, he meets with exactly the same problem. The Hoosac river, which empties into the Hudson a little above Troy, has cut the Taghkanics in twain for him, and a most beautiful route is open to the village of North Adams, where the west side of the Hoosac mountain rises before him more abrupt and lofty than the eastern side. But for this Hoosac mountain, the route, as the Commissioners say, is, considering the nature of the country between the Connecticut and the Hudson, remarkably feasible. Old Loammi Baldwin, the engineer who made the first survey with reference to the canal, used to grow enthusiastic over this line. "Why, sir," he would exclaim, "it seems as if the finger of Providence had marked out this route from the east to the west."—"Perhaps so," answered one who was deficient both in enthusiasm and in reverence, "but it is a pity that the finger of Providence hadn't been thrust through the Hoosac Mountain."

This was a work which Providence left to the people of this generation. In 1848 the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company was chartered, with a capital of $3,500,000; "to build a railroad from the terminus of the Vermont and Massachusetts railroad, at or near Greenfield, through the valleys of the Deerfield and the Hoosac to the State line, there to unite with a railroad leading to the city of Troy." Three years passed before any work was done. Subscriptions came in slowly, and the faith of capitalists in the enterprise appeared very small. On the 7th of January, 1851, the directors pluckily voted to break ground the next day; and in the absence of any information to the contrary it is to be presumed they did it. Indeed, there is a tradition in North Adams that the ceremony took place on the line of the railroad, a little to the east of that village. On the 27th of May, in the same year, the directors voted to expend a sum not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars in experiments upon the east side of the mountain, at or near the mouth of the proposed tunnel. The result of this vote was the building of a stupendous drilling machine which will be described hereafter. This machine was set in operation at the east end, at some time during the year 1852,—and this, so far as I can learn, was the first work done upon the tunnel. I regret that I am not able to give with greater precision the date of the beginning of this important work; but a diligent study of all the reports, and inquiries addressed to every body who would be likely to know about it, have failed to elicit any definite information. Everybody knows when they began to blow, but nobody knows when they began to strike.

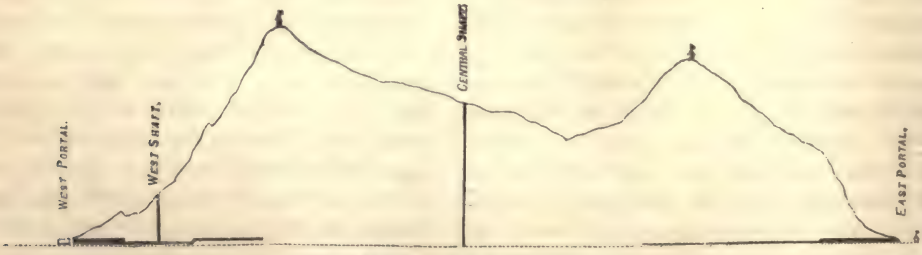
This tunnelling machine was a failure, and after it was abandoned very little, if anything, was done for two or three years. Repeated applications were made by the company to the Legislature for loans; but it was not till 1854 that a loan of two millions of dollars was authorized by the Legislature. By the aid of this loan and liberal subscriptions to the stock of the company, by several of the towns along the line of the railroad, work was at last be-

gun with considerable vigor in 1855. The first contractor who showed signs of force and capacity was Mr. Herman Haupt, afterward, in the late war, General Haupt, the great bridge-builder, under whose command the long bridge at Acquia Creek went up so quickly during Grant's campaign with the army of the Potomac. Haupt is a small, wiry looking man, of great capacity and boundless energy; and when the work passed into his hands it was soon evident that he meant business. The financial infirmities of the company greatly embarrassed him, however, and in 1862 he abandoned the work, and the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company transferred to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, under the mortgages held by the Commonwealth, all the property of the corporation. After a year had passed, during which no work was done upon the tunnel, the State took possession of the property, three commissioners were appointed by the Governor to superintend it, and a Committee of the Legislature visited it every year. The chief engineer in charge during this stage of the enterprise was Mr. Thomas Doane, of Boston, who originated most of the methods now in use, and to whose judgment and skill the enterprise is very largely indebted. The work was carried on in this manner, under the direct supervision of the State, until December, 1868, when, under an appropriation of five millions of dollars by the Legislature, a contract was made with Walter and Francis Shanly, of Canada, for the completion of the tunnel. These gentlemen entered upon the work in the month of March following, and have since been pushing it vigorously. Under their administration no doubt is expressed concerning the success of the tunnel.

The Messrs Shanly are Irishmen by birth,

WALTER SHANLY.

originating in the County of Queens, in the Emerald Isle. In 1836 they emigrated to Canada, and have since been engaged, the greater part of the time, as civil engineers and contractors upon various public works in Canada and the United States. Walter, the elder, took an important part in the construction of the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals, and afterward, until 1862, was engineer and manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. In 1863 he was returned to the Provincial Parliament for the County of South Grenville, including the City of Prescott, and in 1867 he was re-elected from the same county to the House of Commons of the New Dominion, which position he still holds. Both these brothers immediately impress a stranger as being men of extraordinary force of character. With erect, athletic frames,



PROFILE OF THE HOOSAC MOUNTAIN.

fair and clear complexions, eyes that mean vigilance, and lips that mean resolution, they appear to be abundantly able to manage their own business, and thus far they have done it, I believe, to the satisfaction of everybody. The frank courtesy of their manners, and the quiet precision with which they do their work, have earned for them the respect of the Yankees among whom they are now sojourning, and have convinced us that the old Irish gentleman is not wholly a creature of the imagination.

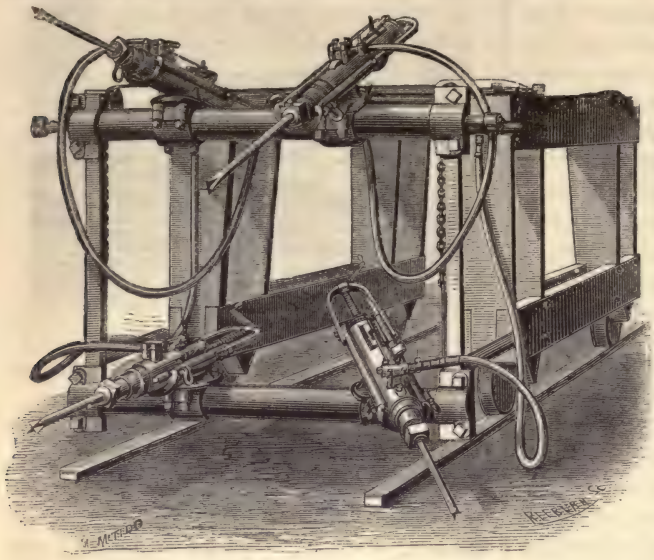
The Hoosac Mountain, of which a profile is here presented, has two crests or summits with a valley between them. The Hoosac River washes the western base and the Deerfield River the eastern; and it is a curious fact that these rivers are at precisely the same height above tide-water, making it necessary to enter the mountain on each side at exactly the same elevation. Most of the tunnels heretofore built are upon an ascending grade; and it is necessary that there should be some descent in order that the water, which is usually met with in large quantities, may be carried off. In this case the only method of securing proper drainage was to have a summit at the centre, from which the grade should descend to either portal. Accordingly the grade rises about twenty feet in a mile toward the summit level in the heart of the mountain. But this manner of constructing the tunnel increased the difficulties of ventilation. If built on a continuous grade an upward current of air might be expected; and when this failed to secure ventilation, the rapid driving of a train downward through the tunnel would create a current by which it would be cleared of smoke; but if built in this manner, with a summit level in the centre, neither of these methods could be depended on. It therefore became necessary, in the judgment of eminent engineers both in this country and Europe, to sink a shaft from the top of the mountain to the summit level of the tunnel. By this shaft it was hoped not only to secure ventilation, but also to expedite the work, by affording four faces of rock instead of two to work upon, when the shaft was sunk to grade. The central shaft was, however, an afterthought, not having

THE DEERFIELD DAM.

been begun till the work had been in progress for several years.

The visitor to the tunnel finds the work going on at both ends and at the middle. From the eastern to the western portal the distance is four miles and eighty-four hundredths;—making a longer tunnel than any now in operation in the world. The Mount Cenis Tunnel, now nearly completed under the Alps between France and Sardinia, is however about seven and three-fifths miles in length. The longest one now in use is the Woodhead Tunnel near Manchester, England, which is a trifle over three miles long. The rock of the Hoosac Mountain is mica slate with occasional veins of quartz. Except when the quartz seams occur, it is easy to drill, but quite difficult to displace by blasting.

With these general explanations concerning the character and magnitude of the work the reader will be prepared to imagine himself a visitor, and to examine it in detail. Alighting from the cars at Hoosac Tunnel station, on the eastern side of the mountain, he crosses the Deerfield upon a wagon bridge, and finds himself in a most romantic little valley, walled in on every side by steep hills. The road which he follows leads for half a mile along the southern bank, which soon becomes a precipitous cliff as the mountain elbows the valley aside and comes down to the water. Cut in the side of this steep hill, the road gradually rises till it reaches that bend in the Deerfield heretofore described, where it is fifty or sixty feet above the water. Here we are first confronted with signs of the tunnel. A huge pile of broken rock, which has been thrown down this high bank, pushes far out



THE BURLEIGH DRILLS UPON THE CARRIAGE.

into the bed of the river. Judging them by their chips, these miners must be good workmen. A rough tramway running out to the brink of this bank indicates the dumping-place of the cars by which the rock is brought forth from the mountain. Scattered about in various picturesque localities upon the hillsides are the huts of the miners and the houses of the engineers and superintendents in charge. The store, at which all the necessaries of life—from a tobacco-pipe to a tarpaulin—are furnished to the workmen, stands upon the edge of this glacier of rock. On the other side of it, a little farther up the stream, is the machine shop and the compressor building, the machinery of which is driven by the water-power of the Deerfield Dam, a short distance above. In this building the power is generated by which work is done at the heading, nearly a mile and a half away.

At the very outset the project of tunnelling this mountain by machinery was entertained, and an enormous machine, to which reference has already been made, was built at South Boston, and set in operation here in the winter of 1852. This machine was "designed to cut a groove around the circumference of the tunnel thirteen inches wide and twenty-four feet in diameter, by means of a set of revolving cutters. When this groove had been cut to a proper depth the machine was to be run back on its railway, and the centre core blasted out by gunpowder or split off by means of wedges." Great hopes were entertained of the success of this mechanical monster, but they were not realized. It cut a very smooth and beautiful hole into the rock for about ten feet, and then it stopped forever. Subsequently another boring machine was tried at the west end. This was intended to cut the heading only—a hole eight feet in diameter, which was to be enlarged by manual labor and blasting. But this was even a more signal failure than the other. It would not go forward an inch. And this was the end of the boring machines. The fact is, that all machines of this sort are built in disregard of one fundamental principle in engineering, viz., that in excavations of rock as little cutting as possible should be done, and as much of the work as possible should be left for the explosive agents to do. It is impossible that any machinery should be made that will cut hard rock as cheaply or as rapidly as nitro-glycerine will break it. No force that can be harnessed to machinery bears any comparison with the forces that are lodged in these chemical compounds.

After the failure of these boring machines the work was for a long time done by means of hand-drills and gunpowder. But it was found that the most rapid progress that could be made with hand-drills, under the most favorable circumstances, would not exceed sixty feet a month at either heading. Making allowance for accidents and unavoidable delays, the average progress would be much less than that; so that though by this means the tunnel might ultimately be completed, it was not likely to be done within a generation. This fact led to the introduction of power-drills. Several experiments were made with machines of this description, resulting in the adoption of the Burleigh Drill, invented by Mr. Charles Burleigh, of Fitchburg. This drill, like all the others that were tried, is

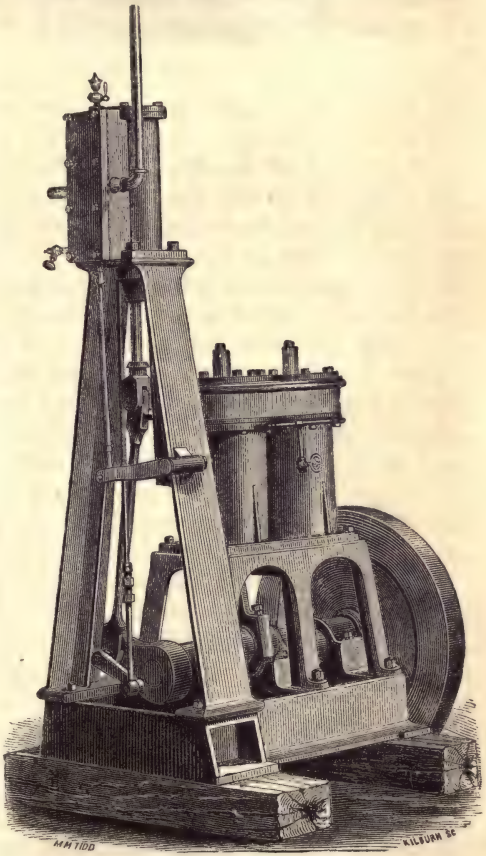
driven by compressed air. That appears to be the only motive power which could be used in a work of this kind. A steam-engine under ground would fill the air with smoke; and the steam could not, of course, be generated outside and conducted to the machines in pipes, as it would condense before travelling far. But air can be compressed by machinery and carried anywhere, by means of strong iron pipes, without losing its elastic force.

In the upper story of this machine shop we shall find several of these drills in process of repair; for, unlike the one-horse shay of the deacon, Mr. Burleigh's invention has several "weakest spots," and often breaks down, but never wears out. It stands the severe strain, however, much better than any machine of the sort heretofore invented. The Burleigh Rock Drill consists simply of a cylinder and a piston. The compressed air being admitted by a hose from the iron pipes, by its elastic force moves the piston quickly back and forth in the cylinder, making about three hundred strokes a minute. To the end of this piston the drill is firmly fastened, and is thus driven into the rock by the strokes of the piston. A ratchet upon the cylinder turns the piston and the drill round a little with every stroke.

In the lower story of this building the compressors are at work, packing the air into small compass for use at the heading. A pressure of six atmospheres, or ninety pounds to the square inch, is given to the air which is collected in the huge pipes that lead from these machines into the tunnel. The compressor is simply an enormous air forcing-pump worked by water or steam.

By the use of drilling machines the progress of the work has been greatly accelerated. An average advance of one hundred and fifty feet a month is made at the heading at this end, and at the west heading, where the rock is harder, ninety feet a month.

The portal of the tunnel is only a few rods from the bank of the river. Just before reaching it we pass on the right the blacksmith shop, where the drills are sharpened, and the engineers' signal station, a little octagonal building standing directly in the line of the tunnel. Looking back across the river another station is perceived on the top of the opposite hill, and a slashed line through the forest on the hill-side leading up to it. A similar station is built upon each summit of the Hoosac Mountain, and another upon the hill west of the Hoosac River; and the greatest care has been taken by the engineers to keep the alignments accurate. Working from each end toward the middle, and from the middle toward each end of an underground line nearly five miles in length, it is evident that some care is necessary. The portal of the tunnel at this end is in the solid rock, and is twenty feet high and twenty-four feet wide. A little stream comes down the mountain side on the right of the portal; and the attempt was first made to follow this stream upward a considerable distance before entering the mountain; but it was soon found that the rock was more easily managed than the water; and instead of fight-



THE AIR COMPRESSOR.

EASTERN PORTAL.

ing the stream they flanked it by this lower entrance.

Mule power only was employed in the removal of the broken rock till recently; but the increasing distance made the employment of a swifter and stronger force necessary; and a small locomotive is now in use at this end of the tunnel. Clothed in a tarpaulin and rubber boots for protection against the water, which drips abundantly from the roof of the tunnel, the visitor mounts one of the small platform cars attached to this locomotive, and is drawn slowly into the tunnel. If it chance to be a sultry day in summer, the change of temperature will be noticeable. A cool atmospheric current, created by the air which the drilling machines at the heading are liberating,—and, if a blast has recently taken place, freighted with unmerchantable odors,—is blowing outward continually. The reverberation of the noises of the locomotive and the cars fills the air with an unearthly clangor, and timid souls are usually willing to return before they have gone very far.

From the portal to the heading the distance is now* seven thousand five hundred and thirty-five feet, or nearly a mile and a half; but the tunnel is not complete for this distance. First a heading, eight feet high by twenty-four feet wide, is driven into the mountain; some distance behind these workmen come another gang, who add about six feet more to the height of the excavation; and some distance behind these another gang, who complete the work. For about half a mile from the portal the excavation is completed, or nearly so; at that distance the roof drops down a few feet, and for half a mile further the excavation is only about three-fourths completed; beyond that point is only the first excavation, twenty-four feet wide and eight feet high.

On the car we may observe a fellow-passenger with a bucket or a basket in his hand, containing a dozen, more or less, of tin cans, a foot and a half or two feet in length, and an inch and a half in diameter, and closed at the end with a large cork. These are the cartridges of nitro-glycerine which are used in the enlargement. When a sufficient number of holes are drilled in the face of the rock, the corks are taken from these cartridges and perforated; through the holes in the cork the wires of an electrical fuse are drawn, and the cork is replaced, leaving the fuse in the cartridge, with the short ends of insulated copper wire projecting from the cork. Then the cartridges are carefully placed in the holes which have been drilled in the rock (no tamping being necessary), and the wires of the fuses are connected with longer wires attached to an electrical machine some distance toward the portal. The miners withdraw, a few turns are given to the crank of the electrical machine,

ELECTRIC FUSE.

* Sept. 1, 1870.

the circuit is completed, and the rush of the air and the stunning reverberation proclaim that the mightiest of all the chemical forces yet discovered by man has dealt another crushing blow at this barrier of rock.

Simultaneous blasting by the use of electrical fuses is found to be far more effective than the old-fashioned method. A very ingenious fuse, invented by Mr. Charles A. Brown, of North Adams, is used in this work. It consists of a hollow cylinder of wood, about an inch and a quarter in length and half an inch in diameter, one end of which is closed. Into the open end is thrust a little wooden plug, the bottom of which is also hollow. In the hollow of this little plug a very sensitive fulminate is confined, and the points of two copper wires in the same little chamber are separated only a little space. These wires connect with two others which enter the main cylinder on either side.

The fulminate in the little plug answers as the priming of the fuse; the main chamber of the cylinder is filled with a less sensitive and less costly explosive material. The electric spark, leaping from the one copper wire to the other in the little primer, ignites the cap and thus explodes the fuse.

Several explosive agents have been tried in the progress of this work. Gunpowder was used for a long time exclusively, and is still employed in the softer portions of the rock. Dr. Ehrhardt, a German chemist, sought to introduce in 1866 a blasting powder which he regarded as very powerful. The experiments made with it were not, however, satisfactory, a poisonous gas being evolved which drove the workmen from the tunnel. During the last year Lieut. Ditmar, a Prussian inventor, has been exhibiting a preparation which he calls Dualine, and for which he makes great claims. Dualine is, according to Lieut. Ditmar, much cheaper, much more powerful, and much less dangerous than nitro-glycerine. It can be handled and used, he says, with perfect safety, not being liable to explode from concussion, and, unless confined, harmless when ignited. It is certainly very innocent-looking stuff, resembling nothing so much as sawdust. Indeed the inventor admits that it is woody fibre, with which, by a process known only to himself, the component parts of nitro-glycerine are chemically combined. Other chemists are inclined to disparage Lieut. Ditmar's invention, asserting that it is nothing in the world but sawdust soaked in nitro-glycerine; and since the great explosion at Worcester, in which this tranquil sawdust kicked up such a terrible bobbery, there has been, if you will pardon the expression, considerable dualine between the chemists in the newspapers, and several shots have been exchanged, with what result I am unable to say. The experiments with this explosive at the tunnel did not, however, justify all the claims that were made in its favor; and nitro-glycerine has not as yet been superseded. It seems difficult to believe that anything can be more powerful than this; and, with proper care in the handling, it is not more dangerous than gunpowder. Several serious accidents have occurred at the tunnel through its use, but these, so far as the circumstances are known, have been occasioned by inexcusable carelessness. One of the most serious casualties connected with it took place in the autumn of 1869 at the magazine where it was stored at the east end. The magazine stood upon the hill-side, a quarter of a mile from the portal, and it contained at the time of the accident about five hundred pounds of the nitro-glycerine. Three of the miners, whose business it was, went one morning to the magazine to prepare the glycerine for the day's use; and by some unknown accident an explosion took place, killing them all. One of the men was outside the building, and he, though terribly lacerated, was identified when he was picked up; but of the other men hardly a vestige was to be found. They were literally blown to atoms. Of the building, not a plank nor timber was left in the neighborhood; and nothing but an ugly fissure in the ground remained to mark the spot where it stood.

This ride into the tunnel is far from being a cheerful one. The fitful glare of the lamps upon the walls of the dripping cavern,—the frightful noises that echo from the low roof, and the ghoul-like voices of the miners coming out of the gloom ahead, are not what

WORK AT THE HEADING.

would be called enlivening. It therefore occurred to me, on seeing the miner, with his basket of tin cans, take passage on the same car with us, that it might be agreeable to while away the moments of this rather anxious ride by telling these soothing tales of nitro-glycerine.

About four-fifths of a mile from the portal passengers change cars for the heading. Beyond this point mule power is still employed to bring down the broken rock. Our friend with the basket goes no farther; powder, instead of glycerine, being used in the soft rock at the heading. The roof of the tunnel for the rest of the journey is very low, and the scenery does not on the whole improve as we go forward. Through the smoke before us spectral lights are seen flitting about, and a frightful din in the region of the lights grows louder as we approach. Presently we dismount, and conclude not to go any farther. Mr. Shanly has not the slightest objection to our pursuing the journey if we choose; but it is probable that circumstances entirely beyond our control will make it inconvenient for us to do so. We are in the heading, almost a mile and a half from daylight horizontally, and about a quarter of a mile vertically. A huge iron frame-work, resting on rollers, is pushed up against the face of the rock; to this the drilling machines are securely clamped, and at various angles they are pounding holes into the mountain. The clamor which they make is absolutely terrific. When the blast takes place, the carriage upon which the drilling machines are fastened is moved back a short distance, and two firm plank doors are shut before it, to protect the machinery from the flying rock. About fifteen men are employed at this heading; and here, as on all other portions of the work, there are three relays or "shifts," as they are called, in the twenty-four hours; each shift working eight hours only. The men are brawny fellows, principally Irishmen, though there is a large sprinkling of Cornish miners among them. The average number of men employed upon the work is seven hundred and fifty.

Having explored the works at the east end to our satisfaction, we are prepared for a visit to the other side of the mountain. From the Hoosac Tunnel Station to the North Adams Station, the distance, when the tunnel is com-

pleted, will be about seven miles. By stages it is nine miles. The journey through the mountain will be much more quickly made than the journey over the mountain can be; but travellers who hurry through this dark passage in future years will miss the very best part of the journey between Boston and Troy. For pleasure-travel this line has been, since its opening in the summer of 1868, constantly growing in popularity; and the stage-ride over the mountain is the grand feature of the journey. It might be difficult to find anywhere in New England a public road which affords within an equal number of miles an equal variety and magnificence of scenery. The elegant six-horse coaches are crowded every day in the summer with tourists, who have discovered that quite the pleasantest journey from the east to the west is that which includes the ride over the Hoosac Mountain.

The western portal of the tunnel is two miles south of the village of North Adams. The road leading to it passes over and among a series of conical foot hills that rest against the base of the mountain. These immense tumuli are no doubt the remnants of a terrace of the drift period, which has been washed away in part by torrents from the mountain, leaving a row of mounds where the terrace once stood.

Leaving the road, we follow the high embankment on which the track is to be laid up toward the mountain. Soon the road which runs beside the embankment has reached its level; then, taking the track, we enter a deep cutting, and are soon at what was once the western portal of the tunnel. At the end of this cutting Mr. Haupt first began tunnelling on this side; and the short excavation in front of us is still known as Haupt's tunnel. At the foot of all the hills which surround this valley, a secondary formation of limestone rocks is found overlaying the mica slate which forms the body of the mountains. When Mr. Haupt began his tunnel here, in the limestone, he expected to pass directly through it into the solid primary rock; but his expectations were not realized. After a few feet the limestone began to dip, and he found overhead a soft material, which made it necessary for him to build the roof of his tunnel of masonry. Soon the limestone disappeared entirely below the grade of the tunnel, and in place of it was the famous demoralized rock which has brought such grief to engineers. This was a disintegrated mica schist, dissolving readily in water (of which there was plenty in those parts), and utterly unmanageable. Hoping to escape it a little farther on, the engineers went a few hundred feet farther up the hill, and made a deep excavation to the grade of the tunnel. But, instead of finding solid rock, here again was the porridge, and the tunnel must in some way be carried through it. The task of tunnelling a bed of quicksand would be no harder; but by some means it must be done. The excavations were made with the greatest difficulty. Drifts were run out for considerable distances on either side the line, to drain off the water; and then, as the excavations were advanced, a complete casing of timber was necessary to support the crumbling and dissolving walls. Inside this casing of timber

WESTERN PORTAL.

the brick arch of the tunnel was built. The porridge would not, of course, support the walls of the arch, and therefore an inverted arch or trough of brick was laid in the bottom, and on this the side-walls of the tunnel rest. For about seven hundred feet at this end the tunnel is, therefore, a complete tube of brick, seven courses in thickness; beyond that point, for fourteen hundred feet, the rock, though soft enough to require arching, is firm enough to sustain the walls of the arch, so that an invert is not needed. Of the twenty-one hundred feet of brick arching, about thirteen hundred are now completed.

The western portal of the tunnel is therefore, at present, at the bottom of a deep hole in the ground. The little Haupt tunnel will eventually be cleared away, and this portal will be approached through a deep open cutting.

The greater part of the progress on this side the mountain has been made, however, not from the west end, but from the west shaft. While the engineers were floundering in the porridge at the west end, they wisely resolved to climb a little higher up the mountain side and sink a shaft to grade. This shaft is about half a mile from the portal, and its depth is three hundred and eighteen feet. Working outward from the bottom of this shaft a few hundred feet, the miners came upon the soft rock, and their progress was checked in that direction. Going westward from the shaft, their only difficulty was with the water, which appeared in troublesome abundance. In spite of the most careful provisions for its removal, the water several times got the better of the enormous pumps, and drove the miners from the tunnel, delaying the work for long periods. At length a narrow drift or adit was pushed through from the west shaft to the west end, permitting the water to escape in that direction, and dispensing with the use of the pumps.

From this shaft the heading is now advanced eastward two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet, making the whole linear excavation from the western portal five thousand two hundred and twenty-two feet—a few feet less than a mile.

This, then, is what the visitor sees at the west side of the mountain. Climbing out of the cutting, at the end of which the Haupt tunnel begins, he follows the road up toward the mountain a few hundred feet to a point where he can look down into the deep pit, at the bottom of which the portal of the brick tunnel is seen. South of this pit is the brickyard, where the bricks for the tunnel are manufactured. Good clay is found in abundance within a few rods of the portal. It would not be a very perilous adventure to clamber down the sides of this pit and walk up the track a quarter of a mile to the place where the miners and bricklayers are at work. There is nothing to fear save noise, darkness, and dirt. When completed, the western portal is to have a fine façade of granite.

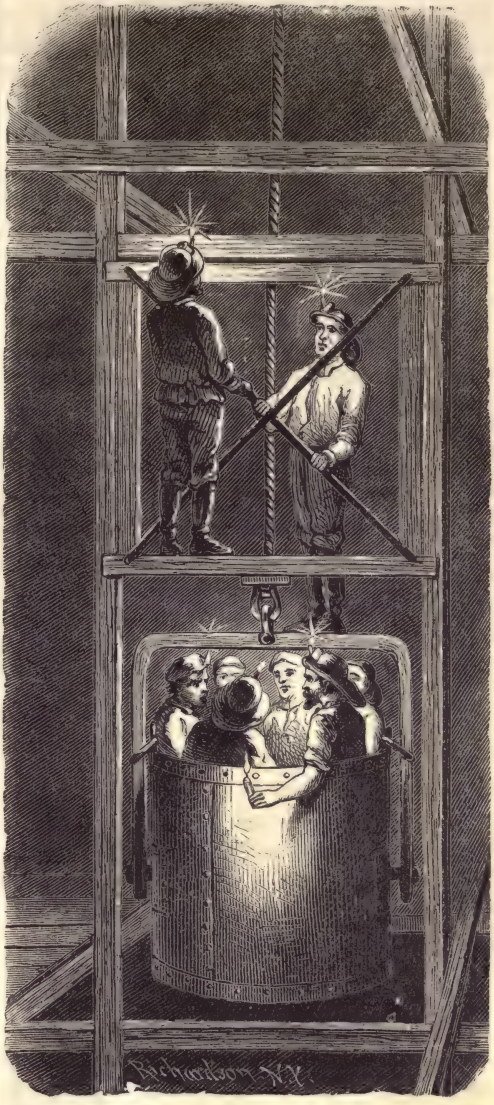
Along the northern verge of this pit runs a little stream: in dry times a very tame and innocent rivulet, but, like other mountain streams, not to be trusted in a storm. In the great flood of October, 1869, this brook, swollen into a torrent, made havoc for a little while. At that time the embankment by which the brook is separated from the tunnel was much less strong than at the present

BUILDINGS AT THE WEST SHAFT.

time; and before any one had suspected the danger, the brook had torn the embankment away, and was pouring its whole volume down into this pit. The little Haupt tunnel was quickly filled with *débris*, and then the water rushed into the portal of the tunnel. The alarm was quickly given to the men at work; and by running for their lives all but one of them escaped. One poor fellow, who was doing his first day's work in the tunnel, and who was probably hindered in his escape by his lack of familiarity with the ground, was swept back by the torrent and drowned. In an incredibly short time the whole tunnel was brimful of water.

The road to the west shaft follows this brook upwards. On the right of the road, a short distance above the western portal, is the school-house provided by the town for the children of the miners. From seventy-five to a hundred children receive instruction here during the week, and for a part of the year the house is occupied on Sunday by two Sunday-schools, meeting at different hours; one of which is under the care of the Roman Catholics, and the other of which is conducted by one of the Protestant churches.

The wooden buildings of the west shaft stand upon the mountain side, a little way above where the gradual slope, up which the road has brought us, changes to an abrupt acclivity. The road winds up to the buildings through rows of huts occupied by miners, at the doors of which numerous young children and other live stock, both biped and quadruped, some with feathers and some without, may be seen at any hour of the day. A vast pile of broken rock lies upon the mountain side, and the little hand-cars that are running out every few moments upon the tramway at the top are adding every hour to its bulk. A little farther south are the buildings where the nitro-glycerine is made. In the building which stands over the mouth of the shaft are the blacksmith shop, where the drills are sharpened, the machine shop, where the drilling machines are repaired, the four large air-compressors, by which power is furnished for drilling below, and the steam-engines, by which the compressors are driven, and the hoisting of the shaft is done. Over the



MINERS DESCENDING THE SHAFT.

wide door by which the little cars are trundled out is the legend, "No Admittance;" but, armed with the proper pass from Mr. Shanly, we step inside, and find ourselves immediately upon the brink of the shaft. In this shaft, the section of which is eight by fourteen feet, a timber frame-work has been set, and in this frame-work two strong wooden cages run up and down—the one ascending while the other descends. The wire cable, by which these cages are lifted, passes over a large drum in the other room, which is turned by the engine. The cages are provided with automatic brakes,

by which they would be instantly stopped in the descent if the cable should break. Into these cages the little cars of rock are rolled at the bottom of the shaft; and on reaching the top they are pushed out and rolled down upon the tramway to the dumping-place.

It is quite worth while for the visitor to make the descent of the shaft. Provided with old clothes and rubber boots, he will suffer no damage whatever, and the sensation is worth experiencing. The feat has frequently been accomplished by ladies—sometimes to the detriment of their skirts, but never with any worse disaster. If you walk out to the heading about this time, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have stood directly under the western summit of the Hoosac Mountain, with seventeen hundred feet—a full third of a mile—of solid rock between your head and the sky.

And now, if you have seen what is underground, it may be well enough to turn about and devote a moment to what is visible above ground. One of the fairest little valleys your eyes ever rested on lies at your feet; on your right, at the foot of its encircling hills, the outskirts of the village of North Adams are visible; South Adams is on your left in the distance, and directly across the valley, Old Greylock, the highest mountain in Massachusetts, lifts his hoary head. It is a scene you will not be likely soon to forget.

In the order of time, as the philosophers would say, we should have visited the central shaft on our way from the east to the west end; but the order of logic required that we should describe both ends before visiting the middle, and the inspection of that part of the work has therefore been postponed till our return over the mountain. About midway between the two summits a road turns southward, and following it a mile and a half we reach the central shaft. This is not located at the bottom of the valley between the two ridges, but is half a mile west of the lowest point, on the slope ascending to the western summit. The bed of Cold River, the little stream which flows southward through the valley, is two hundred feet lower than the spot where the central shaft is sunk. The higher ground was chosen for two reasons. In the first place, the work might be greatly impeded at the bottom of the valley by water, the engineer's worst enemy. In the second place, the bed of the Cold River is much nearer the east than the west end. Work on the eastern section of the tunnel has progressed much more rapidly than on the western section; if, therefore, the shaft had been located at the lowest point near Cold River, when it was sunk to grade, much less work would remain to be done on the east than on the west side of it. It was for this reason judged expedient to locate the shaft at a point on the western ridge nearer to the west end, in order that at its completion the work on either side might be more equally divided. The distance from the shaft to the east end is, in round numbers, thirteen thousand feet, and to the west end twelve thousand. The shaft is of an elliptical form, the longer diameter, on the line of the tunnel, being twenty-seven feet, and the transverse diameter fifteen feet. Its depth is one thousand and thirty feet. It was only during August, 1870, that grade was reached; and the preparations are now nearly made for beginning the excavations east and west from the bottom of the shaft. The hoisting is done here, as at the west shaft, by steam; but, instead of the heavy cages and cars, large copper buckets are here employed for bringing up the rock. The bucket is attached to cross-bars of wood, which slide in a frame-work of timber, thus preventing it from swinging back and forth in its passage. It goes up and down at a fearful rate, only two minutes being occupied in the ascent or descent of more than a thousand feet. The miners ride to and from their work, sometimes sitting in the bucket, and sometimes standing on its rim, or on the cross-bars, and holding on by the cable. Most of those at the central shaft are Cornish miners, and their life-long experience in such holes in the ground has made them reckless of danger. The fatal accidents that frequently occur among them have no effect to make them more cautious. When the whistle blows for the "shift" of hands, every man at the bottom wants to come up in the first bucket, and generally the whole dozen of them do all come up at once, two or three sitting

CENTRAL SHAFT.—DESCENT OF MALLORY.

in the bucket, and the rest standing on the rim and the cross-bars, and clinging fast. If a man can get one foot on the cross-bar and one hand on the cable, he had much rather come up in that way than wait three minutes for the bucket to return for him.

The rock of the Central shaft, like the rock of the East end, is much softer than that of the West end. During the last year the average monthly progress downward has been about thirty feet. The drilling has for the most part been done by hand: drilling machines have been employed to some extent, but handwork has been found, on the whole, more economical. The electrical machine by which the blasts are discharged is kept in the office at the top of the shaft; two permanent wires, well insulated, extend from the top to the bottom; and when the blast takes place the miners are all brought up to the surface—out of danger.

The shaft is expected to serve an important purpose in ventilating the tunnel when it is completed. By dividing it into compartments, after the manner of the ventilators now in general use, it is supposed that a strong current of air can be constantly maintained. Another expectation is entertained concerning the Central Shaft, it is said, which is perhaps less likely to be realized. This lofty plateau between these mountain peaks includes the town of Florida, called by that name probably on the *lucus a non* principle, because it is the coldest and the least flowery spot this side of Greenland. The only tropical fruit raised in Florida is the potato, for the culture of which it is deservedly famous. It is, however, somewhat difficult for the Florida farmers, or planters, if you please, to get their potatoes to market, owing to the long and steep hills down which they must be carted. Now it appears that it is necessary for a railroad to obtain the right of way, not only when it runs over a man's farm, but also when it runs under it; the theory of the law being that freeholders own all the ground within their boundaries down as far as the centre of the earth, be the same more or less. (This being the case, how vast must be the possessions of the Florida farmers!) To the Hon.

Alvah Crocker, of Fitchburg, the duty of securing for the railroad the right of way under these Florida farms was committed. Mr. Crocker is a man of immense energy and unfailing resource; from its first inception until now he has been one of the stoutest friends of the tunnel; and the success of the project is in a very large degree owing to his exertions. It is said, with how much truth I do not know, that the denizens of this elevated region had high notions about the value of that portion of their land which lay a thousand feet, more or less, beneath the surface; and were not disposed to grant the right of way until Mr. Crocker shrewdly suggested that there might be a depot in Florida, on the line of the tunnel, and that potatoes might be shipped to the North Adams market via Central Shaft. That suggestion silenced all objections and the right of way was readily granted.

Here, on the 19th of October, 1867, occurred the most terrible tragedy that has ever been enacted upon this public work. Early in the progress of the shaft, the experiment was made of lighting it with gas produced from gasoline. The experiment was not, however, deemed successful by the engineer, and after a short trial the apparatus was condemned by him as unsafe. In the summer of 1867, the work at the Central Shaft and the east end was placed in the hands of contractors, and these gentlemen, finding this lighting apparatus in the buildings at the shaft, determined to make a new trial of it. On the very first day of the trial, by some accident, the gasoline in the tank, which was situated near the engine, took fire. In an instant, the whole building was in a blaze. Thirteen men were at work at the bottom of the shaft, which was then nearly six hundred feet in depth, and it was impossible to rescue them. In a very few seconds the engineer was driven, badly singed, from his post, and no way was left of communicating with the miners. Two minutes more would have answered, the engineer said,—three minutes would have been ample time—to send a man down for them, and bring them all up safely; but it was impossible for him to remain at the wheel another moment. So the poor fellows all perished there in the darkness. Nobody knows how soon, or by what means they became aware of the danger they were in; nor is it certainly known in what manner they died, but the more probable conjecture is that they were suffocated. Very quickly after the air-pumps stopped working, the supply of pure air would be exhausted; probably the intense heat at the top of the shaft would accelerate the exhaustion of the oxygen; and it is not likely that any of them were conscious half an hour after the fire broke out. After the stoppage of the water-pumps the shaft rapidly filled with water, and if they had escaped suffocation from the bad air, they must have been drowned in a very few hours by the rising water. The fire broke out at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. At two o'clock the next morning the flames had been extinguished and the rubbish cleared away from the mouth of the shaft, so that tackling could be rigged for a descent. A workman named Mallory, who had superintended the timbering of the shaft, and was familiar with every part of it, volunteered to make the descent. A rope was fastened round his body, three lanterns were attached to him, and a small cord for making signals was put into his hand. In this way he was slowly lowered into the darkness. Those who watched at the top saw two of his lanterns go out as he neared the bottom; then heard him shout, but heard no reply; then felt a nervous jerk of his signal cord. On this he was quickly drawn up, and when he reached the top was nearly insensible from the effects of the foul air. He reported about fifteen or twenty feet of water at the bottom, and no signs of the men. Before any appliance could be obtained for procuring their bodies the water was so deep as to render it impossible. Within a few days the shaft was full of water, and for its removal buildings must be erected and machinery prepared. It was not till October, 1868—a full year after the accident—that the shaft was emptied of water, and the bodies were secured. They were all in such a state of preservation as to be easily identified, though quickly crumbling after exposure to the air.

By the contract, Mr. Shanly agrees to finish the tunnel by the first day of March, 1874,

and if the work goes on at the present rate that time will not be exceeded. The tunnel is twenty-five thousand and thirty-one feet in length; and there is now from both ends a linear excavation of twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven feet, more than half the entire length. With two new faces to work upon at the bottom of the Central Shaft and with improved facilities the work will be greatly accelerated. If the contract be fulfilled, more than twenty-six years will have elapsed between the chartering of the road and its completion; and more than twenty-two years since work was begun upon the tunnel. During a part of this time work has been suspended, but it is probable that nearly if not quite eighteen years of steady work will have been done upon the tunnel by the time it is finished. As to the cost, that is a mere bagatelle. Before the State took the work in charge the State Treasurer had paid something more than a million of dollars. The Commissioners expended in round numbers three millions and a quarter; the Messrs. Shanly are to have for finishing the tunnel $4,594,268, making the whole cost of the work in the neighborhood of nine millions of dollars. That is the price which Massachusetts consents to pay rather than be left out in the cold.

NATASQUA.

(Continued from page 69.)

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. VAUX nodded. She meant to tell him now that he was her son. Whatever strength or mother's love there was in her, lifted her unreliable nature at that moment into unnatural heights of courage. But the moment was as terrible to her as though her shallow, fidgety soul had been unexpectedly called to judgment before God.

"At any rate, I want to be alone," she said irritably, pulling on and off her glove. "Go out, Romy, go out: I have something to say to—to this gentleman."

Romy went out, blushing. She thought of course she knew what her mother wanted to talk about. There was only one secret in the world for her at that time.

There was only one for Dick. It put blood and life into everything else. As he came up the path, he was thinking what a confoundedly raw uncomfortable day it was, and how a bushel or two of mussel-shells would help that potato patch; but when he saw the gray-cloaked figure in the porch, the air between him and it grew full of autumnal, golden lights; he saw the green arch of trailing vines over her crusted with purplish drops of grapes; the roses along the path opened wide, blood-red, and pungent.

"You here! I never found you here before. You—" He had reached her with a bound and touched her hand. He always took her hand for an instant when they first met. The touch of it, white, warm, yielding, lingered on the man's rough paw until it came again, though that were for days.

"I came to see your father. I thought you were at the village."

"No matter. You are here."

She turned to look at the sky, the grapes, the pine-knots in the floor. Dick's eyes breathlessly followed hers—trembling, fugitive, conscious. No doubt when this man and woman were babies of five years old they behaved with more reason and dignity; but oh, how red were those roses, how the grapes glimmered and shone, how God poured life into the cold wind that afternoon!

"I forgot," she said at last with a start, "my mother is in the house. She wishes to see you. I will walk down to the orchard until your talk with her is over."

Dick helped her over the stile and stood to watch her furtively as she walked away. "If she cared for me she would give one look back," he thought. He had fallen into this habit of spying upon the girl when unsuspected. He watched at the door of her heart perpetually with a fierce hunger like a beast of prey to seize on the secret of her love if it should creep out. He would have stolen it: there were times when he would have liked to wrench it from her by force; he could do

anything but say to her manfully "I love you," and so put his own fate to the final test. Dort, who was naturally manly and straightforward, was neither manly nor straightforward in his love. The life-long swagger had been completely cowed out of him the other day by a swagger that was bigger and falser than his own. The Major's glitter and brag had paralyzed him, as with the spell of the evil eye. Fashion, after all, is your malign enchanter; nothing lames or palsies a fresh young nature like it.

"I'm glad," thought Romy, "he is going to meet mother." He would see that they were not all of them sham and varnish: the silly, affectionate little woman would give him courage, no doubt. She might even some day be a mediator between Dort and her father. Romy was sanguine, as you see.

"I'm glad," thought Dort, knocking the mud off his shoes on the steps, "I am to meet her mother." If she were the gentle, lovable creature that Romy had described, he could insure himself a chance through her. Between his love and the savage snubbings he had lately received, Dick's heart had never found its way so near to the surface; he had never been so humbled, or so hungry for cordial sympathy or comfort. If Mrs. Vaux had owned herself his mother at that moment, it is probable he would have eagerly accepted her as the one thing which his life needed. But to-morrow was always Mrs. Vaux's accepted time of salvation.

Hearing his steps crunching the sand, she came toward the door to meet him. But just then her eye fell on a square looking-glass on the wall, and she caught sight of her gaudy yellow and purple dress, fluffy hair, and the paste jewelry dangling from neck and ears. She drew back as if she had had a blow.

"Why! what will he think of me? I look like a soubrette at the Bowery," she said aloud. "No, I'll not claim my son until I am decently dressed." She stood in the middle of the room adjusting her collar, a cold sweat on her face, and a sudden, awful void in her heart.

Dort stepped up into the doorway. He was broad and loosely built; his eyes gray, keen, and good-tempered, like his father's. A bold, downright air, too, like his father's. *His father?* Oh God! Now, now she knew how she had loved that stupid, good-natured John Walt, who lived and died long ago in a country doctor's office. A country doctor, but he seemed like a very god to her, now, in the remembering.

Dort crossed the room, smiling, his hand out. "This is—I believe—"

"Your—your—" Her eye fell on the purple skirt. "I am Miss Vaux's mother."

It was not the first time that a tag of ribbon or daub of rouge has come between a soul and its salvation.

"I'm very glad to see Miss Vaux's mother under this roof," said Dick, bustling about to find her a seat. What odd pleading eyes she had! There was certainly none of her husband's pomp or circumstance about this little lady.

"You are glad to see *me?*"

She sat down looking white and scared. Evidently, she knew less of the usages of society than Dick himself. As he was convinced of that he grew quite bold and confident thereupon.

"Yes, madam. Especially glad to welcome you. Miss Vaux has told me so much of ——"

"Oh! it is for Miss Vaux's sake —— ?"

"Why—yes," with a surprised laugh. "You see I never had the pleasure of knowing you before."

"No. You never knew me," with whitening lips, patting down her ruffles. Dick looked down at her, puzzled, trying to find out the key to her agitation. Her ordinary habit of society helped her quickly to outward composure.

"You have a sweet, quiet place here, Mr. Dort," she said presently.

"Yes; it's certainly quiet," looking about with a half-grimace. "It's a poor place enough, God knows. You and Miss Vaux must see that, though you're so polite as to appear to like it. There's such a lack of all that you're both used to—elegance and style. No hopes of them!"

Poor Mrs. Vaux, who was watching every turn in her son's face, laughed. "Do they count for so much to you?" with a queer pathos in her voice.

It moved Dick, who was feverish and excited at any rate, to sudden confidence. "'Pon my soul, ma'am, I believe they count for everything!" throwing himself down beside her. "Why, they stand between me and all that is worth having in the world! Two months ago I would have been satisfied to see a clear way before me to earn a respectable living, and to have, of course, a little time to spare every day for a book or a newspaper. Now—well, now I see that there is one thing more which I must have, or I give up life at once; and I can never obtain it without rank, and position, and style. How the devil am *I* to have position and style?" with a sudden, despairing gesture, as though he tried to clutch an intangible something in the air. He recovered himself presently with an awkward laugh. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vaux; I'm sure I don't know why I should talk to you in this way!"

"*I* know." She put out her hand timidly and touched his hair. There was a certain proud sense of possession in the touch. This was *her* son. There was, too, the mother's love that had been famishing within her all her life, and never till this moment found chance of utterance. "What is it that you want? Can I help you? If I could help you, Mr. Dort, it—it would matter more to me than you know."

Dick drew back a little, on his guard. "You're—you're very kind, I am sure. I thought, perhaps, you would prove our friend. She has told you, perhaps?" looking at her searchingly.

"Romy? No. But I knew. I guessed. Oh! when I was a girl, I knew what true love was," fluttering her skirts with a pathetic little cackle. "I had begun to think there was no such thing left in the world until you and Romy——."

"I do not know that Miss Vaux cares for me. I never have spoken to her as I am doing to you."

"Cares for you? Oh, there can be no doubt as to that," drawing herself up angrily. The idea of Major Vaux's daughter rejecting her son!

"Do you think that? Thank God!" Dort took out his handkerchief and wiped his face.

"I'm quite sure of it."

"You'll think me a fool, no doubt," he said after a while, "to care for any woman so much;" thoughtfully crumpling his handkerchief into a ball. Once sure of Romy's love, the old, comfortable complacency began to warm in his veins. "It was always my theory, Mrs. Vaux, that love and marriage were comparatively trivial matters, which a man should hold in his hands, as one might say, apart from his real business in life, to keep or throw from him—"(and he threw the ball into his hat at his feet with a certain decisive, victorious air)—"at pleasure. At pleasure. But since I met Miss Vaux, I really am so metamorphosed that I hardly know myself." He looked at her, and laughed like a boy. It was a very frank, bright face. "My theory seems to have failed me."

"I understand." For it seemed to her that she was Fanny Dort again, in white muslin and pink sash, and John beside her. Here were his eyes and smile—this was the very same rough, cordial voice. She had been a woman with that old lover; she had known love like other women; for the rest of her life she had been a doll, a milliner's block.

"I understand it very well," said the poor lady, with the tears coming to her eyes.

"I have nothing, you see, to offer Miss Vaux," continued Dort, gravely, "but a home like this. I'll tell the truth about it from the first. I don't want to deceive you. You see what I am. You see the house. This is the best I may have for years. I'll do what I can to push my business. But I know nothing, and can do nothing, outside of Natasqua. I can never give her the fashion and luxury which she has now. What do you say?"

He watched her anxiously. She looked at the room, with its white board floor, the fire burning up from the gray ashes; then out at the apple orchard, with the friendly trees on the hill slope, so still that you could hear the crickets hopping through the seed grass; and down to the broad river, tranquilly flowing below, while the evening sky stained it a dull red. They thought their own thoughts out quietly—trees, and skies, and river.

A sudden conviction came to her that this was home. Here love, and truth, and God

waited. In the house at Fifteenth street there were, she thought, neither love nor God. Why should the girl not come here? Why? When she knew this boy's father she too had had a chance of truth and rest, and had put it away. "It would have been salvation for me," she thought; "yes, salvation."

"What is it?" said Dort, uneasily, seeing her wipe away the tears. Mrs. Vaux's tears always were ready to flow. "Did I vex you in any way?"

"Oh dear, no. I was only thinking. Just a little matter that happened to me long ago, in which you were not concerned, except—that is—well, relatively."

"You would be willing, then, for your daughter to come to me here!"

"Yes." She gave a queer laugh, and then was silent. He might as well, she thought, have asked her if she would be willing for Romy to go in and sit down with the blest in heaven. Was not he here? her son? Romy could sit down with him here forever, in love and quiet; secure. *She* must go back outside into the sham, and eternal pushing and lying. But all she said was: "It will be very pleasant for Romy. Perhaps you will let me come for a little while now and then?"

"You think there will be no difficulty, then, about Major Vaux's consent?" Dick was intent on driving home his wedge.

"Major Vaux?" With the word a change came over her from head to foot. She woke, as it were, completely. "The Major? But you know it would be impossible for you to marry Major Vaux's daughter. Really, to marry—you know. I know," breathlessly, "it's like a church here, and makes one feel religious, and all that; and you would have true love—and *I* know what that is," stopping to sob. "But then, actually—you see, actually—looking at it rationally—. There are no carpets, and not even shades to the windows; and, well, this is really a kitchen, to speak plainly, and if you even had the money to build an addition, you could only have one parlor—and what could Romy, raised as she has been, do with one parlor? Why, Mr. Langton has a house in town, and a place on Staten Island. Oh, very stylish! And yet the Major—Oh, if you talk of marrying, it's impossible—impossible!"

Dort's face darkened sullenly. "I have a mind, however, to go to him to-night, and tell him plainly what I want, and who I am."

"Who you are? Yes; if you were to marry Romy, it must be told who you are." She added, slowly, in a low voice, "I had forgotten that."

"He can learn it from any man in the county," blurted out Dick, boldly. "There is but one thing that can be said against me. I am a man whose only disgrace was his mother. Am I responsible for her shame?"

"No, no," moaned the poor little woman. But Dort did not hear her. His heat and chagrin made him deaf; he walked to the door, and stood there sulkily, giving a kick to the dog who came to rub against his leg.

Mrs. Vaux sat pressing her thin palms together. "*Shame?* but he's my son; my son," she repeated again and again. "If I can give Romy to him he'd forgive me. He'd never say *that* to me again; never."

She tried to speak once or twice but still sat dumb. "Her shame?"

Like most weak, shallow women, Fanny Vaux had always been gently handled; even the Major's gross touch had grown tender for her. Now—it was her son who had flung the vile insult in her face. No wonder that she gasped, unable to find words to answer him. She half rose:

"I'll tell him the truth. I'll throw myself at his feet and let him kill me, if he wants to." But her courage gave way in two steps. "If I could secure Romy for him, he would forgive me anything."

As girl or woman, Fanny Vaux was noted for her petty, amiable cunning. Her plan came to her like an inspiration. She went up and touched him on the elbow: "Listen to me. I'll do all I can to secure Romy for you. But it is useless to try to conquer her father. If we leave the beach and go back to town she is as completely out of your reach as if she were, well, inside the wall of China, and you know what that is. Your love seems reasonable enough here. But there——!" she had a sudden vision of Dort in his brown velveteen Sunday suit, and jaunty cap stuck on one

side, presenting himself at her Thursday receptions. "If she goes back, she is lost to you."

"I do not intend to lose her," steadily. "I mean to marry her. I will tell her father so. I'll wait for her as long as Jacob did for Rachel. Position and style? They're not impossible things."

"Oh, but they are—they are, I assure you!" hastily. "I know the world; trust to me. We go back in three days, and Romaine Vaux is then utterly out of your power."

"What do you want me to do, then?"

"Marry her to-morrow. Let the marriage remain a secret until you are ready to claim her. Major Vaux has no power over man and wife."

Dick stood stunned a moment, and then laughed. "You are a bold ally, Mrs. Vaux. But your plan seems a trifle cowardly to me. I hate underhanded work, especially in anything so—so sacred as marriage. I will, at least, go to him first, and if he refuses—why then——"

"Go to Romy, now. She is down by the river. She knows her father. She will show you how practicable your scheme is."

"It may not be practicable, but it is honest."

"Go to Romy," shaking her head with mild mulishness.

There was a heavy leisurely step on the porch, and old Inskip came in. Natasqua people are never surprised. He took off his old cap and held it in both hands, smiling as though this astounding, beruffled, fidgety apparition was a daily visitor.

"This is Miss Vaux's mother, father."

Inskip held out his hand. "That young lady and I count on each other as friends," he said. "She comes here often."

He sat down and began to pull the leather-colored breeches down over his knees; but they, having no sense of gentility, resented this departure from their normal condition, and hung in rolls, like weather-beaten sails bulged by the wind.

"The skin of his legs is burned quite a mud-color," reflected Mrs. Vaux, gravely. She immediately felt the duty of thoughtfully deciding upon the character of the man who had trained her boy. "My fingers smell of clams since he shook hands, and as for his nails, I really don't think he trims them once a month."

But there was something in his face which made her stop short. She did not attempt to sound or define it. The tears came to her eyes. "Very likely he was a better father to my son than his own would have been."

She stole a furtive keen glance towards him now and again. But she was met each time by a glance which, though grave and kind, was shrewder than her own. She got up and walked uneasily across the room. "What does he know?" she thought. "What can he know?"

CHAPTER V.

DORT had a habit of striking the nail on the head without the least concern as to where the point went. "Father," he said, bluntly, "you remember the conversation we had yesterday, when I told you of my wishes in regard to Miss Vaux?"

The old man started, looked at Mrs. Vaux, and then at the fire, like an embarrassed boy.

"I remember, Richard," he said, deliberately, at last. But he was ill at ease. He had never had a love affair of his own, and for weeks he had been turning over this trouble of Dick's in his mind with a tender, delicious fear and delight. And now the boy was hauling it out in the market-place, so to speak, to air and examine it.

"Oh, yes," clearing his throat, "I remember."

"Mrs. Vaux has suggested a course for me. She will talk it over with you until I come back. I have not made up my mind yet about it."

"I wonder if Dick really thinks it is oysters he is going to buy?" thought Inskip, with a quick look of alarm at Mrs. Vaux. But she saw no cause for offence. Her eyes were fixed on Dick, who threw on his cap, took a stealthy glance at the handsome, confident face under it in the mirror, and went out.

The old man followed him, trotting by his side until they were out of hearing. He stopped under an apple-tree. "Richard!"

catching him by the sleeve, and pausing as if for breath.

"What is it? You look horribly cut up, father. You're not worrying about this matter of Romy's? It will all come right. You shouldn't take my troubles so hard, dear old boy," clapping him on the shoulder.

"Did she tell you who she was?" under his breath.

"Who? Mrs. Vaux? Why, of course. That is, she only told me she was Romy's mother; but I can see for myself that she is a woman of high fashion. Good-hearted, too, and with any amount of hard common sense. There are not many women whom I cannot read. My eyes are wide open."

"Oh yes, wide open," abstractedly. "I'd have thought you could soon read this poor woman." He looked at Dick steadily a minute, as if deciding on some puzzle to himself, and then deliberately, as usual, took his hand from his sleeve. "Go on, Dick. I'll keep her till you come back."

But Inskip did not return directly to the house. He made a pretext to himself of going into the garden for parsley and sweet basil. He had not the courage to meet the woman again.

"Why, the mother's look in her eyes would have touched a stone, and Dick never saw it," sorting his sprigs of herbs in even lengths. He thought he quite understood how it was with her. How these twenty years of remorse and guilt lay on her. How, at the sight of him, she would try to read her boy's soul to see if he was likely to have a clearer and purer record than hers had been. And when she had found the same temptation put in his way before which she had fallen, to love outside of his station, the poor creature had devised some plan to save him from both her disappointment and her crime.

"She hadn't courage to make herself known to him, and no wonder! She's just waiting, I reckon, till he's gone to speak to me. I'd best hurry in." But he made haste slowly. Pain or supreme passion were strangers to Natasqua, and of all men Inskip was the most cowardly to go and meet them.

"I'll be back with the pail, Bess, presently," patting the brown cow that thrust her head out to be stroked. The chickens were flapping and cackling their way up into the dusky apple-trees to roost. The katydids began to drone on the bark. A fish hawk came with great circular sweeps out of the red horizon to perch for the night on its dead tree in the middle of the meadow. "Now I reckon that poor creature would rather tell her story by daylight than night," and this thought drove him in quickly. The poor creature was sitting, languidly poising one of her daintily booted feet before the fire. She was wondering, if Romy ever did come there to live, how about her shoes? Country cobblers were no better than blacksmiths, and Romy's feet were really so perfect! But she would never come. That chance of happiness was over for her boy.

"It is I who have done it. Ten years ago, if I had claimed him, he might have been something better than a crab-fisher. I have been his curse."

Inskip saw her staring gloomily into the fire. He drew out the table, put a cloth over it, and began to make the tea. Anything to give her time and composure. The fragrant steam came out from the pot on the hearth in a soft, white whiff. Some soft crabs began to sputter with a savory smell in a pan on the fire. Inskip brought out a great loaf of home-made bread from the cupboard. Mrs. Vaux was both hungry and tired of emotion; besides, she had been a country girl in her youth, and this supper was a different affair and more appetizing than Adolph's efforts of high art.

"O dear, I would like to cut that bread!" jumping up. "It is so nice in you to have tea while we are here. There! See how even these slices are. Oh, I used to be a famous bread-cutter; but that is such a long time ago. Where in the world did you pick up this old blue basket-ware china? Why, it's as precious now-a-days as molten gold. Off a wreck? Actually a wreck? Oh, I wish Romy would make haste! The idea of drinking tea out of a shipwrecked cup!"

The delight seemed to bewilder her; she sat down and kept silence for two minutes. Then she plunged into the very bottom of the matter which troubled her. "The way I look at it is this, Mr. Inskip:" (confidentially),

"Romy might not have a parlor or shoes. But really you don't know how pleasant this room is; a great deal larger than the poky little sitting-room in Fifteenth Street, for of course we never use the reception rooms ourselves. It's really lovely here with the orchard and all. And if you've no carpets you've no moths; as the Major says, there are always compensations; and if Romy had a stout person to come in and do the rough work, I really don't think cutting bread and making tea and so on is so objectionable; even the cooking crabs appears to be almost a joke; and these wrecked plates and things, why there's not a woman in our set who would not give her eyes for them. Shoes might be sent by express, and now there is the whole matter in a nutshell. Outside of these differences, why it's all the same at bottom. Romy crochets or reads in Fifteenth Street; she would read and crochet in Natasqua. I protest, when you look at it philosophically that way, the thing seems perfectly feasible to me."

"I am glad you think so." Inskip, fork in hand, looked bewildered alternately from her to his crabs, understanding the nature of one about as much as the other. "I was afeard there might be some difficulty in the boy's way. He spoke of Miss Vaux's father."

"Oh, the Major?" with a momentary collapse all over; but she rose elastic. "That difficulty can be managed—that is, if it is managed cleverly. A little judicious manœuvring is all that is needed. I want them to leave it to me," with a sagacious nod.

"Kin I ask you how you purpose to manage it, ma'am?" he hesitated, after a long silence—"The boy's bin like a son to me, you know."

Her cheek-bones grew red. "He *is* my son—that is, he will be when he is Romy's husband, of course. It would be quite impossible for *you* or anybody to understand the interest I take in Richard Dort," with a complacent, boastful little laugh, so like to Dick's own that Inskip started.

"She has his nose, too, and his kerridge precisely; head a bit on one side. But it's hard to think she's the woman I've bin lookin' for all these years," he thought, with many furtive glances at the shallow, excited face opposite. Poor Fanny appeared in her most unmotherly phase. A manœuvre or a petty secret always intoxicated her like a draught of heady wine. The consciousness that she had a son living, so long as she was forced to keep it locked in her own breast, had been a dead unaltering weight, dragging her down night and day like a hand from the grave. But this meeting him and Inskip, herself unknown; this fence and parry to escape detection; this plotting and counter-plotting on Romy's behalf—why, it was a play! She was the heroine of a melo-drama! They were all puppets, and she pulled the string.

"You may be sure, Mr. Inskip," she chattered on excitedly, "I'll do the best that can be done for the young people. I think I can say without flattering myself, I have always had some skill in managing love affairs. They need the sensibility of youth, with the judgment of an older head. Now in this case I propose a secret marriage, to be kept secret until Richard is able to support his wife. That settles all difficulties. Richard is satisfied; the Major can't be dissatisfied (as he'll know nothing about it); and I—it would be better for me, too," her voice growing suddenly feeble. "For if Richard goes to Major Vaux for his daughter, I must go with him and claim him as my son," she repeated to herself again and again. That was the ground on which she built her whole comprehension of the matter.

Inskip stuck the fork into the table, and stood with his hands folded behind him, looking into the fire.

"You don't seem to approve of my plan?" testily.

"No," turning his grave, stern eyes on her's, "I kin see no use in Richard's acting a lie for years."

"It is to gain a wife he loves. It seems to me it must be salvation to a man to marry for love. Or for a woman. This is the only chance for him."

"I kin see no use in a man acting a lie for years. Least of all, on account of his salvation," repeated the old man, doggedly.

Mrs. Vaux gave an impatient little flirt in her chair. "Obstinate old mule!" she said inwardly. "Perhaps, my dear sir," aloud

and energetically, "you think there would be danger of detection. But that's because you don't know the world. Success in such a thing all depends on knowing the world. A little skill and management. Why, I knew of such a secret being kept—a child was born and its existence was unknown for twenty years; just think—twenty years! No shadow of suspicion fell on the mother in all that time. Oh, I assure you, Mr. Inskip, nothing's easier if you only know the way to do it."

"Is it a good way? Kin *you* recommend it to my boy?" He turned his head away, afraid to see her face if he hurt her, but went on steadily. "'Ud that mother now, d' ye think, recommend to her boy to follow her in her shame? Has it been so good for her?"

Mrs. Vaux rose passionately, but before she found words the passion was gone. The life-long dead pain tugged at her with its old intolerable weight. She got up trembling and crying aloud, and went out, but without a word to him, into the garden and down to follow her son.

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Vaux was sitting in the long grass under a big paper mulberry, on the river's edge. The shadow was as dark as a tent over her and Dort, who stood beside her, and far above was the tenting sky, its still and vast folds shutting them in. A chance beam of light fell on her head, with its cap and tuft of scarlet feather. The river was a silent pathway of steel gray through the dusk; on its farther shore a boat with spectral sail tacked and jibed silently as a ghost. The dark figure of a crab-fisher, of which only the head and arms could be seen above the water, passed noiselessly along the shore, an unwieldy boat coming after, tied to his waist. He passed out of sight. The silence was absolute. There are no singing birds in these woods: no birds at all except dark, tiny sparrows, who hop along the sand without a twitter.

"It might be the shore of the Styx," said Miss Vaux, speaking with an effort. "And yonder is Charon's boat waiting for a passenger."

Dort made no reply.

"Look at the coloring on the bark of this tree, Mr. Dort. Red, purple, saffron, every shade of the browns. One would think Nature had used it for her palette, or tried her brushes on it."

"Confound Nature and her palette!" said Mr. Dort inwardly. But his lips were inexorably shut.

"They ought soon to cut the sedge," she ventured, thirdly. "This is quite dry."

"What do I care for Charon or the sedge? Why do you talk in this way to me?"

"Because there is nothing else left for us to talk of," she answered steadily. "Because, one day more, and we will be strangers to each other for the remainder of our lives. It is safer that we should meet as strangers now."

"Romy!"

She rose as though against her will and stood beside him. He held out his hands to her.

"Yes, I know," she said, answering words which he did not speak, "I know what I am to you."

"But you—you. I am a clam-digger to you, that's all! A vulgar fellow that could amuse you for the time. Something curious, a little out of the common town-way, to be ranked with the sea-horse that you dried, or the plaice with both eyes on one side, eh?"

"You are unjust;" quietly. "I have told you that I love you."

"But what kind of love is it?" When she did not answer, he stood hot and fuming beside her, without speaking. In his secret soul he was ashamed of his rage at being thwarted. It seemed to him, as the dark tree shut them in, there was but this one living creature in all the world. It seemed as if, by a swift, hard insight, he saw for the first time clearly himself and his past life, his incompleteness, his uncontrolled temper, his ignorance, his conceit. All that he lacked waited for him in her. Mentally, if he reasoned about it, of course Romy was a weak, soft creature. Yet she had a curious effect upon him; the man he might be, which he never had thought of till she came, stood before him whenever he was by her side, clear and healthy and real as to-day's noon sunshine. Soft and weak though she might be, there was an invisible wall about her too, stronger than any

strength which he knew. He was parting from her, in all probability, forever; he was mad with passion to touch her; her babyish mouth, her thin, blue-veined hand, with the glove half off, her cloak, were but a hand's breadth from him, yet he could not put *his* finger on them. The line of invisible air might have been a gulf wide as death, so impassable was it. He spoke at last. She turned quickly.

"There is but one day more, and then you are gone. Do you know what it is that you leave me to? I wish I could tell you. I have no words like the men who are your companions." He stopped short. How could he show her that she was the only gleam from that outer world of refinement and culture which had ever come to him? He could not tell her that when she was gone he would sink back into Dick Dort, clam and oyster trader, with neither ideas nor ambitions beyond a lucky planting or a sharp sale. Was it best to tell any silly girl that she had such absolute power over a man's fate? He would have liked to assert the proper difference between man and woman; to be masterful, dominant; to beckon her toward him as the Sultan his favorite. But he found that, in fact, he did nothing of the kind; he only raged or complained. "You think of Duty. You have no thought for me," he said sullenly. In spite of his flash of humility, he felt that he was well worth thinking of. He was sure that there were very high places in the world waiting for himself, or men like him. "Give me a chance of calling you wife, Romy, and I will show you what I can make of myself."

Now, Miss Vaux had neither her father's love of talking, nor his facility of expression. Whenever she was driven to the wall and forced to speak, otherwise than by looks or smiles, her words were few, and not particularly well chosen.

"I never thought of what you would be. It's only what you are. You are so—so honest; and I have not always lived among honest people." Her dark blue eyes met his, but not steadily as usual. They were full of tears; she held out her hand, hoping he would take it. Romy had neither love nor petting at home; had never had them; she only, therefore, like most still, cold-mannered women, wanted them a little more than the rest of her sex.

But Dick drew back, biting his lips. "Don't touch me, unless you will come to me altogether."

"It is you who forbid me to come. I do love you. Why won't you believe that I love you, Richard?"

"How should I believe you? There is but one chance that you should become my wife, and that you refuse."

"It is not the only one."

"What can I do but adopt your mother's suggestion? I confess it did seem cowardly to me at first. But I see no other course."

"It is not cowardly only; it is base; it is—no matter; it is one which I will never accept. I will be no man's wife clandestinely."

"When I came to you to-night I thought your father might consent. But you—"

"I don't underrate the difficulty, as you did. He will not consent to-morrow, nor the next day, perhaps never."

"What would you have me do, then?"

"Go to him fairly. He is human, after all," she said, laughing. "He knows what love is. There never was loyaller lover than he to his wife. Let us wait. Love and patience and common sense can conquer anything in time."

"I do not see how you can talk cheerfully and be ready to joke about it," he said, clapping his hat on irritably.

"Life does not seem so tragic a matter to me, after all, Richard. There's no need of putting our love into the Ercles' vein. There is no danger of our growing old or gray-headed. What if we should wait a year or two?"

"I don't know what you mean by the Ercles' vein. I do know that you throw me off as you would a cast-off shoe, without a thought. I ask for no more than a legal hold on you, that I may claim you when the time comes."

Miss Vaux's blue eyes watched him with a quizzical laugh. "It is my father, I think, that you propose I should fling away like a worn-out shoe that had served his turn. Doesn't it occur to you that the nineteen years of love and service he has given me deserve that I

should not turn my back on him for a friend of three weeks' acquaintance without at least something of a decent apology? I am unromantic and prosaic, perhaps. I know you have all the poets and novelists on your side. But Richard," and then her voice broke, and she held out her hand again, "my love for you is the honestest and purest thing that ever came to me. Don't ask me to make it a sham and a lie. I can't eat my father's bread for years under a false name, plotting against him and tricking him, day and night. If that is all that is left to us, I'll go back to him; you can stay here."

With that the young lady turned and walked up the hill. If she had carried her head stiffly or set her feet down sharply like any other angry woman, Dick would have followed her and renewed the struggle. But she went on her way with as easy, soft tread as the day he met her first, the same genial, quizzical laugh on her pretty face. There was no means of knowing how much flint lay under that soft-tinted flesh and good humor. He let her go, and sat down doggedly on the ground, clasping his hands about his knees.

"It's all very well to jog cheerfully along through life in that way, or to preach that it will all come right if we do our duty in a humdrum honest way!" (which poor Romy had never preached, by the way.) "But there is pain and passion in the world of which you know nothing, Romaine Vaux," looking bitterly after her retreating figure, retreating more slowly when she found he did not follow her.

On the top of the hill she found her mother engaged in active conflict with a blackberry-bush that had caught her frizzy camels' hair trimming.

"I don't believe you'll ever get me loose in the world, Romy. And I have my stockings full of nettles besides. What's the matter, child? You've been crying. You did not consent to my plan? Oh, very well! You mean to break our hearts altogether?"

"It will not be so fatal matter as that, mother," looking up from her knees and the brambles; "give father time to see that we are in earnest, and he will consent."

"Never, Romaine Vaux! Never! You do not remember that Richard is a poor fisherman; it's very romantic, I know, but really that room is only a kitchen; one cannot disguise the fact."

"I remember when my father was a poor shoemaker, and I've seen our old room in Shanly Court," said Romy, quietly.

"Oh, very well! But don't talk of those old times; it's very unpleasant, and in bad taste—very bad! Your father is a gentleman now, and in affluence. He hasn't a settled income, to be sure, but the public.—Don't look in that way, Romy. Don't say you're tired of living off the public."

"I did not say so, mother," gently adjusting the cloak.

"It would be very improper if you had. It is not delicate in young girls to set themselves up as censors of their parents. Your father puts the case very aptly about the public and a donkey; I forget the simile, but it's very complete. But to go back. He never would allow you to leave the world of refinement and culture in which you live to come here."

"There may be such a world," said Romy, her soft cheek reddening, "but it's certain that we don't live in it. I'm tired of our miserable aping, and our paste jewelry, and gold that is washed brass. Oh, I am so tired!"

Mrs. Vaux looked at her in dismay. "I never wore washed brass in my life," she ejaculated solemnly to herself. "French gilt I may have —. Well, if you are tired of it," raising her voice, "why don't you escape from it? Why not marry my —— this poor boy? He loves you, Romy, as nobody ever will again."

"Because I will not make life itself as much of a sham as the rest. Oh, mother, can't you see? Can nobody understand?"

"There, there, there!" stroking her head. "I understand all about it, but as for waiting for your father's consent,—do you know him, Romaine Vaux, that's all I ask—do you know him?"

Romy wiped her red eyes. "I know him as you do not, mother. I remember when I was a child in that room in Shanly Court, puny, cross, and sick. Father was police reporter for the *Times*. I remember when he would come in at one o'clock in the morning, worn out with the day's work, and sit in his

shirt-sleeves, time and again, rocking and singing to me till daylight. I do not forget that. I can't cheat him now."

"Oh, very well! The matter is decided. Go and bid good-bye to your crony, Mr. Inskip. I certainly have no desire to meet him again; I consider him intolerably rude! I will wait for you here." She sat down on the dry sedge. The moon had risen; its even, cold light grew cheerful and tender falling on the homely farm-house, the orchard, the bright river, with its incessant drowsy whisper to the shore. She drew a long breath of relief. "It certainly is better than the gaslight on the bricks, and the policeman eternally tramp, tramping up and down." It was a happy nest for her boy and Romy; but there he sat, sullen and despairing, on the river's brink. And there was Romy, going from him every moment. The two black figures drew farther apart, not to meet again. "And it is I that have done it!"

For a moment the ordinary bewilderment of scraps and tag-rag of thoughts cleared away from her brain, and she saw the truth face to face. If Major Vaux knew that Dort was her son, she secretly believed he would allow Romy to marry him. "The boy has pluck and business energy. He is a Dort, and the Major counts blood for so much!" she said to herself. The story would not be so terrible to tell, after all. She was but a schoolgirl of sixteen when she ran away with John Walt. They were legally married; she had the certificate still. It was her mother's plan to keep the silly marriage concealed until they were of age, but when Walt died, and her baby also, as they told her, it was her own, to let it remain a secret.—"I had all mamma's skill in affairs," thought Fanny, complacently. Only a few years ago she had learned that her child still lived. "Oh, if I had only told him then!" she said." "But now—" yet even now it might give her boy a wife, place, name for life; it would take away the shame of his birth. "I have done nothing for him. Nothing! Surely I can do this little thing. The Major loves me. He'll forgive me. I will go to him to-night—now." She got up; there were none of the ready tears in her eyes; the real pain at her heart had dried them. She tied on her bonnet. When the icy fingers touched her chin—"I declare it's just like Death," she gasped. "Oh, I daren't! I daren't!" Was there no plan, nothing to take the place of this dragging open her whole treacherous life, as at the bar of judgment?

One good honest effort and all would be well.

"But dear, dear! a little clever bit of finesse serves one just as well, generally, as honesty," said Mrs. Vaux, even while she dragged herself slowly to the tent. "It always has me. Let me think; let me think!" Her steps grew slower and slower; whatever she did must be done at once. There was but to-morrow; after that, Dort was lost to her and Romy forever. She stopped, leaning against a tree. Suddenly the heat began to creep back to her flesh, the dingy color to her powdered cheeks; her eyes twinkled; she began to flirt her fan vigorously. "I have it! I have it!" she cried, and, turning, went hastily toward the tent; then, recollecting herself, sat down and patiently waited for Romy.

(To be continued.)

THE ABBOT PAPHNUTIUS.

Low on the gray stone floor Paphnutius knelt
Scourging his breast, and drawing tight his belt
Of bloody nails.

"O God, dear God!" he cried,
"These many years that I have crucified
My sinful flesh, and called upon thee night
And day, are they all reckoned in thy sight?
And wilt thou tell me now which saint of thine
I am most like, and is there bond or sign
That I can find him by and win him here,
That we may dwell as brothers, close and dear?"

Silent the river kept its gentle flow
Beneath the walls; the ash-trees to and fro
Swayed silent, save a sigh; a sunbeam laid
Its bar along the Abbot's beads, which made
Uncanny rhythm across the quiet air,
The only ghost of sound which sounded there,
As fast their smooth-worn balls he turned and told,
And trembled, thinking he had been too bold.
But suddenly, with solemn clang and swell
In the high tower, rang out the vesper bell;
And subtly hidden in the pealing tones,
Melodious dropping from celestial thrones,
These words the glad Paphnutius thrilling heard;
"Be not afraid! In this thou hast not erred;
Of all my saints, the one whose heart most suits
To thine is one who, playing reedy flutes,
In the great market-place goes up and down,
While men and women dance, in yonder town."

O! much Paphnutius wondered, as he went
To robe him for the journey. Day was spent,
And cunning night had spread and lit her snares
For souls made weak by weariness and cares,
When to the glittering town the Abbot came.
With secret shudder, half affright, half shame,
Close cowled, he mingled in the babbling throng,
And with reluctant feet was borne along
To where, by torches' fitful glare and smoke,
A band of wantons danced, and screamed, and spoke
Such words as fill pure men with shrinking fear;
"Good Lord deliver me! Can he be here,"
The frightened Abbot said, "the man I seek?"
Lo, as he spoke, a man reeled dizzy, weak

With ribald laughter, clutching him by gown
And shoulder, and before his feet threw down
Soft twanging flutes, which rolled upon the stone
And broke. Outcried the Abbot with a groan,
Seizing the player firm in mighty hands.
"O man! what doest thou with these vile bands
Of harlots? God hath told to me thou art
A saint of his, and one whose life and heart
Are like my own; and I have journeyed here
For naught but finding thee."

In maze and fear,
The player lifted up his blood-shot eyes,
And stammered drunkenly,—"Good father, lies
Thy road some other way. Take better heed
Next time thou seekest saints! One single deed
Of good I never did. I live in sins.
Unhand me now! Another dance begins."
"Flute-player," said the Abbot, stern and sweet—
"God cannot lie! Some deed thou hast done meet
For serving him. Bethink thee now and tell
Where was it that the blessed chance befell?"
Half-sobered by the Abbot's voice and mien,
The player spoke again, "No more I ween
Of serving God, than if no God there were;
But now I do remember me of her
That once I saved from hands of robber-men,
Whose chief I was. I know I wondered then
What new blood could have quickened in my veins.
I gave her, spite myself, of our rich gains
Three hundred pieces of good gold to free
Her husband and her sons from slavery;
But love of God had naught to do with this:
I know Him, love Him not; I do not miss
Nor find him in the world. I love my sins.
Now let me go! Another dance begins."
"Yes, go!" the Abbot gently said, and took
His grasp from off his arm. "But, brother, look,
If God has thus to thee this one good deed
So fully counted, wilt thou not take heed
Thyself, remembering Him?"

Then homeward slow,
Alone and sad, where he had thought to go
Triumphant with a new-found brother saint,
The Abbot went; but vain he set restraint
Upon his wondering thoughts: through prayer, through chant
The question ever rang, "What could God want
To teach me, showing me that sinful man
As saint of nearest kin to me, who can
Abide no sin of thought or deed."

Three days
The Abbot went his patient, silent ways.
The river lapped in gentle, silent flow
The cloister wall: the ash-trees to and fro
Swayed silent, save a sigh: the third night came
Low rapping at the cloister door, in shame
And fear, the player!

Then Paphnutius rose,
His pale face kindled red with joyful glows;
The monks in angry, speechless wonder stood,
Seeing this vagabond to brotherhood
Made so soon welcome. But the Abbot said,
"O brothers! this flute-player in such stead
Is held of God, that when in loneliness
I knelt and prayed for some new saint to bless
Our house, God spoke, and told me this man's name,
As his who should be brother when he came."

Flute-player and Paphnutius both have slept
In dust for centuries. The world has kept
No record of them save this tale, which sets
But bootless lesson: still the world forgets
That God knows best what hearts are counted his;
Still men deny the thing whose sign they miss;
Still pious souls pray as Paphnutius prayed
For brother souls in their own semblance made;
And slowly learn, with outcries and complaints,
That publicans and sinners may be saints!

"ON TO BERLIN!"

THE gay and witty French are a famous nation for dictating fashion, and the world is very prone to follow them. They have, it is true, thus far not been very successful in setting the example of this one, but said world will this time willingly, we opine, accept the will for the deed; and, notwithstanding the failure of the Grand Army and the Emperor in carrying out their programme, make their famous war cry of "On to Berlin!" the fashion and the watchword of the future.

This noted city has long borne the cognomen of Capital of Intelligence; and since it now bids fair to become the metropolis of a grand united German Empire, all eyes and hearts will be directed to it as the great centre of the most intelligent and warlike empire of the world. In view of these considerations we propose to take the advance in a forward movement, and lay before our readers a concise picture of the home of Bismarck and King William, and the pride of the Hohenzollerns.

Berlin is a modern city. Paris and Vienna were ancient cities when it was born. In the middle of the fifteenth century the Iron Prince Frederick, the second of the Hohenzollerns, chose it over other cities of his realm as his royal residence. The favor of this princely race and the advantage of its position settled the fortunes of the growing town. It lies on a sandy plain between the Elbe and the Oder, and is traversed by the Spree, and bounded by the Havel; these rivers, together with a system of canals, give it an easy communica-

tion with the Baltic and the North Seas, and make it the natural centre of a very important inland trade. And to this material advantage we may add that of the most important network of railroads in all Germany. Seven of the principal roads of the country lead direct to Berlin, and three more prominent lines are in the course of construction.

It is already the principal emporium for the exchange of all the productions of art and industry of western Europe, with the natural productions of eastern Europe. It is the centre of the central realm of the Continent, and with its growing political and commercial importance bids fair to play a most significant *rôle* in the history of the future. Its growth has been marvellous for a European city. When the Hohenzollerns adopted it, the population numbered 9,000 souls. It then went through the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, and withstood sieges and sackings, and ten years of pestilence, until its population was nearly wiped out. But the Edict of Nantes gave it a large immigration of French Protestants, and the industry of its inhabitants, with the love of art in its princes, soon imparted to it a new impetus, so that at the beginning of the eighteenth century, on consolidating the suburbs with the central city, the whole numbered about 50,000 inhabitants. The inner walls were then razed, outer fortifications constructed, and the city fairly entered on its career of prosperity. When Frederick the Great assumed the throne, in 1740, there was a population of 90,000, of which over 20,000 were soldiers: thus nearly every fourth Berliner was a soldier. This fixed the character of the city as a royal residence filled with soldiers and civil officers.

In the beginning of the present century the population had risen to nearly 200,000; then for a long series of years the wars with the French, and their cruel garrisons and exactions, reduced the numbers by at least one-fourth. The fall of Napoleon and the release of thousands from the army gave a new impetus to the city, and it then fairly started on that career of greatness that has since marked its history.

The laurels won by the Prussians found their expression in the monuments of the heroes that had helped to crush the usurper; with these the first artists of the land adorned the city, while master-pieces of architecture rose in quick succession. Trade and industry joined hands with science and art, and the second hundred thousand of the civil population was soon reached.

And now the march became more rapid; in sixteen years another hundred thousand were added, and then began the era of railroads, that brought a large laboring population into the city, for the construction of machinery. Under Frederick William the Fourth, father of the present king, the city was greatly enlarged and beautified. Its finest ornament, the "Zoological Park," was then laid out and adorned, and besides many specimens of splendid private architecture, new museums and opera houses, and other public edifices of rare beauty and value were constructed. In 1848 the fourth hundred thousand was added to the population, and the recent census declares this to be now doubled, making the present number of inhabitants about 800,000. This is a city of which any sovereign may be proud, and within whose palaces even the Lord of the Tuileries might not suffer from loneliness.

We are sorry, however, to say that the gallant French officers would have missed their gay and matchless Boulevards. Berlin, like Paris, has frequently outgrown its fortifications, but has been so unwise as to build them up on forming new outlines. The grand promenade of Berlin is known as "Under the Linden," a magnificent avenue extending from the famous and historical Brandenburg Gate to the Royal Palace, and other architectural monuments in the centre of the city. With its drives and bridle-roads and walks, bounded on either side by hotels, ambassadorial and private residences and public edifices, and adorned with the linden trees that give it its name, it is a fitting thoroughfare from the principal entrance of the city to the royal residence, and a capital arena for triumphal marches and processions; though it is not the Parisian Boulevards. But if the Berliners have failed in their city promenades, they have made it up in their matchless Park, which borders close on the Brandenburg

Gate at the end of the Linden. The growth of the city has virtually brought these extensive and highly ornamented grounds into its very interior, and besides making them a most attractive and convenient place of resort, they act as lungs for the capital, a breathing-place for its inhabitants, and a charming outlook for the aristocratic residences which border it.

The city is rapidly undergoing transformations, and everything has the appearance of a transition state more than any other capital in Europe. The various quarters are becoming more consolidated, and improvements are being introduced to give them easier access to each other. But the city daily feels the necessity of more central and circular avenues as thoroughfares for its growing population, and some German Haussmann will doubtless soon arise, who will make it the business of his life to pull down and build up with a view to beautifying the city. The plan laid out for the child proves not half big enough for the man, and a new scale has just been adopted for a city of two millions of inhabitants. The centre of the capital, with its numerous bridges over the Spree, is already becoming so crowded with people at certain hours of the day that loud cries are made for relief of some kind. Relief will doubtless be gained by leaving this to the purposes of trade, and forming a new geographical centre farther to the west, to which point the city is now inclining.

In one respect Berlin has a very marked peculiarity;—the houses of the centre of the city are low, and they rise in height as they approach the suburbs, in which most of them are six stories high, ranged house on house. And these suburbs, with few exceptions, are well built and of aristocratic mien. There is no dwindling away of the city into rookeries and shanties, as is the case in most towns. The police now control the erection of new buildings in conformity to a general plan, and the value of land is so great that all are desirous of putting as much house-room on it as possible.

Each quarter of Berlin has its special physiognomy; the interior is the seat of the wholesale trade, and west of this lies the active and busy retail business, with its rows of splendid stores and attractive windows. The hotels, fashionable restaurants, and large banking-houses are in the Dorothean Quarter, while the famous Wilhelm's Strasse is an endless avenue intersecting the city in its greatest length, and bordered with the palaces of the ministries and the highest aristocracy. The Frederick Quarter, is popularly known as that of the "Privy-Councillors," from the vicinity of the ministerial buildings and the dignified quiet of the lordly dwellings occupied by the higher civil officers and the moneyed aristocracy, living in charming villas bordering on the "Zoological Park." The officers of lower grade and pensioners of the government occupy another quiet quarter by themselves, where the dwellings are cheaper but retired and agreeable.

The large industrial factories lie in the extreme east, on both sides of the river; here are crowded, one on another, establishments for making furniture, working metals, and tanning leather, and opposite to them those for shawls and cloths. Besides these we see gigantic buildings devoted to the production of sugar, spirits, paper, silks, etc., and yards for wool, wood, and coal. Beyond them are the vegetable gardens, and near these the great markets for garden produce and cattle. Here of course live the poor and laboring classes, whose Quarter is in striking contrast with the wealth and splendor of West End.

Berlin has also its "Latin Quarter," near the schools where congregate the medical students, principally on account of the vicinity of the clinical hospitals and the halls for demonstrating anatomy. Its retirement and freedom from business houses make it desirable for those engaged in study. The suburbs that extend beyond are famous for their industrial iron works, and their many shrines in the form of beer-gardens. And finally we have the dangerous Quarter of "Moabite," which, like the Saint Antoine of Paris, can always furnish a contingent for a fray. A few months ago the Moabites indulged in the recreation of attacking a convent, which they think obnoxious in their vicinity.

The suburbs beyond the city, in all directions, are rapidly growing, especially on both sides of the Park. Charlottenburg, situated on its border, now numbers sixteen thousand

souls, and it and the city proper will soon meet and join. The same may be said of the villages in the direction of Potsdam, the Versailles of Berlin. A few years will find the outer lines largely extended to take all these in.

In the inner city the two and three story houses are rapidly disappearing, and tall six-story ones are taking their places. And one-half of these have cellar dwellings; it is computed that a tenth of the population live in these, to the great disadvantage of their health and comfort. But while Paris and Vienna choose to build higher houses, Berlin prefers to go below the ground. The value of property is so great that architects are resorting to every means of using space, and yards are entirely disappearing, except in aristocratic dwellings. Rented houses are always constructed in flats, and the social standing of the occupant can be determined by the one he occupies. The difference is vast between a front and a rear house, and the basement and the first story. The second, third, and perhaps the fourth are nearly alike, on account of the conveniences of water, and access to cellar and roof, but the fifth and sixth fall in the social scale as they rise into the fresh pure air. Although houses are increasing in great numbers, and quarters contracting, on moving-day, last April, no less than 800 families reported themselves to the police as without homes, and begged assistance in procuring shelter.

To show the accuracy of their social statistics we state a few cases: There are 83,000 households with none but the members of their own family; 32,000 that employ servants, or have subordinates living with them; and 38,000 that rent rooms furnished to occupants, or accommodate lodgers. Forty-six per cent. of the population is unmarried, and forty-five married—the rest in widowhood or divorced. Seventy-eight per cent. have fixed residences, and twenty-two are moving about, as clerks, servants, lodgers, etc.; 344,000 are reported as earning their living, and 355,000 as living on these, or dependents. The whole population is quoted as having some religion, according to their confirmation; 630,271 are Protestants; 49,922 are Catholics; 27,565 are Jews, and only 197 are marked as of other creeds. The civil authorities know *every thing* in the capital, as Von Moltke is said to have known every road, rock, eminence, and tree in his march through France. Such noses, and eyes, and patience are possessed only by the Germans.

In the matter of religion Berlin is not much to boast of; they are enrolled on church registers, and with most of them it ends there. The parishes are enormously large; in some instances 25,000 souls to one pastor. About 12,000 of them, on an average, go to church on Sunday, and some 4,000 appear at communion in a month, and still the city bears the external appearance on the Sabbath of paying a passable degree of respect to church services, for during these the public resorts are closed, and all is quiet. The Court is orthodox and religious, and the King himself is very fervent, as may be seen by his despatches to his Queen and nation. The Catholics and Jews are gaining on the Protestants—a result of the liberal measures of the Protestant government to other confessions. The Jews of Berlin are very influential and intelligent, and their social position is high. Their "salons" have some of the choicest reunions of the capital, and their children visit the best schools in much greater proportion than the other confessions. Their synagogues are among the finest religious temples of the city, and they cluster around these with their dwellings, so as to form a "Jewish Quarter."

In morals the Berliners are just twice as well behaved as the Parisians, having half the number of illegitimate births. Eight per cent. of children in Paris are still-born, in Berlin but three per cent. Paris, without additions from the provinces, would soon die out. Berlin increases from its own births at the rate of 6,000 per annum. Of the entire population in Berlin, one-half are born within its walls. Its rapid increase, however, is mainly owing to the immense immigration from the surrounding country. Thousands and thousands are yearly pouring in to fill up the great industrial establishments. The locomotive works of Borsig alone nearly fill and populate a suburb. And, what is very remarkable, of its entire population only one per cent. is not German.

Berlin is a bee-hive from early dawn till midnight, the toilers beginning in the morning, and the pleasure-seekers going last from theatres, concerts, and parties; 50,000 people and 5,000 carriages pass certain given points from seven in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening; 30,000 strangers enter Berlin daily, and find 27,000 droschkes, or light one-horse hacks, ready to take them anywhere in the city for a dime; 12,000,000 people use omnibuses in the course of the year, and pay only half a million of dollars for it. These same little droschkes will take you with a friend or two several miles out of town to a suburban concert-garden for a trifle more. Everybody uses the droschkes, because they cost almost nothing, and are so much more pleasant than the crowded omnibuses. If you want one almost at any point in the city, just go to the door and whistle; in a minute your "brother-in-law," as the good-natured drivers are generally called, will be bowing to your "excellency."

If you would rather stay at home, and send a line to a friend, the city post is at your service. You can scarcely step out of doors without finding a post-station, where your letter will be taken hourly and conveyed in light wagons to the main post-office in thirty-five minutes. In fifteen more it will be on its way again to its destination, and in an hour and a half from the time you mailed it in the hands it is destined for. Fourteen times per day these letter-boxes are emptied, and on special days, like New Year's, still oftener. Hundreds of these letter-post wagons are flying about the city all the time, some of them delivering light packages as well as letters.

In Berlin, time is money. In this respect it is an American rather than a German city. If the city-post is not expeditious enough, there is the city telegraph, which for seven cents will send a despatch of twenty words to any one of twenty stations, without a moment's delay, and thence a few minutes must place it in the hands that it is seeking. As you start from your place of business, some miles from your home, just telegraph to your wife that a friend is coming along to dine with you, and she will order a little more, or a little better dinner, and you will find it on the table all ready for you when you arrive.

This intense activity of the Berliners also finds its development in the newspapers and periodicals. They use the telegraph and Transatlantic cable freely, and have the most intelligent and influential men as editors and contributors. A new life has sprung up in this field since Bismarck headed the liberal movement in Germany, and instead of two or three dry and musty journals, absolutely destitute of anything like news, the great capital has now nine large dailies, some of which appear twice, and often have from five to eight supplements or extras. An army of compositors and printers work day and night, and endless bales of paper are daily printed on the modern steam-presses. Besides these political sheets, Berlin has two papers devoted to court reports, that also take a hand in politics; and then come the famous funny weeklies, known as *Kladderadatsch*, and the *Wasp*. The former has lately been splitting the sides of patriotic Berliners with its caricatures of "Old Nap." and "Young Nap." on their onward march to Berlin; while the *Wasp*, with its sting, has been puncturing English neutrality and Russian envy. Then we may add—for those in the interest of art and science, fashion, music, and the drama, the Church, the State, and the school; and, indeed, every other conceivable interest—about two hundred organs. Some of these have a circulation co-extensive with civilization.

The favorite daily with the Berliners is the *Vossische Gazette*. It is the oldest of the capital and its twin is the *Spener*. No good Berliner can get along, at home or abroad, without "Aunty Voss," as it is called. It has received this endearing title from the fact that, like the London *Times*, it always goes hand in hand with public opinion, and is a perfect mirror of Berlin life and thought. It intends to be liberal at all times in politics and religion, and generally satisfies the most enlightened and refined portion of the citizens. The *Spener Gazette* is, on the contrary, the organ of the official and professorial circles, and generally feels like compromising matters in a quiet way, rather than talking loudly and

gesticulating, like his colleague, "Aunty Voss." This comfortable and thoughtful bearing has gained for the sheet the envious cognomen of "Uncle Spener." The two make a pretty fair couple, but do not represent young and radical Berlin by any means. Among the journals established under the new *régime*, the *People's Gazette* holds a high rank, and is skillfully edited in the liberal interest. The *Future* is another new and popular journal, devoted to the interests of "German unity;" while the organ of the moderate liberals is the *National Gazette*. The *Cross Gazette*, that we frequently see quoted by foreign journals as the government mouthpiece, is half soldier and half monk—fighting on the feudal platform for both throne and altar, neither of which fully accepts it as a champion. The journalists who give character and tone to these sheets are men of the highest rank in the profession, with but few exceptions, and they and their journals deserve far more attention than our space will allow us to bestow on them.

Indeed, the more one examines the deeds and the doings of the Prussian capital, the more exhaustless do they seem, and we despair of doing them justice within our limits. Stop anywhere on its busy thoroughfares, and we will tell you a story worth listening to. There, for instance, is an immense barrack, lately turned into a mart of trade. Twenty years ago Prussia was simply a land of schools and barracks, but now a new and modern element has stepped in to give it strength and wealth. The industrial has joined the soldier and the scholar, and the trio are marching on to unexampled victories in their respective spheres. Berlin thanks her artisans for the astounding development that is making her a metropolis. The hum of industry is everywhere peopling and enlivening her sandy plains and her long lines of avenues. This palace of industry, formerly a barrack, now contains thousands of workmen, busy from morning till night in the manufacture of articles that are exposed for sale in the beautiful stores below.

Go with us to the royal residence, and we will show you near it a palace turned into a university that is the pride of Prussia and the wonder of the world. Sixty years ago and it was not; now it numbers 200 professors and 2,500 students. In this short life it has grown to be a giant, and has nurtured giants. We dare not begin the enumeration of the men that have taught within its walls; some of the best and noblest of them have been intellectual fathers to us; and the days of youth that stand out brightest in our memory are those during which we sat at their feet, and drank of their exhaustless well-springs of knowledge. Students from every clime that civilization has reached throng its halls and lecture-rooms; and we say not too much in declaring that of all of these the Americans seem to be treated with the most kindness and consideration. *Civis Americanus sum* ever proves an "open sesame" to the most secure literary retreat, as well as to the most polished and intelligent circles. And thus it is at this hour in school and State. Bismarck admits an American citizen when others are rejected, and in the best and most fluent English inquires after all our public matters, and shows an astonishing interest in all our developments. Bancroft is at home among Prussian statesmen, and delights them with his knowledge of their affairs, and his ability to address them in their native speech. The Germans have had faith in us and in our bonds, and they fully deserve the widespread sympathy manifested for them throughout the land.

From the palace or the university the eye can scarcely turn without resting on some noble monument of architecture or of art. It may be the equestrian statue of "Old Fritz" (Frederick the Great), who sowed the seed for the present race of soldiers; or that of "Marshal Forwards," as the Prussians like to call old Blücher. It may be the museums, new and old, filled with the rarest works of modern art, as well as a rich collection of paintings from all the schools. Through these, art students or amateurs are led by their teachers, and taught with the very masterpieces before them, as the medical student enjoys his clinic. Or it may be the Egyptian and Oriental Museum, in which the scholar can see collected the rarest specimens of every article of interest in Egyptian

life or art. These have been collected at a great outlay of means on the part of the government, and by the first oriental scholars of the age. Travelers in Egypt can see nothing like it, as travelers in Italy cannot find so extensive a collection of sculptured art, in the original or in casts, in any one spot.

And then there are the temples of the legitimate drama and classic music, both unsurpassed in their line, whose boards have resounded with the works or the voices of the dramatic geniuses of the past and the present. Not far away is the Royal Library, where books are numbered up to hundreds of thousands, and where the custom is not to examine a catalogue, but to ask for any book you may need, expecting to get it, and rarely being disappointed.

And—but we must stop, though we have scarcely begun to enumerate the treasures and the rare monuments of the Hohenzollerns. No wonder they have attracted covetous eyes! They are worth having, and no one knew it better than the misguided man who raised the cry of "On to Berlin!" He himself has stopped half way, but he has set the world on the path, and given Prussia an opportunity to gain the finest laurels ever won by any nation in the same short space of time. But she covets nobler ones still, and is destined to gain them. The world will soon award her those of art, industry, learning, and peace.

LIFTED.

In sorrow I tended my garden,
  As the colors—day by day—
Faded and changed in the heedless air,
  And passed with the summer away.

While they gladdened my beautiful garden,
  Where the dews and the sunlight abide,
And crept up the wall to my window,
  Or hid, as the sweetest will hide;

While they flashed their brief splendor before me,
  Not a flower, not a bud would I cull—
Till the heaven-lit flames of the latest
  Went out, and my garden was dull.

O cruel the death of the blossoms,
  And cruel the words that were said!
"Next Spring shall the earth be re-gladdened,
  The living shall bloom from the dead."

Not for me would the blooming be, ever,
  For my love, O my love! could not stay.
Hand in hand we had bent o'er their brightness,
  And now he was passing away.

The heart-breaking flowers of next Summer,
  They will look at me, dreary and wan,
Or mock me, and taunt me, and madden—
  O God, that the years should roll on!

So I felt; and I would not look skyward,
Nor earthward, but only at him—
At him, with his clear dying vision,
Who saw not the earth growing dim.

At him, till alone in the garden
I stood with the husks of the flowers;
Alone, and the pitiless Autumn
Sent dead leaves about me, in showers.

"Look up!" he had whispered in parting;
"Look up!" said a voice to me then,—
And lo! the lost hues of my garden
Above me were glowing again!

Near by, in the wide-spreading maples;
Far off, in the mist of the wood,—
Around and above me they gathered,
And lit all the place where I stood.

My purples, my rose-tints and yellows,
My crimsons that gladdened his sight,
My glorious hues of the garden
Were living in sunnier height!

Were living! were living! I knew it!
And the lesson that came to me so,
Went not when the forest was naked,
And the grass covered over with snow.

For again I looked up and beheld them,
The souls of the flowers he had blest;
I saw them in glory transfigured
Far off in the wonderful West.

Contented, again I beheld them—
My colors immortal and bright—
When the gates of the sunset, slow-folding,
Shut them out from my passionate sight.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

RECENT events, grave and dark, have followed each other with a rapidity almost bewildering. Startling as they are, the world at large only talks political babble over events which are far more than political; at least, as we view them. It does not dream that the divers marvels and throes of the last decade of years have all been rushing toward a common issue; and that that issue is more momentous than battle-strife or dynasty.

Maximilian went to Mexico. His expedition was a miserable failure. He lost his life, and Carlotta, her reason. And this is all his history, as written by the wise-acres of the day.

The principalities of northern Germany, as if by a talismanic touch, were woven into a unit. Austria, jealous and touchy, shook herself to chastise and humble the new-born confederacy. In a few swift days her locks were shorn. She was glad, until they should be grown again, to make peace with the hosts who were thundering at the gates of Vienna. In all this, the watchmen and the sages of the nations saw only the dash, the flash, the explosion, the unmatched exploit of a meteoric campaign and the deadly prowess of the needle-gun.

Isabella of Spain eloped to France, crownless—scared by the waking manhood and womanhood of her people. The worldly-wise saw only—that a crown was lost; that a nation was disenthralled; that a woman had run away and her children had set up housekeeping. But had nothing else happened?

The Pope convened his counsellors. They came from the four quarters of the earth. He counselled them what they should counsel; and even so they counselled. He proclaimed his infallibility. The world laughed, relapsed into mortal sinand murmured—"foolish old man!" The murmur was true enough. But was that the whole truth?

Hardly had this decree gone forth from Rome when another thunder-clap startled the nations. The Gallican cock crowed, ruffled his feathers, and assaulted the Prussian eagle. The nephew of his uncle, with his soldiers, stepped out to mow the veterans who had so signally humbled the power of Vienna. Backward, confused, bewildered, demoralized, with stripe upon stripe, falling heaps upon heaps, striking not a blow save in self-defence, hardly touching the soil they meant to hold—thus they recoiled! And now, in a few short weeks, the Emperor is imprisoned and his capital besieged! In all this nothing is seen by myriads, the world over, but the game of battle and the tug of war, just as when "two Napoleons" are given up for a lost bet—as when two men are mauling each other for a prize—or two Kilkenny cats are eating each other up! But has the strife no moral aspect? Does it enwomb no moral issues? Is all this bloodshed only to wet the ground? only for "Louis and I?"

Now mark! One peculiar feature has distinguished each event so rapidly outlined. Each one emanated from a common source; and to the source whence they came each has been rolled back—a scalding, devouring surge.

The Mexican expedition was not for mere military glory, or for popular effect, or for the erection of a throne. It was of prime importance for one who had played by stealth and craft for the regalia of St. Louis, and who had won them by finesse, to insure their holding. Even infidel France had her priesthood. They were papal. They were a power; an *imperium in imperio*. To bind them to his interests was to bind a power. To bind himself to them, was to bind them—the power—to himself. He took the Church under the imperial wing. It was a compact. From the very first, Napoleon III. was a devoted son of the Pope. He stood between the Holy Father and a revolution. French troops guarded the Vatican. The Papal temporalities were secured. The tiara was untouched. So far, so good. At home and at Rome the priest-power was his. At its bidding the masses remained Napoleonic. Still the throne was shaky.

At the same time the Church was shaky in Mexico. Troops were sent, and Maximilian, to establish there the domination of the Pope. It was a miserable failure. For Napoleon? True. But it also wrought weakness and

woe to Pius IX. It took another empire from his grasp, another jewel from his crown.

Papists are yet in Mexico, to be sure. But their power in the State is broken. From the day when the French troops went home with their standards trailing, Mexican papists have been shorn of wealth and of influence, chewing the bitter cud of impotence and discontent. The people are shaking off priestcraft, even to their own amazement.

That war was a war of religion. Its origin was Papal. Its manipulation was Papal. Its catastrophe was Papal. The strategy of the Pope recoiled terribly upon himself.

It may not be affirmed, because it cannot be proven, that the House of St. Peter (?) instigated the House of Hapsburgh to the conflict so sharply ended on the field of Sadowa. But a moral conviction that it was so can hardly be resisted. Not only was Prussia Protestant, but she had suddenly become too big a Protestant and too muscular. Generous depletion would render her less offensive, and, in any possible emergency, less dangerous to Romish interests.

Austria was Catholic. So was Spain. But Spain was impotent. France, too, was Catholic. But, just then, "the Empire was Peace." Besides, she was doing duty at Rome already. Austria, therefore, was the only secular power in Europe which was free, able to strike blows, and in sympathy with Romish Catholicism.

Such were the facts: Spain good for nothing; France playing peace; Austria untrammelled and in the very humor for phlebotomy; Prussia Protestant and plethoric. Such were the facts when the Saint couched lance against the Heretic.

The only other facts in point are these: Austria was worsted, and through Austria Rome was again sorely wounded and sadly weakened. A secular arm of the Pope was stricken down. The wounds were more than flesh-wounds. The weapons were other than needle-guns.

For centuries the brain of Spain had been weakened. Her arm had become unstrung, her heart well-nigh drained. But George Borrow—passing current for a Gitano, as Edward William Lane did in Egypt for a Turk—George Borrow, with "the Bible in Spain," infused a redemptive leaven. The people, as they recalled the traditions of Castilian greatness, became dimly conscious of their own degradation, and of the spiritual incubus which had caused it; and, at last, tracing their misery and shame to the pious profligate on the throne, scared her into exile and abdication, and, in God's name, assumed the toga and the port of manhood. First of all, they redeemed their State from the Church. If you would know with what a grand spirit, with what rare eloquence and dignity they did it, read those noble speeches uttered upon the occasion in the Spanish Cortes.

Papacy in Spain had long held sway. Excess had made her weak. Old age had made her skinny and unseemly. Too weak, too old to bear further inflation, she exploded. Another wound upon Rome! Another secular arm lopped off! Was not this something more than a civil revolution?

In proclaiming the dogma of Papal Infallibility, Pius IX. was indeed foolish; for the world would neither fall on its knees nor quake. But, as we have said, this is not the whole truth. The remaining and the greater truth is this: what he projected for his greater power has swiftly wrought his greater weakness. Between him and the Protestant world the gulf of separation has widened, and can never contract. The last hope of reclaiming heretics has been bartered—for a straw. And not only do *they* stand aghast, but the faithful are stunned, and a new schism is imminent, if not initiated. The pontiff who sped the blow is himself reeling from its effect.

Well: Austria weakened—she has since become at issue, alienated, offended, and naughty; Spain lost; the outside world thrust beyond redemption; and the sanctuary itself in peril of dispersion—what next? Close upon the heels of the Papal *faux pas* was the attack of France upon Prussia; of Papal France, be it noted, upon Protestant Prussia—the only anti-papal and formidable power in Europe. Leaving Russia out of account, here were the two mightiest potentates of Continental Europe at deadly strife: the one Popish, the other Protestant. As went the tide of battle, the one or the other would be humbled. And as the one or the other was to be humbled,

would the Apostolic See (this by courtesy) be elevated or depressed. Whatever, therefore, its external pretext, whatever its aspect in the drama of secular history, it was in its inception and has been in its progress emphatically a religious war.

Statesmen and politicians, and half-fledged demagogues, may look at this tragic farce as they please. They will please to look at it, as at others, only through their own common eyes; and what they will see and declaim about will be only its secular aspect and its secular bearings. But it has others; more subtle and more grave. Like the facts already adduced, it had its *animus* not only in State policy, but in devotion to that spiritual power which was inwoven with the State's policy—part and parcel of it. Moreover, like the facts already adduced, in its catastrophe—not yet completed—the status of the Romish hierarchy is deplorably involved. The troops of Napoleon withdrawn from Rome; the troops of Emmanuel in possession; here is still another reflux in the grand tide of events undermining this same Papal power! To all human seeming, secular Papacy is well-nigh Popeless. One-third of her triple crown rifled, what will become of the two-thirds?

In this connection the time-sequence of catastrophes should be noted, for the relations of time are of no less significance to the student of providence than the relations of events. Close upon the proclamation of the new dogma came the doom of judgment. The thunderbolt fell. The ægis of France was withdrawn. The Pope was discrowned and nerveless. It was not only true, as we have stated, that his spiritual power was weakened and imperilled, but the last remnant of his temporal power—long time waning—was taken utterly away.

Let us review. The Mexican fiasco, the Austrian humiliation and defection, the Spanish revolution, the Ecumenical Council, the campaign of France, were each the fruit of Romish intrigue, oppression, or necessity; and each has brought its harvest of calamity to the power which really created them. We repeat it, then. To regard these merely as political or as military events, is to shear them of their true proportions; to rob them of their grand significance. The worldling philosopher is welcome to the desecration, welcome to the odium of an emasculation so gross. Viewed as such men view them, they will soon be forgotten save as matters of memoranda on the page of history. But viewed as we view them, they take hold of mankind. They are pregnant with great births. They will ever and largely modify the pulsations of the world.

We are bold to intimate more: Armies rush together; crafty men and schooled sages conspire and bring forth pious follies to their own undoing; nations rise up and upturn deep-rooted antiquity, as you would blow away a feather; and all these things are concentrated upon one common result—the exposure of a great, grasping autocracy and the deliverance of men from its oppression. Is not this indicative of a supreme and a redeeming Presence? The blushing dawn portends a coming sun. The springing of the mine tells of a coming demolition.

We evoke no rhetoric as we point to these simple facts. We leave that to rhetoricians. We think, indeed, that the series have sent an electric current to the very depths of social life, and have touched its hidden springs. But we assume not to prophesy their influence and its possible ramifications for to-morrow, or for a century. We leave that to prophets—professional and sagacious. The events we have noted may evolve great political changes, or they may not. They may stimulate agonizing convulsions, or they may work gently and gratefully, like the dews from heaven. Who can tell? The great body politic of the Christian world is sloughing off the foul accretions of unwashen ages. It is impregnated for a new maternity. But how, or what, the birth; what its baptism; and what its baptismal name—the fullness of time alone can disclose.

There has been a most remarkable conspiracy; yet no conspiracy at all. Events seemingly divergent have become concentric. Actors without concert, and in different spheres, have sped to one point and wrought one result. Different times have been blended, in their effects, in a common and ulterior time. And these times and actors and events have each

borne upon their wings a withering simoom; pouring it in successive and pitiless blasts upon one devoted head. All along the sad and blighting centuries of her domination, the Romish Church has never met with reverses so signal and so peculiar. Upon her have fallen these unconspiring conspirators, with their swift and crushing blows. Defeated feats-at-arms; political gamblers; infatuated and suicidal despots; overwise fools; exasperated peoples—have all been gathering up and hurling effective curses upon him who arrogates the monopoly of cursing. His own anathemas have come home to roost; until his temporal power is clean gone; not a prince about him bids him "God speed!" or asks his will; not an acre is left him of "the patrimony of St. Peter." From different points, by different actors, and at different times, this sad bereavement, this kingly bankruptcy and pauperism have been entailed upon the See, so long master of crowns and controller of coffers. The concentration of events; the rapidity of their succession; the oneness of their bane; the identity of their victim—surely all this is new, strange, significant! In our view it is comparatively of small moment that the nations of Europe are being agitated and that they stand agape with apprehension. We know that others are thinking and talking of these things only: of the clash of arms; of the rocking of nations; of monarchies; of republics. But we are thinking and writing only of this: that so many and so diverse agencies have pestered and rifled that one Head. And yet we overlook even the sorrows on "the seven hills;" and the by-play, there, of march and deposition. We look over and beyond them to larger and to better things.

The larger and better we will state.

The first is—The collapse of a vast and hoary tyranny. Binding the strong to himself, making the magistrate his slave, the Bishop of Rome has long crushed down the nations. In the prince and in his armies his chief might has resided.

Now behold! one after another the princes have been loosed. He has let go his hold on them, because go they would. "Ignorance, the mother of devotion," has been supplanted; and they are free. The last one has now been loosed, or is in impotent captivity, or is a crownless vagrant. This is a great and a glorious fact; the fact which, to our vision, overtops and overrides, with the force and the voice of many waters, all the thunder of war, and all the tearful "sorrows of a poor old man." For the moment, at least, nor decree nor minion of the Pope can sway decree or minion, council or army, of any potentate under heaven! And this glorious loosing from so sad a thraldom has just now been consummated by the revolution in Spain; by the rupture of the Concordat in Austria—where now the Prime Minister, the ruling spirit of her government, is a thorough Protestant, and where even priests are furthering the free reading of the Bible; by the chaos in France; and by Victor Emmanuel's absorption of Rome.

"For the moment, at least." To-morrow may change the posture of affairs. What is thrown down may be set up again. But to-day—for once, after so long a time—*The Princes of Europe are free!* And although to-morrow Austria and Italy, and Spain and France, should return to their old allegiance, yet the jubilee of to-day will ever remain a historic fact, and will tell upon the future of the nations. Out of the ashes of a Phœnix, a Phœnix rises.

A word about the second, "larger and better thing;" the largest and the best.

Our paramount conception, as we look down upon these several and severed events, and observe their wondrous grouping, is that of *one mind*—the Master and Controller of the whole. Be it right or be it wrong, this conception comes to us with the sweet influence of a charm. It presents, in one symmetrical form, things dark and incongruous. It makes dumb things vocal, and unmeaning things eloquent. It wrings music and choral harmony from the wild discord of strifes. And thus, this one conception holds us in awe, and subdues what would otherwise be tumultuous within us, to the placid and contented spirit of a child that is weaned of its mother. With this conception, and its interpretation, we enwrap the whole panorama.

Not a single actor in all these scenes knew what he was about. Each had his own

motive and his own scheme. But no one knew, or dreamed of, that to which he was contributing. In the Quixotic expedition to Mexico, had Napoleon or Maximilian any thought that they were to deliver Mexicans from ecclesiastical despotism? that they were paving the way for religious freedom? that they were drawing up a bill of divorce to rupture Church and State? Not they. And yet they did it. They developed and unified, and thus made potent, a distracted people. They drew out and put in array the whole power of the priesthood, into direct and naked antagonism to the civil rights, the domestic peace, and the panting manhood of the people. Invasion struck hands with priestcraft; priestcraft with invasion. The dullest peon saw it. The conspiracy and its purpose were unmasked. The thing was overdone. The reaction was—religious freedom. The result was—the Pope no king; the Nazarene unbound! The Emperor and the *quasi*-Emperor did not mean to do all this. But they did it.

It was so with the Austrian Serf-royal. Only the great heart of the heretic spared him from crushing. He had no glory left but a Concordat. It was a paper one; maybe, parchment. The Pope pointed to it, smiling grimly. The taunt and the order were too much. Austria tore the compact to tatters and went her way, sour and disobedient. And now, men and women can marry there without leave from Rome, and read the Bible too. Austria meant to be filial. Her very filialness made her unfilial. She meant to strengthen Papa. She weakened him—sorely. What she intended to do, she did not. What she did not intend to do, that she did.

It was so, too, with Isabella of Spain. In one relation, a despot; in another, a cringing slave—she degraded and ground her people for the Pope's sake. Too many sins, too much plenary indulgence, and too much popish piety ate up her queenly power. Queen-mother of Heresy! Godmother to the Bible! Wanton and godless as she was, she would have recoiled from such sin. And yet, from her very loins and from between her own feet was it born! What she meant to do, she failed to do. What she would not have done, for the boon of the whole world, that very thing she did.

It was so, also, with the Pope. His encyclical letter, though of like tenor and effect, we pass over; his culminating dogma stands out in so much bolder relief. He meant it should have awed the nations. He meant it should have gained him reverence and obedience. He meant it should have consolidated and confirmed the church. But the peoples laugh; the church herself is in consternation. He arrogated adoration; he gained derision. He aspired to a rock; he found a quagmire. What he meant to do, he failed to do. What he would not have done, for the boon of the whole world, that very thing he has done.

Finally, it was so, also, with Napoleon in *his* culminating folly. He aimed his shaft at the vitals of Protestantism; in behoof of Papacy. It glanced. It struck deep in Rome. The blow was a surprise. The wound was ghastly. Whether it will be healed, as it may be, or no; whether or no the Protectorate will be restored; whether in the councils of France the Papal craft shall be plied again or not; whether religious liberty shall be installed over that fair domain, or drivelling superstition, or the Goddess of Reason—are points which, in relation to the theme in hand, are neither here nor there. The only point before us is this: Again the Nephew has failed of his intent. Again he has done the very thing he would not have done; nay, the very reverse of what he willed has come to pass.

Our comprehensive and summary point is this: Each of the actors in these five acts of the drama, in front of the Holy Father and in his behalf, have hurled—the Boomerang; with a little lack of skill, with a slight excess of force, with a trifling error of calculation. In each case, the gyrating weapon has spent itself on the sheltered Pontiff. Was all this a happening? The concurrence of so many and so separate events to a common result, to a result signally and wofully adverse to the very purposes of the actors—did it bring itself about? They did not purpose it; that is clear as noonday. Yet, contrary to their purpose, by them it was brought about. They did it; yet they did not do it. Paradoxical,

but true. Then who did it? No one? Were the three campaigns, and the Revolution, and the Dogma—Things; Personalities; Forces of nature—slipping from the hands of their stimulators, setting up for independence, floating about in space at will, coming together by elective affinity, and there agreeing to pounce upon Rome? Or were they moral Forces; more subtle and more powerful than nature's or a general's; caught up and combined, directed and controlled by some other mind, to the evolution of a moral and momentous catastrophe? Given somewhat to common sense, we cannot otherwise interpret the wonder.

If the Supreme Mind did not create the unity of result out of the incongruous and disloyal material—did not speed and guide against Rome what was intended for Rome—who did? In view of the premises and granting the supposition, common sense under compulsion answers—no one. But at this she revolts; and, denying the supposition, falling back upon her own, proper self, and invoking the Inner Voice, she instinctively and joyously recognizes that better mind, making prince and subject, despot and vassal, priest and prophet, general and soldier—tributary to his own Schema and working out his own loving kindnesses!

And here we rest; accepting and confiding in the one Supreme Mind, the one Supreme Heart. Confiding in Him, and confident that, from the smoke, the burning, the effervescence, and the effluvia of His Grand Laboratory, will come some Form of crystalline beauty, some choice blessing for the world for which He is caring, and to which every drug and every corroding element, however offensive, shall contribute its share. Here we rest; in simple, exultant, but childlike faith in The Good Presence and the Wise.

A DAY WITH THE BROWNINGS AT PRATOLINO.

THE old Dukes of Tuscany were a luxurious race of sovereigns, and had an eye to nature as well as art;—especially did the Medici. They planted their palatial villas, for occasional resort, on sites the most choice and commanding among the hills which surround *La Bella Firenze*. Not limiting themselves in the number of their residences more than in any other extravagance which might minister to pleasure or caprice, they had one to suit every mood of mind; every circumstance of the day; every intrigue that required temporary seclusion; every withdrawal of the court from the capital to the country. Though centuries have passed since most of the ducal villas around Florence were built, and though many of them have been unoccupied during the later reigns; still, every sovereign, from Lorenzo the Magnificent down to the late Grand Duke Leopold, has caused his numerous palaces and villas, with their grounds, to be kept in order, each with its reserved corps of in-door and out-door servants, and ready at notice for the monarch's reception. The enormous expense of keeping up so many royal establishments has, of course, told on the treasury funds; but sovereigns are sovereign, and remonstrance, if it had a voice, on the part of taxed subjects would be heard in vain. Times, however, have changed in United Italy, and sovereigns also. What does Victor Emmanuel want of royal residences, save on state occasions, to please the people? He, who for himself would prefer a cabin to a palace any day; whose taste, so far from being refined, to suit Medicean luxuriance, is emphatically common, or rather, uncommonly coarse! Now that such an unkingly king reigns not only in cultivated Tuscany, but over all Italy, such of us as have seen that fair land already, and visited its palaces and halls, where yet the glory of the past lingers, must certainly congratulate ourselves; for ere long these superfluous luxuries will have sunk their riches in the state treasury.

Pratolino, one of the favorite royal villas in the environs of Florence, though famous for many historical associations, and more especially for the loves of Francesco Primo and

Bianca Capello,—out of which grew a romance in real life ending in tragedy,—has, in these latter days, become associated with incidents and names more interesting to me than all the romance which invests it. There I accompanied the great Elizabeth, Queen of Poetry, and Robert the Mighty, crowned also in his own peculiar sphere of poesy, one glorious summer morning a few years back.

There we spent a whole day together in strolling and lounging; admiring and commenting; poetizing and philosophizing; conversing and enjoying; till that mount of vision grew luminous as from some divine presence, and she of the spirit inspired seemed transfigured before us, as symbolizing, even then and there, this day, when her raiment is indeed white as snow, where Moses and Elias, ay, Isaiah and David, "The sweet singer of Israel," are with her! We, who were with her then, could say, "It is good to be here!" Whatever be her great gain in that higher state, we cannot but deeply feel that it is through our loss. So familiar had become the united names of these wedded poets, the Brownings, that we can hardly speak of them separately now. Yet never were two made one more dissimilar in every feature of body and mind than Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. Still, never were an endowed couple more truly united than they, exemplifying the truth that extremes meet.

It was my privilege to live for years near by, and in intimate intercourse with, the divinity of Casa Guidi,—her whose genius has immortalized the walls as well as the windows of that antique palace; for a tablet has been inserted by the grateful Italians, whose cause she so eloquently espoused, in the grand entrance wall, recording her name, deeds, and long residence there, with the tribute of their thanks and love. Yet I had not known the Brownings personally, in the more intimate sense of acquaintanceship, till that blessed day, when, in the balm of a June morning, we started together in an open carriage for Pratolino, taking with us a manservant, who carried the basket containing our picnic dinner, of which only four were to partake. A larger party would have spoiled the whole. A more timid nature was never joined to a bolder spirit than in Elizabeth Browning. She fairly shrunk from observation, and could not endure mixed company, though in her heart kind and sympathetic with all. Her timidity was both instinctive and acquired; having been an invalid and student from her youth up, she had lived almost the life of a recluse; thus it shocked her to be brought face to face with inquisitive strangers, or the world in general. On this very account, and because her health so rarely permitted her to make excursions of any kind, she enjoyed, as the accustomed do not, and the unappreciative cannot, any unwonted liberty in nature's realm, and doubly with a chosen few sympathetic companions, to whom she could freely express her thoughts and emotions. Like most finely strung beings, she spoke through a changeful countenance every change of feeling.

Never shall I forget how her face—the plain mortal beautiful in its immortal expression—lighted up to greet us as our carriage drove into the *porte-cochère* of Casa Guidi on that memorable morning. Simple as a child, the honest enjoyment which she anticipated in our excursion beamed through her countenance. Those large, dark, dreamy eyes—usually like deep wells of thought—sparkled with delight; while her adored Robert's generous capacity for pleasure showed even a happier front than ordinary, reflecting her joy, as we turned into the street and out at the city gate towards Patrolino. The woman of usually many thoughts and few words grew a talker under the stimulus of open country air; while her husband, usually talkative, became the silent enjoyer of her vocal gladness, a pleasure too rarely afforded him to be interrupted. We, of choice, only talked enough to keep our *improvisatrice* in the humor of utterance. Every tree, every wayside flower, every uncommon stone or passing cloud gave fresh impulse to her spirit, which verily seemed like an enfranchised bird's. On reaching the enchanting grounds of Pratolino—which royal love enchanted as long ago as the 16th century—we all began to talk of the past, till the present was animated by its spirit; breathing beauty seemed stirring the leaves of green

retreats, made for love; inspiring the songs of numerous birds, whose musical *amours* enjoy now unmolested those right-royal groves; vitalizing the gold and silver fishes which sport in those silver lakes, all unconscious of the rapturous faces once mirrored there. Even the climbing roses encircled those ancient walls with beauty, and conjured fragrant memories of a dead, yet living past. As we neared the villa, no wonder that poetic fancy seized that enthusiastic group, and we saw the beautiful Bianca strolling among the flowers with her infatuated lover, herself not more fond than ambitious to share his ducal crown. The very insects seemed whispering of that tragic romance, and our queen of song relapsed into dreams which we dared not disturb, till, threading our path silently along the winding ways, we at length entered a grove in the rear of the villa, where, with one accord, we paused for rest and refreshment. By this time the reaction of languor, after unwonted excitement, came over Mrs. Browning; she almost fell prostrate on the grass, where she lay with closed eyes, a stone for her pillow, like Jacob in his dream,—and doubtless she also had a vision of the ladder on which the angels were descending and ascending, as her ministers.

Withdrawing a short distance, so that our mellowed voices might not reach her, while lunch was being prepared under the trees, Robert Browning put on his talking-cap again and discoursed, to two delighted listeners, of her who slept. After expressing his joy at her enjoyment of the morning, the poet's soul took fire by its own friction, and glowed with the brilliance of its theme. Knowing well that he was before fervent admirers of his wife, he did not fear to speak of her genius, which he did almost with awe, losing himself so entirely in her glory that one could see that he did not feel worthy to unloose her shoe-latchet, much less to call her his own. This led back to the birth of his first love for her, and then, without reserve, he told us the real story of that romance, "the course of" which "true love never did run smooth." There have been several printed stories of the loves of Elizabeth and Robert Browning, and we had read some of these; but as the poet's own tale differed essentially from the others, and as the divine genius of the heroine has returned to its native heaven, whilst her life on earth now belongs to posterity, it cannot be a breach of confidence to let the truth be known.

Mr. Barrett, the father of Elizabeth, though himself a superior man, and capable of appreciating his gifted child, was, in some sense, an eccentric. He had an unaccountable aversion to the idea of "marrying off" any of his children. Having wealth, a sumptuous house, and being a widower, he had somehow made up his mind to keep them all about him. Elizabeth, the eldest, had been an invalid from her early youth, owing partly to the great shock which her exquisite nervous organization received when she saw an idolized brother drown before her eyes, without having the power to save him. Grief at this event naturally threw her much within herself, while shattered health kept her confined for years to her room. There she thought, studied, wrote; and from her sick-chamber went forth the winged inspirations of her genius. These came into the heart of Robert Browning, and nesting there, awakened love for "The Great Unknown," and he sought her out. Finding that the invalid did not receive strangers, he wrote her a letter, intense with his desire to see her. She reluctantly consented to an interview. He flew to her apartment, was admitted by the nurse, in whose presence only could he see the deity at whose shrine he had long worshipped. But the golden opportunity was not to be lost; love became oblivious to any save the presence of the real of its ideal. Then and there Robert Browning poured his impassioned soul into hers; though his tale of love seemed only an enthusiast's dream. Infirmity had hitherto so hedged her about, that she deemed herself forever protected from all assaults of love. Indeed she felt only injured that a fellow-poet should take advantage, as it were, of her indulgence in granting him an interview, and requested him to withdraw from her presence, not attempting any response to his proposal, which she could not believe in earnest. Of course he withdrew from her sight, but not to withdraw the offer of his heart and hand; *au contraire*, to repeat it by letter, and in such

wise as to convince her how "dead in earnest" he was. Her own heart, touched already when she knew it not, was this time fain to listen, be convinced, and overcome. But here began the tug of war! As a filial daughter, Elizabeth told her father of the poet's love, of the poet's love in return, and asked a parent's blessing to crown their happiness. At first, incredulous of the strange story, he mocked her; but when the truth flashed on him, from the new fire in her eyes, he kindled with rage, and forbade her ever seeing or communicating with her lover again, on the penalty of disinheritance and banishment forever from a father's love. This decision was founded on no dislike for Mr. Browning personally, or anything in him, or his family; it was simply arbitrary. But the new love was stronger than the old in her—it conquered. On wings it flew to her beloved, who had perched on her window, and thence bore her away from the fogs of England to a nest under Italian skies. The nightingale who had long sung in the dark, with "her breast against a thorn," now changed into a lark—morning had come—singing for very joy, and at heaven's gate, which has since opened to let her in. The unnatural father kept his vow, and would never be reconciled to his daughter, of whom he was not worthy; though she ceased not her endearing efforts to find her way to his heart again; ever fearing that he, or she, might die without the bond of forgiveness having reunited them. Always cherishing an undiminished love for her only parent, this banishment from him wore on her, notwithstanding the rich compensation of such a husband's devotion, and the new maternal love which their golden-haired boy awakened. What she feared, came upon her! Her father died without leaving her even his pardon, and her feeble *physique* never quite recovered from the shock. Few witnessed the strong grief of that morally strong woman. I saw her after her first wrestling with the angel of sorrow, and perceived that with the calm token of his blessing, still she dragged a maimed life.

To return to Pratolino: The poet's story of his love had sharpened appetite, and we gathered at the rustic table in the grove, where our queen, Elizabeth, crowned the feast. Recovered by rest from the morning's fatigue, she was able to join, though not again to lead, our conversation. Under the stimulus of appetizing viands, and good wine in moderation, Robert Browning's spirits overflowed, even to the confession of telling us their romance, receiving only from its heroine the slight punishment of her, "Robert, dear! how could you?" After lunch we all went to the brow of the hill, and together looked out on that marvellous view, backed by the Apennines in their afternoon glory; while before us lay dreamily, under a softening mist-veil, Florence the Beautiful!—its massive palaces, with their ponderous eaves; its majestic Duomo; its heaven-pointing Campanile,—that perfection of symmetry; its arching bridges, spanning the classic Arno, which curved like a silver thread amidst all that scene of loveliness. There the past and the present met together; terror and beauty embraced each other. All that Elizabeth Browning said, after gazing a while in silence, was, "How it speaks to us!" Since then it has spoken to us again through the echo from her spirit; we caught it even then, and though that spirit has since passed away, the echo of its own song has not died, shall not die; Elizabeth Browning "was for all time!"

We returned to Florence just as the sun was setting behind the Tuscan hills, and the moon rising on our forward path as a welcome. When we rolled under the arched gateway of Casa Guidi, a tired voice said, faintly, "How I thank you!" While in heartiest tone Robert Browning repeated, "Ay, thanks for a real pleasure-day." As for us, we could only claim our right to all the thanksgiving, and respond, "Yes, a day to be remembered, and——" recorded here!

THE LAST LETTER.

'Tis a straight, smooth bore—a trifle long,
Is it not? But then, when a message goes
On a track like this, the longest time
Is short enough, one would suppose.

Now for the powder! Who would think
These dusky grains held so subtle a power!
As well might one be afraid and shrink
From the dust of a withered flower.

Here is the bullet, cold and hard,
And pointed as if 'twere the latest pun;
Less weighty, perhaps, than words can be
When a murder has to be done.

How still the trance of this August noon!
How the white light falls on each moveless tree!
It seems like a fierce, warm, eager heart,
In a hush of expectancy.

Set up the target close to the vine!
'Tis so like a woman, slender and fair!
And the shadow the hanging tendrils throw,
We will fancy a tress of hair.

A waiting woman!—an easy range!
Which shall I aim at, heart or head?
The heart the surer? one! two! three!
Dead, for a ducat, dead!

HULDAH THE HELP.

A THANKSGIVING LOVE-STORY.

I REMEMBER a story that Judge Balcom told a few years ago on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. I do not feel sure that it will interest everybody as it did me. Indeed, I am afraid that it will not, and yet I cannot help thinking that it is just the sort of a trifle that will go well with turkey, celery, and mince pie.

It was in the Judge's own mansion on Thirty-fourth street that I heard it. It does not matter to the reader how I, a stranger, came to be one of that family party. Since I could not enjoy the society of my own family, it was an act of Christian charity that permitted me to share the joy of others. We had eaten dinner and had adjourned to the warm bright parlor. I have noticed on such occasions that conversation is apt to flag after dinner. Whether it is that digestion absorbs all of one's vitality, or for some other reason, at least so it generally falls out that people may talk ever so brilliantly at the table, but they will hardly keep it up for the first half-hour afterward. And so it happened that some of the party fell to looking at the books and some to turning the leaves of the photograph

album, while others were using the stereoscope. For my own part, I was staring at an engraving in a dark corner of the parlor, where I could not have made out much of its purpose if I had desired,—but in reality I was thinking of the joyous company of my own kith and kin, hundreds of miles away, and regretting that I could not be with them.

"What are you thinking about, papa?" asked Irene, the Judge's second daughter.

She was a rather haughty looking girl of sixteen, but, as I had noticed, very much devoted to her parents. At this moment she was running her hand through her father's hair, while he was rousing himself from his revery to answer her question.

"Thinking of the old Thanksgivings, which were so different from anything we have here. They were the genuine thing; these are only counterfeits."

"Come, tell us about them, please." This time it was Annie Balcom, the older girl, who spoke. And we all gathered round the Judge. For I notice that when conversation does revive, after that period of silence that follows dinner, it is very attractive to the whole company, and in whatsoever place it breaks out, there is soon a knot of interested listeners.

"I don't just now think of any particular story of New England Thanksgivings that would interest you," said the Judge.

"Tell them about Huldah's mince-pie," said Mrs. Balcom, as she looked up from a copy of Whittier she had been reading.

I cannot pretend to give the story which follows exactly in the Judge's words, for it is three years since I heard it, but as nearly as I can remember it was as follows :—

There was a young lawyer by the name of John Harlow practising law here in New York twenty odd years ago. His father lived not very far away from my father. John had graduated with honors, had studied law, and had the good fortune to enter immediately into a partnership with his law preceptor, Ex-Gov. Blank. So eagerly had he pursued his studies that for two years he had not seen his country home. I think one reason why he had not cared to visit it was that his mother was dead, and his only sister was married and living in Boston. Take the "women-folks" out of a house, and it never seems much like home to a young man.

But now, as Thanksgiving Day drew near he resolved to give himself a brief release from the bondage of books. He told his partner that he wanted to go home for a week. He said he wanted to see his father and the boys, and his sister, who was coming home at that time, but that he specially wanted to ride old Bob to the brook once more, and to milk Cherry again, just to see how it felt to be a farmer's boy.

"John," said the old lawyer, "be sure you fix up a match with some of those country girls; no man is fit for anything till he is well married, and you are now able with economy to support a wife. Mind you get one of those country girls. These paste and powder people here aren't fit for a young man who wants a woman."

"Governor," said the young lawyer, laying his boots gracefully up on top of a pile of law-books, as if to encourage reflection by giving his head the advantage of the lower end of the inclined plane, "Governor, I don't know anything about city girls. I have given myself to my books. But I must have a wife that is literary, like myself,—one that can understand Emerson, for instance."

The old lawyer laughed. "John," he answered, "the worst mistake you can make is to marry a woman just like yourself in taste. You don't want to marry a woman's head, but her heart."

John defended his theory, and the Governor only remarked that he would be cured of that sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

The next morning John had a letter from his sister. Part of it ran about thus :—

"I've concluded, old fellow, that if you don't marry you'll dry up and turn to parchment. I'm going to bring home with me the smartest girl I know. She reads Carlyle, and quotes Goethe, and understands Emerson. Of course she don't know what I am up to, but you must prepare to capitulate."

John did not like Amanda's assuming to pick a wife for him, but he did like the prospect of meeting a smart girl, and he opened the letter again to make sure that he had not

misunderstood. He read again, "understands Emerson." John was pleased. Why? I think I can divine. John was vain of his own abilities, and he wanted a woman that could appreciate him. He would have told you that he wanted congenial society. But congenial female society to an ambitious man whose heart is yet untouched is only society that, in some sense, understands his own greatness and admires his wisdom.

In the old home they were looking for the son. The family proper consisted of the father, good Deacon Harlow, John's two brothers, ten and twelve years old, and Huldah, the "help." This last was the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who was poor and hopelessly rheumatic, and most of the daughter's hard earnings went to eke out the scanty subsistence at home. Aunt Judith, the sister of John's mother, "looked after" the household affairs of her brother-in-law, by coming over once a week and helping Huldah darn and mend and make, and by giving Huldah such advice as her inexperience was supposed to require. But now Deacon Harlow's daughter had left her husband to eat his turkey alone in Boston, and had brought her two children home to receive the paternal blessing. Not that Mrs. Amanda Holmes had the paternal blessing chiefly in view in her trip. She had brought with her a very dear friend, Miss Janet Dunton, the accomplished teacher in the Mt. Parnassus Female Seminary. Why Miss Janet Dunton came to the country with her friend, she could hardly have told. Not a word had Mrs. Holmes spoken to her on the subject of the matrimonial scheme. She would have resented any allusion to such a project. She would have repelled any insinuation that she had ever dreamed that marriage was desirable under any conceivable circumstances. It is a way we have of teaching girls to lie. We educate them to catch husbands. Every super-added accomplishment is put on with the distinct understanding that its sole use is to make the goods more marketable. We get up parties, we go to watering-places, we buy dresses, we refurnish our houses, to help our girls to a good match. And then we teach them to abhor the awful wickedness of ever confessing the great desire that nature and education have combined to make the chief longing of their hearts. We train them to lie to us, their trainers; we train them to lie to themselves; to be false with everybody on this subject; to say "no" when they mean "yes;" to deny an engagement when they are dying to boast of it. It is one of the refinements of Christian civilization which we pray the Women's Missionary Society not to communicate to poor ignorant heathens who know no better than to tell the truth about these things.

But, before I digressed into that line of remark, I was saying that Miss Janet Dunton would have resented the most remote suggestion of marriage. She often declared, sentimentally, that she was wedded to her books, and loved her leisure, and was determined to be an old maid. And all the time this sincere Christian girl was dying to confer herself upon some worthy man of congenial tastes; which meant, in her case, just what it did in John Harlow's,—some one who could admire her attainments. But, sensitive as she was to any imputation of a desire to marry, she and Mrs. Holmes understood one another distinctly. There is a freemasonry of women, and these two had made signs. They had talked about in this wise:—

Mrs. Holmes.—My dear Janet, you'll find my brother a bear in manners, I fear. I wish he would marry. I hope you won't break his heart, for I know you wouldn't have him.

Miss Dunton.—You know my views on that subject, my dear. I love books, and shall marry nobody. Besides, your brother's great legal and literary attainments would frighten such a poor little mouse as I am.

And in saying those words they had managed to say that John Harlow was an unsophisticated student, and that they would run him down between them.

Mrs. Holmes and her friend had arrived twenty-four hours ahead of John, and the daughter of the house had already installed herself as temporary mistress by thoughtlessly upsetting, reversing, and turning inside out all the good Huldah's most cherished arrangements. All the plans for the annual festival that wise and practical Huldah had entertained were vetoed, without a thought that this young girl had been for a year and a half

in actual authority in the house, and might have some feeling of wrong in having a guest of a week overturn her plans for the next month. But Mrs. Holmes was not one of the kind to think of that. Huldah was hired and paid, and she never dreamed that hired people could have any interests in their work or their home other than their pay and their food. But Huldah was patient, though she confessed that she had a feeling that she had been rudely "trampled all over." I suspect she had a good cry at the end of the first day. I cannot affirm it, except from a general knowledge of women.

When John drove up in the buggy that the boys had taken to the depot for him, his first care was to shake hands with the deacon, who was glad to see him, but could not forbear expressing a hope that he would "shave that hair off his upper lip." Then John greeted his sister cordially, and was presented to Miss Dunton. Instead of sitting down, he pushed right on into the kitchen, where Huldah, in a calico frock and a clean white apron, was baking biscuit for tea. She had been a schoolmate of his, and he took her hand cordially as she stood there, with the bright western sun half-glorifying her head and face.

"Why, Huldah, how you've grown!" was his first word of greeting. He meant more than he said, for though she was not handsome, she had grown exceeding comely as she developed into a woman.

"Undignified as ever!" said Amanda, as she returned to the sitting-room.

"How?" said John. He looked bewildered. What had he done that was undignified? And Amanda Holmes saw well enough that it would not do to tell him that speaking to Huldah Manners was not consistent with dignity. She saw that her remark had been a mistake, and she got out of it as best she could by turning the conversation. Several times during the supper John addressed his conversation to Huldah, who sat at the table with the family, for in the country in those days it would have been considered a great outrage to make a "help" wait for the second table. John would turn from the literary conversation to inquire of Huldah about his old playmates, some of whom had gone to the West, some of whom had died, and some of whom were settling into the same fixed adherence to their native rocks that had characterized their ancestors.

The next day the ladies could get no good out of John Harlow. He got up early and milked the cow. He cut wood and carried it in for Huldah. He rode old Bob to the brook for water. He did everything that he had been accustomed to do when a boy, finding as much pleasure in forgetting that he was a man, as he had once found in hoping to be a man. The two boys enjoyed his society greatly, and his father was delighted to see that he had retained his interest in the farm-life, though the deacon evidently felt an unconquerable hostility to what he called "that scrub-brush on the upper-lip." I think if John had known how strong his father's feeling was against this much cherished product he would have mowed the crop and grazed the field closely until he got back to the city.

John was not insensible to Janet Dunton's charms. She could talk fluently about all the authors most in vogue, and the effect of her fluency was really dazzling to a man not yet cultivated enough himself to see how superficial her culture was. For all her learning floated on top. None of it had influenced her own culture. She was brimming full of that which she had acquired, but it had not been incorporated into her own nature. John did not see this, and he was infatuated with the idea of marrying a wife of such attainments. How she would dazzle his friends! How the Governor would like to talk to her! How she would shine in his parlors! How she would delight people as she gave them tea and talk at the same time. John was in love with her as he would have been in love with a new tea-urn or a rare book. She was a nice thing to show. Other people than John have married on the strength of such a feeling, and called it love. For John really imagined that he was in love. And during that week he talked and walked and rode in the sleigh with Miss Dunton, and had made up his mind that he would carry this brilliant prize to New York. But, with lawyer-like caution, he thought he would put off the committal as long as possible. If his heart had been in

his attentions the caution would not have been worth much. Caution is a good break-water against vanity; but it isn't worth much against the spring-tide of love, as John Harlow soon found.

For toward the end of the week he began to feel a warmer feeling for Miss Janet. It was not in the nature of things that John should walk and talk with a pleasant girl a week, and not feel something more than his first interested desire to marry a showy wife. His heart began to be touched, and he resolved to bring things to a crisis as soon as possible. He therefore sought an opportunity to propose. But it was hard to find. For though Mrs. Holmes was tolerably ingenious, she could not get the boys or the deacon to pay any regard to her hints. Boys are totally depraved on such questions, anyhow, and always manage to stumble in where any privacy is sought. And as for the deacon, it really seemed as though he had some design in intruding at the critical moment.

I do not think that John was seriously in love with Miss Dunton. If he had been, he would have found some means of communicating with her. A thousand spies with sleepless eyes all round their heads cannot keep a man from telling his love somehow, if he really have a love to tell.

There is another fact which convinces me that John Harlow was not yet very deeply in love with Janet. He was fond of talking with her of Byron and Milton, of Lord Bacon and Emerson, *i. e.*, as I have already said, he was fond of putting his own knowledge on dress-parade in the presence of one who could appreciate the display. But whenever any little thing released him for the time from conversation in the sitting-room, he was given to slipping out into the old kitchen, where, sitting on a chair that had no back, and leaning against the chimney-side, he delighted to talk to Huldah. She couldn't talk much of books, but she could talk most charmingly of everything that related to the country life, and she could ask John many questions about the great city. In fact, John found that Huldah had come into possession of only such facts and truths as could be reached in her narrow life, but that she had assimilated them, and thought about them, and that it was more refreshing to hear her original and piquant remarks about the topics she was acquainted with, than to listen to the tireless stream of Janet Dunton's ostentatious erudition. And he found more delight in telling the earnest and hungry-minded country girl about the great world of men and the great world of books, than in talking to Janet, who was, in the matter of knowledge, a little *blasée*, if I may be allowed the expression. And then to Huldah he could talk of his mother, whom he had often watched moving about that same kitchen. When he had spoken to Janet of the associations of the old place with his mother's countenance, she had answered with a quotation from some poet, given in a tone of empty sentimentality. He instinctively shrank from mentioning the subject to her again; but to Huldah it was so easy to talk of his mother's gentleness and sweetness. Huldah was not unlike her in these respects, and then she gave him the sort of sympathy that finds its utterance in a tender silence—so much more tender than any speech can be.

He observed often during the week that Huldah was depressed. He could not exactly account for it, until he noticed something in his sister's behavior toward her that awakened his suspicion. As soon as opportunity offered he inquired of Huldah, affecting at the same time to know something about it.

"I don't want to complain of your sister to you, Mr. Harlow——"

"Pshaw! call me John, and as for my sister, I know her faults better than you do. Go on, please."

"Well, it's only that she told me that Miss Dunton wasn't used to eating at the same table with *servants*, and when one of the boys told your father, he was mad and came to me, and said, 'Huldah, you must eat when the rest do. If you stay away from the table on account of these city snobs I'll make a fuss on the spot.' So to avoid a fuss I have kept on going to the table."

John was greatly vexed with this. He was a chivalrous fellow, and he knew how such a remark must wound a person who had never learned that domestic service had anything degrading in it. And the result was just the

opposite of what his sister had hoped. John paid more attention than ever to Huldah Manners because she was the victim of oppression.

The evening before Thanksgiving Day the ladies were going to make a visit. It was not at all incumbent on John to go, but he was seeking an opportunity to carry off the brilliant Miss Dunton, who would adorn his parlors when he became rich and distinguished, and who would make so nice a head-piece for his table. And so he had determined to go with them, trusting to some fortunate chance for his opportunity.

But, sitting in the old "best room," in the dark, while the ladies were getting ready, and trying to devise a way by which he might get an opportunity to speak with Miss Dunton alone, it occurred to him that she was at that time in the sitting-room waiting for his sister. To step out to where she was, and present the case in a few words, would not be difficult, and it might all be settled before his sister came down-stairs. The Fates were against him, however. For just as he was about to act on his thought, he heard Amanda Holmes's abundant dresses sweeping down the stairway. He could not help hearing the conversation that followed:—

"You see, Janet, I got up this trip to-night to keep John from spending the evening in the kitchen. He hasn't a bit of dignity, and would spend the evening romping with the children and talking to Huldah if he took it into his head."

"Well," said Janet, "one can overlook everything in a man of your brother's culture. But what a queer way your country servants have of pushing themselves. Wouldn't I make them know their places!"

And all this was said with the kitchen door open, and with the intention of wounding Huldah.

John's castles tumbled. The erudite wife alongside the silver tea-urn faded out of sight rapidly. If knowledge could not give a touch of humane regard for the feelings of a poor girl toiling dutifully and self-denyingly to support her family, of what account was it?

Two minutes before he was about to give his life to Janet Dunton. Now there was a gulf wider than the world between them. He slipped out of the best room by the outside door and came in through the kitchen. The neighbor's sleigh that was to call for them was already at the door and John begged them to excuse him. He had set his heart on helping Huldah make mince-pies, as he used to help his mother when a boy. His sister was in despair, but she did not say much. She told John that it was time he was getting over his queer freaks. And the sleigh drove off.

For an hour afterwards John romped with his sister's children and told stories to the boys and talked to his father. When a man has barely escaped going over a precipice he does not like to think too much about it. John did not.

At last the little children went to bed. The old gentleman grew sleepy, and retired. The boys went into the sitting-room and went to sleep, one on the lounge and one on the floor. Huldah was just ready to begin her pies. She was deeply hurt, but John succeeded in making her more cheerful. He rolled up his sleeves and went to rolling out the pastry. He thought he had never seen a sweeter picture than the young girl in clean dress and apron, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows. There was a statuesque perfection in her well-rounded arms. The heat of the fire had flushed her face a little, and she was laughing merrily at John's awkward blunders in pie-making. John was delighted, he hardly knew why. In fixing a pie-crust his fingers touched hers, and he started as if he had touched a galvanic battery. He looked at Huldah, and saw a half-painful expression on her flushed face.

For the first time it occurred to him that Huldah Manners had excited in him a feeling a thousand times deeper than anything he had felt toward Janet, who seemed to be now in another world. For the first time he realized that he had been more in love with Huldah than with Janet all the time. Why not marry her? And then he remembered what the Governor had said about marrying a woman's heart and not her head.

He put on his hat and walked out,—out, out, into the darkness, the drizzling rain, and the slush of melting snow, fighting a fierce

battle. All his pride and all his cowardly vanity were on one side, all the irresistible torrent of his love on the other. He walked away into the dark wood-pasture, trying to cool his brow, trying to think, and (would you believe it?) trying to pray, for it was a great struggle, and in any great struggle a true soul always finds something very like prayer in his heart.

The feeling of love may exist without attracting the attention of its possessor. It had never occurred to John that he could love or marry Huldah. Thus the passion had grown all the more powerful for not being observed, and now the unseen fire had at a flash appeared as an all-consuming one.

Turning back, he stood without the window, in the shadow, and looked through the glass at the trim young girl at work with her pies. In the modest, restful face he read the story of a heart that had carried great burdens patiently and nobly. What a glorious picture she was of warmth and light, framed in darkness. To his heart, at that moment, all the light and warmth of the world centred in Huldah. All the world besides was loneliness and darkness and drizzle and slush. His fear of his sister and of his friends seemed base and cowardly. And the more he looked at this vision of the night, this revelation of peace and love and light, the more he was determined to possess it. You will call him precipitate. But when all a man's nobility is on one side and all his meanness on the other, why hesitate? Besides, John Harlow had done more thinking in that half-hour than most men do in a month.

The vision had vanished from the window and he went in and sat down. She had, by this time, put in the last pie, and was sitting with her head on her hand. The candle flickered and went out, and there was only the weird and ruddy firelight. I cannot tell you what words passed between John and the surprised Huldah, who had thought him already betrothed to Miss Dunton. I cannot tell what was said in the light of that fire; I don't suppose Harlow could tell that story himself.

Huldah asked that he should not say anything about it till his sister was gone. Of course John saw that she asked it for his sake. But his own cowardice was glad of the shelter.

Next day a brother of John's (whom I forgot to mention before) came home from college. Mrs. Holmes' husband arrived unexpectedly. Aunt Judith, with her family, came over at dinner-time, so that there was a large and merry party. Two hearts, at least, joined in the deacon's thanksgiving before dinner with much fervor.

At the table the dinner was much admired.

"Huldah," said Janet Dunton, "I like your pies. I wish I could hire you to go to Boston. Our cook never does so well."

John saw the well-aimed shaft hidden under this compliment, and all his manhood rallied. As soon as he could be sure of himself he said:—

"You cannot have Huldah; she is already engaged."

"How's that?" said Aunt Judith.

"O! I've secured her services," said John.

"What!" said Mrs. Holmes, "engaged your—your—your help before you engaged a wife!"

"Not at all," said John; "engaged my help and my wife in one. I hope that Huldah Manners will be Huldah Harlow by Christmas."

The Deacon dropped his knife and fork and dropped his lower jaw, and stared. "What! How! What did you say, John?"

"I say, father, that this good girl Huldah is to be my wife."

"John!" gasped the old man, getting to his feet and reaching his hand across the table, "you've got plenty of sense if you do wear a moustache! God bless you, my boy; there ain't no better woman here nor in New York nor anywhere than Huldah. God bless you both. I was afraid you'd take a different road, though."

"Hurrah for our Huldah and our John," said George Harlow, the college boy, and his brothers joined him. Even the little Holmes children hurrahed.

Here the Judge stopped.

"Well," said Irene, "I don't think it *was*

very nice in him to marry the 'help,' do you, father?"

"Indeed I *do*," said the Judge, with emphasis.

"Did she ever come to understand Emerson?" asked Anna, who detested the Concord philosopher because she could not understand him.

"Indeed I don't know," said the Judge; "you can ask Huldah herself."

"Who? what? You don't mean that mother is Huldah?"

It was a cry in concert.

"Mother" was a little red in the face behind the copy of Whittier she was affecting to read.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 105.)

CHAPTER VI.

I COBBLE.

All this has led me, after a roundabout fashion, to what became for some time the chief delight of my winters—an employment, moreover, which I have taken up afresh at odd times during my life. It came about thus. My uncle had made me a present of an old book with pictures in it. It was called *The Preceptor*—one of Dodsley's publications. There were wonderful folding plates of all sorts in it. Those which represented animals were of course my favorites. But these especially were in a very dilapidated condition, for there had been children before me somewhere; and I proceeded, at my uncle's suggestion, to try to mend them by pasting them on another piece of paper. I made bad work of it at first, and was so dissatisfied with the results, that I set myself in earnest to find out by what laws of paste and paper success might be secured. Before the winter was over, my uncle found me grown so skillful in this manipulation of broken leaves—for as yet I had not ventured further in any of the branches of repair—that he gave me plenty of little jobs of the sort, for amongst his books there were many old ones. This was a source of great pleasure. Before the following winter was over, I came to try my hand at repairing bindings, and my uncle was again so much pleased with my success, that one day he brought me from the county town some sheets of parchment with which to attempt the fortification of certain vellum-bound volumes which were considerably the worse for age and use. I well remember how troublesome the parchment was for a long time; but at last I conquered it, and succeeded very fairly in my endeavors to restore to tidiness the garments of ancient thought.

But there was another consequence of this pursuit which may be considered of weight in my history. This was the discovery of a copy of the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia—much in want of skillful patching, from the title-page, with its boar smelling at the rose-bush, to the graduated lines and the *Finis*. This book I read through from boar to finis—no small undertaking, and partly, no doubt, under its influences, I became about this time conscious of a desire after honor, as yet a notion of the vaguest. I hardly know how I escaped the taking for granted that there were yet knights riding about on war-horses, with couched lances and fierce spurs, everywhere, as in days of old. They might have been roaming the world in all directions, without my seeing one of them. But somehow I did not fall into the mistake. Only with the thought of my future career, when I should be a man and go out into the world, came always the thought of the sword which hung on the wall. A longing to handle it began to possess me, and my old dream returned. I dared not, however, say a word to my uncle on the subject. I felt certain that he would slight the desire, and perhaps tell me I should hurt myself with the weapon; and one whose

heart glowed at the story of the battle between him on the white horse with carnation mane and tail, in his armor of blue radiated with gold, and him on the black-spotted brown, in his dusky armor of despair, could not expose himself to such an indignity.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SWORD ON THE WALL.

WHERE possession was impossible, knowledge might yet be reached: could I not learn the story of the ancient weapon? How came that which had more fitly hung in the hall of a great castle, here upon the wall of a kitchen? My uncle, however, I felt, was not the source whence I might hope for help. No better was my aunt. Indeed I had the conviction that she neither knew nor cared anything about the useless thing. It was her tea-table that must be kept bright for honor's sake. But there was grannie!

My relations with her had continued much the same. The old fear of her lingered, and as yet I had had no inclination to visit her room by myself. I saw that my uncle and aunt always behaved to her with the greatest kindness and much deference, but could not help observing also that she cherished some secret offence, receiving their ministrations with a certain condescension which clearly enough manifested its origin as hidden cause of complaint and not pride. I wondered that my uncle and aunt took no notice of it, always addressing her as if they were on the best possible terms; and I knew that my uncle never went to his work without visiting her, and never went to bed without reading a prayer by her bedside first. I think Nannie told me this.

She could still read a little, for her sight had been short, and had held out better even than usual with such. But she cared nothing for the news of the hour. My uncle had a weekly newspaper, though not by any means regularly, from a friend in London, but I never saw it in my grandmother's hands. Her reading was mostly in the *Spectator*, or in one of De Foe's works. I have seen her reading Pope.

The sword was in my bones, and as I judged that only from grannie could I get any information respecting it, I found myself beginning to inquire why I was afraid to go to her. I was unable to account for it, still less to justify it. As I reflected, the kindness of her words and expressions dawned upon me, and I even got so far as to believe that I had been guilty of neglect in not visiting her oftener and doing something for her. True, I recalled likewise that my uncle had desired me not to visit her except with him or my aunt, but that was ages ago, when I was a very little boy, and might have been troublesome. I could even read to her now if she wished it. In short, I felt myself perfectly capable of entering into social relations with her generally. But if there was any flow of affection towards her, it was the sword that had broken the seal of its fountain.

One morning at breakfast I had been sitting gazing at the sword on the wall opposite me. My aunt had observed the steadiness of my look.

"What are you staring at, Willie?" she said. "Your eyes are fixed in your head. Are you choking?"

The words offended me. I got up and walked out of the room. As I went round the table I saw that my uncle and aunt were staring at each other very much as I had been staring at the sword. I soon felt ashamed of myself, and returned, hoping that my behavior might be attributed to some passing indisposition. Mechanically I raised my eyes to the wall. Could I believe them? The sword was gone—absolutely gone! My heart seemed to swell up into my throat; I felt my cheeks burning. The passion grew within me, and might have broken out in some form or other, had I not felt that would at once betray my secret. I sat still with a fierce effort, consoling and strengthening myself with the resolution that I would hesitate no longer, but take the first chance of a private interview with grannie. I tried hard to look as if nothing had happened, and when breakfast was over, went to my own room. It was there I carried on my pasting operations. There also at this time I drank deep in the *Pilgrim's Progress:* there were swords, and armor, and giants, and demons there; but I

had no inclination for either employment now.

My uncle left for the farm as usual, and to my delight I soon discovered that my aunt had gone with him. The ways of the house were as regular as those of a bee-hive. Sitting in my own room I knew precisely where any one must be at any given moment; for although the only clock we had was oftener standing than going, a perfect instinct of time was common to the household, Nannie included. At that moment she was sweeping up the hearth and putting on the kettle. In half an hour she would have tidied up the kitchen, and would have gone to prepare the vegetables for cooking: I must wait. But the sudden fear struck me that my aunt might have taken the sword with her—might be going to make away with it altogether. I started up, and rushed about the room in an agony. What could I do? At length I heard Nannie's pattens clatter out of the kitchen to a small outhouse where she pared the potatoes. I instantly descended, crossed the kitchen, and went up the winding stone stair. I opened grannie's door, and went in.

She was seated in her usual place. Never till now had I felt how old she was. She looked up when I entered, for although she had grown very deaf, she could feel the floor shake. I saw by her eyes which looked higher than my head, that she had expected a taller figure to follow me. When I turned from shutting the door, I saw her arms extended with an eager look, and could see her hands trembling ere she folded them about me, and pressed my head to her bosom.

"O Lord!" she said, "I thank thee. I will try to be good now. O Lord, I have waited, and thou hast heard me. I will believe in thee again!"

For that moment I loved my grannie, and felt I owed her something as well as my uncle. I had never had this feeling about my aunt.

"Grannie!" I said, trembling from a conflict of emotions; but before I could utter my complaint, I had burst out crying.

"What have they been doing to you, child?" she asked, almost fiercely, and sat up straight in her chair. Her voice, although feeble and quavering, was determined in tone. She pushed me back from her and sought the face I was ashamed to show. "What have they done to you, my boy?" she repeated, ere I could conquer my sobs sufficiently to speak.

"They have taken away the sword that——"

"What sword?" she asked, quickly. "Not the sword that your great-grandfather wore when he followed Sir Marmaduke?"

"I don't know, grannie."

"Don't know, boy? The only thing your father took when he——. Not the sword with the broken sheath? Never! They daren't do it! I will go down myself. I must see about it at once."

"O grannie, don't!" I cried in terror, as she rose from her chair. "They'll not let me ever come near you again if you do."

She sat down again. After seeming to ponder for a while in silence, she said:—

"Well, Willie, my dear, you're more to me than the old sword. But I wouldn't have had it handled with disrespect for all that the place is worth. However I don't suppose they can——. What made them do it, child? They've not taken it down from the wall?"

"Yes, grannie. I think it was because I was staring at it too much, grannie. Perhaps they were afraid I would take it down and hurt myself with it. But I was only going to ask you about it, grannie."

All my notion was some story, I did not think whether true or false, like one of Nannie's stories.

"That I will, my child—all about it—all about it. Let me see."

Her eyes went wandering a little and she looked perplexed.

"And they took it from you, did they, then? Poor child! Poor child!"

"They didn't take it from me, grannie. I never had it in my hands."

"Wouldn't give it you then? Oh dear! Oh dear!"

I began to feel uncomfortable—grannie looked so strange and lost. The old feeling that she ought to be buried because she was dead returned upon me; but I overcame it so far as to be able to say:

"Won't you tell me about it then, grannie? I want so much to hear about the battle."

"What battle, child? Oh yes! I'll tell you all about it some day, but I've forgot now, I've forgot it all now."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, and sat thus for some time, while I grew very frightened. I would gladly have left the room and crept down stairs, but I stood fascinated, gazing at the withered face half-hidden by the withered hand. I longed to be anywhere else, but my will had deserted me, and there I must remain. At length grannie took her hand from her eyes, and seeing me, started.

"Ah, my dear!" she said, "I had forgotten you. You wanted me to do something for you: what was it?"

"I wanted you to tell me about the sword, grannie."

"Oh yes, the sword!" she returned, putting her hand again to her forehead. "They took it away from you, did they? Well, never mind. I will give you something else—though I don't say it's as good as the sword."

She rose, and taking an ivory-headed stick which leaned against the side of the chimney-piece, walked with tottering steps towards the bureau. There she took from her pocket a small bunch of keys, and having, with some difficulty from the trembling of her hands, chosen one, and unlocked the sloping cover, she opened a little drawer inside, and took out a gold watch with a bunch of seals hanging from it. Never shall I forget the thrill that went through my frame. Did she mean to let me hold it in my own hand? Might I have it as often as I came to see her? Imagine my ecstasy when she put it carefully in the two hands I held up to receive it, and said:

"There, my dear! You must take good care of it and never give it away for love or money. Don't you open it—there's a good boy, till you're a man like your father. He *was* a man! He gave it to me the day we were married, for he had nothing else, he said, to offer me. But I would not take it, my dear. I liked better to see him with it than have it myself. And when he left me, I kept it for you. But you must take care of it, you know."

"Oh, thank you, grannie!" I cried, in an agony of pleasure. "I *will* take care of it—indeed I will. Is it a real watch, grannie—as real as uncle's?"

"It's worth ten of your uncle's, my dear. Don't you show it him though. He might take that away too. Your uncle's a very good man, my dear, but you mustn't mind everything he says to you. He forgets things. I never forget anything. I have plenty of time to think about things. I never forget."

"Will it go, grannie?" I asked, for my uncle was a much less interesting subject than the watch.

"It won't go without being wound up; but you might break it. Besides it may want cleaning. It's several years since it was cleaned last. Where will you put it now?"

"Oh! I know where to hide it safe enough, grannie," I exclaimed. "I'll take care of it. You needn't be afraid, grannie."

The old lady turned, and with difficulty tottered to her seat. I remained where I was, fixed in contemplation of my treasure. She called me. I went and stood by her knee.

"My child, there is something I want very much to tell you, but you know old people forget things——"

"But you said just now that you never forgot anything, grannie."

"No more I do, my dear; only I can't always lay my hands upon a thing when I want it."

"It was about the sword, grannie," I said, thinking to refresh her memory.

"No, my dear; I don't think it was about the sword exactly—though that had something to do with it. I shall remember it all by and by. It will come again. And so must you, my dear. Don't leave your old mother so long alone. It's weary, weary work, waiting."

"Indeed I won't, grannie," I said. "I will come the very first time I can. Only I mustn't let auntie see me, you know.—You don't want to be buried now, do you, grannie?" I added; for I had begun to love her,

and the love had cast out the fear, and I did not want her to wish to be buried.

"I am very, very old; much too old to live, my dear. But I must do you justice before I can go to my grave. *Now* I know what I wanted to say. It's gone again. Oh dear! Oh dear! If I had you in the middle of the night, when everything comes back as if it had been only yesterday, I could tell you all about it from beginning to end, with all the ins and outs of it. But I can't now—I can't now."

She moaned and rocked herself to and fro.

"Never mind, grannie," I said cheerfully, for I was happy enough for all eternity with my gold watch; "I will come and see you again as soon as ever I can." And I kissed her on the white cheek.

"Thank you, my dear. I think you had better go now. They may miss you, and then I should never see you again—to talk to, I mean."

"Why won't they let me come and see you, grannie?"

"That's what I wanted to tell you, if I could only see a little better," she answered, once more putting her hand to her forehead. "Perhaps I shall be able to tell you next time. Go now, my dear."

I left the room, nothing loath, for I longed to be alone with my treasure. I could not get enough of it in grannie's presence even. Noiseless as a cat I crept down the stair. When I reached the door at the foot I stood and listened. The kitchen was quite silent. I stepped out. There was no one there. I scudded across and up the other stair to my own room, carefully shutting the door behind me. Then I sat down on the floor on the other side of the bed, so that it was between me and the door, and I could run into the closet with my treasure before any one entering should see me.

The watch was a very thick round one. The back of it was crowded with raised figures in the kind of work called *repoussée*. I pored over these for a long time, and then turned to the face. It was set all round with shining stones—diamonds, though I knew nothing of diamonds then. The enamel was cracked, and I followed every crack as well as every figure of the hours. Then I began to wonder what I could do with it next. I was not satisfied. Possession I found was not bliss: it had not rendered me content. But it was as yet imperfect: I had not seen the inside. Grannie had told me not to open it: I began to think it hard that I should be denied thorough possession of what had been given to me. I believed I should be quite satisfied if I once saw what made it go. I turned it over and over, thinking I might at least find how it was opened. I have little doubt if I had discovered the secret of it, my virtue would have failed me. All I did find however was the head of a curious animal engraved on the handle. This was something. I examined it as carefully as the rest, and then finding I had for the time exhausted the pleasures of the watch, I turned to the seals. On one of them was engraved what looked like letters, but I could not read them. I did not know that they were turned the wrong way. One of them was like a W. On the other seal—there were but two and a curiously-contrived key—I found the same head as was engraved on the handle,—turned the other way of course. Wearied at length, I took the precious thing into the dark closet, and laid it in a little box which formed one of my few possessions. I then wandered out into the field, and went straying about until dinner-time, during which I believe I never once lifted my eyes to the place where the sword had hung, lest even that action should betray the watch.

From that day, my head, and as much of my heart as might be, were filled with the watch. And, alas! I soon found that my book-mending had grown distasteful to me, and for the satisfaction of employment, possession was a poor substitute. As often as I made the attempt to resume it, I got weary, and wandered almost involuntarily to the closet to feel for my treasure in the dark, handle it once more, and bring it out into the light. Already I began to dree the doom of riches, in the vain attempt to live by that which was not bread. Nor was this all. A certain weight began to gather over my spirit—a sense almost of wrong. For although the

watch had been given me by my grandmother, and I never doubted either her right to dispose of it or my right to possess it, I could not look my uncle in the face, partly from a vague fear lest he should read my secret in my eyes, partly from a sense of something out of joint between him and me. I began to fancy, and I believe I was right, that he looked at me sometimes with a wistfulness I had never seen in his face before. This made me so uncomfortable that I began to avoid his presence as much as possible. And although I tried to please him with my lessons, I could not learn them as hitherto.

One day he asked me to bring him the book I had been repairing.

"It's not finished yet, uncle," I said.

"Will you bring it me just as it is? I want to look for something in it."

I went and brought it with shame. He took it, and having found the passage he wanted, turned the volume once over in his hands, and gave it me back without a word.

Next day I restored it to him finished and tidy. He thanked me, looked it over again, and put it in its place. But I fairly encountered an inquiring and somewhat anxious gaze. I believe he had a talk with my aunt about me that night.

The next morning, I was seated by the bedside, with my secret in my hand, when I thought I heard the sound of the door-handle, and glided at once into the closet. When I came out in a flutter of anxiety, there was no one there. But I had been too much startled to return to what I had grown to feel almost a guilty pleasure.

The next morning after breakfast, I crept into the closet, put my hand unerringly into the one corner of the box, found no watch, and after an unavailing search, sat down in the dark on a bundle of rags, with the sensations of a ruined man. My world was withered up and gone. How the day passed, I cannot tell. How I got through my meals, I cannot even imagine. When I look back and attempt to recall the time, I see but a cloudy waste of misery crossed by the lightning-streaks of a sense of injury. All that was left me now was a cat-like watching for the chance of going to my grandmother. Into her ear I would pour the tale of my wrong. She who had been as a haunting discomfort to me, had grown to be my one consolation.

My lessons went on as usual. A certain pride enabled me to learn them tolerably for a day or two; but when that faded, my whole being began to flag. For some time my existence was a kind of life in death. At length one evening my uncle said to me, as we finished my lessons far from satisfactorily—

"Willie, your aunt and I think it better you should go to school. We shall be very sorry to part with you, but it will be better. You will then have companions of your own age. You have not enough to amuse you at home."

He did not allude by a single word to the affair of the watch. Could my aunt have taken it, and never told him? It was not likely.

I was delighted at the idea of any change, for my life had grown irksome to me.

"O, thank you, uncle!" I cried, with genuine expression.

I think he looked a little sad; but he uttered no reproach.

My aunt and he had already arranged everything. The next day but one, I saw, for the first time, a carriage drive up to the door of the house. I was waiting for it impatiently. My new clothes had all been packed in a little box. I had not put in a single toy: I cared for nothing I had now. The box was put up beside the driver. My aunt came to the door where I was waiting for my uncle.

"Mayn't I go and say good-bye to grannie?" I asked.

"She's not very well to-day," said my aunt. "I think you had better not. You will be back at Christmas, you know."

I was not so much grieved as I ought to have been. The loss of my watch had made the thought of grannie painful again.

"Your uncle will meet you at the road," continued my aunt, seeing me still hesitate. "Good-bye."

I received her cold embrace without emotion, clambered into the chaise, and looking out as the driver shut the door, wondered what my aunt was holding her apron to her eyes for, as she turned away into the house. My uncle met us and got in, and away the

chaise rattled, bearing me towards an utterly new experience; for hardly could the strangest region in foreign lands be more unknown to the wandering mariner than the faces and ways of even my own kind were to me. I never played for one half hour with boy or girl. I knew nothing of their playthings or their games. I hardly knew what boys were like, except, outwardly, from the dim reflex of myself in the broken mirror in my bed-room, whose lustre was more of the ice than the pool, and, inwardly, from the partly exceptional experiences of my own nature, with even which I was poorly enough acquainted.

CHAPTER VIII.

I GO TO SCHOOL, AND GRANNIE LEAVES IT.

It is an evil thing to break up a family before the natural period of its dissolution. In the course of things, marriage, the necessities of maintenance, or the energies of labor guiding "to fresh woods and pastures new," are the ordered causes of separation.

Where the home is happy, much injury is done the children in sending them to school, except it be a day-school, whither they go in the morning as to the labors of the world, but whence they return at night as to the heaven of repose. Conflict through the day, rest at night, is the ideal. A day-school will suffice for the cultivation of the necessary public or national spirit, without which the love of the family may degenerate into a merely extended selfishness, but which is itself founded upon those family affections. At the same time, it must be confessed that boarding-schools are, in many cases, an antidote to some of the evil conditions which exist at home.

To children whose home is a happy one, the exile to a school must be bitter. Mine, however, was an unusual experience. Leaving aside the specially troubled state in which I was when thus carried to the village of Aldwick, I had few of the finer elements of the ideal home in mine. The love of my childish heart had never been drawn out. My grandmother had begun to do so, but her influence had been speedily arrested. I was, as they say of cats, more attached to the place than the people, and no regrets whatever interfered to quell the excitement of expectation, wonder, and curiosity which filled me on the journey. The motion of the vehicle, the sound of the horses' hoofs, the travellers we passed on the road—all seemed to partake of the exuberant life which swelled and overflowed in me. Everything was as happy, as excited, as I was.

When we entered the village, behold it was a region of glad tumult! Were there not three dogs, two carts, a maid carrying pails of water, and several groups of frolicking children in the street—not to mention live ducks, and a glimpse of grazing geese on the common? There were also two mothers at their cottage-doors, each with a baby in her arms. I knew they were babies, although I had never seen a baby before. And when we drove through the big wooden gate and stopped at the door of what had been the manor-house but was now Mr. Elder's school, the aspect of the building, half-covered with ivy, bore to me a most friendly look. Still more friendly was the face of the master's wife, who received us in a low dark parlor, with a thick soft carpet, and rich red curtains. It was a perfect paradise to my imagination. Nor did the appearance of Mr. Elder at all jar with the vision of coming happiness. His round, rosy, spectacled face bore in it no premonitory suggestion of birch or rod, and, although I continued at his school for six years, I never saw him use either. If a boy required that kind of treatment, he sent him home. When my uncle left me, it was in more than contentment with my lot. Nor did anything occur to alter my feeling with regard to it. I soon became much attached to Mrs. Elder. She was just the woman for a schoolmaster's wife—as full of maternity as she could hold, but childless. By the end of the first day I thought I loved her far more than my aunt. My aunt had done her duty towards me; but how was a child to weigh that? She had taken no trouble to make me love her; she had shown me none of the signs of affection, and I could not appreciate the proofs of it yet.

I soon perceived a great difference between my uncle's way of teaching and that of Mr. Elder. My uncle always appeared aware of

something behind which pressed upon, perhaps hurried the fact he was making me understand. He made me feel, perhaps too much, that it was a mere step towards something beyond. Mr. Elder, on the other hand, placed every point in such a strong light that it seemed in itself of primary consequence. Both were, if my judgment after so many years be correct, admirable teachers—my uncle the greater, my schoolmaster the more immediately efficient. As I was a manageable boy, to the very verge of weakness, the relations between us were entirely pleasant.

There were only six more pupils, all of them sufficiently older than myself to be ready to pet and indulge me. No one who saw me mounted on the back of the eldest, a lad of fifteen, and driving four of them in hand, while the sixth ran alongside as an outrider—could have wondered that I should find school better than home. Before the first day was over, the sorrows of the lost watch and sword had vanished utterly. For what was possession to being possessed? What was a watch, even had it been going, to the movements of life? To peep from the wicket in the great gate out upon the village street, with the well in the middle of it, and a girl in the sunshine winding up the green dripping bucket from the unknown depths of coolness, was more than a thousand watches. But this was by no means the extent of my new survey of things. One of the causes of Mr. Elder's keeping no boy who required chastisement was his own love of freedom, and his consequent desire to give the boys as much liberty out of school hours as possible. He believed in freedom. "The great end of training," he said to me many years after, when he was quite an old man, "is liberty; and the sooner you can get a boy to be a law to himself, the sooner you make a man of him. This end is impossible without freedom. Let those who have no choice, or who have not the same end in view, do the best they can with such boys as they find: I chose only such as could bear liberty. I never set up as a reformer—only as an educator. For that kind of work others were more fit than I. It was not my calling." Hence Mr. Elder no more allowed labor to intrude upon play, than play to intrude upon labor. As soon as lessons were over, we were free to go where we would and do what we would, under certain general restrictions, which had more to do with social proprieties than with school regulations. We roamed the country from tea-time till sundown; sometimes in the summer long after that. Sometimes also on moonlit nights in winter, occasionally even when the stars and the snow gave the only light, we were allowed the same liberty until nearly bedtime. Before Christmas came, variety, exercise, and social blessedness had wrought upon me so that when I returned home, my uncle and aunt were astonished at the change in me. I had grown half a head, and the paleness, which they had considered a peculiar accident of my appearance, had given place to a rosy glow. My flitting step too had vanished: I soon became aware that I made more noise than my aunt liked, for in the old house silence was in its very temple. My uncle, however, would only smile and say,

"Don't bring the place about our ears, Willie, my boy. I should like it to last my time."

"I'm afraid," my aunt would interpose, "Mr. Elder doesn't keep very good order in his school."

Then I would fire up in defence of the master, and my uncle would sit and listen, looking both pleased and amused.

I had not been many moments in the house before I said,—

"Mayn't I run up and see grannie, uncle?"

"I will go and see how she is," my aunt said, rising.

She went, and presently returning, said—

"Grannie seems a little better. You may come. She wants to see you."

I followed her. When I entered the room and looked expectantly towards her usual place, I found her chair empty. I turned to the bed. There she was, and I thought she looked much the same; but when I came nearer I perceived a change in her countenance. She welcomed me feebly, stroked my hair and my cheeks, smiled sweetly, and closed her eyes. My aunt led me away.

When bedtime came I went to my own

room, and was soon fast asleep. What roused me, I do not know, but I awoke in the midst of the darkness, and the next moment I heard a groan. It thrilled me with horror. I sat up in bed and listened, but heard no more. As I sat listening, heedless of the cold, the explanation dawned upon me, for my powers of reflection and combination had been developed by my enlarged experience of life. In our many wanderings, I had learned to choose between roads and to make conjectures from the *lie* of the country. I had likewise lived in a far larger house than my home. Hence it now dawned upon me, for the first time, that grannie's room must be next to mine, although approached from the other side, and that the groan must have been hers. She might be in need of help. I remembered at the same time how she had wished to have me by her in the middle of the night, that she might be able to tell me what she could not recall in the day. I got up at once, dressed myself, and stole down the one stair, across the kitchen, and up the other. I gently opened grannie's door, and peeped in. A fire was burning in the room. I entered and approached the bed. I wonder how I had the courage; but children more than grown people are moved by unlikely impulses. Grannie lay breathing heavily. I stood for a moment. The faint light flickered over her white face. It was the middle of the night, and the tide of fear inseparable from the night began to rise. My old fear of her began to return with it. But she lifted her lids and the terror ebbed away.

She looked at me, but did not seem to know me. I went nearer.

"Grannie," I said, close to her ear, and speaking low; "you wanted to see me at night—that was before I went to school. I'm here, grannie."

The sheet was folded back so smooth that she could hardly have turned over since it had been arranged for the night. Her hand was lying upon it. She lifted it feebly and stroked my cheek once more. Her lips murmured something which I could not hear, and then came a deep sigh, almost a groan. The terror returned when I found she could not speak to me.

"Shall I go and fetch auntie?" I whispered.

She shook her head feebly, and looked wistfully at me. Her lips moved again. I guessed that she wanted me to sit beside her. I got a chair, placed it by the bedside, and sat down. She put out her hand, as if searching for something. I laid mine in it. She closed her fingers upon it and seemed satisfied. When I looked again, she was asleep and breathing quietly. I was afraid to take my hand from hers lest I should wake her. I laid my head on the side of the bed, and was soon fast asleep also.

I was awaked by a noise in the room. It was Nannie lighting the fire. When she saw me she gave a cry of terror.

"Hush, Nannie!" I said; "you will wake grannie;" and as I spoke I rose, for I found my hand was free.

"Oh, Master Willie!" said Nannie, in a low voice; "how did you come here? You sent my heart into my mouth."

"Swallow it again, Nannie," I answered, "and don't tell auntie. I came to see grannie, and fell asleep. I'm rather cold. I'll go to bed now. Auntie's not up, is she?"

"No. It's not time for anybody to be up yet."

Nannie ought to have spent the night in grannie's room, for it was her turn to watch; but finding her nicely asleep as she thought, she had slipped away for just an hour of comfort in bed. The hour had grown to three. When she returned the fire was out.

When I came down to breakfast, the solemn look upon my uncle's face caused me a foreboding of change.

"God has taken grannie away in the night, Willie," said he, holding the hand I had placed in his.

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh, then, you will let her go to her grave now, won't you?" I said—the recollection of her old grievance coming first in association with her death, and occasioning a more childish speech than belonged to my years.

"Yes. She'll get to her grave now," said my aunt, with a trembling in her voice I had never heard before.

"No," objected my uncle. "Her body will go to the grave, but her soul will go to heaven."

"Her soul!" I said. "What's that?"

"Dear me, Willie! don't you know that?" said my aunt. "Don't you know you've got a soul as well as a body?"

"I'm sure *I* haven't," I returned. "What was grannie's like?"

"That I can't tell you," she answered.

"Have you got one, auntie?"

"Yes."

"What is yours like then?"

"I don't know."

"But," I said, turning to my uncle, "if her body goes to the grave, and her soul to heaven, what's to become of poor grannie—without either of them, you see?"

My uncle had been thinking while we talked.

"That can't be the way to represent the thing, Jane: it puzzles the child. No, Willie; grannie's body goes to the grave, but grannie herself is gone to heaven. What people call her soul is just grannie herself."

"Why don't they say so, then?"

My uncle fell a thinking again. He did not, however, answer this last question, for I suspect he found that it would not be good for me to know the real cause—namely, that people hardly believed it, and therefore did not say it. Most people believe far more in their bodies than in their souls. What my uncle did say, was—

"I hardly know. But grannie's gone to heaven anyhow."

"I'm so glad!" I said. "She will be more comfortable there. She was too old, you know, uncle."

He made me no reply. My aunt's apron was covering her face, and when she took it away, I observed that those eager, almost angry eyes were red with weeping. I began to feel a movement at my heart, the first fluttering physical sign of a waking love towards her.

"Don't cry, auntie," I said. "I don't see anything to cry about. Grannie has got what she wanted."

She made me no answer, and I sat down to my breakfast. I don't know how it was, but I could not eat it. I rose and took my way to the hollow in the field. I felt a strange excitement, not sorrow. Grannie was actually dead at last. I did not quite know what it meant. I had never seen a dead body. Neither did I know that she had died while I slept with my hand in hers. Nannie had found her quite cold. Had we been a talking family, I might have been uneasy until I had told the story of my last interview with her; but I never thought of saying a word about it. I cannot help thinking now that I was waked up and sent to the old woman, my great grandmother, in the middle of the night, to help her to die in comfort. Who knows? What we can neither prove nor comprehend forms, I suspect, the infinitely larger part of our being.

When I was taken to see what remained of grannie, I experienced nothing of the dismay which some children feel at the sight of death. It was as if she had seen something just in time to leave the look of it behind her there, and so the final expression was a revelation. For a while there seems to remain this one link between some dead bodies and their living spirits. But my aunt, with a common superstition, would have me touch the face. That, I confess, made me shudder: the cold of death is so unlike any other cold! I seemed to feel it in my hand all the rest of the day.

I saw what *seemed* grannie—I am too near death myself to consent to call a dead body the man or the woman—laid in the grave for which she had longed, and returned home with a sense that somehow there was a barrier broken down between me and my uncle and aunt. I felt as near my uncle now as I had ever been. That evening he did not go to his own room, but sat with my aunt and me in the kitchen-hall. We pulled the great high-backed oaken settle before the fire, and my aunt made a great blaze, for it was very cold. They sat one in each corner, and I sat between them, and told them many things concerning the school. They asked me questions and encouraged my prattle, seeming well pleased that the old silence should be broken. I fancy I brought them a little nearer to each other that night. It was after a funeral, and yet they both looked happier than I had ever seen them before.

CHAPTER IX.

I SIN AND REPENT.

THE Christmas holidays went by more rapidly than I had expected. I betook myself with enlarged faculty to my book-mending, and more than ever enjoyed making my uncle's old volumes tidy. When I returned to school, it was with real sorrow at parting from my uncle; and even towards my aunt I now felt a growing attraction.

I shall not dwell upon my school history. That would be to spin out my narrative unnecessarily. I shall only relate such occurrences as are guide-posts in the direction of those main events which properly constitute my history.

I had been about two years with Mr. Elder. The usual holidays had intervened, upon which occasions I found the pleasures of home so multiplied by increase of liberty and the enlarged confidence of my uncle, who took me about with him everywhere, that they were now almost capable of rivalling those of school. But before I relate an incident which occurred in the second autumn, I must say a few words about my character at this time.

My reader will please to remember that I had never been driven, or oppressed in any way. The affair of the watch was quite an isolated instance, and so immediately followed by the change and fresh life of school, that it had not left a mark behind. Nothing had yet occurred to generate in me any fear before the face of man. I had been vaguely uneasy in relation to my grandmother, but that uneasiness had almost vanished before her death. Hence the faith natural to childhood had received no check. My aunt was at worst cold; she had never been harsh; while over Nannie I was absolute ruler. The only time that evil had threatened me, I had been faithfully defended by my guardian uncle. At school, while I found myself more under law, I yet found myself possessed of greater freedom. Every one was friendly, and more than kind. From all this the result was that my nature was unusually trusting.

We had a whole holiday, and, all seven, set out to enjoy ourselves. It was a delicious morning in autumn, clear and cool, with a great light in the east, and the west nowhere. Neither the autumnal tints nor the sharpening wind had any sadness in those young years which we call the old years afterwards. How strange it seems to have—all of us—to say with the Jewish poet: I have been young and now am old! A wood in the distance, rising up the slope of a hill, was our goal, for we were after hazel-nuts. Frolicking, scampering, leaping over stiles, we felt the road vanish under our feet. When we gained the wood, although we failed in our quest, we found plenty of amusement; that grew everywhere. At length it was time to return, and we resolved on going home by another road—one we did not know.

After walking a good distance, we arrived at a gate and lodge, where we stopped to inquire the way. A kind-faced woman informed us that we should shorten it much by going through the park, which, as we seemed respectable boys, she would allow us to do. We thanked her, entered, and went walking along a smooth road, through open sward, clumps of trees, and an occasional piece of artful neglect in the shape of rough hillocks covered with wild shrubs, such as briar and broom. It was very delightful, and we walked along merrily. I can yet recall the individual shapes of certain hawthorn trees we passed, whose extreme age had found expression in a wild grotesqueness, which would have been ridiculous, but for a dim, painful resemblance to the distortion of old age in the human family.

After walking some distance, we began to doubt whether we might not have missed the way to the gate of which the woman had spoken. For a wall appeared, which, to judge from the tree-tops visible over it, must surround a kitchen garden or orchard; and from this we feared we had come too nigh the house. We had not gone much farther before a branch, projecting over the wall, from whose tip, as if the tempter had gone back to his old tricks, hung a rosy-cheeked apple, drew our eyes and arrested our steps. There are grown people who cannot, without an effort of the imagination, figure to them-

selves the attraction between a boy and an apple; but I suspect there are others the memories of whose boyish freaks will render it yet more difficult for them to understand a single moment's contemplation of such an object without the endeavor to appropriate it. To them the boy seems made for the apple, and the apple for the boy. Rosy, round-faced, spectacled Mr. Elder, however, had such a fine sense of honor in himself that he had been to a rare degree successful in developing a similar sense in his boys, and I do believe that not one of us would, under any circumstances, except possibly those of terrifying compulsion, have pulled that apple. We stood in rapt contemplation for a few moments, and then walked away. But although there are no degrees in Virtue, who will still demand her uttermost farthing, there are degrees in the virtuousness of human beings.

As we walked away, I was the last, and was just passing from under the branch when something struck the ground at my heel. I turned. An apple must fall some time, and for this apple that some time was then. It lay at my feet. I lifted it and stood gazing at it—I need not say with admiration. My mind fell a working. The adversary was there and the angel too. The apple had dropped at my feet; I had not pulled it. There it would lie wasting, if some one with less right than I—said the prince of special pleaders—was not the second to find it. Besides, what fell in the road was public property. Only this was not a public road, the angel reminded me. My will fluttered from side to side, now turning its ear to my conscience, now turning away and hearkening to my impulse. At last, weary of the strife, I determined to settle it by a just contempt of trifles—and, half in desperation, bit into the ruddy cheek.

The moment I saw the wound my teeth had made, I knew what I had done, and my heart died within me. I was self-condemned. It was a new and an awful sensation—a sensation that could not be for a moment endured. The misery was too intense to leave room for repentance even. With a sudden resolve born of despair, I shoved the type of the broken law into my pocket and followed my companions. But I kept at some distance behind them, for as yet I dared not hold farther communication with respectable people. I did not, and do not now believe, that there was one amongst them who would have done as I had done. Probably also not one of them would have thought of my way of deliverance from unendurable self-contempt. The curse had passed upon me, but I saw a way of escape.

A few yards further, they found the road we thought we had missed. It struck off into a hollow, the sides of which were covered with trees. As they turned into it they looked back and called me to come on. I ran as if I wanted to overtake them, but the moment they were out of sight, left the road for the grass, and set off at full speed in the same direction as before. I had not gone far before I was in the midst of trees, overflowing the hollow in which my companions had disappeared, and spreading themselves, over the level above. As I entered their shadow, my old awe of the trees returned upon me—an awe I had nearly forgotten, but revived by my crime. I pressed along, however, for to turn back would have been more dreadful than any fear. At length, with a sudden turn, the road left the trees behind, and what a scene opened before me! I stood on the verge of a large space of greensward, smooth and well kept as a lawn, but somewhat irregular in surface. From all sides it rose towards the centre. There a broad, low rock seemed to grow out of it, and upon the rock stood the lordliest house my childish eyes had ever beheld. Take situation and all, and I have scarcely yet beheld one to equal it. Half-castle, half old English country seat, it covered the rock with a huge square of building, from various parts of which rose towers, mostly square also, of different heights. I stood for one brief moment entranced with awful delight. A building which has grown for ages, the outcome of the life of powerful generations, has about it a majesty which, in certain moods, is overpowering. For one brief moment I forgot my sin and its sorrow. But memory awoke with a fresh pang. To this lordly

place I, poor miserable sinner, was a debtor by wrong and shame. Let no one laugh at me because my sin was small: it was enough for me, being that of one who had stolen for the first time, and that without previous declension, and searing of the conscience. I hurried towards the building, anxiously looking for some entrance.

I had approached so near that, seated on its rock, it seemed to shoot its towers into the zenith, when, rounding a corner, I came to a part where the height sank from the foundation of the house to the level by a grassy slope, and at the foot of the slope, espied an elderly gentleman in a white hat, who stood with his hands in his breeches-pockets, looking about him. He was tall and stout, and carried himself in what seemed to me a stately manner. As I drew near him I felt somewhat encouraged by a glimpse of his face, which was rubicund and, I thought, good-natured; but, approaching him rather from behind, I could not see it well. When I addressed him, he started.

"Please, sir," I said, "is this your house?"

"Yes, my man; it is my house," he answered, looking down on me with bent neck, his hands still in his pockets.

"Please, sir," I said, but here my voice began to tremble, and he grew dim and large through the veil of my gathering tears. I hesitated.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, in a tone half jocular, half kind.

I made a great effort and recovered my self-possession.

"Please, sir," I repeated, "I want you to box my ears."

"Well, you *are* a funny fellow! What should I box your ears for, pray?"

"Because I've been very wicked," I answered; and, putting my hand in my pocket, I extracted the bitten apple, and held it up to him.

"Ho! ho!" he said, beginning to guess what I must mean, but hardly the less bewildered for that; "is that one of my apples?"

"Yes, sir. It fell down from a branch that hung over the wall. I took it up, and—and—I took a bite of it, and—and—I'm so sorry!"

Here I burst into a fit of crying which I choked as much as I could. I remember quite well how, as I stood holding out the apple, my arm would shake with the violence of my sobs.

"I'm not fond of bitten apples," he said. "You had better eat it up now."

This brought me to myself. If he had shown me sympathy, I should have gone on crying.

"I would rather not. Please box my ears."

"I don't want to box your ears. You're welcome to the apple. Only don't take what's not your own another time."

"But, please, sir, I'm so miserable!"

"Home with you! and eat your apple as you go," was his unconsoling response.

"I can't eat it; I'm so ashamed of myself."

"When people do wrong, I suppose they must be ashamed of themselves. That's all right, isn't it?"

"Why won't you box my ears, then?" I persisted.

It was my sole but unavailing prayer. He turned away towards the house. My trouble rose to agony. I made some wild motion of despair, and threw myself on the grass. He turned, looked at me for a moment in silence, and then said in a changed tone,—

"My boy, I am sorry for you. I beg you will not trouble yourself any more. The affair is not worth it. Such a trifle! What can I do for you?"

I got up. A new thought of possible relief had crossed my mind.

"Please, sir, if you won't box my ears, will you shake hands with me?"

"To be sure I will," he answered, holding out his hand, and giving mine a very kindly shake. "Where do you live?"

"I am at school at Aldwick, at Mr. Elder's."

"You're a long way from home!"

"Am I, sir? Will you tell me how to go? But it's of no consequence. I don't mind anything now you've forgiven me. I shall soon run home."

"Come with me first. You must have something to eat."

I wanted nothing to eat, but how could I oppose anything he said? I followed him at once, drying my eyes as I went. He led me to a great gate which I had passed before, and opening a wicket, took me across a court, and through another building where I saw many servants going about; then across a second court which was paved with large flags, and so to a door which he opened, calling,

"Mrs. Wilson! Mrs. Wilson! I want you a moment."

"Yes, Sir Giles," answered a tall, stiff-looking, elderly woman who presently appeared descending, with upright spine, a corkscrew staircase of stone.

"Here is a young gentleman, Mrs. Wilson, who seems to have lost his way. He is one of Mr. Elder's pupils at Aldwick. Will you get him something to eat and drink, and then send him home?"

"I will, Sir Giles."

"Good-bye, my man," said Sir Giles, again shaking hands with me. Then turning anew to the housekeeper, for such I found she was, he added:

"Couldn't you find a bag for him, and fill it with some of those brown pippins? They're good eating, ain't they?"

"With pleasure, Sir Giles."

Thereupon Sir Giles withdrew, closing the door behind him, and leaving me with the sense of life from the dead.

"What's your name, young gentleman?" asked Mrs. Wilson, with, I thought, some degree of sternness.

"Wilfrid Cumbermede," I answered.

"She stared at me a little, with a stare which would have been a start in most women. I was by this time calm enough to take a quiet look at her. She was dressed in black silk, with a white neckerchief crossing in front, and black mittens on her hands. After gazing at me fixedly for a moment or two, she turned away and ascended the stair, which went up straight from the door, saying,

"Come with me, Master Cumbermede. You must have some tea before you go."

I obeyed, and followed her into a long, low-ceiled room, wainscoted all over in panels, with a square moulding at the top, which served for a cornice. The ceiling was ornamented with plaster reliefs. The windows looked out, on one side into the court, on the other upon the park. The floor was black and polished like a mirror, with bits of carpet here and there, and a rug before the curious, old-fashioned grate, where a little fire was burning and a small kettle boiling fiercely on the top of it. The tea tray was already on the table. She got another cup and saucer, added a pot of jam to the preparations, and said:

"Sit down and have some bread and butter, while I make tea."

She cut me a great piece of bread, and then a great piece of butter, and I lost no time in discovering that the quality was worthy of the quantity. Mrs. Wilson kept a grave silence for a good while. At last, as she was pouring out the second cup, she looked at me over the tea-pot and said,

"You don't remember your mother, I suppose, Master Cumbermede?"

"No, ma'am. I never saw my mother."

"Within your recollection, you mean. But you must have seen her, for you were two years old when she died."

"Did you know my mother, then, ma'am?" I asked, but without any great surprise, for the events of the day had been so much out of the ordinary, that I had for the time almost lost the faculty of wonder.

She compressed her thin lips, and a perpendicular wrinkle appeared in the middle of her forehead, as she answered,

"Yes; I knew your mother."

"She was very good, wasn't she, ma'am?" I said, with my mouth full of bread and butter.

"Yes. Who told you that?"

"I was sure of it. Nobody ever told me."

"Did they never talk to you about her?"

"No, ma'am."

"So you are at Mr. Elder's, are you?" she said, after another long pause, during which I was not idle, for my trouble being gone I could now be hungry.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you come here, then?"

"I walked with the rest of the boys; but they are gone home without me."

Thanks to the kindness of Sir Giles, my fault had already withdrawn so far into the past, that I wished to turn my back upon it altogether. I saw no need for confessing it to Mrs. Wilson; and there was none.

"Did you lose your way?"

"No, ma'am."

"What brought you here then? I suppose you wanted to see the place."

"The woman at the lodge told us the nearest way was through the park."

I quite expected she would go on cross-questioning me, and then all the truth would have had to come out. But, to my great relief, she went no further, only kept eying me in a manner so oppressive as to compel me to eat bread and butter and strawberry jam with self-defensive eagerness. I presume she trusted to find out the truth by and by. She contented herself in the meantime with asking questions about my uncle and aunt, the farm, the school and Mr. and Mrs. Elder, all in a cold, stately, refraining manner, with two spots of red in her face—one on each cheek-bone, and a thin rather peevish nose dividing them. But her forehead was good, and when she smiled, which was not often, her eyes shone. Still, even I, with my small knowledge of womankind, was dimly aware that she was feeling her way with me, and I did not like her much.

"Have you nearly done?" she asked at length.

"Yes, quite, thank you," I answered.

"Are you going back to school to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am; of course."

"How are you going?"

"If you will tell me the way——"

"Do you know how far you are from Aldwick?"

"No, ma'am."

"Eight miles," she answered; "and it's getting rather late."

I was seated opposite the windows to the park, and, looking up, saw with some dismay that the air was getting dusky. I rose at once, saying—

"I must make haste. They will think I am lost."

"But you can never walk so far, Master Cumbermede."

"Oh, but I must! I can't help it. I must get back as fast as possible."

"You never can walk such a distance. Take another bit of cake while I go and see what can be done."

Another piece of cake being within the bounds of possibility, I might at least wait and see what Mrs. Wilson's design was. She left the room, and I turned to the cake. In a little while she came back, sat down, and went on talking. I was beginning to get quite uneasy, when a maid put her head in at the door and said,

"Please, Mrs. Wilson, the dog-cart's ready, ma'am."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Wilson, and turning to me, said—more kindly than she had yet spoken—

"Now, Master Cumbermede, you must come and see me again. I'm too busy to spare much time when the family is at home; but they are all going away the week after next, and if you will come and see me then I shall be glad to show you over the house."

As she spoke she rose and led the way from the room, and out of the court by another gate from that by which I had entered. At the bottom of a steep descent, a groom was waiting with the dog-cart.

"Here, James," said Mrs. Wilson, "take good care of the young gentleman, and put him down safe at Mr. Elder's. Master Wilfrid, you'll find a hamper of apples underneath. You had better not eat them all yourself, you know. Here are two or three for you to eat by the way."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilson. No; I'm not quite so greedy as that," I answered gayly, for my spirits were high at the notion of a ride in the dog-cart instead of a long and dreary walk.

When I was fairly in, she shook hands with me, reminding me that I was to visit her soon, and away went the dog-cart behind a high-stepping horse. I had never before been in an open vehicle of any higher description than a cart, and the ride was a great delight. We went a different road from that which my companions had taken. It lay through trees all the way till we were out of the park.

"That's the land-steward's house," said James.

"Oh, is it?" I returned, not much interested. "What great trees those are all about it!"

"Yes; they're the finest elms in all the county those," he answered. "Old Coningham knew what he was about when he got the last baronet to let him build his nest there. Here we are at the gate!"

We came out upon a country road, which ran between the wall of the park and a wooden fence along a field of grass. I offered James one of my apples, which he accepted.

"There, now!" he said, "there's a field!—A right good bit o' grass that! Our people has wanted to throw it into the park for hundreds of years. But they won't part with it for love *or* money. It ought by rights to be ours, you see, by the lie of the country. It's all one grass with the park. But I suppose them as owns it ain't of the same mind.—Cur'ous old box!" he added, pointing with his whip a long way off. "You can just see the roof of it."

I looked in the direction he pointed. A rise in the ground hid all but an ancient, high-peaked roof. What was my astonishment to discover in it the roof of my own home! I was certain it could be no other. It caused a strange sensation, to come upon it thus from the outside, as it were, when I thought myself miles and miles away from it. I fell a pondering over the matter; and as I reflected I became convinced that the trees from which we had just emerged were the same which used to churn the wind for my childish fancies. I did not feel inclined to share my feelings with my new acquaintance; but presently he put his whip in the socket and fell to eating his apple. There was nothing more in the conversation he afterwards resumed deserving of record. He pulled up at the gate of the school, where I bade him good-night and rang the bell.

There was great rejoicing over me when I entered, for the boys had arrived without me a little while before, having searched all about the place where we had parted company, and come at length to the conclusion that I had played them a trick in order to get home without them, there having been some fun on the road concerning my local stupidity. Mr. Elder, however, took me to his own room, and read me a lecture on the necessity of not abusing my privileges. I told him the whole affair from beginning to end, and thought he behaved very oddly. He turned away every now and then, blew his nose, took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and replaced them before turning again to me.

"Go on, go on, my boy. I'm listening," he would say.

I cannot tell whether he was laughing or crying. I suspect both. When I had finished, he said, very solemnly,

"Wilfrid, you have had a narrow escape. I need not tell you how wrong you were about the apple, for you know that as well as I do. But you did the right thing when your eyes were opened. I am greatly pleased with you, and greatly obliged to Sir Giles. I will write and thank him this very night."

"Please, sir, ought I to tell the boys? I would rather not."

"No. I do not think it necessary."

He rose and rang the bell.

"Ask Master Fox to step this way."

Fox was the oldest boy, and was on the point of leaving.

"Fox," said Mr. Elder, "Cumbermede has quite satisfied me. Will you oblige me by asking him no questions. I am quite aware such a request must seem strange, but I have good reasons for making it."

"Very well, sir," said Fox, glancing at me.

"Take him with you, then, and tell the rest. It is as a favor to myself that I put it, Fox."

"That is quite enough, sir."

Fox took me to Mrs. Elder, and had a talk with the rest before I saw them. Some twenty years after, Fox and I had it out. I gave him a full explanation, for by that time I could smile over the affair. But what does the object matter?—an apple, or a thousand pounds? It is but the peg on which the act hangs. The act is everything.

To the honor of my school-fellows I record that not one of them ever let fall a hint in the direction of the mystery. Neither did Mr. or Mrs. Elder once allude to it. If possible they were kinder than before.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"SCRIBNER'S" AND "THE RIVERSIDE."

We open broadly our arms to receive the charming RIVERSIDE, and extend to its readers our heartiest greeting. This choicest of magazines prepared for youth has been a welcome guest to thousands of firesides during its life, and we sympathize with all who admire and love it in their sorrowing that they shall see its face no more. Young readers grow older year by year, and at last drop the things of childhood and youth; and the maturer magazine will not be unwelcome, we trust, to those who have been educated by THE RIVERSIDE. We wish we could promise to the readers of the beautiful monthly that is passed into our hands more generous and courteous publishers than Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have been to them, but that is not possible; and we are quite as much in despair with regard to the editor; for Mr. Scudder has few equals and no superior in originating and selecting literary material for the minds to which his labors have been addressed. No, we can indulge in no boasts, but we welcome our new readers to the best we have, and are hopefully confident that they will soon feel quite at home with the good-looking and earnestly-talking stranger in lilac who, with these friendly words, presents himself.

THE ANNUAL THANKSGIVING.

THE present number of the Magazine will see the light among the anticipations and realizations of the Annual Thanksgiving. Few and precious are holidays in America. Indeed, we have but two that are strictly American. One of them, standing among the summer roses, celebrates the nation's independence of its mother across the sea; the other, with dead leaves rustling at its feet, acknowledges the nation's dependence upon its Father in Heaven. Brothers in blood are they, and born of Puritanism. To the principles of personal and political liberty planted in the land by the Pilgrim Fathers is directly traceable the Declaration of Independence, with all its beneficent results, while the Annual Thanksgiving is an institution which comes to us as they conceived and shaped it. Independence of all foreign political rule—dependence, nationally acknowledged, upon God—what better legacy could they have left us than two holidays, respectively devoted to a celebration of these grand facts of the national life?

Quarrel with the old bigotries of Puritanism as we may, criticise as we may its mistakes, it is indisputable that that which is purest and best in American life had its root in it. To obliterate what Puritanism has done for liberty, for popular education, for morals and religion in America, would be to disrobe the nation of its fairest charms, and despoil it of its choicest treasures. Indeed, we have something to be profoundly thankful for, as a nation, which the fathers missed; and that is—the fathers themselves. Their sacrifices, their heroic example, their pious and purifying influence, thrown loose upon the atmosphere for us to breathe, or embodied in institutions that mould and order our lives, are among the richest blessings that claim acknowledgment upon each recurring Thanksgiving Day.

We are glad to believe that this holiday is becoming more widely observed with every passing year. It is a healthy thing for the nation to turn its thought unitedly to the great fact that God governs and gives. It is a healthy thing for separated families to gather back to the old homes, and relight the old altar-fires. It is a healthy thing for childhood and youth and old age to find themselves in sympathy of joy around a common event. Were there nothing in the day, and nothing of it, but the family reunions of which it furnishes the occasion, it would be precious; but, when it becomes a shrine at which a nation kneels with offerings of gratitude and praise, it is priceless.

Absorbed by the cares of business, mad in the pursuit of wealth, unfitted for recreation by the processes that make recreation imperatively necessary, there are, unhappily, multitudes in the great cities that have learned to look upon the Annual Thanksgiving as an intruder, and who turn their backs upon the humble, hearty country homes where once they hailed the day as the crown of the year. Man of business, man of wealth, woman of fashion and society, you cannot afford to shut yourselves within your places of business or your houses, when the great fires are lit upon the hearths of your country homes. Give up all that frets you and all that fascinates you in your city life, and be simple boys and girls again! Make the old folks glad, if they are still spared to you, and show your children not only your respect for those who begot and bore you, but your reverence for their pious usages. Life lasts but a day, and no man is so rich in time and happiness that he can afford to throw away a single holiday like this. Let the old Colonial usage, adopted by most of the States, become thoroughly national, so that one day of all the busy year may be given up to God and home.

NAPOLEON.

IT is not necessary to be unjust to the dethroned Emperor in order to make him answerable for more sins than any one man ought to carry. His ambitions, whatever their character, have been French, with unusual opportunities for achieving them; his weaknesses have been French, shielded from sight by the purple; and his vices have been French, with imperial facilities for their gratification. There are probably not ten men among the leading politicians and statesmen of France who can show a cleaner record than he, foul as it is. The infidelities of which his private correspondence convicts him, do not flash very sharply or thunder very loudly in a French atmosphere. His countrymen laugh at their discovery, and carefully burn such letters of their own as they may have

regarded with unwonted tenderness, fearing that their time too may come.

It is the fashion to think and speak of Napoleon as the author of the present war—the one man directly responsible for the indescribable and immeasurable woes which have filled the two leading nations of continental Europe with widows and orphans, destroyed commerce, brought beggary to millions, diverted an incalculable amount of labor from useful channels, and burdened with almost hopeless debt the finances of his own country, as well as those of his Prussian conqueror. This view is mistaken and unjust. We have never seen any reason to believe that Napoleon desired the war. Certainly he could not have hoped to strengthen himself by a war voluntarily entered upon with Prussia, or, what had become of greatest moment to him, to render surer by such a step the perpetuation of his dynasty. He had been busy in the introduction of popular changes into his government; he had adapted himself with marvellous wisdom to the national call for reform and progress; he had met, with wonderful address, and baffled with rare skill, the forces of the Opposition; and the *plébiscite* had just given him the national endorsement by an overwhelming majority. What need had he of a foreign war? He undoubtedly regarded himself as sitting the imperial throne more firmly than he had ever done before, and looked into the future, over the shoulder of his boy "Louis," with a measure of hopefulness that lacked little of confidence.

No: we believe that his declaration at Sedan was strictly true—that if he had not declared war he would have been hanged by his own people. His statement is corroborated by intelligent witnesses who were in Paris at the time. He had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by a war; but he had placed himself in a position which made him but the puppet of an insane populace. And here precisely we find where Napoleon's responsibility for the present war began. It was far back in the *Coup d'Etat*. By the necessities that grew out of that great and guilty usurpation an immense standing army was created and sustained. The empire rested upon these bayonets; and thus the empire became a menace of the peace of Europe to such an extent that all Europe armed itself. Without this army he could not be sure of his throne; with it, and with nothing for it to do but to dignify a pageant or serve as internal police, he found a dangerous power upon his hands. He had managed to overreach or overcome the periodical movements for revolution, whose upheavals had hastened his reforms; but when a pretext came for a war with a hated rival, all the bad blood of the nation and the army, so long repressed, and the mad desire for excitement, so long ungratified, rushed over the Emperor in an overwhelming tide, and bore him as it would to his own and the nation's doom. It was the uneasy military power which he had created and the military spirit which he had fostered that at last became uncontrollable, and he had no choice but to yield himself to their demands, or to resist those demands with a halter around his neck and the cry for a republic in his ears. He was terribly responsible for that spirit in France which flew to the front of bloody war with the mad elation of boys bursting from the durance of school into the field of sport; but we believe that he only led because he could not hold his people. And still, as he led, it was "Louis and I"—himself for to-day and his dynasty for to-morrow. His part was soon played. His punishment for the old usurpation and its consequences was swift and complete; and now, while he quietly abides at Wilhelmshöhe, his people, at whose will the war began, are passing through the healthful discipline they need and the punishment they deserve.

King William and his Minister understand these matters in this way, and act accordingly. If their aim had been to dethrone or destroy Napoleon, and annihilate his army, their work would have been done long ago; but their business lay with the French people, who had made the war. Their feeling toward Napoleon seems to be a tender and respectful one, as if he had been an unwilling victim to the blood-thirstiness of France, rather than a wilful disturber of peace between the nations. There are those in America who feel that—Napoleon dethroned—Prussia is pushing matters too far when she overruns France and thunders at the gates of her beautiful capital. But she is treating the people of France only to the devastation and humiliation which had been proposed for herself, when "On to Berlin" was the cry from hundreds of thousands of fierce French throats, all the way from the Seine to the Rhine. She is dealing with the French people; and the bombastic threats and whines that have been issued by her Hugos and Abouts, in and out of authority, show how sadly in need of her discipline the French people have become. They are not even yet prepared to admit their own inferiority as a nation of manly warriors, or to acknowledge the humiliation that has been visited upon them through the capture of their Emperor and the annihilation of his entire army. We deplore war; we deprecate the battering and destruction of beautiful cities; we sympathize with the bereaved and the despoiled; we pray that this war and all war may cease: but we cannot blame Prussia for carrying the retribution for this great crime against the peace of the world home to the people who committed it, and compelling them, at the cannon's mouth, to acknowledge their defeat, make such reparation as may lie within their power, and pledge something as security for their good behavior in future. They made war as an Empire, and, when they were defeated as an Empire, they became a Republic to shun the consequences of their defeat. Then they made war as a Republic, no whit less belligerent than before, and now who knows that they will not make peace as an Empire? The fickle nation has shown some strange metamorphoses in its history, and not a few quite as strange as an Empire restored would be, with an Emperor rehabilitated and re-crowned.

THE HEATHEN AND THE SAINTS.

THE "heathen Chinee" does up shoes in Massachusetts and linen in New Jersey, to the great grief and scandal of St. Crispin in the former State and St. Patrick in the latter. What shall be done about it? He is a clean man, and we cannot indict him as a nuisance. He is an industrious man, and we cannot prosecute him for vagrancy. He does his work faithfully and well, and we cannot discharge him. He is sober and orderly, and we cannot get him into the lock-up. He minds his own business, and it does not seem to be quite the genteel thing to kick him. More than all, he is ingenious and we need him. It really seems to be one of the unhandiest cases to manage that has fallen into saintly hands since the land of the free and the home of the brave was discovered. When a heathen gets to be cleaner, more industrious, more faithful, more continent, more courteous and inoffensive and more ingenious than a saint, we should like to know what a free and highly civilized Christian people are going to do with him.

THE WORKER AND HIS WAGE.

MR. TOM HUGHES, during his recent visit to our country, looked into our affairs with brotherly eyes, and spoke to us with a brotherly tongue. Thoroughly sympathetic with the laborer, he apprehended and defined the mistakes of what is called the "labor movement" in such a candid spirit as to deserve for his frank utterances a candid consideration. Most anomalous must have seemed to him the Trades Unions and Strikes which he found here in the presence of an all-absorbing labor-market, with a thousand avenues of industry open to all, and with the best of land in enormous quantities to be had for next to nothing. A very strange thing it must have seemed to him, to find men voluntarily out of employment, and forcibly keeping others from filling their places, with wages at the highest figure, with a call for workers from every quarter, and with various fields of enterprise bidding against each other in the price for operatives. He had been used to another state of things,—to a country in which there was not work enough for all the hands that needed it and sought it,—in which laborers felt compelled to adopt measures that would give to all men and women their share of the work to be done, and so to divide, with some degree of equality, the money that capital pays to labor.

The reasonableness and justice of all these combinations of labor are to be decided by the position of employers and capitalists. If there are combinations among employers for forcing wages down below their market value,—if there is any machinery employed for compelling men to render that for which they do not receive a full equivalent,—then combinations to resist such oppression are reasonable and just. But we hear of no such measures; indeed, it is notorious that none such exist. The market for labor in America is as free as it can be; and any combination to force it on the employer at an arbitrary price is as immoral as a Wall street "corner," or any of the "rings" that are formed for forcing up the price of the various commodities of life. It is a well-recognized fact or principle of trade that, in a free market, everything in full demand will sell for what it is worth; so that there is no sound apology for any combination of sellers against buyers.

But Mr. Tom Hughes talks of all these matters better than we can; and we only desire to call the attention of both employers and laborers—especially the latter—to certain facts relative to the labor movements. There was a time when a man could get done for himself a good honest day's work for stipulated pay. There was a time when men, by several years of apprenticeship to the various mechanical trades, prepared themselves for competent or skillful workmanship. There was a time when one workman more skillful than another received freely his right to better pay than his bungling and unskillful neighbor—when there were motives to excellence in handicraft which made all workmen strive to do their best. There was a time when family service was esteemed honorable, and when pains were taken by cooks and chambermaids to learn the duties of their places, and faithfully to perform them. That a change has come in all these matters is painfully evident and notorious. There is nothing more obvious than that labor has been demoralized by the discussions, and combinations, and "movements" of the past few years. Employers, paying higher wages than ever before, are conscious of receiving smaller service, and that of an inferior quality. The good workman has lost his incentive to be better than his companions, and the poor workman grows poorer by being raised, without effort of his own, to an equality of wages with his superiors. Boys will not serve their full apprenticeships, because they can get journeymen's wages without doing so. The incompetency and the impudence of household servants has made housekeeping a terror, and driven multitudes of families from homes to hotels.

We speak of that which we do know, and testify of that which we have seen. It cannot be disputed that, as labor combinations have clamored for more pay and fewer hours, the quality of labor has depreciated to such an extent that employers cannot get satisfactory service at any price.

Now, when a body of laboring men and women have so far ceased to regard the rights of their employers as to be willing to take from their pockets the largest sum they can get, without any regard to the quality or quantity of service they render in return, they have become shamefully demoralized. Such demoralization has taken place, and it is high time that a reform be instituted. The demagogues who are bringing this question into politics are a nuisance to society at large, and a special curse to the laborers whose cause they pretend to espouse. The cry of these demagogues against the despotism of capital is as senseless as it is mischievous. The laboring men of this country have

never felt such a despotism as that which has been exercised upon them by their own organizations, determining whether they shall labor or not, reducing wages to uniformity without reference to skill and faithfulness, and degrading them from those wholesome moralities which are as essential to their own self-respect as to the security of the confidence of their employers. Nothing is so much needed by the laboring classes to-day as combinations and associations for making themselves better worth the wages they receive, and creating in the quality of their labor a valid claim for the increased wages which they desire.

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

WE live among the laymen—among the judicious who grieve, and the unskillful who laugh—and listen to their conundrums, such as: What sort of a belief is that which cannot be defined? How strong and how long is that bond which unites a religious society that cannot agree upon a definition of God, the inspiration and authority of the Bible, the nature and mission of Christ, the propriety of prayer, and the rule and reach of Providence? Can there be union that is fruitful of good among men, some of whom believe in *a* God, and some of whom believe only in God; some of whom believe in *the* Christ, and some of whom believe only in *a* Christ; some of whom cherish a vital faith in the divine origin and authority of the Scriptures, and some of whom regard them as Jewish myths; some of whom believe that Jesus was in such a sense the Son of God that his nature was divine, and his words the spoken wisdom and will of God, and some of whom regard him only as a son of man who lived a pure life, and made preposterous claims to powers and dignities that belonged to him no more than they did to Plato and Socrates; some of whom can pray to a personal Father, as Jesus taught them to pray, with faith that they shall be heard, and that the infinite Providence is infinite, to the numbering of the hairs of their heads, and some of whom breathe their prayers, as they puff their cigars, into the void?

We have no faith in long creeds. They have been a hindrance to the progress of Christianity, and a curse to the world; but when a sect claiming to be Christian, and holding in its communion multitudes of Christian men and women, finds it impossible to define a single point of its faith without producing schism, the unsanctified but sensible outsiders must be excused for wondering why they do not clean their skirts of the clinging infidelities, and precipitate the schism. And again, they wonder why those men who have advanced so many degrees beyond Christianity should be willing to countenance the superstition which still clings to the Bible as a divine revelation, and to a personal Father who loves individually all his children, by permitting themselves to be associated with it in any way. On the whole, they regard schism as anything but a calamity, where a manly adherence to Christian truth is concerned. In the language of the boy whose reverence was overborne by his love of a stirring and healthy spectacle: "Bring on your bears!"

THE OLD CABINET.

SITTING here at the desk of the old Cabinet and looking through the window, out across the lawn, we can see, very easily, the road and the passers-by. Now a neighbor's familiar form flits along the white-washed palings; then the shadow of some hobbling tramp. Now the big charcoal wagon from The Pines lumbers across the vista; and then the doctor's gig, or milady's carriage, or the loaded leathern stage dashes down the road. Once in a while we see the circus coming into town, and sometimes a long procession moves slowly up the highway, winds through the elbowed lane, and stops, at last, at the cemetery on the hill.

When the twilight comes on we need not rise from our seat to see the sunset-sky redden behind the pines. But as the darkness falls we turn from the black square of the window; draw near the chimney, and, with feet on the old-fashioned fender, watch the fire crackle and flame on the hearth. All else is still in the house.

The great city is not far off. Sometimes, on summer noons, we think we hear it purr like some big, drowsy cat; and often at night there is a faint crimson flush at the horizon that tells of the wide, warm life glowing beneath. Yes, the great city—place of crimes, and institutions, and miseries; heroisms, meannesses and all intensities of good and evil—is not far off, and the "New York and ——— R R.," and its daily score of trains, brings it still nearer,—so near that day after day, and night after night, we find ourselves wandering through its busy streets and peering among its outlandish nooks and corners.

But we often wonder which is the most real to us: the strange city sight, the lecture, the concert, the play as we first see and hear it—or when we live it all over again here, with you, dear and gentle reader, at the old mahogany Cabinet, with its drawer on drawer darkling to the ceiling.

WILL they never stop their noise, and let the gentleman have his say!

There he stands, in his shiny, neat-cut broadcloth, with the little bouquet on the left lapel, in front of the little red-cushioned stand, to which the light is fastened into whose luminous circle he is bowing his broad, bald head; while the manuscript lies, ineffectual, before him, and the triple row of solemn celebrated faces behind relaxes into a stately smile, and the great crowd in front claps its manifold hands and stamps its multitudinous feet.

Will they never stop their noise, and let the gentleman begin!

How quickly our thoughts run back to a scene like this, here in this very hall (of the Cooper Institute), long ago—long ago in the succession of great events; in the changed phases of things, if not in years—when in troublous times the people met to uphold the arm of a new President. Then we saw a small, cowering figure flit along the wall from the southern entrance: soon this same form stood, the cynosure of all eyes, calm and self-possessed, in the midst of loudest clamor and applause; yet the people's enthusiastic recognition of Grant the Captain was no more sudden and sincere—if indeed less wild and tumultuous—than that accorded to-night to the man of Peace; America's true friend in a far and unfriendly land.

But will they never let him speak?

There sit the best reporters that the morning papers can command,—a passive, tired-looking set—(pity them, good people, who are going to your beds before the morning),—there they idly sit, with pencils nicely sharpened and ready poised. There stands the lecturer, fumbling his manuscript, and unable to say a word for the clatter.

It is the voice that we are awaiting with such nervous expectancy; for ever this most ethereal, evanescent part seems most essential and characteristic.

At last there is a lull, and the lecturer begins:—

"Mr. Chairman,—My friends."

"Friends" indeed, glorious Tom Brown!—"Thomas Hughes, Esq.," we should say, in the language of Mr. Borden, who has just so fittingly introduced him,—friends indeed, and of old. Have we not been together in many a lark at Rugby and Oxford; have we not seen how bravely you stood by us in our struggle for life; have you not won again our hearts by your splendid championship of labor and true manliness everywhere; ay, and have you not just come from a rousing game of ball with our boys at Cornell? Friends indeed, dear fellow,—(clap, clap, clap; stamp, stamp, stamp),—accept the homage of our hands and heels! and please remember that this is a "truly representative" racket—thanks to the Mercantile Library Association. The clergymen, and judges, and statesmen, and distinguished editors and philanthropists at your rear are applauding, to be sure, but their noise is as nothing to that of the kid-gloves in front—kid-gloves, bear in mind, covering hands that have learned to handle rifles and caisson-wheels; and the noise of these is as nothing to that of the ungloved clerks and 'prentice-boys who have proudly brought their girls to see Tom Hughes, and occupy "reserved seats," at fifty cents a ticket.

The voice is not unlike our own "silver-tongued" Phillips's in tone, if less distinct and full;—the manner quiet, somewhat colloquial, though seldom is the eye lifted freely from the written word. The lecture itself—scattered next day, *verbatim*, by the press all over the country, who has not read it? What conscientious laborer or capitalist has not weighed its kindly counsels; above all, its forceful appeal for liberty for every man to work on his own terms, in his own way?

Yet through all the wise exposition and sound advice, through all this talk of "Labor and Wealth," of co-operation and capital, why is it that our thoughts keep running far off to Tom Brown at the tomb of Arnold? to Tom and Mary, a little later:

> "And on her lover's arm she leant,
> And round her waist she felt it fold;
> And so across the hills they went,
> In that new world which is the old."

"I wish distinguished men wouldn't dress so well," whispered Theodosia.

"Do you want a man to wear his wrapper and slippers on the platform?"

"O, no! it's all right; but ——"

And so there is always a "but." We heard that same "but" of Theodosia's the night of the Dickens reading.

And this is the reason we look with dim eyes, to-night, at that dapper figure, with the little bouquet on the left lapel, and the little red reading-stand to which the light is fastened. The two Englishmen are not alike at all, in feature; but there is a suggestion in the dress and red-cushioned stand that brought our hearts into our throats with a jump. And the farewell words, so hearty, so tender—how strangely they run together and mix themselves in our memories with those of the dead.

"And I will drink *your* good health, and your family's; and may you all live long and prosper!"

He bows his white head, the curtain falls; there is a rustling and a shuffling all over the house; we button our coats and are moved along with the crowd—we hardly know whither.

Stop! How can we go away and leave the old man there! Will he be cared for tenderly? Will they see that he never wanders off again and gets lost in the mountains? will they keep that accursed bottle away from him?

"Have a coach! Have a coach, sir! Accommodate you reasonably, sir! Ride right down to the ferry, sir!"

We rouse, as from a dream—and here we are on the thronged side-walk—out in the cool, crisp night!

Is it then all paint and padding, all canvas and clap-trap, all art and seeming! Rip Van Winkle, the rollicking, witty, good-natured good-for-naught—selfish, cruel, tantalizing, yet sweet and lovable through all; the dog Schneider; the broomstick; the yolly fellows; the big score on the tavern shutter; the bag of gold; the dance on the green; the schwearing off, and the not counting it this time; that wonderful drunken scene; the final, fearful giving way of all forbearance—when the light grows dim in the room and those terrible words are spoken: "Begone, you drunkard! Out you sot! Henceforth you have no part in me or mine!" when his voice, suddenly sobering,

answers out of the silence—in that weird, heart-breaking monotone—"Why, Gretchen! will you,—will you turn me out of your house like a dog!—You are right; it is your house; it is not mine.—I will go. Gretchen! after what you have said to me, I can never darken your door again;" that eloquent gesture as he points to his child lying on the floor between them; Gretchen's agonized, repentant cries as he rushes out into the rain and lightning; that witty, awful colloquy with Hendrick Hudson's ghost; the fatal draught; the odd, rheumatic awakening, "on top of the Catshkill Mountain, as sure as a gun!" the old man's perplexed wandering through the transformed village; the queer, pathetic mystification about his own identity; and the final quick mastery of himself and of the situation when he flings back upon Derrick that magnificent "Give him a cold potato and let him go!"

Is it all paint, and canvas, and clap-trap? Is it all unreal? No, no, no! It is true as truth, real as life, deep as humanity! And the lesson—for there is a lesson—what is it? Only that wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging?—that it "brings a man to rags, and hunger, and want—(is dere any more dere in dat glass?)"—"for when de tirst is on me I believe I would part wid my leg for a glass of liquor; and when dat is in me I would part wid my whole body, limb by limb, for de rest of de bottle!" It is this, and it is more than this: that Gretchen's way of dealing with Rip is not the true way. The true way, alas! who may tell?

And yet there are "Rips" off as well as on the stage, and you and we may be learning how to save them,—through the pitiful God only knows what trial and agony.

A FAULTLESS face; a lithe graceful figure, in sombre garments; a woman subdued enough at times, but given to somewhat terrific apostrophes before family portraits,—with a tendency to violent soliloquies and dramatic paroxysms generally,—this is Marie Seebach, the German tragedienne, in the *rôle* of "Zhanare;" but this is not, no, it is not, our own Jane Eyre! Not that Seebach fails to be great in this play—as she is in everything she undertakes—but that she is not Jane Eyre, and never can be, because it would require a genius of as subtile and unique quality as that of Charlotte Brontë herself to present this character on the stage as she has presented it in her book.

The inexplicable influence that makes a charmed circle about every one of the chief creations of Charlotte Brontë cannot be caught by any trick of acting, cannot be acquired by any howsoever conscientious study. It is very true that Shakespeare's Hamlet is never seen upon the stage; but the prevailing school is still more unfavorable to the development of a dramatic Jane Eyre—some one who would not act, but *be* the character, just as Jefferson does not act, but *is* Rip Van Winkle.

Let us give full praise to Seebach for her powerful, lightning-like rendition of her peculiar conception of the character. Even if the veritable Jane — that quaint, demure, homely, intense little body that has won the heart of the world—were herself upon the stage, what could she do with such a Rochester! How could she be herself, with the very point and plot of her tragedy precisely eliminated! Think of Aunt Reed and Georgiana turning up, with perfect complaisance, at Thornfield Hall, the honored guests of its lord! Think of the story without a hint of that scene in the little country church, when the bridegroom "moved slightly, as if an earthquake had passed under his feet"! Imagine the mysterious prisoner up-stairs, the wife, not of the master, but of his dead brother!—the which being frankly explained, and the reported engagement with Georgiana (!) denied, Jane, in strict accordance with the printed directions in the book of the play, "throws herself into his arms," exclaiming, "Oh, Rowland, my lord, my love, I am thine;" whereunto Rochester makes fitting response: "And shall be forever;" and the curtain goes down amid thunders of applause.

FROM over the sea, and from one who knows, comes to the Old Cabinet this friendly letter, telling "the true story" of the flight of the Empress Eugenie. What a mockery sounds the title now!—yet somehow we think the royal lady counts more subjects to-day than ever in all her life before:

"You have read that the Empress made her escape assisted by M. de Lesseps, of Suez fame. Substitute for this gentleman our friend Dr. Evans, and you have the beginning of the truth. I must give you the facts of this remarkable flight. The proclamation of the Republic followed closely upon the surrender of the Emperor at Sedan. The Empress, who had borne up against every misfortune with perfect heroism, was at the Tuileries. Prince Metternich and Count Nigra were in attendance, and Gen. Trochu had himself given her assurance of his personal protection, saying, 'No one shall touch you till they have passed over my dead body.' When, however, the mob came surging into the Tuileries, the Empress, accompanied by Madame le Breton (who is a sister of Gen. Bourbaki), left the palace by a side door. As they were entering a *voiture de place*, a gamin who stood near cried out, 'Voilà l'Impératrice!' Madame le Breton hurried the driver away in great trepidation, lest they should be recognized and followed by the mob.

"Arrived at a secluded street, and fearing that the driver of the cab knew them, they left the *voiture*, paid the cabman his fare, and, after walking on for some time, took another, and drove directly to the house of Dr. Evans, in the Avenue de l'Impératrice. While they were waiting they were several times accosted by people with cries of 'Vive la Nation!' 'Vive la France!' etc., spoken into their very faces, to all which Madame le Breton responded with such perfect address that they were not suspected.

"The Doctor was not at home, and Mrs. Evans had been for some time at Deauville — the well-known watering-place near Havre. The two strangers—the Empress deeply vailed—'wished to see the Doctor, and would await his return.' They were shown into the library. At the usual hour the Doctor returned, and was informed of the presence of his two visitors. He entered his library and found, to his amazement, the Empress! Excusing himself to a company of gentlemen invited to dinner, on the ground of having received sudden and important news, he at once, with that fertility of invention which is so characteristic of him, began to arrange a plan with the Empress for her escape from France. The Doctor's carriage was at her disposition. It was, however, imprudent to pass the gates at night, as it might awake suspicion, and so her Majesty passed this first night beneath his roof. At four in the morning the party started for St. Germain. They passed the gates unchallenged. The Empress was to be known as Mrs. Stewart, a '*very great* invalid,' whose health was so delicate that she could not travel by train, and who actually was sometimes obliged to be lifted from the carriage. Madame le Breton was her sister, and the Doctor and the person with him were medical attendants. Nothing could have succeeded better. As they were fearful that telegrams might have been sent to the railway stations and larger towns, they avoided both as far as possible, keeping to the villages.

"Frequent relays of horses were had as they continued the journey toward the sea. They travelled the first day until midnight, when they stopped at a small inn. There was but one spare room, with two beds in it. 'Why, we are all brothers and sisters,' said the Empress, 'and we must have two rooms.' At length this was arranged. By noon the next day the party reached Deauville. Mrs. Evans was first advised of her august visitor, and in a few moments the Empress entered the apartment. Wearied and exhausted with anxiety and the journey, she sank into a chair, exclaiming, 'Merci Dieu, sauvé!' 'Thank God, saved!'

"That afternoon the yacht of Sir John Burgoyne was secured to convey her to England, and it was arranged that the party should go on board at midnight. By marvellous good fortune her crossing the Casino ground and entry to the hotel had not been observed, so that no one in the house suspected her presence there. After a refreshing sleep she was taken to the yacht, which sailed early the next morning for England. Here a new danger assailed them; they were twenty hours in a violent storm, all believing that the end had now come, as the yacht was not fit for such work. The calmness of the Empress never forsook her. At last they reached the English shore. The Empress then learned for the first time that her son was in England, and the reunion of mother and child took place. After a few days' sojourn at Hastings a suitable villa was found at Chiselhurst, where she now lives.

"There were several incidents during the flight, which will, I think, interest you. The ladies will be glad to know that she was dressed in a plain black silk, black merino polonaise, and jaunty black felt hat, with a graceful little plume on one side. Of course it would not be possible for the Empress to dress unbecomingly under any circumstances. During all this anxiety and fatigue her presence of mind never forsook her, and during all her nobleness of character was most apparent. Safe at Deauville, her mind was released from its constant tension of anxiety, and she recounted the amusing incidents of the journey with the greatest good humor, laughing most heartily at her successful impersonation of the English invalid, her extreme weakness in descending from the carriage, and the very great difficulty they had in getting her up-stairs at the little country inn. Observing some photographs upon the mantle, she took out one of her son, the Prince Imperial, which she had hardly allowed herself to look at during the terrible weeks that had passed. Only at this time did her feelings give way. 'O my poor husband, and my poor boy! What will become of them?' she said, and burst into a flood of tears. She always spoke of the Emperor as 'my husband.' The anxious days and sleepless nights which had been hers for the past few weeks have left a sensible impression upon her face. Her departure had been so sudden that she had taken nothing with her, and Mrs. Evans supplied her wants from her own wardrobe. As she was about to recline upon the bed which Mrs. Evans had arranged for her, she stopped to admire the pillow which her friend had provided, and remarked, 'How pretty it is—it's too nice.' In all these little incidents she manifested the most perfect simplicity and sweetness of character, embracing Mrs. Evans most heartily on taking leave of her.

"The war still goes on," says the letter, "and we see no prospect of its cessation. Jules Favre dare not make peace even if he would. It seems to be necessary that every Frenchman should be personally whipped before he will consent to an ending of the war."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, Oct. 27, 1870.

PROMISE, rather than performance, is still the ruling characteristic of the English publishing trade. An unquestionable revival of confidence, however, is undoubtedly taking place; the monotony of mere newspaper reading begins to pall with every one; there is again a disposition to entertain other subjects than the wearying war, whose horrors are unfortunately not mitigated in the least. They are still tremendous enough to absorb every feeling, did not the mind instinctively turn for relief to less afflicting scenes. Nothing as yet lightens the prospect before the doomed city of Paris, and the fate of the Strasburg Library is a fearful example of the pitiless treatment dealt out by War to Literature. As far as known, there has been less transference of book and fine art property from Paris to London, either for safety or for realization, than might have been expected. The stocks of one or two of the old booksellers were brought over, and will help to feed the London auctions during the coming season; but property of that nature is not very portable, and people kept on hoping until it was too late. Some fine pictures have no doubt found their way here, and it is worthy of remark that we learn, on the authority of the most competent judge, Mr. Emanuel (whose work on *Precious Stones* is the standard hand-book of the science), that, within a few weeks, diamonds have fallen in value thirty per cent., owing to the great quantity offering in the London market by the refugees from France. Educational literature already suffers from an impossibility of procuring the usual supply of French books constantly wanted for school purposes, while higher class works are equally unattainable. This derangement in the book trade can be but a very small sample of the inconvenience and suffering experienced in every branch of commerce through a state of things so unexampled and distressing.

The list of illustrated and embellished books prepared for the coming Christmas season is scarcely so extensive as usual. One of the finest works expected is *The Raphael Gallery*, a series of large-sized reproductions of his finest paintings, in a handsome volume, small folio. A similar collection of portraits by Titian, containing some of his finest heads, is also promised. *The Birth and Childhood of Our Lord*, meditations selected from eminent writers, with photographs from the great works of Leo. da Vinci, Murillo, Fra Bartolommeo, Ary Scheffer, etc., in small 4to, is a charming and elegant volume, sure of a wide popularity. *Floral Emblems, or the Seasons of Life, Prose and Verse, with Colored Illustrations*, in imperial 8vo, also appeals to the most universal of sentiments. Of a more pronounced fine art character are, *The Wonders of Painting*, by M. Viardot,—Spanish, French, English, and Flemish schools,—with beautiful autotype and wood-cut illustrations, uniform with the volume on *Italian Art*, brought out by the same author last year, and *Wonders of Engraving*, by M. George Duplessis, one of the first French connoisseurs and fine-art critics. This work covers ground unoccupied by any previous English book, containing a historical account of the art from its discovery, and of its perfection and practice by great masters in the various countries of Europe; while the different stages of engraving are illustrated by reproductions of choice and rare prints from the earliest times to the nineteenth century. *English Painters of the Present Day*, autotype illustrations from drawings by Bunce Jones, Watts, Madox Brown, Calderon, etc., and *The Unknown River, an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery*, by P. G. Hamerton, are also among the works announced, though from the late period of issue, in England, of similar books, there is always some uncertainty as to whether they will be received in the United States sufficiently early for Christmas purposes. One or two other embellished books may be mentioned. The curiosity excited this spring by the performance of the famous *Mystery* at Ober Ammergau, in the Tyrolese Mountains, will be fully gratified by a beautiful volume entitled *Art in the Mountains, The Story of the Passion Play*, by Mr. Henry Blackburn, with numerous illustrations. A charming paper by Dean Stanley, comprised in his new volume, *Essays on Questions of Church and State*, contains one of the best accounts of this remarkable scene, when the mediæval "days of faith" seem revived and brought into contact with the indifferentism of the present day. The embellishments in Mr. Blackburn's volume include many taken from photographs of the actors, and reproduce vividly the characters of the sacred drama, with its startling boldness of personation. A lady whose services to the fine arts and virtu bid fair to rival those of Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Bury Palliser, author of the elegant *History of Lace*, and editor of Marryatt on *China and Porcelain*, has been fortunate enough to find a subject entirely new to English books of art for her recent work. It is called *Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries*, and treats of matters interesting in many points of view—biographical, historical, pictorial, etc. "Devices" (as our authoress explains) became general in the 14th century, and attained their full development in Italy, where almost every historical character (especially ladies) assumed them. The "device," with its legend or motto, was an ingenious expression of the dominant feeling of the wearer in love or war, arts or politics, and generally partook of the nature of an emblem, containing a hidden meaning, personal to its owner. The object of the "badge" was publicity, granted by the sovereign or adopted by a noble family from some remarkable achievement or event. It was universally displayed and became synonymous with its wearer, as, for example, "The rampant Bear chained to the ragged staff" of Warwick; the Tudor "Rose;" "the

Blanc Lion" of Norfolk, etc. All those connected with the most interesting associations of feudal history are explained by Mrs. Palliser and figured in 300 illustrations from Italian, Renaissance, and Mediæval art. She remarks: "It is astonishing, in this age of heraldic stationery, that badges have not come into favor. They are surely more interesting, and more suitable for decorating writing paper than the *tortured monograms* of the present time." It may be urged, however, that the badge implies individuality, and was formerly assumed for purposes of distinction, while *now* it is the aim of each person to appear like every one else, and to vie in a slavish submission to the ruling fashion of the hour. Mr. T. Mitchell's *Rudimentary Manual of Architecture* is so prettily illustrated that it deserves mention as an embellished book as well as a work of instruction. The writer's aim has been to bring the subject within the reach of amateurs (who would be frightened at a heavy technical treatise) and the preliminary education of the student. It is comprehensive in plan, including Ancient, Middle Age, and Renaissance architecture, with all the necessary drawings and elucidation required by any one commencing the study.

Belles Lettres and Rare Literature are scarcely so well supported, though Science is active, and many important works remain for future notice in each department. Nothing of an immediately sensational character is expected, except, perhaps, the new edition of *Lothair*, complete in one volume, "with a portrait of the author, on steel, forming the first of a collected and revised edition of the Novels and Tales of the Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli; with a new General Preface." The forthcoming *Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston*, by Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, will have great attractions, but chiefly local and for England. The extracts from Lord Palmerston's diaries and letters are numerous; they abound in sharp and clear etchings of his political contemporaries, and their sayings and doings. It gives a faithful picture of the man who, without deep convictions, or settled purpose,—without party support, and even without an intimate friend,—in a careless age, carelessly conducted the public service by force of unfailing good humor, regular habits of business, and great industry and executive ability. The two volumes now issued form only the first half of the memoir.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

It is hard to estimate the force or direction of eddying currents while you are floating about on them. Since our first number went out on its adventurous voyage, the "fall trade" has given us books without number. As usual of late years, theology has had the best of it. The prevailing supposition that theology is the one subject in which people are not interested is the reverse of true. It is the one thing in which more people are interested than in any other. Our poets write theology. Our novels are theological in their beginning, and frequently have a theological catastrophe. Even statesmen cannot write without treating theology. And the opening of the book season shows no diminution in the tendency. We have not yet this fall had any poem of consequence, and we do not remember any first-rate novel. For there are novels and novels. While the one class always abounds, the other is as rare as a first-rate work of art in any other department. The issues of the last month have given us an unusual number of books made up of papers on various topics.

PROSE ESSAYS.

Mr. Froude's rank as a historian is no longer a matter of question. And it is probable that it is for his reputation as a historian that he chiefly cares. But the *Short Studies on Great Subjects* is such a volume of essays as has not appeared in the English language in a generation. There is none of the airy gracefulness of style and delicate pungency of flavor that are so characteristic of Matthew Arnold. But Froude is not a man to seek refinements. The remarkable feature of these most remarkable essays is that indicated by their titles. They grapple with great subjects. And in every case it is with the very core of the question that our author deals. When Matthew Arnold writes of Homer, it is of incidental and outside things, of the metre and of the translation. Like a refined apostle of culture that he is, he is listening always for the rhythm of the song and criticizing the manner of the minstrel. Not so Froude. Out of Homer he reads history, and finds for us a wonderful picture of human life in Greece before the age of writing, a millennium before Christ. And in the very first essay—the one on the Science of History—he incidentally points out in a sentence or two the supreme excellence of Shakespeare and Homer as we have never seen it indicated before. We do not hesitate to say that criticism has produced no finer generalizations than these. Notwithstanding the strength with which he throws himself on one side of a controversy at times, Mr. Froude is judicial, impartial, honest, and utterly fearless. Most readers will be impatient of that which is without doubt the best of his characteristics. We mean his inconclusiveness. It is a popular demand that every writer shall believe himself a pope. That Froude will not be. He comprehends too much to feel absolutely certain, and on the greatest questions he sums up the evidence with admirable acumen and justice, and then leaves his readers and himself to wait, like honest men, in doubt.

If Froude's essays are nearly perfect in the philosophical treatment of great subjects, Arthur Helps's

Companions of my Solitude (Roberts Brothers) are equally wise in dealing not so much with the history of nations, or races, or religions, but with the history of individuals, and chiefly that which lies within. Fortunately, these essays have but little of the conversational form that has driven so many readers away from Mr. Helps's previous books, for an essay in the form of a conversation is as stiff and conventional as a novel in the form of Epistles from Amanda to Belinda. We are happily well-nigh done with both these fashions. In their very essence Mr. Helps's essays are wisdom. They have all the quietness, simplicity, and confidential egotism that one loves in Lamb. But they are very different from Lamb. Elia is always witty, and often wise. Helps is always wise, and often witty. Such a repertory of surprisingly wise and witty sayings (witty in the best and most serious sense) is this book, that we could fill pages with detached sentences, every one pregnant with truth well put.

Among the most bitingly severe of satires is the series of articles entitled *Modern Women, and What is said of Them*, reprinted from the *Saturday Review* (J. S. Redfield). The first series attracted much attention two years ago, and the present is not a particle less sharp, not a bit less truthful to life in its photographs of certain varieties of womankind, and not a whit less unjust and uncharitable in many of its judgments. Since the *Potiphar Papers*, so keen a satire on the "best society" has not appeared, as some of these papers. The very epithets are sometimes capital in themselves. When the writer defines the class that he intends to describe as "Hawk Widows," three-fourths of the description is written with a stroke. And even when he heads an article "Bored Husbands," it is half done. But all talk about women in this strain is an indelicacy and an abomination. In many passages, too, the book is thoroughly cruel.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

If we except Mr. Lewes, none of the English scientific men have been given to flying in the face of popular opinion and prejudice so combatively as Professor Huxley. In the division and subdivision of intellectual labor, which is more and more prevalent and which brings forth such excellent results, there must ever inhere this difficulty: As each laborer in a special department approaches the central truths of philosophy, he will be inclined to believe the view which he gets of these principles from his own standpoint the complete vision of truth, and if he be combative he will wish to force it on others. The very singleness of sight which occasions this illiberality has its use. If Huxley expects too much of protoplasm and an education in natural history, we can forgive it in view of the results which he has achieved. In the eyes of our author natural science is an all-sufficient education; it is the only philosophy; it is the practical wisdom that he teaches to workingmen; it is the gospel of his Sunday evening sermons. When a man of Prof. Huxley's ability throws himself thus eagerly into any branch of knowledge, his preëminence cannot long be a matter of doubt. *The Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews* (Appletons) give us a better idea, perhaps, of the man and his controversies than any preceding publication.

We have at last a statement of the final result of the studies and speculations of Mr. S. Baring-Gould, in the second part of his *Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, (Appletons). To state in few words his conclusion would hardly be possible, for he himself finds it hard to state it in any one place. It is "infinite analysis infinitely synthesized," a belief that Christianity in the highest sense is the co-ordination of opposite truths, the consecration "at once of solidarity and individuality." Few works so ambitious have been undertaken, and there can be no question in regard to the value of much of Mr. Baring-Gould's contribution to theological thought, though few will follow him into his believing skepticism, his rationalistic Catholicism, his broad high-churchism.

A careful study of the life of Jesus Christ, from the author's peculiar stand-point, is *Jesus*, by W. H. Furness (Lippincott). It is marked throughout by refinement of feeling and clearness of thought, though one cannot but feel that Mr. Furness has no little difficulty in maintaining himself in his middle ground, accepting the historic truthfulness of the gospels and denying the supernatural element.

PROSE FICTION.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood (of which Harpers and Fields, Osgood & Co. each have an edition), fragment as it is, shows that up to the moment in which Dickens was stricken, his mental powers were as masterful as ever. Mr. Grewgious, the Angular Man, and the gentle Minor Canon, Mr. Crisparkle, will live with the best of Dickens's characters. The fragment is quite in his later style, and, though there is yet much of that minute elaboration and repetition of grotesque details that always distinguishes his works, there is less of the sort that interrupts the flow of the story, than is found even in his later novels.

Who was She? Or, The Soldier's Best Glory (Phila., Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), despite its somewhat sensational title and yet more sensational subordinate title, and despite something overstrained and melodramatic in its more passionate scenes, has promise of better things. It is evidently by a young writer, who has yet to learn that unrestrained violence of passion is as far as possible from powerful writing. The faults of the book are those of immaturity. It has much real power, some of its characters are well managed, and its love-scenes are even realistic in the truthfulness of their details.

ETCHINGS.

THANKSGIVING EVE.

An Honest Fairy Story.

ALL in the golden Autumn
They chased 'em and they caught 'em,
And put 'em in a coop
Under the kitchen stoop.
Then a man with rusty jack-knife
Cried: "Wait, I'll soon be back, wife;"
And she: "You blessèd fellow,
Pick a big one and a yellow."
And the man did
As he was bid—
Alack!
Came back,
Put it under the kitchen stoop,
Not a foot from the noisy coop.

That night, in the moonlight gleaming,
The coopful ceased their screaming;
Their neighbor's yellow face
Lit up with tearful grace,
And she told them in their prison,
How, ere the moon had risen,
And the busy, bustling house
Grown stiller than a mouse,
She had heard—
Upon her word—
O sorrow!
To-morrow—
She didn't want to torture their feelings—
But fancy a heap of feathers and peelings!

"Yes, naught of you but your feathers
That have decked you in all weathers;
And I—judge how I'll feel—
All eaten but my peel!
You roasted, with gravy and stuffing—
An end to all strutting and fluffing—
Never again to sail
Around with outspread tail,
Your gobble gone,
Your hobble gone,
And I—
In pie!

But bear up, friends. 'Tis noble living
To end at last in man's Thanksgiving."

The heart of the night, it listened;
The eyes of the night, they glistened;
Its voices in their might
Proclaimed her brave and right;
This fruit, of summer's hoarding,
Should have a sweet rewarding.
So they gave her a wish
Ere she went to her—dish.
"I wish," cried she,
"A coach to be!"
And then,
Again—
"O make me a coach (or nothing at all),
Like Cinderella's, that went to the ball!"

She felt that only a fairy
Could conquer the culinary.
Oft, in the sunny grass,
She'd heard the children pass,
Telling how one, with a magic hand,
A pumpkin had turned to a coach so grand.
And it struck her now,
No cook knew how
To undertake
Coach-pie to make.
Ah, shrewd
As good
Was she, poor pumpkin! doomed to pie
Should night her simple wish deny.

At this, the moonlight slowly
Crept to the pumpkin lowly,
And with a bright caress
She softly whispered, "Yes;
Thy pumpkin soul its pomp reveals;
Soon shall thy spirit go on wheels."

Then the moonlight sped
To a garret bed,
And took a look
At Ann, the cook—

"Ah! you
Will do."
Said the moonlight, softly gliding out,
"A capital cook beyond a doubt."

A chimney fairy beyond reproach
Might turn a pumpkin into a coach;
But how, alas! could Ann
Enact so fine a plan?
Why, by doing her best, as she did next day,
And making her pies in her matchless way,
Till the farmer and wife
Had ne'er in their life,
Nor guests asked in
Of kith and kin,
So tasted
And feasted
As they, for once more greedy than wise,
On Ann's delicious and delicate pies.

Be happy, O pumpkin, be happy!
'Tis night, and the household is nappy—
Lo the powers of the moon
Shall reward thee full soon!
Already the fairies have conjured thy steed—
A spirited night-mare shall answer thy need.
Ho! pumpkin, translated,
The sleeper is fated.
Now low he moans,
Now loud he groans,
"Oh, oh,
Whoa! whoa!"

For a big yellow coach rolls over his breast,
And the hoofs of the night-mare are never at rest.

First through his sleep he was twirled
In his coach all over the world;
And he saw in deep dismay,
How few kept Thanksgiving Day
In Norway and Russia and France and China,
In Africa, Greenland, and Asia Minor.
They never once thought
That keep it they ought—
In countries, too,
Where pumpkins grew,
And life
Was rife
With blessings and bounties falling fast
To cheer man's future, present, and past.

He tried to call to the sinners
To cook their Thanksgiving dinners,
And in frantic screech
Their conscience to reach;
But, alas! the coach it rattled on
Till all the sound of his voice was gone;
And when he jumped out
It wheeled right about,
And rode on *him*
From neck to limb!
"Oh! oh!
Whoa! whoa!"
The big yellow coach rolled over his breast,
And the hoofs of the night-mare were never at rest.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM; A.D. 1870.

"THANK you—much obliged, old boy!
Yes, it's so; report says true.
I'm engaged to Nell Latine—
What else could a fellow do?
Governor was getting fierce—
Asked me, with paternal frown,
When I meant to go to work,
Take a wife, and settle down?
Stormed at my extravagance,
Talked of cutting off supplies,—
Fairly bullied me, you know;
Sort of thing that I despise.
Then he'd pause, and sip his wine;
And remark, he'd never seen
Any girl that pleased him more
Than that younger Miss Latine.—

Well, you know, I lost worst way
At the races,—Governor raged;—
So, to sort of smooth him down,
I went off and got engaged.

Sort of put up thing, you see,—
All arranged with old Latine,—
Nelly raved about it first,
Said her 'pa was *awful* mean!'
Now it's done we don't much mind—
Tell the truth, *I*'m rather glad;
Looking at it every way,
One must own it isn't bad.
She's quite pretty, rather rich;
Mother left her quite a pile;
Dances, goes out everywhere;
Fine old family, real good style.
Then she's *good*, as girls go now—
Some idea of wrong and right,—
Don't let every man she meets
Kiss her on the self-same night.
Jove! the way some girls will act,
Who've been out a year or two!
Don't know what they'd blush to hear;
What they wouldn't say and do.—
We don't do affection much;
Nell and I are real good friends;
Call there often; sit, and chat;
Take her 'round, and there it ends.
Spooning! Well, I tried it once—
Acted like an awful calf—
Said I *really* loved her; then
You should just have heard her laugh!
Why! she ran me for a month;
Teased me till she made me wince:
'Mustn't flirt with her!' she said,
So, I haven't done it since.—
'*T'would* be pleasant to be loved
As you read about in books,—
Mingling souls, and gentle eyes,—
Love, and that, in all their looks;
Thoughts of you, and no one else;
Voice that has a tender ring;
Sacrifices made, and—well—
You know—all that sort of thing.
All that's worn-out talk, they say,—
Don't see any of it now—

Spooning on your *fiancée*
Isn't good style, anyhow.
Just suppose that one of us,—
Nell and me, you know,—some day,
Gets like that, on some one else,
Might be rather awkward!—eh?
All in earnest, like the books—
Wouldn't it be awful rough!
Jove! if I—but pshaw! what bosh!
Nell and I are safe enough.—
Take place in the Spring, I think;
You'll be there, and wish me joy?
Be a groomsman, if you like;
Lots of fun. Good-bye, old boy."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1871. No. 3.

IT is a healthy sign for the body politic when cities begin to estimate their relative importance by the size of their lungs. Our cities have grown rich and large with a rush, and too many of them are, in consequence, abnormally developed and positively ugly. Little or no space has been reserved for public parks and gardens. Land estimated at so many thousands of dollars per square foot, being judged too valuable for play-grounds and commons, has been covered with bricks and mortar.

Fortunately, within a few years past the leading cities have discovered their mistake, and the people are pressing out of the dusty streets and stifled ways in search of Nature,

thinking if they but seize her skirts or touch the hem of her garments, some virtue will be imparted to them. In all of the leading cities during the past decade new parks have been opened, or the old ones have acquired a greater interest. Boston has its old historic Common, which has grown grander and more attractive year by year as its elms have spread out their magnificent branches closer over it. In Central Park, New York, art and nature in league have formed one of the most important works of the kind in the world. Prospect Park, at Brooklyn, possessing greater natural advantages, has been laid out with equal skill; Druid Hill, Baltimore, is of comparatively recent date; but its wide expanse of native forest, and its natural development in other respects, have given it unusual advantages. Through the West and Southwest the cities are also quickening their steps in this direction. Cincinnati and Chicago will soon have attractive pleasure-grounds, while St. Louis, starting with a botanical garden the most extensive in the country,—the gift of one of her citizens,—now has under cultivation an elegant place of resort comprising several hundreds of acres. The same feeling is animating the inhabitants of all the cities farther west to the Pacific Slope, and south to the Gulf.

Philadelphia, however, is peculiarly a City of Parks. More squares within her limits proper are given up to public uses, and these are more memorable by reason of historical associations, than in any other city. Owing to a series of strange coincidences, this city, also, is identified with the history, in this country, of landscape gardening and park culture. The first botanical garden in America was laid out and planted by John Bartram, one of our pioneer botanists, near Philadelphia. Until recently some of the trees planted by him were yet standing, among them an enormous cypress, the threatened destruction of which by the British army, after the battle of Brandywine, so preyed upon his mind that his death was hastened by it. The best specimen of landscape gardening, in the early part of the present century, was exhibited at Woodlands, in the suburbs of Philadelphia,—a celebrated place, the residence of the Hamilton family, and now converted to cemetery uses. Judge Peters's seat, at present in the possession of the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, was fifty years ago the finest representative of the "geometric" or ancient style. The first American work, also, on landscape gardening was published in Philadelphia.

Independence Square, in the rear of old Independence Hall, has a national interest. It is now not much more than a shaded "concourse," destitute of every attribute of a park, save trees and an enclosing fence. The destruction of these trees, even, was lately threatened, in order to make room for public buildings. But that peril is now, happily, averted by the action of the Legislature and a vote of the citizens, fixing upon the central or Penn Square as the site for the public buildings.

Washington Square, in olden times a Potter's field, and during the Revolutionary war the burial-place of over two thousand American soldiers swept off by camp-fever, but now a carefully kept park, rich in green turf and magnificent in leafy trees; Franklin Square, a model of neatness, so clean, in fact, that the city authorities will not permit the people to enter it on Sundays; and Rittenhouse and Logan Squares—are at the four corners of a large quadrangle, the eastern portion of which includes the best business section of the city. Besides these there are half a score of lesser parks, which greatly add to the beauty of the city and to the health and enjoyment of its inhabitants.

But the glory of Philadelphia is Fairmount Park. Its situation, its broad expanse, the circumstances of its acquisition, and the peculiar history which is attached to many places within its boundaries, give it an unusual interest, not only to the inhabitants of the staid city for whose comfort it has been set apart, but to Americans generally. It lies to the north-west of the great city and in it, for the streets are reaching out already on both sides of it, and the buildings are crowding against its boundaries. Its southern extremity, or nearest approach to the city, is at the Fairmount Water-works, and from here it extends along both sides of the Schuylkill river for several miles, and a short distance

LEMON HILL AND BOAT-HOUSES OF THE SCHUYLKILL NAVY.

above a cozy little village, the Falls of the Schuylkill, where the Wissahickon Creek empties into the river. The park boundaries, leaving the Schuylkill, then betake themselves to the Wissahickon, and include that stream and both banks from its mouth nearly to its source, a distance of six miles. But the larger portion of the park is on the west side of the Schuylkill River.

The boundaries of this section of the land conform to the shape of a very irregular hump-backed triangle, the river coursing through the side which would answer for the hypothenuse, and bending, when half way through the park, well into the middle of it. The base of the triangle lies toward the city. At its three corners are the highest altitudes of the included land. The first is the old Water-works; the second, at the opposite corner of the base, is George's Hill, and the third, Chimouni, is at the apex. From each of these a view of rare beauty and wide expanse is obtained, and from the three nearly every part of the vast territory of the park is visible, except the northern extension of the Wissahickon Park.

The boundaries of the park include about twenty-seven hundred acres of every variety of land, part of which is native forest, while the remainder has been subjected to widely different degrees of cultivation. It exhibits every phase of the picturesque, from the well-kept lawns and highly cultured garden plots, wherein have bloomed for many generations exotic plants and multitudes of rare flowers, to the roughly-tilled fields of the careless farmer. Its surface is shaped into contours more graceful than science could have conceived or art executed, while bold rugged hills toss their heads in natural pride and disdain at the idea of being restrained by plummet and line.

In the first establishment of Fairmount Park there was no suggestion of anything more than the mere adornment of a few acres of land which had been purchased for the sake of obtaining a supply of water free from the impurities of river drainage, and a commanding site for a reservoir of sufficient altitude to distribute the water to every part of the city. This was as long ago as 1812, and "Faire Mount" was then at a distance from the city limits, and much too far away, we are told, to be thought of as a resort for public recreation. But the city grew, and with it its manufactories. Such grand opportunities as the Schuylkill River afforded for water-power were not long overlooked; and although at the time the Water-works were established there was not a workshop along its banks nearer than Norristown, distant fifteen miles, a chain of factories and shops soon stretched from Philadelphia to Manayunk, and at the latter place culminated in a group, which in a few years converted a little village into a teeming city that to-day numbers its population by many thousands. While these improvements, as they were considered at the time of their

establishment, added greatly to the riches of the Commonwealth, the discovery was made that the aforetime clear and sweet water of the beautiful river, upon whose banks they clustered, was being fast polluted and poisoned by their presence, and that the health of the city was in consequence greatly jeopardized.

Measures were taken to purchase all the properties along both banks of the Schuylkill and Wissahickon, although delays were occasioned by opposition. It was a grand scheme, and hardly appreciated at first, we imagine, by its projectors, or even they might have faltered. But it was carried through, and now both banks of the Schuylkill, from the Water-works to the Falls, are public property, and the Commissioners are about to acquire the picturesque hill-sides of the Wissahickon for a stretch of six miles. Other tracts of land lying adjacent along Roberts's Hollow, on the north-west of the park, to be connected by drives with the park, are to be obtained by purchase. These are added for the double purpose of securing the purity of waters which are tributary to the Schuylkill, and preserving grand and beautiful scenery from defacement and destruction, as would undoubtedly be the result were they left in the hands of some scores of owners, possessing different tastes and desires, and having in view their individual profit.

By a happy sequence, then, a park was obtained, when the preservation of the water was the object mainly intended. It is claimed that even after estimating liberally for the expense of other devices which may be employed hereafter to further protect the water, the cost of the present arrangement is only equal to one-half the estimated sum deemed necessary for bringing the water from a distance, as was first proposed; so that, singular and paradoxical as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless true, that by this purchase Philadelphia has actually saved money, and practically secured a park for nothing.

The territory thus acquired—twenty-seven hundred acres—forms the largest park in the United States, and there is but one, of any celebrity, larger in the world. This is Windsor, one of the Royal parks in the vicinity of London, which contains three thousand acres. Central Park, New York, is less than one-third the size of Fairmount Park.

The nearest entrance to Fairmount from the city is but a few minutes' drive from the centre of business, and is approached by several lines of street cars. To the left of the main carriage-way, on entering, are the Reservoir and the Water-works. A succession of terraces, surmounted by paths, give access to the summit of the first, whence, on account of its altitude and peculiar position, a view of rare interest can be obtained. Close up around the base of the hill on the south, and stretching away as far as the eye can carry, is the great city. Its buildings in set ranks, its spear-like church steeples, its waving flags, and its overhanging smoke, suggest the idea of an army entering battle—an impression that is heightened by the roar and noise that come creeping up the hill. On the near north-west, and on the east bank of the river, is the Old Park; and beyond, on the west side of the river, and also on the east, much farther than the eye can reach from this point, lie the new East and West Park; while the Wissahickon extension is quite out of sight. The Old Park, on account of its pretty walks and cooling fountains, is still a popular resort for those who do not care to enter farther into the grounds than merely to cross their threshold. Looking back from Lemon Hill, the next point of interest, the Water-works themselves form a pleasing view, with the stretch of the river above and below the dam. Lemon Hill and Sedgely, the neighboring estates, are points of historic interest, and the inclusion of these, and several others hereafter to be mentioned, within the park limits, by which they will for all time be preserved for the city as the absolute property of its citizens, gives an additional value to Fairmount.

Lemon Hill, at the close of the Revolution, was the residence of Robert Morris, the celebrated financier. It was then called "The Hills," and contained forty-five acres, which were laid out and adorned with rare taste. Here its owner hospitably entertained many of the most eminent of his compatriots; and here, in later times, it is said, when financial

FOUNTAIN NEAR MINERAL SPRING, LEMON HILL.

ruin overtook him,—for while he operated for the government with signal ability, as if "sky-guarded and heaven-directed, leading to a national end by an overruling Providence," when acting for himself all his personal affairs went wrong and to ruin,—here he kept out of reach of sheriffs' writs. At the close of the last century this fine estate passed into the hands of Henry Pratt, a merchant of liberal means and educated taste, under whose culture it became the pride of Philadelphia. In 1836 it was sold for a large sum to those who bought it for speculative purposes. The speculators, however, failed in their schemes, and through a commercial revulsion it came into the market at one-third its previous price, and was then purchased by the Councils for the city.

Sedgely also at one time belonged to Robert Morris; but the mansion was built by Mr. Cramond; and, after similar transmissions of title, was purchased in the same manner by the city, aided by the contributions of citizens.

A short distance from Lemon Hill, and on the edge of the fore bay of the Waterworks, are the boat-houses of the "Schuylkill Navy." These buildings are erected, under licenses from the Commissioners, by several clubs and by private individuals. They are models of beauty, constructed of blue and green stone, and are covered with creeping vines. Every encouragement is given to boating, and at evening in the summer the river is covered with various kinds of craft, from the capacious pleasure-boats, filled with jolly parties, to the delicate shells, in which amateur oarsmen make contests in speed up and down the stream.

The east and west banks of the Schuylkill are united just above Sedgely by two bridges —the Girard Avenue and connecting railroad bridge. They cross in converging lines but at different planes, and so avoid interference.

Below their termini on the west bank is "Solitude," a peculiar place with a peculiar history. The queer-looking, square, two-story house, half fort in appearance, was built at the close of the Revolutionary war, by John Penn, a grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania. The house has an air of mystery about it, and is daily visited by scores of wondering people. A secret perpendicular passage connects the cellar with the attic, to which access is given from the upper story by a narrow staircase. Through the attic is another secret passage, so low that a person can creep through it only on all-fours. This communicates with the passage to the cellar. From the cellar a long tunnel, three or four feet in diameter, leads to the river, and another of larger dimensions makes a secret exit in an opposite direction, out toward what were formerly woody hills. These, except for a few feet at their entrance, are now closed up. What their design was is not known. Mr. Penn was a man much given to books and of reclusive habits. It is not improbable that in a whimsical mood he may have had these retreats constructed, through which he might escape annoying intruders. In an edition of his poems is a picture of "Solitude."

Above "Solitude," on the same bank of the river, and above the connecting bridges, is "Egglesfield," once a very pretty place. It

was built by Wm. Warner, an amiable and worthy member of the Society of Friends. It afterward became the property of Mr. Robert E. Griffith, and was more recently the elegant residence of ex-Secretary Borie.

Farther on above "Egglesfield" is "Sweetbrier," and beyond it "Landsdowne," which perhaps, of all the historical places in the park, possesses most interest to the general public. This was the magnificent residence of John Penn, the last Colonial Governor of Pennsylvania. The mansion-like buildings, which unhappily have been destroyed by fire, were erected about 1770. At the close of the Revolution they were purchased by Mr. Bingham, grandfather of the late Lord Ashburton, and subsequently were the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain and Count de Survilliers. Landsdowne is described by many of the older residents of Philadelphia as a regal place. The house was spacious and palatial, the grounds were laid out in winding walks, and diversified with open spaces of clean green-sward, and magnificent groves of majestic trees. Here and there were large green-houses, filled with rare flowers and tropical fruits. In the rear of the house was a stable of grand proportions, in which a numerous stud of thorough-breds of imported stock was kept. In the adjacent glen was an elegant bath-house. At the entrance to the grounds, at the terminus of a winding drive, which on frequent festive occasions, when the colonial aristocracy enjoyed the hospitality of the Governor, were illuminated with colored lights placed in the bordering shrubbery, were massive iron gates. These were wrought into fanciful designs, and, having been brought from England, were the wonder of the country round. In after years, when the land upon which they stood was being mined for material for a neighboring brick-kiln, the practical foreman of the gang of clay-diggers had the gates broken up, in order that they might more conveniently be carted away and converted to other uses. It is to be regretted that the Park Commissioners did not sooner obtain possession of the property, that such a desecration might have been prevented. The main buildings of Landsdowne were destroyed by fire, communicated from

MONSTER PINES.

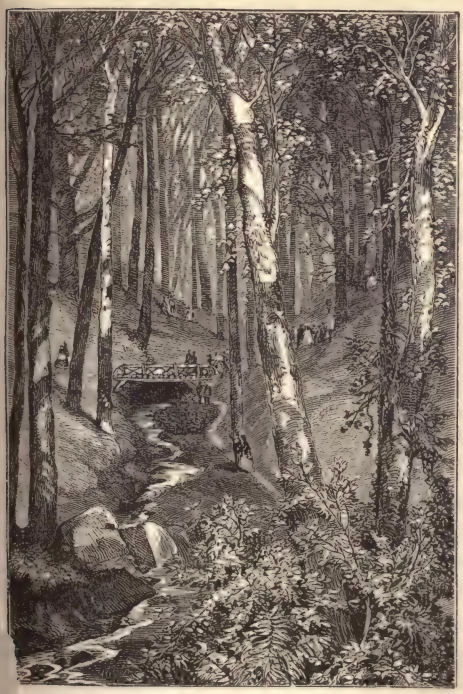
the cigar of a careless smoker at a Fourth of July picnic held on the grounds.

The finest drive in the West Park, as far as laid out last summer, is named after this old estate. It is a well-made road, which is submissively led about by the natural character and topography of the grounds. The engineers have acted wisely in seeking to find rather than make pleasing contours, and have very cleverly adapted the roads and paths to the existing surface. From a rustic bridge, picturesque itself, there is a charming view of Columbia bridge and the Schuylkill, where the lazy, graceful stream, hemmed in by grassy banks and cooled by the heavy foliage of the overhanging shade-trees, is curled up as if in an easy slumber.

On this drive also is a group of wonderful trees. It is a grove of five monarch pines, but these "vast pillars of glossy green," with their great heads stretching way up, and their branches spread out, and their trunks of "monumental proportions," are so big that a person at a short distance would think the

were fifty instead of five. The tribes of the trees of the park are wonderful, even without these chiefs. Other cities have bought their parks and planted their trees, and then have waited for them to grow, and with their growth furnish shade. But in this instance ready-made trees were procured by incorporating forests and old estates. In Fairmount Park (and the forest borders of the Wissahickon are not included in the enumeration) the trees of large size, those between eighteen inches and twenty-seven feet in girth, number thirty-four thousand seven hundred, embracing, according to the Commissioners' report, thirty-nine genera and sixty species.

In this vicinity, and just off from the Landsdowne drive, is a ravine—two or three of them, in fact—of rare beauty. Deep down below the level of the adjoining plain its recesses afford cool retreats, which are securely walled in by green terraces. These places are continually at the disposal of picnic parties, and hardly a day passes but that they are occupied. The park authorities provide a cordon of policemen who warn away intruders from the entrances and minister to the wants of the pleasure party. The efforts of the Commissioners in this respect are indicative of the light in which they regard the relation of the people to the park. They have thoughtfully sought to furnish to the masses of the people every facility of access to their property, and have only imposed such restraints to their enjoyment of it as were necessary to prevent unwarranted license. Steamboats and row-boats have been encouraged to ply on the Schuylkill, and arrangements for cheap fare and frequent trains have been made with railroads that penetrate the park. Its broad expanses of campus are the undisturbed playgrounds of the children, and no forbidding signs warn them from intruding on the grass. Croquet parties make the lawns of the old estates, where erst courtly ladies promenaded, ring again with their mirth and hilarity. The very mansions themselves are, for an afternoon at least, the country residences of the people, and their spacious apartments and wide halls and cool verandas are thronged with private parties who find much pleasure in entertaining and being entertained. The fruits even of these places are at the disposal of the people, and for the last two seasons the school children of the city have been given a holiday, and afforded an opportunity to gather the nuts which by an October frost were ripened on nearly four thousand trees. On these occasions the number present was estimated to be quite sixty thousand. It is now proposed to institute two park holidays, or rather holiday seasons : one in June for botanical and floral recreation, and the other in autumn for nut-gathering.



RAVINE IN WESTERN PARK.

George's Hill is perhaps, at present, the most popular of all the resorts in the park for equestrians and driving parties. It is the high point in the western base of the triangle. It was presented as a gift by Jesse Georgé and his sister Rebecca George, subject to annuities for life, and consists of eighty-three acres. In a characteristic address accompanying the donation, Mr. George stated that the property had been the home of his ancestors for many generations, and from the first settlement of the country has retained many of its original features. With a view of preserving it to their memory very much in

VIEW FROM JUDGE PETERS'S FARM.

the same rural condition as when they occupied it, he gave it to the city, to be forever kept for park purposes. Both of the donors reserved but a small annual payment during their lifetime. A few weeks after the grand celebration which attended the opening of the drive to the newly acquired property, Rebecca George quietly passed away.

The brow of the hill is surmounted by a plateau which has been laid out for a "concourse." In the centre of it a beautiful summer house has been erected, and other adornments of rare flowers and shrubs give it an attractive appearance. From the summer house an extensive vista is obtained. The city stretches away in the distance to the south and east, with its prominent features and public buildings, especially those of West Philadelphia, distinctly marked. The course of the Delaware and Schuylkill may be traced, and the outlines of the country round, including distant portions of New Jersey.

An inviting drive has been run along the western summit leading from George's Hill to the grounds in front of Belmont Mansion. Belmont was the residence of Judge Peters, a magistrate who exercised his varied functions with rare wit and ability. His hospitality was proverbial, and was enjoyed by many distinguished personages, among whom was George Washington, who set out a chestnut-tree on the place, which, with a line of fine hemlocks, planted one hundred and twenty years ago, and many of them covered with ivy, flourished until recently. The hemlocks, many of them, are still standing. The arms of the family may yet be seen in the wainscoted principal room, and on one of the windows is a "good-bye" which some departing guest of the last century has cut with a diamond.

Under the bank of Belmont and nestled close to the river is the plainest kind of a plain story-and-a-half cottage, which is said to have been the residence of Tom Moore while in this country. It is of all places along the river the most prosaic, and we wonder that this should have attracted the attention, even for a moment, of the poet. Of it, however, he sings :—

——"while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my charmed soul forgot its wish to roam," etc.

Nearly opposite "Tom Moore's Cottage" are "Ormiston," "Belleview," and "Edgely," each invested with peculiar associations. To the grounds about these estates, also, croquet and picnic parties make frequent excursions, and relieve the hobgoblin quiet, for a wonderful ghost is said to have once been joint possessor with the old residents. In close

proximity to this region, thick with places of historical interest, is a roomy house which was built by Mr. McPherson, uncle of the commander of McPherson's Blues; was afterwards the property of General Williams; but for a time had been owned by Benedict Arnold, who married Miss Shippen, the noted Philadelphia belle.

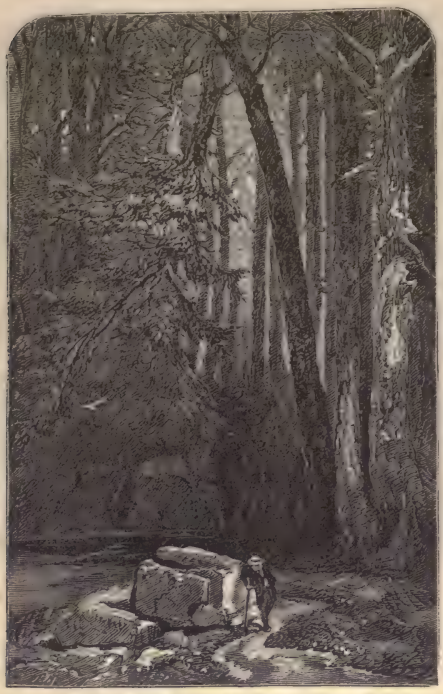
Farther up the river is Laurel Hill Cemetery. It is like all cemeteries, with its white glistening tombs, its green turf and graveled walks and queer inscriptions. It is like all American cemeteries of to-day, with its frequent soldiers' monuments. But it differs from all others in its sleepy, dreamy appearance, and the beautiful ravines which run through it, conveying brooks with subdued murmurings to the river, and affording opportunities for nestling aeries, from which those who come to rest awhile with the dead may look out on one side over the peaceful river, and on the other toward the beautiful grounds.

In the older part of the cemetery, at the foot of a terrace, is the grave of Joseph C. Neal, the author of the celebrated "Charcoal Sketches," and one of the most brilliant and frequent contributors to the press of Philadelphia. The place is marked by a cross, erected by his friends, as the inscription states. At its foot is a rockery, covered with creeping vines.

ON THE WISSAHICKON DRIVE.

TOMB OF NEAL, LAUREL HILL.

Within the radius of a stone-throw or two from this spot is a rare gathering of illustrious dead. Here lie Gen. Hugh Mercer, of glorious revolutionary memory, who fell in the battle of Princeton, fighting for "the sacred cause of Human Liberty and American Independence;" Ferdinand Rudolph Hassler, of Switzerland, "Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, and Superintendent of the Standards of Weights and Measures," both great national works, and from their origin intrusted and conducted by him with distinguished reputation and success;" Professor Morton, physician, naturalist, and ethnologist, President of the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia, and author of standard scientific works; William Short, "who received from President Washington, with the unanimous approval of the Senate, the first appointment to public office conferred under the Constitution of the United States, and from President Jefferson proofs of similar confidence;" Richard Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and subsequently of the United States, Minister to the Court of St. James, Secretary of the United States Treasury, and Minister to France; Commodore Isaac Hull, whose tomb bears the insignia of his rank and the



A HEMLOCK GLEN ON THE WISSAHICKON.

badges of his profession, with only the quiet inscription, "In affectionate devotion to the private virtues of Isaac Hull his widow has erected this monument;" Thomas McKean, signer of the Declaration of Independence, President of Congress in 1781, and Chief Justice and Governor of the State of Pennsylvania; and Charles Thomson, first and long the confidental secretary of the Continental Congress. Down toward the steep river-bank, through the briery undergrowth, and pushing aside the close untrimmed woods, the visitor will find the sombre tomb of Kane, the Arctic explorer. Not even a name designates the vault, which is almost forbidding in its simplicity.

Above Laurel Hill is the Falls Bridge across the Schuylkill, and a short distance beyond, on the river-bank, is the pretty village of the Falls of the Schuylkill. It is the pleasant place of residence of many gentlemen who do business in the city, and a popular resort for driving and boating parties from Philadelphia, who come here to the "cat-fish and coffee" suppers which are delightfully served at the plain hotels of the village and in the valley of the Wissahickon. The "Falls" of the Schuylkill, however, are a myth, since the dam has covered them with water. Here and there an eddy is formed by the water hurrying around a few intruding rocks which disturb its serenity. But beyond this there is no likeness to falls, or even rapids.

The Falls of the Schuylkill, like everything else in the park, as the reader will believe by this time, are also celebrated in history. The annals of the ante-Revolutionary times tell us that at an early era in the eighteenth century an association called the "Society of Fort St. David," having on its list a large and respectable number of the nobility of those days, was established in this vicinity. Many of the founders of the society were Welshmen, and some were of the Society of Friends, companions of William Penn, and co-emigrants to the New World. On an elevated and extensive rock contiguous to the eastern bank of the river, and projecting into the rapids that existed at that time, rose the primitive but convenient and strong structure of hewn timber cut from the opposite forest. It was capacious enough for the accommodation of the numerous garrison, who were then "more celebrated for their deeds of gastronomy than of arms." The building was seventy feet long and twenty feet wide, and had fourteen ascending steps in front. The sides, which consisted entirely of folding or movable

BRIDGE OVER THE WISSAHICKON AT VALLEY GREEN.

THE ANIMALS AND OLD LOG CABIN.

doors and windows, were borne off by the Hessians for their huts in 1777–8, and the place was so changed and injured that it was never used for its former purposes, after the Revolution. In its early days it was a semi-political as well as social club, and many prominent men of the times were honored by being admitted to its membership. Its officers, who were commissioned with much form and carried high titles, ruled with supreme sway, and were, in all matters of state, implicitly obeyed. The annals of the official book give an account on the sixteenth of April, 1768, of the election to the "Colony of the Schuylkill" of a man who needed not this mark of distinction to cause him to be remembered, and yet was complimented by it. We read: "John Dickenson, Esq., the friend of Liberty, the second Pitt, and the author of the Farmer's Letters, for his patriotic productions in behalf of the rights, liberties, and privileges of the present as well as the rising and future generations in America, is hereby admitted one of our members, for good services done by him to the interests of the British Plantations in America," etc.

Although the lodge at the Falls had been so much injured during the Revolution as to be untenable, the members, as many of them as could be assembled, and with accessions of loyal spirits, reorganized after the war, and for some years continued the practice of annually resorting to the neighborhood to fish and recreate.

During this time a reception was given with much formality to General Lafayette. A grand banquet was spread and festivities of various kinds were introduced in honor of the French General and the hero of Revolutionary battles. It is related of the affair that when the mirth was at its height the distinguished guest insisted upon being provided with towels and an apron, in order that, with the celebrated men around him, he might perform his share of the domestic and culinary duties.

Over the river, above the Falls of the Schuylkill, is West Laurel Hill Cemetery, which is, topographically speaking, on the apex of the irregular triangle which the park boundaries form. From its summit wide sweeping views of the river above and below are presented, views so attractive that they have already tempted the pencils of several artists. A glimpse is given on the opposite shore of the Wissahickon at its confluence with the Schuylkill.

Fairmount Park, in addition to the extensive lands on the east and west banks of the river, embraces, as has before been suggested, the Wissahickon Creek for six miles from its mouth, and sufficient territory on both sides

BRIDGE OVER WISSAHICKON, NEAR MOUNT AIRY.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WISSAHICKON.

to make a grand drive. A road at present runs through the valley, and has been in use for many years by residents at Chestnut Hill, a collection of handsome country places near the source of the Wissahickon. Although merely a country road, it is the most attractive drive out of Philadelphia, on account of the magnificent scenery which it presents.

There are not many such streams as the Wissahickon, none perhaps in this country, and few in the world. For several miles it picks its way daintily between two rows of high hills, down to the river, bending first one way and then another; now darting straight forward, and again lying still and quiet as if devising new mischief. Sometimes it is only a noisy brook running over pebbly bottoms, and anon a flashing cascade leaping from rock to rock with shouting noise. Then it widens out into a sober river which flows into a peaceful lake, so quiet that down in its depths the trees that meet above it are reflected with every delicate outline of foliage. After playing lake for a while, and when it can keep quiet no longer, it is off with a leap over some rustic dam, to repeat its waywardness all along its course to the Schuylkill. It is enclosed all the way by high hills whose bases

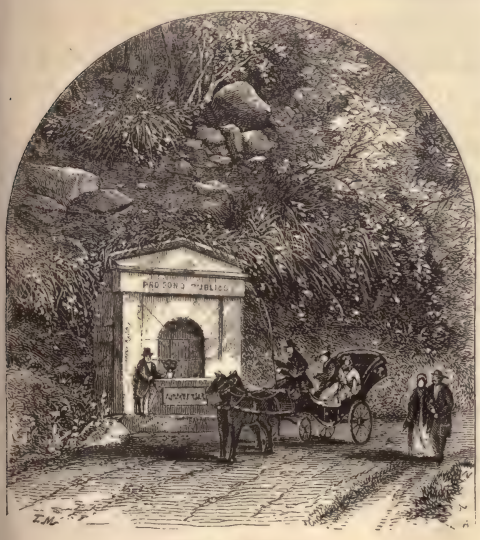
creep down to the very water's edge, and whose summits are crowned with lofty peaks and craggy rocks which bristle against the sky. On their sides are—

> Majestic woods of every vigorous green,
> Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
> And to the far horizon wide diffused
> A boundless deep immensity of shade.

So close do the embracing hills come, as if to guard their precious charge, that it has been necessary to cut the road into their sides, and all day long it is shaded by their frowning heads. Here and there are projecting boulders, bare and destitute of any living thing. Near by is a quiet nook, carpeted with soft mosses and odorous with the fragrance of wild-flowers and ferns.

Romancers have woven the queer legends of the Wissahickon, which date back a couple of centuries, into interesting tales that are still read with avidity. The artists of to-day, like those of the last generation, have made its haunts their out-door studios. Many of its phases have been transferred to canvas; and others, where ruins of old mills and picturesque, odd-fashioned bridges relieve the landscape, afford studies of rare beauty.

Through the valley at frequent intervals are hotels, which, until last fall, were the resort of picnic parties and pleasure-seekers. The proprietors of them had procured wild animals and tamed them to exhibit to their guests.



PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THE DEVIL'S POOL.

One enterprising tavern-keeper added to his collection a cage of monkeys, which entertained at all hours with their antics a group of amused spectators.

One of the most picturesque places in the valley of the Wissahickon is where Creasheim's creek runs into the larger stream. Here a pool, dark and deep, lurks under a huge overhanging rock. It is called the Devil's Pool, and the glen which surrounds it is a highly-prized resort for picnic parties, on account of its beauty and retirement.

Along the road drinking fountains have been erected, through which the pure water from the springs is conducted. They are plain but still beautiful, and are so situated as to add an addititional attraction to the surrounding scenery. These bear, as do the others erected elsewhere by the city authorities, the inscription *Pro bono publico; esto perpetua*, indicating the design and desire of their founders.

Farther on up the stream is the old bridge over the Wissahickon near Valley Green, and

THE WISSAHICKON AT CHESTNUT HILL.

above it still is Indian Rock, where it is said a chieftain used to bring his people for councils of war and to give them instruction. Away on above these the stream grows smaller, and the hills, relieved of their duty of guarding it, surrender their charge to the open meadows and gentle banks, which make up a landscape of rare beauty near Chestnut Hill.

Other cities by the expenditure of money may obtain beautiful plots of ground, laid out with scientific precision and adorned with the elegance of art, but only one park can have the Wissahickon.

We have sketched the Fairmount Park as it now appears to the eye. It is but begun. The Commissioners have been but about two years at work upon it; some time having necessarily been consumed in acquiring the titles to the land—a work still in progress. Every year hereafter will present some new improvement and development. But let it be remembered by their successors, that art here is never to be carried to such elaborate refinement as to impair nature's own rare and picturesque handiwork.

KINGS OF THE AIR.

An ancient story runs, that the birds once met to choose a monarch: whoever soared the highest was to reign over them. "Up sprang all the birds into the air, but highest of all rose the eagle, who, after mounting until his wearied wings could beat no more, proclaimed himself the sovereign of the birds. But, all unperceived, the little wren had been quietly perching between his shoulders, and as soon as the eagle ceased to mount, he rose on tiny pinion far above the wearied eagle, and twittered forth the victory of wit and intellect over bulk and physical strength."

So the wren became the "king of all the birds," and in some respects he is indeed a most princely fellow: he is, at any rate, pre-eminent for briskness, independence, and, it must be confessed, audacity; but his good qualities are so many and so decided that we may well forgive him. The wren is a noonday warbler, and, with the bobolink, the cat-bird, and a few others, enlivens the otherwise silent hours of the summer noon; the wren is a most devoted parent too; its house is a hollow sphere, softly lined with moss and down; and, finally, many destructive insects become the food of itself and its family.

Titles of royalty have been given by man to many other denizens of the air, and for very various reasons. One of these is the king-bird, or tyrant fly-catcher, which displays a flame-colored crest when it raises the feathers upon the top of its head, and which in the breeding-season becomes so bold as to attack and drive away from the neighborhood of its nest, not only hawks and crows, but even eagles: for it is to these larger birds like a fly to an ox, or a swift little gunboat to a great man-of-war.

The kingfishers may have been so named from a certain lofty and abstracted air which they assume while engaged in the really humble occupation of looking out for their own dinners. Many of them have also quite brilliant plumage; but the king-bird of Paradise, which the natives of New Guinea believe holds sway over all Paradise birds, comes rightly by its title, if grace and beauty are attributes of royalty.

But our interest in these little bird princes must not cause us to forget that the great eagle is still, in some respects, a most royal bird. In size he is surpassed by few, in majesty of as-

THE WREN.

EAGLE CARRYING OFF A CHILD, IN THE ALPS.

pect by none; but, as with some monarchs of the earth, these royal attributes are disfigured by tyranny and unprovoked aggression.

The white-headed eagle of America despoils the fish-hawk of its hardly-earned prey, and is known to be guilty of various acts of questionable character; and we ought perhaps to hope that in the happy time when might shall no longer make right, and when law shall not depend on war, some other creature shall be chosen as our national emblem, and eagles be left to lead those people

who, like ancient Rome and some more modern states, move only to pursue and embrace only to devour.

The illustration depicts a terrible event which occurred more than thirty years ago; a similar tragedy was enacted in Missouri in 1868; and now in the present year (1870) a large eagle, which, by a rope upon its leg, appeared to have escaped from some cage, is said to have fastened its beak and talons into the body of a boy of fifteen, and was beaten to death before it would loosen its hold.

But with all his faults the eagle is in general free from one odious habit: he rarely feeds upon carrion, as do all of his near relations the condors and vultures; these form the unclean division of the birds of prey, and although they will sometimes attack living creatures, seem to prefer flesh in which a very decided *fumet* has been developed.

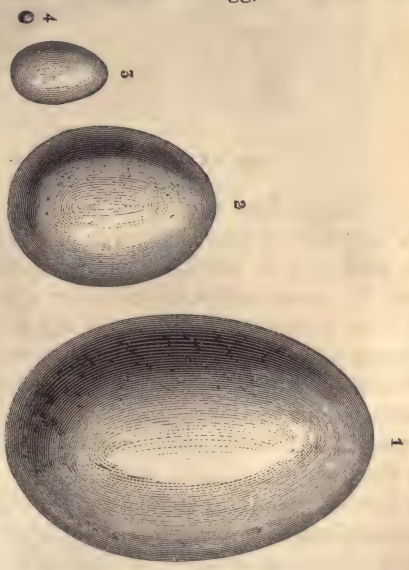
The condor of the Andes is a king of the air by virtue of both its size and the height to which it soars, although these matters have been sometimes overstated. According to Professor Orton it seldom, if ever, exceeds twelve feet in the utmost spread of its wings, so that the tales of Marco Polo and other early travellers, as to its power to raise an elephant from the earth, and that a single quill was twenty paces long, must be taken as exaggerations of men who were of course deeply impressed with the novelty of what they, perhaps, were the first to see, and who then yielded to a natural temptation to astonish others. Professor Orton states that the condor's usual habitation is between the altitudes of 10,000 and 16,000 feet above the sea; he saw them sailing at least 1,000 feet above the crater of Pinchincha, and Humboldt saw one fly over Chimborazo.

But as gormandizers, these hyenas of the air can hardly be excelled; a calf, a sheep, and dog served a condor of moderate size for a single week; and it is well known that they will so stuff themselves as to be unable to fly until some part of the filthy meal has been disgorged.

Even among these carrion birds, however, royalty still exists; and as the jackals and hyenas wait upon the lion, so do the common Vultures stand aloof while the king Vulture (Sarcoramphus Papa) appeases its royal appetite. Why this is so it is not easy to understand, for the Papa, although a handsome bird, is little larger than a goose; yet the repeated assertions of the natives is confirmed by the accurate Waterston, and we must admit that this is for the present one of the many mysteries of nature.

It is true, that many "kings of the air" are also giants in size and strength; but it by no means follows that all feathered giants can excel in flight. On the contrary, we find that as the whales, the largest of the mammals, inhabit the *sea*, so among the birds, which are as a class aërial vertebrates, the most gigantic cannot fly at all. Such are the ostrich, the Cassowary, the Rhea or American Ostrich, and the Apteryx; and New Zealand and Madagascar are now yearly furnishing collections of the fossil bones of unquestionable birds, the largest of which (Dinornis giganteus) was at least ten feet in height; other and smaller species ranged from four feet upward; and many naturalists believe that the Epyornis of Madagascar surveyed the land, of which it was probably the feathered monarch, from the imposing height of eighteen feet.

This estimate, however, is chiefly based upon the size of its egg, of which several



COMPARATIVE SIZES OF EGG OF EPYORNIS (1), OSTRICH (2), HEN (3), HUMMING-BIRD (4).

NEST OF THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

more or less perfect specimens have been found, measuring more than twelve inches in length and nine in width. The illustration presents its size as compared with other eggs; but it must be remembered that the egg is by no means an absolute index of the parent; the cuckoo, for instance, lays a disproportionately small egg, since it has to be hatched by a smaller bird in whose nest it is deposited; while the Apteryx, a nearly wingless bird of New Zealand, produces an egg whose weight equals nearly one-fourth of her own. This is thought to be in order that before it is hatched the young Apteryx may become large enough to escape the dangers which would especially threaten a bird incapable of flight; and as the Dinornis, and probably also the Epyornis, were absolutely without a trace of wings, the same may have been the case with them, and their huge eggs may therefore be unreliable guides to their own size. Indeed, the latest writers—Milne-Edwards and Grandidier—are of the opinion that the Epyornis was not much taller than an ostrich—say six or seven feet; but the size and texture of its bones indicate that it was, nevertheless, "the stoutest, most massive, and most *elephantine*" of known birds.

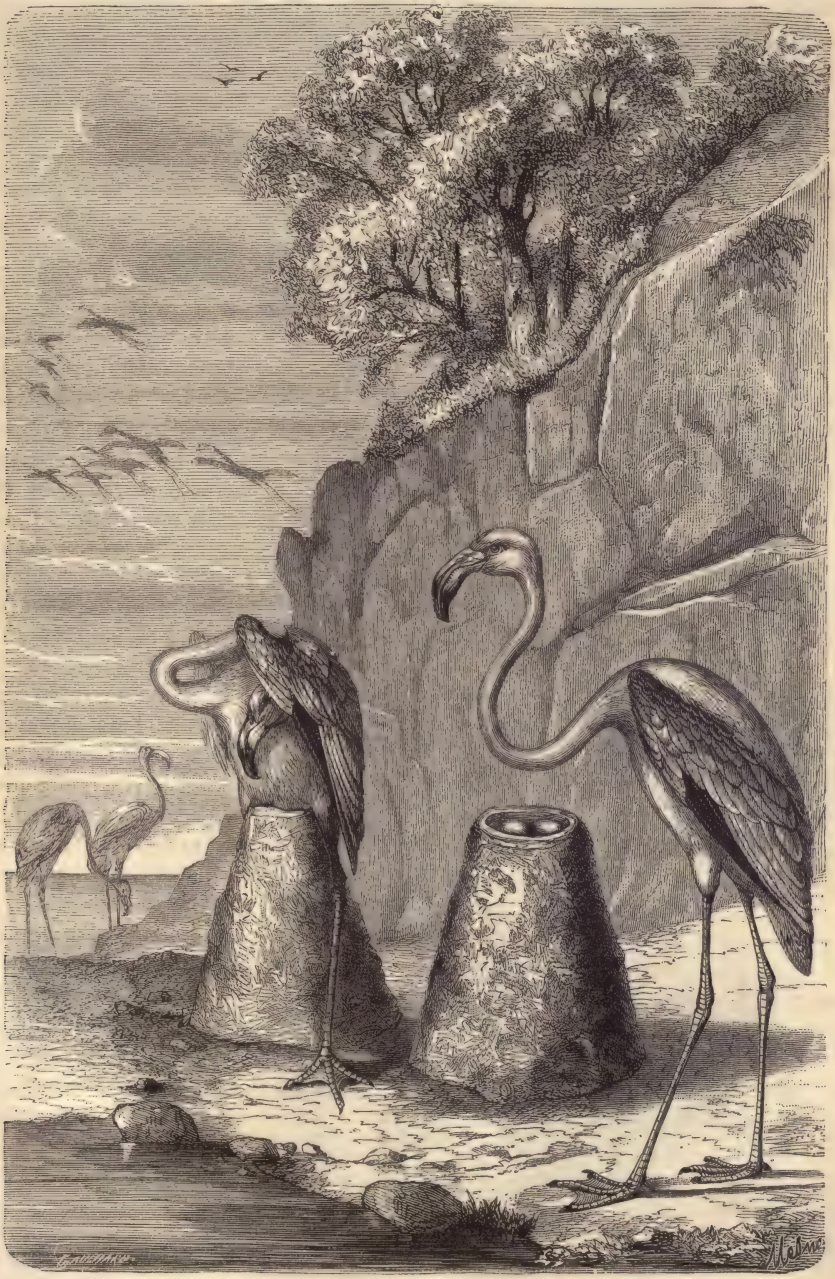
The shell of the egg is more than half an inch in thickness, and one naturally inquires by what means the enclosed chick was enabled to break forth from so thick-walled a prison. Perhaps, as happens with all birds of the present day, the shell became much thinner from the gradual absorption of lime for the embryo's bones; perhaps the young Epyornis was provided with a particularly large or sharp horny excrescence, which is formed upon the upper bill of birds about to be hatched, and which soon afterward falls off; or perhaps the mother aided its escape by a blow from her powerful leg; although this is hardly probable, since the large birds of the present day are rather careless parents, and there are reasons for believing that many of the Epyornis eggs had been abandoned.

But by some means the Moa chicks did certainly escape from their eggs in considerable numbers, for their remains are very abundant in certain localities, and it is thought that the natives hunted them for food.

Some specimens of the Epyornis were probably seen as late as 1658; but their inability to fly, and their conspicuous appearance, must

have rendered them an easy prey to the hunters, so that they seem to have become extinct during the seventeenth century. The three species of Apteryx have survived longer, perhaps because their smaller size enabled them to hide themselves. But the great Dodo of Mauritius, a clumsy bird, which was seen by travellers of the seventeenth century, has now wholly disappeared.

As has been already stated, the Moas had no wings; but their legs compensated them in some measure. A figure of the Dinornis gi-



NESTS OF THE RED FLAMINGO.

ganteus, upon page 249 of the work from which these illustrations were taken,* indicates their prodigious size, even as compared with that of the bird itself. Such limbs were used for rapid and steady walking and running, and not at all like those of the Flamingo and other wading-birds, for slow and circumspect peregrinations through the reedy marshes in search of frogs and other delicate food. There is a great contrast, too, between the neck of the Moa or the Ostrich and that of the Flamingo; both are very long, as is required by the length of the legs; but that of the former is straight and thick, and unfitted for very rapid movement, while that of the latter is thin, many-jointed, and curved, ready to dart like a serpent upon its agile prey.

* The Universe. By F. A. Pouchet. 2d edition. Scribner & Co., New York.

Very different from the tall nests of the Flamingo, upon which the parent sits "like a man upon a mile-stone," is the swinging hammock of the Oriole and its larger tropical allies. Some of these Troopials construct hanging nests of two yards in length, and attached to slender twigs, in order that the meddlesome monkeys may not succeed in reaching them.

From a nest in the air to a burrow underground is a long step; yet the inhabitants of both are birds. But whereas the Oriole makes its own bower with great skill, and even, it is said, after some preliminary practice, there are doubts whether the Coquimbo, or Burrowing-owl of South America, and beyond the Rocky Mountains, takes any part whatever in the construction of its domicile: at least, whatever may be its powers of claws and bill, it seems to prefer availing itself of the labors of another creature, the marmot, or prairie-dog. There are even reports that this unbidden guest is wont to assume another prerogative of royalty, and to utterly consume the substance of its host; but its stomach generally contains only remains of insects, and we may hope that this little owl, which neither shuns the light, as do its kindred, nor makes a nest above ground, may also be so capable of gratitude as to resist the attractions of tender little prairie-dogs.

NEST OF THE BURROWING-OWL.

Already we have seen that the nests of some birds rest upon the earth; some are raised above it, or even hung high in a tree; some again are

FLOATING NESTS OF THE LITTLE GREBE.

placed beneath the earth; there remains but a single location more, the water, and as if to fulfill all possible conditions, we find that one of the Grebe family actually constructs its nest upon the surface of the water, lays her eggs therein, and gently floats or vigorously propels her tiny craft with its precious freight of eggs or young birds.

So far as I am aware, no American species of Colymbus has this curious habit, which was

first described by M. Nourry, the director of the Natural History Museum at Elbœuf, in France.

Strangely enough, the swimming and diving birds (Natatores), which include not only our little Grebe, but also heavy-bodied and slow-flying Geese, and the almost wingless and seal-like Penguin, also comprise some very large and powerful species, whose lofty and sustained flight entitles them to rank among the kings of the air. Such are the Albatross and the Frigate-bird, whose astonishing powers of aërial locomotion depend upon the great size of the pectoral muscles, which form nearly one-fourth of the whole body. Resting upon the sea, the Albatross can only rise into the air by running and flapping along the surface for many yards, until at last, having got sufficient impetus, the legs are tucked up out of the way, and the great wings, now enabled to gain full sweep, bear it with ease for hundreds of miles. It then becomes, in truth, a king of the air.

But are there no queens of the air? Truth compels us to admit that among the feathered tribes the royal consorts are generally less brilliant in song and plumage; striking instances of this difference between the sexes are the common fowl and the Peacock.

The male bird is not always the larger, but he is almost invariably the handsomer, and his song is more melodious. This seems not only unnatural, but unfair; but the birds themselves seem to find no fault with their natures; for the sober colors of the female are less conspicuous to the creatures that might rob her nest, and then what satisfaction she must take in the good looks and prowess of her mate! His brightest plumage is sunned in her admiring sight; his sweetest song is sung to her praise; why may we not then believe that the quiet, homely little body, sitting upon her eggs, and apparently absorbed in their requirements, is, nevertheless, pondering deeply upon important affairs, and evolving from her breast the thoughts that shall stimulate her gallant mate to action. If not in the throne, she is the power behind it; and she is, no doubt, quite content to be the queen of a king of the air.

THE GOBLIN OF THE ICE,—OR CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH POLE.

A LEGEND OF AN ISLAND IN THE ARCTIC SEA THAT WAS ASTRAY AND HAD BEEN STOLEN.

I.

A HUNDRED leagues north of the Arctic circle, there is an island that has no business there. At least the legend tells us that it was taken there by a famous Goblin, who ambitiously desired a private residence. Further than this we have very little accurate information. It is hardly to be expected, however, that we can have much accurate information about goblins in any case; and, between you and me, the less we have perhaps the better. Yet, about this particular Goblin there is no harm in knowing what the legend tells us, nor in believing it. If there is anything I believe in, it is what everybody else believes in; and since everybody else believes in this legend, I believe in it, certainly; and since the hero of the legend is a goblin, I must, to be consistent, believe in goblins generally. At least, if doubt should cross my mind at any time, it never would in the Christmas time.

This is my position with respect to the Goblin, and I take it fearlessly, defying contradiction: I believe he found the island in the South, where he was looking for it; I believe he kicked it with his foot to loosen it, and thereby made a deep mark in the side of it, which they call a fiord; I believe he rove a rope in the end of it, and towed it north in the night-time, and before the break of day had made it fast just where it is—a hundred leagues north of the Arctic circle, in the chilly Arctic Sea.

Still, I would not believe a word of this (nor would you) did not the legend so particularly mention it; for it seems incredible that so large an island should be treated so, even by a goblin. The island is more than a

hundred miles long, north and south; quite fifty miles wide, east and west; is one mile high at its highest point, and more than half a mile in at least a dozen places. There never was another island like it, as I believe. It has more tall cliffs, dark caves, deep gorges, roaring rapids, and wonderful waterfalls than anybody would give it credit for, even were they every one mentioned in the minutest manner. But, more than all, the island is covered over with a great white sheet of ice and snow, that is in places hundreds of feet in thickness, from which streams of the same material come pouring or sliding down into the valleys, filling all but one of them almost completely. These streams, or glaciers as they are called, and the icy sea from which they spring, are all (we have the legend for it) the Goblin's work. He could not bear the peace and quiet that he found there; for he loved the cold, he loved the howling winds, and he held high revel in the darkness. He found the island clothed with verdure; happy birds were singing in the trees; butterflies were sipping honey from the flowers, and the island was very beautiful; seeing which he threw abroad a withering frost. He dropped the snows, and holding them from year to year he formed them into ice, until the island was covered with his chilly handiwork.

He fixed his throne on Linmark's fjeld, the loftiest mountain peak. Between the foot of this and another mountain peak there was a valley that annoyed him greatly. This was the valley already mentioned, into which the streams of ice had not descended. It was the only part of the island that he could not master. He sent the glaciers down, but they would not stay. They melted and ran into the sea, the various streams united forming Rothe River. In the winter-time he had his way to some extent, for the snows he dropped lay in the valley; but no ice would ever stay there, and his breath would scarcely ever reach it, and even then but lightly. When the summer came the snows *would* disappear, and the valley *would* grow green, in spite of him. The flowers bloomed and threw abroad their fragrance; the little trees put forth their foliage; the sparrows came and chirruped among their branches; the butterflies were gay and thoughtless, and the bees were gathering honey all the day.

So the Goblin could not altogether do away with the island's southern character. The valley bid defiance to his skill and power, but he watched it closely; and while he watched, some human beings came to live there.

They were Danes; and despite the efforts that the Goblin made to thin them off, they lived in peace and happiness for many and many a year. They built a little village, and prospered in their quiet way. Game was abundant in the valley, and fish were plenty in the sea; while as for clothing, bread and wine, and other necessary comforts and conveniences, they had them as they wished, once a year, by ship from Denmark.

In course of time there came to visit them a young man from Copenhagen, who was a student, and a famous traveller. He was about thirty years of age, and his appearance altogether was attractive. His hair was light; his complexion fair, though weather-beaten; his features regular, and his figure graceful. You would at sight like everything about him but his eye, which was a most decided gray; and an eye of that description you never like unless you have to; for you fancy, without exactly knowing why, that its owner is not a man you would care to pin your faith to.

As the ship which bore him approached the island, a furious storm came sweeping down upon her. "See here," said the captain of the ship, "Paul Peverell, the Goblin's after you;" and the captain buttoned up his coat and looked uneasy.

Paul asked, "What goblin?"

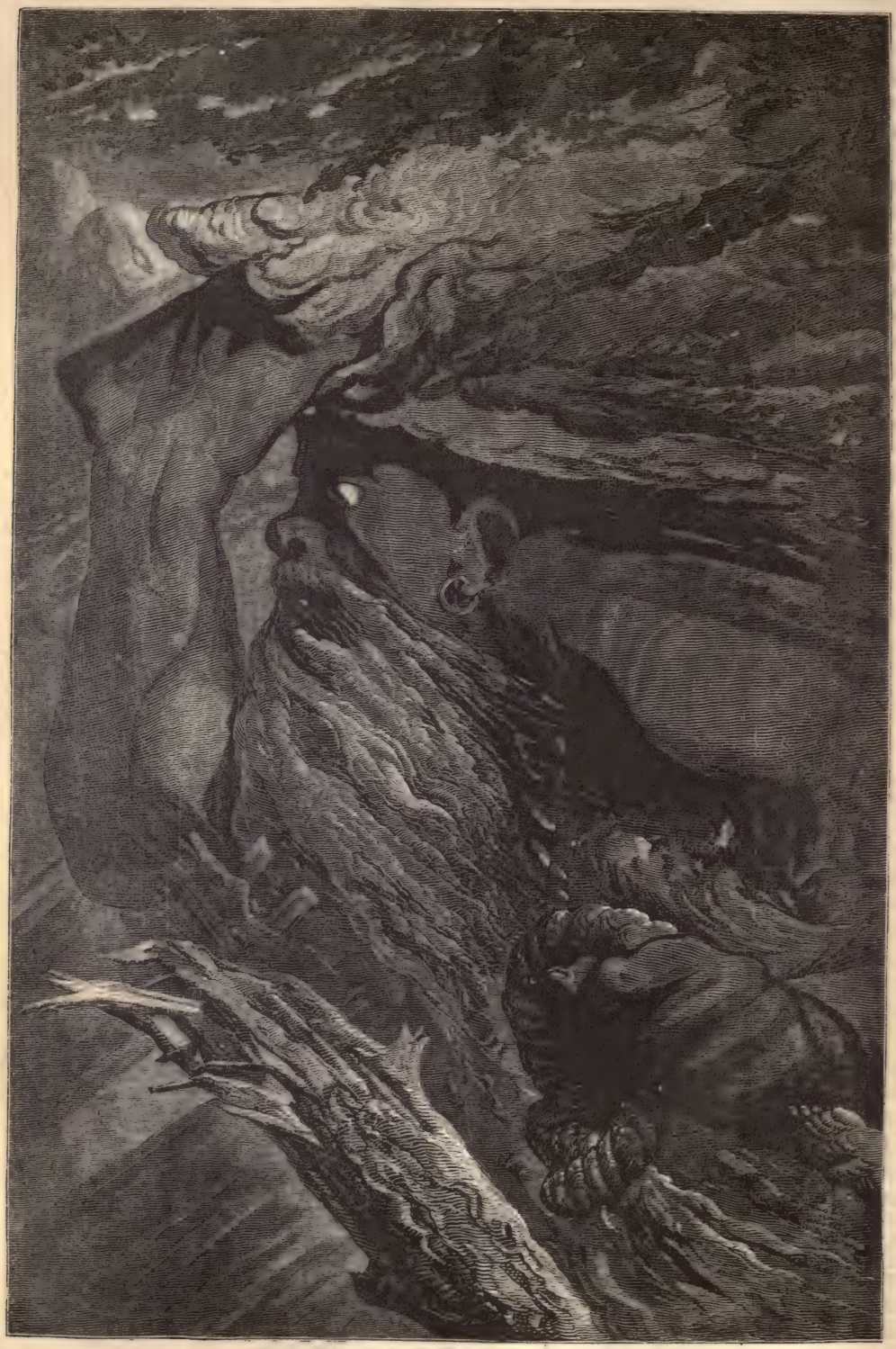
"The Goblin of the Ice, up there on Linmark's fjeld," replied the captain.

"So that tall mountain is the Linmark's fjeld, and in those driving clouds which seem to link the mountain with the sky is where the Goblin lives; eh, captain?"

"Such is the legend, Paul."

"What does he do?" asked Paul, his eye fixed on the mountain-top.

The captain looked aloft, at the same time pointing with his finger; and it must have been a skeptical man indeed who could have doubted that the Goblin had sent a chilly storm away upon the sea to catch the ship,



HE TOWED IT NORTH IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

and was even then weaving a web of crystals about her, stiffening every rope and sail. But Paul *was* skeptical.

As the people on the ship looked on the mountain, they were confident they saw something like a human face of vast proportions fashioned in the clouds of drifting snow. Paul laughed at them.

The storm, though violent, was not of long duration, and did no serious damage to the ship or crew, further than to make them uncomfortable. They reached their port, after some delay, to the great joy of the villagers, and Paul went at once ashore, never thinking of goblins, but only of the purpose that had fetched him there. That purpose he had not mentioned to the captain, nor to anybody. He had come to see and climb that very Linmark's fjeld of which the captain spoke, and of which he had heard strange stories from his boyhood. And why should he not? Had he not climbed the great Hartz Mountains, where the Wilde Jäger winds his horn and hunts with his spectral pack? In the forest of Fontainebleau had he not listened for St. Herbert without hearing him? And had he not met with many strange adventures in many places? Now his ambition would be filled. Here, according to a legend as well established as any German legend ever was, dwelt the very spirit of the cold, whose substance was the ice and snow; his breath the wintry storms; the friend of night; the enemy of the cheerful fireside; whose powers extended to the human heart, which he could chill to the very fibres that send the warm blood rushing through the joyous body; whose ambition reached throughout the world, and was insatiable.

Paul Peverell would explore the island; he would climb the mountain; and in another book (he had written many) he would describe what he had seen for the benefit of science, and explode another fiction for the service of mankind in general.

II.

Paul made his way immediately to the Governor's house, tapped briskly at the door, which in a moment was opened by a neat and lively person, whom he mistook for a boy, but who proved to be a girl; and in truth she was dressed so strangely that she might have been mistaken for a boy without offence. She wore boots that reached above the knees (white and very dainty), made of skins that had been well tanned, and then bleached in the winter air. She was not encased in crinoline and skirts, but wore pantaloons of mottled seal-skins, ornamented tastefully with cunning needlework. Her body was covered with a jacket of bright cloth, lined inside with fawn skins, and trimmed around the neck and wrists and lower edge with fur and some ornaments of beads. Her hair was black as the raven's feathers, and her eyes were blue as the sky when breaking through the summer cloud. Her complexion was a rich brunette; and as for teeth, they were so pure and perfect that pearls and ivory would be nowhere in comparison; and they showed so finely when she exclaimed "I ain't a boy!"

Paul would have made apology for his blunder, but she gave him no time. "My name," she said, "is Tabita; please tell me yours."

Of course Paul told her. Then she said she would inform the Governor, and conducted him at once into the house. From the vestibule he passed into a well-furnished billiard-room, which made Paul fairly stare to see so great a luxury *there*. Then he passed into a comfortable dining-room, where pictures of fruits and flowers were hanging on the wall, and from that into a parlor which quite astonished him. In fact, Paul had never ceased to be astonished from the moment he first came in sight of Linmark's fjeld—astonished at the scenery that was so grand; at the town that looked so quaint and satisfied; at the girl who appeared so like a boy; and now, more than all, at the interior of the house where the girl was leading him. It was so fresh and cozy. The parlor was as neatly furnished as a parlor need be anywhere. Books were strewn around in great profusion; an open piano, with great quantities of music piled upon it, stood in one corner; a guitar was in another; and in the windows, partly hidden behind curtains of spotless whiteness, were sweet flowers that sent their perfume through the room.

He had scarcely time, however, to look about him before the door opened and a lady entered. She was young and graceful, and her face, though dark for a Danish girl, was fresh and lovely. She introduced herself at once as Annie Vardsen, the Governor's daughter.

As unprepared as Paul had been to find so cheerful a house there, he was still less prepared to meet such a lady to grace it. Another lady came in soon afterward, to add to his surprise, with a little baby on her arm, and a cheery smile of welcome on her face. Her husband, the Governor, would be in directly. The baby, meanwhile, was introduced as Elizabeth, and Paul caressed it as in duty, if not in pleasure, bound. Then, while the baby was passing round, Tabita brought in some wine and lunch upon a tray, and, while engaged with these, the Governor, a genial and intelligent man of middle age, joined the group. Then Paul had a great budget of news to unfold from the great world on the other side of the Arctic circle, of which they heard so rarely. The recital not being ended when the dinner hour arrived, he stayed to dinner. Supper found him still occupied in the same way, and he spent the evening, during which, what with his own talking, Annie Vardsen's music, a game of billiards, and some refreshments such as Danes (who are perfection in hospitality) never fail to have, he enjoyed himself as much as he was capable of enjoying anything in a social way. When at length he went on board his ship, it was near the middle of the night; yet the sun was still shining, and a glorious purple hue was on the hills, while their shadow rested coldly on the village, which seemed to be as quiet as if the midnight sun was not shining and the air had been dark.

Paul found himself so agreeably entertained at the Governor's house after his wearisome voyage, that he passed the following day there. He had many hours' conversation with the Governor's daughter; sometimes they were together quite alone. She sung and played for him, and, for the time (strange thing for Paul), he forgot all about the Linmark's fjeld. She had not always lived, she said, beneath the shadow of that cruel mountain, for her father had sent her home four years to be educated.

IN THE GOBLIN'S STORM.

They were getting on famously together when the door was opened and another lady entered, whom Annie Vardsen introduced, saying to Paul, "We are old schoolmates, and the dearest friends. She is a niece of Chief Factor Lansen, and has come to spend a year or so with her relations; but more than all to see me. Eh, Ida?"

The lady bowed very stiffly to Paul, and almost turned her back upon him, to Annie's great embarrassment. He bowed stiffly in return, and soon afterward went away.

If a ghost had risen from the ground, or the Goblin of the Ice in all his glory had stood forth on Linmark's fjeld, Paul could not have been more surprised than he was when Ida Lansen came into the room; for he knew her well, and the recognition was therefore mutual. He could not help wondering, as he went down to the beach (to pick up shells), how she ever came to cross his path in that distant quarter of the world. In a few hours he returned; but by this time Ida Lansen was the last person in his thoughts. Annie Vardsen met him pleasantly as before, and was much delighted when Paul explained the different characters of the shells he brought, and told their names.

As soon as she found an opportunity she said, in explanation of the conduct of her friend: "Ida is very diffident; you must excuse her."

"Oh, certainly," said Paul.

"She had heard that you had come in the ship, but she did not know you were here."

"Oh, certainly," said Paul again. "A very pretty girl is Miss Lansen." And he went on with his shells, while Annie Vardsen listened, and was happy while he talked. Why, it would perhaps have puzzled her to tell. Was it because she so rarely saw a visitor? or was it because the visitor was learned and famous? or because he was tall, good-looking, and intelligent? It might have been; but certainly it was not because Paul manifested any special admiration for her more than courtesy required.

Did he feel none? Ah! who can tell? His cold gray eyes were speechless, and his manner to her, as to everybody else, was formal, and as hard as the very ice on Linmark's fjeld.

At times Miss Vardsen even thought he seemed unconscious of her presence. Yet he did not leave, notwithstanding his apparent indifference, but spent another evening in the Governor's house, where, besides the family and Tabita, were the captain of the ship, the priest, the factor with his wife, and Fred their son, and Ida Lansen their niece, which young lady managed to pass the evening without speaking to Paul a word that she could possibly avoid; a circumstance which did not, however, seem to disturb him, for he was not more cold and formal to her than to the rest of the company. Ida sang and Annie played, and while the hours of this strange, sunlit night were passing, Paul found himself wondering if all was real;—away up here among the polar frosts, where for a space of fifty days in winter the glorious sun is never seen—to find this happiness, contentment, and this quiet comfort that he saw. He wondered if a loud laugh would not blow it all away, and wake him from a dream. The loud laugh came, but the scene remained, and the laugh was only at his wonder.

"Could not people be happy anywhere, and comfortable besides?" asked everybody when Paul's surprise was fully understood.

"O yes, of course," said he. "I see all that; but I would not have believed it, otherwise."

Tabita smiled (a timid little smile it was) and said, "I'll tell you why we are happy here. It is because we are protected by a Spirit."

"Oh! that is it," replied Paul, smiling quite incredulously. "Then you believe in spirits, Tabita?"

Yes, that she did, and so did everybody.

Paul appealed to all the ladies. They all agreed with quiet Tabita. And the Governor? He believed in what the ladies did, of course. And did they all believe in goblins? Certainly. The one on Linmark's fjeld, that he had heard so much about? Him above all others.

"What then, Tabita, do you call this good spirit that protects you?"

"The Spirit of the Valley," said the girl; "the spirit that keeps it green and warm, and lets no cold and cruel thing ever come to chill it, or to chill the hearts that are so happy here."

All of which was to Paul quite inexplicable. He had no faith whatever in goblins, imps, or fairy creatures of any sort. He believed, however, in Paul Peverell thoroughly; and, besides, he believed in rocks, because he could analyze them, and in flowers, because he could name and classify them, like boys at school—they never, of themselves, having the least discretion as to where they go. In this manner he loved Nature, and was very busy with her.

Later in the evening, after this conversation had ended, a youth came in whom the Governor introduced to Paul as Carl Lievely, "though better known as Lively Carl."

He was a good-looking, rather awkward, light-complexioned fellow, whom anybody could see with half an eye was in love with Tabita. The girl blushed when he stood beside her, for she knew that she was observed.

"Do go away," she said, with some impatience. "Don't you see they look at us."

No, Carl did not see it. He had no eyes for anything but Tabita, and he would not obey her. So she ran blushing from the room and left him vexed and ill at ease.

Paul took a liking to Tabita's favorite instantly. His frank, open face would please even a colder-mannered man than Paul (if one could possibly be found). It was a real Danish face, full of earnest impulse. Paul's

THE GALDRAKEN'S WARNING.

face was Danish too, in form and color, but there the resemblance ended; for you could not look into Paul's face and imagine for an instant that he ever had an impulse. It was very natural, however, that Carl should take an unbounded fancy to a man so different from himself as Paul, who spoke to him, after Tabita had gone, in a very kindly manner, as it seemed to Carl, considering they were perfect strangers to each other an hour before.

"You seem to be a general favorite here, Carl," said Paul, quite familiarly.

"Oh, thank you, sir," Carl stammered out.

"Have you been here long, if I may ask?"

"Not very long, for I am young, you see; but I was born here."

"Indeed! Then you are just the man I want to see. I came to make some explorations of this island, and I want a guide, or rather an intelligent companion that can help me."

Carl was greatly flattered, and with the Governor's leave, of course, he would go with him anywhere.

"Oh, is that all? I thought, perhaps, we would have to ask that pretty girl, whom everybody sees is in love with you." And, with this bright piece of news for Carl, he went to the Governor with the air of one who never expects to ask for anything without obtaining it. He came back presently and said it was all arranged, and the two took their leave together;—the one, after being flattered by some more questions concerning himself and the girl he loved, to go home and fret himself about Tabita's being cross with him; the other to go on board his ship and think over projects for the morrow. Of one thing more he thought—it was of Annie Vardsen; of Ida Lansen too, and he muttered to himself, "Well, she was cool enough! and I rather like her for it."

III.

TABITA was a wonderful girl, in the estimation of the people of the village. The only fault that anybody ever found with her was her well-known intimacy with a woman who lived apart from the other villagers. It was no great matter, to be sure, but there was something mysterious about the association which the gossips could not unravel.

Opinion was divided as to whether this woman was quite human, or rather, whether she was not something more than human. Some thought her a real witch, while all conceded that she could look into futurity, and foretell what was to happen. She was called by everybody "The Galdraken," meaning something more than "Seer"—one who accomplished everything by mysterious means, and who had such control of unseen things that it was never safe to have her enmity. Paul met her in the outskirts of the village early next morning when he came ashore to look up Lively Carl. She was dressed in a strange manner, in a costume much composed of fur, that was neither man's nor woman's. She appeared to be looking for him, as indeed she was, and when they had met she spoke to him in an inflated manner, pointing at the same time with her finger to the lofty mountain, which, though visible, was yet

partly enveloped in wreaths of drifting snow. These were her words:—

"On Linmark's fjeld the eye may see
The streaming hair of Ranamee:
Whoever meets with him in strife
Will miss his aim, or lose his life;
For thus the prophecy is read.
Wise men are warned! enough is said."

"Quite enough," Paul thought to himself, "unless the meaning were a little more clear, and the speech more to the purpose." Then he looked down from the mountain, which had particularly excited his curiosity on account of the wild condition of weather which seemed to be prevailing, and was about to address the strange being who accosted him, when he discovered that she was no longer there. Nor could he see her anywhere. Lively Carl coming up presently, he asked him concerning her: "Did you see that mumbling hag, Carl?"

Carl had seen her; but he spoke with much reserve, which still further mystified Paul.

"What is the Ranamee?" he asked.

"Oh, that," replied Carl, "is the evil spirit up there, that, they say, can freeze our hearts out. The Goblin of the Ice, they say he is. Tabita knows, and the Galdraken."

"The Galdraken! that is this old woman, eh?"

"That's her name, and she knows a heap more than you think she does," explained Carl. Then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said: "She knows what we are thinking about."

"Umph!" Paul muttered; "and that's the way she discovered that I would go on Linmark's fjeld, is it?" Then to Carl he said: "I've a mind to climb the mountain and have a look at this Goblin. Will you go with me?"

"I—I don't exactly know about that," replied Carl, eying Paul closely, and wondering whether he was really in earnest.

"Why, you're not afraid?" said Paul, with such a reproachful tone of voice that Carl's spirit was touched, and he answered promptly: "As for that, Mr. Peverell, I'm not more afraid than another man."

"The other man is me, and I am not afraid at all; so we will go at once, and this shall be your first service as my guide and fellow-traveler."

Lively Carl looked anything but lively then; but seeing that he was fairly in for it, he turned pale and blushed in turn, and then stammered out that "if Mr. Peverell was not afraid, certainly, of course, he was not; and he would go with Mr. Peverell if the devil himself were there."

"Good," said Paul; "then give me your hand upon it; and here are ten rix-bank dollars to bind the bargain in a business way."

The bargain concluded, Carl pleaded something to do, which would employ him only a short time, before he would be ready to start, and he rushed away to see Tabita, whom he found at home in a little house the Governor had built for her and her mother; and there never was a house more tidy. Its three rooms were none of them carpeted; but the floors were scoured so brightly, the pots and pans in her little kitchen had such a glitter on them, and the furniture had such a polish, that your eyes were set to blinking the moment you entered the door. There were some colored prints and photographs, simply framed,

"DON'T GO, DEAR CARL!"

hanging against the walls as prim and neat as possible; and altogether everything was so perfect in its way that you could no more help falling in love with Tabita's house than with Tabita herself.

Carl was very proud, as well he might be, that he could come there sometimes. He was never so glad, however, as when he found her, as in the present instance, sitting by the open window, sewing. His manner was not, however, so cordial as usual, and without any preliminary explanation he told her of his purpose to climb the Linmark's fjeld with Paul Peverell. If his intention was to pay her off in lover fashion for being severe with him, and for refusing him the word he wanted so much to hear, he succeeded perfectly. She grew pale at the announcement, for it filled her with alarm and dread. "Don't go, dear Carl!" she exclaimed, rather than requested.

Here was a confession for him! She had never called him dear Carl before; and it is much to be feared that the fellow was not so sorry for her alarm as he should have been. But when she said tenderly, and with a coaxing smile, "Dear Carl, don't go, please don't, but stay at home with me!" he was quite overpowered.

With her! O happiness! He was rapturous with joy, and about to say he would obey her wish, of course he would, when he remembered that he had passed his word to Paul, and then he turned pale at the answer he was forced to make. Oh, that promise! What *did* he make it for? But he had to speak at last. With Tabita's trembling hands on his, and with a voice trembling still more, he said: "Dear Tabita, I am very sorry. I did not think you would care about it so. I've promised, Tabita; and—why, don't you see I've promised; and—then, don't you see I must." Then he added, with more firmness, "You know the old Danish proverb, Tabita, 'A man and a word.' What would become of me if I broke my word?"

"But the Ranamee! the Ranamee!" exclaimed the anxious girl.

Carl, not altogether liking her apparent indifference to his honorable feeling, straightened himself to his loftiest height (it was not very great) and said: "Tabita, I fear the Ranamee and all the goblins less than the evil that would come to me with a broken word."

Tabita did not know about the "word," but she said she was afraid to have him go, and wondered that he was not afraid himself to go.

"Me afraid?" replied Carl, vehemently, "why, what should I be afraid of?" But seeing that he was alarming her more and more, he lowered his voice, and thrusting his head far through the window he continued: "Dear Tabita, I am not afraid of anything, unless it is that Tabita don't love her Lively Carl as much as Carl loves Tabita." Whereupon Tabita kissed her ardent lover on his weather-beaten cheek, and dropped a tear there while she did it. Then she said he "was a very foolish fellow for talking so."

"Indeed!" said Lively Carl, quite astonished; "why, then, if foolishness is always so well rewarded, I'll be foolish all my life, and never ask for wisdom." And in return for her quick assault upon him, he kissed her fairly on the lips!

And so in presence of the dreaded Goblin, the terror of whose name had lifted up the flood-gates, and let their young affection freely flow, their mutual love was confessed and ratified. But still Carl could not stay, and the confession of Tabita proved useless for the end she wished to gain. Carl *must* go. He was very sorry, but he must. His word, his word! and he bowed his head and walked away, while Tabita, trembling with alarm, watched him going down the path, feeling desolate. But hope was not all lost. Tabita was brave, and she would save her lover yet.

While Lively Carl was thus employed, Paul thought, instead of waiting there for his guide he might as well drop in at the Governor's, and see Annie Vardsen, which he did accordingly. He found her alone, sitting at the piano, looking the very picture of health and lively spirits; but when Paul told her of his purpose the bright color vanished from her cheeks, and she said impulsively, "Don't go, I beg of you."

"Why not?" asked Paul, with excited curiosity.

"Because I am afraid to have you go," she answered, in the simple ardor of her feelings.

"Of what?"

"You've heard the legend of the Linmark, have you not?"

"Oh yes, some nonsense or other I have heard about it, but that is nothing."

"It is dangerous," she said.

"Oh, that is nothing either."

"For your sake, I would not have you go."

"For my sake! Oh that is less than nothing, for you cannot care for me."

The girl, who had said so much—too much, and yet too little—turned away her head to hide her own confusion, and then, feeling she must say something, repeated her former words: "Don't go, I beg of you."

"Don't go, dear Carl," Tabita was at that very moment saying to her lover!

IV.

LIKE all selfish and ambitious men, Paul Peverell was not easily turned from his purposes. He had come to climb the Linmark's fjeld, and he would do it. But when he got outside the Governor's house he found himself troubled (a rare circumstance to him) with a little irresolution. Finding Carl, he bade him go on to the valley; he would meet him there within an hour. The truth is, he had a mind just then to be alone. His head was full of Annie Vardsen, and the request she had made of him. He would collect his thoughts on the sandy beach, with the great rollers pounding at his feet, and set off at once.

He had not gone far before his resolution was formed. "I am a fool," he said, "to hesitate. I will go back to Annie Vardsen and see what effect it will have upon her if I tell her that I have given up my wild project because she asked me to." While saying this he was hastening to find Carl, that he might release him for the day.

How happy would Tabita have been had she known this change of plan! How happy, too, would Annie Vardsen have been, and poor Lively Carl! and how different this tale had been! But no one knew it save Paul himself, and least of all did Ida Lansen.

Paul had to mount a ledge of rocks, as the path led over it, and when he came near he saw to his surprise a lady moving along the crest above, and when she approached nearer she began to descend. He hastened forward to assist her; but she did not need help, and apparently did not desire it even in courtesy.

As she sprang from the last step Paul stood close beside her; but before he could speak she had thrown back her vail, and he was face to face with the lady who had treated him so coolly at the Governor's. Paul merely expressed surprise to see her.

"I would not be surprised," she answered, "to see Paul Peverell in any place except" (her breath was coming and going very rapidly with agitation and rapid walking), "except where he might think of others than himself. That *would* surprise me."

"Very likely," said Paul, quite unmoved. "But tell me, Miss Lansen, why you meet me in this strange wild place, for I cannot suppose this meeting is by accident."

"I came," she answered, "to plead with you for one whom your neglect has made unhappy,—your brother."

"Where is he now?" inquired Paul.

"At a village fifty miles from here, where he has come with the brave hope that by economy and toil he may be able to fulfill his wish."

"Which is to marry Ida Lansen?"

"It is: and I am proud to own that he loves me now as faithfully as ever."

"What can I do?"

"Be reconciled to him; give him his rights, and free him from his present poverty."

"He has no rights that I am interfering with," replied Paul, with great deliberation. "If I share my moderate fortune with him it is a bounty. I have educated him, and any part of the family inheritance which may go to him is conditional upon his obedience to my plans, which he has disregarded. I cannot see it otherwise, as I have told you once before."

"Then it is because you are blinded by your selfish disregard of every natural claim," exclaimed the girl, with growing warmth; "blinded by your insatiable ambition, and your cold indifference to everything but what promotes it." And the girl, so bold in coming there, so thoughtless, really, of herself, and yet so hopeful of a great happiness, began to

tremble, feeling how powerless she was, as this cold man fixed his hard gray eyes upon her and said, in answer to her reproachful words :—

"Miss Lansen, you who are so unselfish" (and here he smiled most cruelly) "know well the price that is to pay for what you ask, and you alone can pay it."

"Renounce him?"

"Yes."

"No, never!" was her firm, defiant answer. "Never will I renounce Jens, were he a hundred times your brother, and you wished it even a thousand times more than you do. Never until he tells me that you have made the heartless offer to him, and *he* has accepted it."

"You would do it then?"

"Yes, cold and cruel man, I would. But he will not, for he loves me. Poor though he is, and may be always, I will love him while I live." And now, with all her hopes quite crushed, and with the feeling that she could not speak another word without completely breaking down before the man whom she hated utterly, and with reason, she glided from beneath his cold gaze, and hastened down the path.

Paul watched her until she had passed out of sight, when he climbed the ledge of rocks and went his way; but, schooled in hardness and indifference though he was, he could not keep those words of Ida Lansen's from running through his mind, "Cold and cruel," and he seemed to hear them muttered in his ear. He would have said anywhere that it was the Galdraken speaking to him, but when he looked about he saw nobody.

"Why this is strange," he thought; "the place is surely haunted, or that Galdraken is a witch." Then he laughed to think he had even for a moment entertained the thought. Afterward he fell to thinking about his plans. "This meeting alters them. Ida no doubt has told Miss Vardsen what a heartless fellow I am; and now what a very dunce I would have been had I returned;" upon arriving at which conclusion he hastened on to find the Lively Carl, this time resolved to climb the Linmark's fjeld, as he had first intended.

Ida soon reached the Governor's house, with her indignation a little cooled; but still a flush of anger was on her cheek, and a flash was in her eye, as she sat beside the window in Annie Vardsen's room, looking very beautiful. Hers was a thorough Danish beauty—Danish in her golden hair, her light blue eyes, and fair complexion; Danish in her plump, fresh figure; and, as we have seen already, Danish in her sense of honor and her love of truth and constancy.

But if she was a perfect Danish girl she was yet a woman; and could not therefore keep a secret from a friend she loved. Why she had gone to meet Paul Peverell, what she said to him, why she had been cold to him when she first met him—all came out.

Poor Annie Vardsen! What was she to think of all this story that her friend was telling her? But still, if her heart owned to itself that it had been touched, it was not deep enough, perhaps, to make a wound. She laughed at Ida's earnestness. Then they were summoned down to lunch, and the Governor and Miss Vardsen heard just what was necessary they should know of Paul's affairs. They had a jest at Annie Vardsen's expense; for they one and all declared that Annie's heart was a little tender towards the handsome stranger. If Annie did not own to it with her tongue (indeed she indignantly denied that she cared for him at all), yet she blushed suspiciously.

But where was Tabita this while? She was in the valley seeking Carl, thinking that he and Paul had gone before, and were ahead of her. She was going to speak to Paul very plainly about taking her lover off on such hazardous adventures, little dreaming that two other girls were turning this cool, self-willed Paul first one way, then the other, undoing his plans for him. Not finding them, and being much alarmed for Carl, she thought of the Galdraken, and hurried to her for help.

V.

THE Galdraken lived some distance up the valley, very near the glacier which Paul and Carl were preparing to climb. From this glacier, as we have seen before, there comes a river which, tearing down over jagged rocks in grand rapids, and leaping from ledge to

TABITA AT THE WITCH'S HUT.

ledge, forms at last a noble fall. The rock about the fall is cut in all directions by deep and gloomy clefts, through which the water rushes. There are, therefore, many islands. On one of these the Galdraken had her residence.

Few people ever came to disturb her there in that wild haunt. Whatever the Galdraken might be or might not be, the villagers were generally content to leave her undisturbed, according to her own desire. They came there only to ask advice of her, or to be cured of some disease, bringing presents of fuel, food, and clothing, which they left upon the threshold.

Belief in her prophetic wisdom was very general; and the most pious people of the village were not at times above asking aid of her. She possessed some simple remedies by which she cured the sick, and she could set a broken bone as well as any surgeon in the world, who was altogether human.

The hut in which she lived was quite large. It was divided into mysterious chambers, which no one was ever known to have seen the inside of, and which, according to the popular belief, were peopled with supernatural beings. There was an outer chamber, which might be called a vestibule, that projected from the main body of the hut, and into this visitors were admitted; but beyond this no one ever passed, and bold would have been the man who even asked the privilege.

The walls of this singular abode seemed to have been designed by nature especially for the purpose. The space was quite enclosed, except in front. It was thought by some that human hands had never touched it, but that unseen fingers had roofed it in and covered it with turf, in which the willow bushes grew as in the valley everywhere. But for the door, no one would have known that a hut was there.

The island was reached by a cunningly-devised drawbridge, which, being lowered, made access quite impossible, since the chasm which it spanned was quite a hundred feet in depth and ten or twelve feet wide. A rash man

might attempt to jump across it; but the rocks were so rugged that he would be very likely to lose his footing, and be hurled down into the torrent which was at all times rushing through the cleft below—for the island was in fact fairly encircled by the fall, although the greater body of the water was on the opposite side from the cleft spanned by the bridge.

Tabita reached the spot, and, calling to the Galdraken, asked if she might pass the bridge. There was no answer, but the bridge was raised by an unseen hand, and Tabita stepped upon it, not, however, without timidity.

When she had passed the bridge was lowered, but this did not disturb her purpose. Reaching the door of the hut she knelt before it, and tapping gently, called, "Good mother! will you admit me?"

A voice as if from the remotest chamber of the hut answered: "The spirits will tell what the dark-haired maiden seeks. The Galdraken will consult them. Enter."

Tabita, acting upon this gracious permission, found herself in a small dark chamber, where the light of heaven never came. There was a smouldering fire upon the hearth, which threw a ghastly light into the room; but there was no window, nor was there any furniture. A projecting angle of the wall supplied her with a seat, and there in the silence, broken only by the roar of falling waters, she awaited the Galdraken's will. Meanwhile this supernatural creature, as Tabita formerly believed her to be, called to the spirits of the air in a measured monotone, and, without delay, there came an answer as if from the very fall itself. The voice was not new to her; it was the Spirit of the Valley singing:—

"The storm-clouds sweep wild o'er the crest of Linmark,
Where the summer is drear and the winter is dark;
There the Goblin in tempest keeps watch on the hill,
But the Spirit of Peace has her home by the rill,
Where the wild flowers bloom in the valley of green;
They are mine! they are mine! of the valley I'm queen!

"Here true-lovers come on the long summer's day,
And, roaming the valley, are happy and gay;
All true-lovers cling to their sweethearts and me,
And they are all mine, and none parted shall be;
While the wild flowers bloom in the valley of green,
They are mine! they are mine! of the valley I'm queen!"

Which was enough for Tabita. She knew the ways of the "Valley Queen" and the habits of the Galdraken too well to remain longer. The latter words of the song conveyed to her a positive assurance that she would not be separated from her Lively Carl, whatever might be the reference to the fortunes of other lovers. "Thanks, good mother!" she exclaimed, and leaving behind her a fine, soft seal-skin cloak lined with rich warm fur, she retired from the hut. Finding the bridge up ready for her, she crossed over and pursued her way toward the village, comforting herself that Carl would be prevented from going up to Linmark's fjeld; an assurance the more gratifying that a fearful storm was raging there, while all was quiet, peace, and sunshine in the valley.

Paul and Carl had before this met, and the two set off together, much, however, against the will of the latter, who was thinking constantly of Tabita. Still, he showed no flinching, and led the way up a ravine that opened to the glacier. Thenceforward their track was to be explored by themselves.

They were pursuing their way leisurely, and were gradually nearing an immense cliff, when their ears were suddenly startled by a loud report. An enormous quantity of rock had become detached from the cliff directly in front of them, and fragments of various sizes came whizzing through the air, and rolling down the declivity,—before they could reach an angle of the ravine, where they were in a measure sheltered.

This avalanche had so disturbed the hillside that it was very unsafe to travel in the direction they had started, for stones were flying through the air continually. Accordingly, when it was at all prudent to leave their shelter, they descended to the valley which they had left, intending to proceed a half a mile farther, and effect the ascent at a greater distance from the cliff. This brought them across the path which Tabita was following towards the village, and here they met. It might have made even a colder heart than Paul Peverell's beat a little faster to see Tabita rush into her lover's arms, in the ecstasy of her delight.

"Dear Carl, I am so glad you are safe!"

"Dear Tabita, where have you been?"

These were the exclamations which escaped the lovers when they had recovered breath. Then, seeing Paul, Tabita, with little ceremony, asked him how he could be so cruel as to take Carl away from her on such a dangerous journey.

Paul made light of her fears; but Tabita, while clinging to Carl, declared he *should* not go. Carl would have spoken, but she found a way to silence him.

"Well, well," laughed Paul, when he saw how matters stood, "Carl shall not go with me on any account. Had I known you were so afraid to have him go, I would never have asked him. But he has shown me the way, and I will go on alone, while you, my pretty girl, shall take Carl home." And with this he rose to leave. But Tabita tried to stop him.

"Don't you go either!" she said, in a pleading tone, and with a very gentle voice. "Please don't go."

"Is it the Goblin you're afraid of?" he inquired.

"Oh, everything," she exclaimed. "I heard the avalanche, and that is a warning, if you needed any."

"Think you that was the Goblin's work? I thought he only dealt in ice and snow," Paul said; and then, without another word, he turned from them and started on his course, looking not back, but straight before him, at the mountain-top.

VI.

Up and up Paul climbed, through dangerous passes among the rugged rocks, and over streams rushing madly down through narrow gorges—up, up, up, as if his life were nothing, and his ambition everything.

He soon left all signs of vegetation far below him, and still he climbed. He passed from the rocky hill-side beneath the cliff, and reached the glacier; the madly rushing streams, the narrow gorges, and dangerous passes were no longer seen, as he climbed on up the steep acclivity of ice and snow; and he heard no more a voice murmuring in his ear, "Cold and cruel!" but an old familiar voice saying, "On, climb on!"

And on he climbed. No mortal man had ever yet set foot on Linmark's fjeld, and he, Paul Peverell, would stand upon the icy crest, and there defy all spirits, good or evil, who would deny his coming. He climbed on through the sunshine, and met the storm. The wind was driving fiercely, but he did not heed it. The air grew cold, but he had a quenchless fire within that kept him warm. The wind he neither felt nor heard; no other sound disturbed his ear but the solitary voice, "On, climb on!"

He reached a cloud that swept along the mountain side, but he passed on through it, and leaving it below him as he had left all signs of vegetation long before, he mounted steadily upward until he met at length great streams of drifting snow—hard crystal that rattled on his clothes and cut his flesh, but still he did not pause nor turn his back. His tongue was parched with thirst; but he felt no weariness while he listened to the voice, "On, climb on!"

The cold grew more and more intense as he mounted higher in the air; the streams of drifting snow increased in force and volume, coming from the vast and boundless plain of whiteness, in the midst of which he was the only living thing. They broke in circles round about him, and whirling away above his head they died in space; but still he heeded not their force nor heard their moan, as he listened to the guiding voice, "On, climb on!"

And on and on he climbed, until he reached the summit of his hopes—upon the crest of Linmark's fjeld he stood at last, where man had never dared to go; and now the voice no longer called to him, "On, climb on," but he heard instead the doleful voices of the air; he heard the snow-clouds whirling round him, and the shrieking winds, which he had failed to hear before. All else had vanished, and the universe was void, for that voice had been the universe to him. It had filled his ear through many years of wandering to and fro about the world, and now that it was gone from him he was lost with his ambition full—lost in the cloud, lost in the storm, lost in himself. The void was full of terrors; and faint with thirst, and lack of food, and the strain he had put upon his body, he fell upon

the ice; and away upon the shrieking wind was borne the feeble cry, "What have I gained?"

And the voice came back to him, as if it were an echo, and from the air on every side a loud "Ha, ha!"

Then the snow-cloud whirling round him took shape; and eyes that dripped great icicles were peering at him. A hideous face was fashioned in the tumult, with streaming hair and beard of frost; and wings were there that glittered, and claws that were transparent; and a body, clothed with shining scales, that trailed away into the vastness of the cloud. And round about this hideous shape forms infinite in number, before, above, below, on every side of it, were visible, and as they swept away in boundless space they shrieked as if in mockery of him.

He tried to rouse himself; he tried to drive those phantom shapes away by an effort of the will; but there they were, and there they circled, narrowing and widening their path in very wantonness, shouting in chorus all the while "Ha, ha."

He tried to speak; his voice could only whisper out the anguish of his soul. "Tell me, Spirit of the ice and snow and wintry storms, for I am now convinced of thy existence; tell me, great minister of all the evil that comes upon the world with cold and night, what have I gained by reaching to thy throne at last?"

And again the voices shrieked "Ha, ha!"

And the Spirit answered him: "The full measure of thy wish. Thou hast kept thy faith with me, and this is thy reward,—to see me face to face. I have enticed thee here, and thou hast given up thy soul to me thy whole life long. Thy life is cold, thy ways are cold, thy hopes are cold; and never one disturbing thought of doing good comes to give thy icy heart a throb. Thy means are never given to the poor, thy time is never for the sick, thy sympathies are not with suffering. Neglect of every kindly action to thy fellow-beings has marked thy whole career, and thou hast, in thy superiority, forgotten everything but thy own selfish purposes and the voice that I have sent to guide thee hither. That voice has followed thee about the world, and has whispered always in thy ear, 'On, climb on!' But now the voice has gone from thee. Thou shalt never hear it more, for thou hast no need of it. This is all my work. While thou hast triumphed, so have I. Thy cold and cruel life has made thee famous among thy fellow-men, for thou hast never turned aside for anything, nor turned thy back. Friends who would have loved thee thou hast neglected; those who have served thee thou hast not rewarded with thy gratitude; thy very brother languishes in poverty and hopeless toil, and thou hast not so much as thought of him, or of the faithful one whose only wish is to see him happy. Again I say, this is my work, and thou hast gained thy will—the power of forgetfulness—forgetfulness of everything save thyself."

The Goblin ceased to speak, and the loud laugh which he had heard before resounded through space, until the forms which he had seen melted in the distance, and the Goblin and his infinite host were gone.

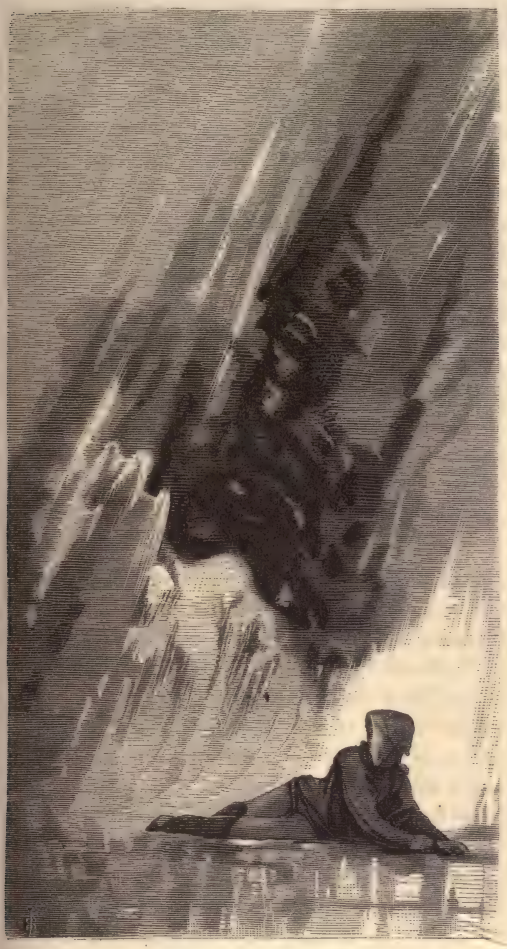
A great white cloud lay along the mountain side, and, stretching away above the land and sea, covered everything but the mountain top. The winds had ceased, and there was a calm more fearful than the storm itself; for what can be more fearful than the death of nature?—that deep, deep silence where the voices of the air are hushed, and there is neither sound nor motion.

He listened for a voice, but he heard only the beating of his heart.

He started up and called aloud; he stamped his feet upon the crusted snow, and his cry and footfall sounded like thunder in his ears. He moaned in his desolation, "I am surely crazed." He wrung his hands in agony, and ran along the mountain crest, he knew not whither. He paused and looked around, and heard again the beating of his heart. He called to the phantoms of the air to come back and wake him in this silence that was more terrible than they.

He started on again, and tried in his bewilderment to find his previous foot-marks; but the drifting snow had covered them. He was completely lost, and fled in terror from himself.

He came to rugged places in the ice—to clefts that were unfathomable. He sprang



PAUL IN THE ICE CAVERN.

them as a wild man, reckless of everything.

Then his senses all forsook him. He heard no longer the beating of his heart, or his heavy foot-fall; and he was enveloped in the heavy gloom of night.

His sight returned, and he was in a cavern, —vast and interminable,—filled with an atmosphere of deepest blue. A flood of light was pouring into it, and on a multitude of pendent cones, on sharp angles of the wall, and cones that projected upward from the floor, the light was blazing in the brightest hues of gold and crimson and deep purple.

He looked upon the dazzling spectacle, and it changed. The cones and corners of the cavern that had gleamed so brightly were transformed to shapes that he had seen upon the mountain top, and in the very centre of the cavern came out in glowing whiteness the face, and away beyond, until it vanished into space, the form of the spirit that had spoken to him.

But all was still and motionless. He spoke, but his voice died away and left no echo. He called to the Goblin, but received no answer.

And then the brightness died away, the Goblin seemed to sink into the earth, the phantom shapes all vanished once again, and the man lay prostrate like one in a dark and silent tomb, as if he were a part of the same dead nature that had terrified him.

VII.

When Carl and Tabita returned and reported in the village that the strange man had set out to climb the Linmark's fjeld, everybody pitied him; but since they knew they could not help the rash adventurer, they did not try. With one accord they gave him over to destruction; all except Tabita, who, as soon as she could steal away, hastened to the Galdraken, confident that, since she had been instrumental in saving her Carl, why might she not now rescue Paul? Thoughtful and faithful girl! But her efforts were without avail, so far at least as appeared to her.

A week passed, and still no tidings of the missing man. Then the ship which brought him sailed for home, carrying the information of his loss; and something else besides, that the people in the village knew not of, which the Galdraken got on board by stealth.

"What is it, good mother?" asked the captain.

The Galdraken was not prone to answer any one directly. "It is not a sword, and yet it wins a victory; it is not an ointment, yet it heals a wound."

The summer passed away, the sun sank down behind the hills, until it did not rise at all, and would not for two months, almost. Light snow took the place of the green grass and flowers and foliage of the valley; but while the storms raged fiercely on the top of Linmark's fjeld, and out at sea, the wind calmly blew over the peaceful village. The villagers drew around their happy firesides;

and, free from care, in the fullness of their love they were gay and cheerful in the arctic night.

But there was one sad heart in the Governor's house: it was Annie Vardsen's, for nothing yet was known of Paul, who had enchanted her; there was a heavy heart at the Factor's: it was Ida Lansen's, for her lover Jens could not come to her, and was struggling against great poverty; there was one anxious heart at Tabita's: it was the heart of Tabita herself; for her Lively Carl was going upon a long journey.

Lively Carl was the public carrier, and every winter when the ice had formed it was his duty to go two hundred miles to another village, where a ship came later in the year, after having made the voyage to the village of the Island. This journey was performed with dogs and sledge.

"Dear Carl, be careful of yourself, and don't forget to come back by Christmas day, which you know will be our wedding-day," said Tabita, hanging on his neck as he was going; just as if there was any chance of his forgetting it! Then she said, "Now don't forget to stop as you come back at the Galdraken's either, and do besides just what she tells you, Carl."

"Oh no, I won't forget it, no, not if she were a thousand times a witch—of course I won't." Then she kissed him for his promise, wound a huge comforter about his neck, and sent him out into the night with plenty of bright hopes and happy memories to keep him warm for at least twice two hundred miles, even if indeed he might not have gone clear round the arctic circle without a chill.

She watched him from her little window as he drove away, and after he was out of sight her ear followed him by the creaking of his sledge upon the crusted snow, by his cheerful voice, speaking to his team, and by the cracking of his whip. She placed a light beside her in the window, that he might, if he looked back (as he was sure to do), see her face beside it; and when there was no longer any hope that he could see her or the light, she sent after him into the vacant night a loving kiss from her little finger-tips.

Then she went to Annie Vardsen and placed a scrap of folded paper in her hand. "What is it?" asked Miss Annie, quite too much a woman to open it and let it tell its own tale for itself. "I may not tell," replied Tabita. "Where then did you get it?"—"That I may not tell either." After which she went away. Having no longer a reasonable excuse for delay, Annie Vardsen unfolded the paper, and from it fell a lock of hair—Paul's hair, she thought at once. Lost Paul! and a tear fell from her eye upon it. "But how," she thought, "could it come in this mysterious way?" But she had not yet exhausted the paper, for upon looking at it again she discovered two brief lines written in a rude though legible manner, which thus commanded:—

> "Upon the air thy love declare,
> And fling a lock of thy brown hair."

A strange command and strangely brought—what could it mean? But without pausing to consider, and feeling for the instant as if under the influence of some spell or power beyond herself, she opened the window and into the vacant night, where Tabita's kiss had gone, she flung a lock to match the one she held, and a moment afterward wished she had not done it.

Lively Carl was by this time well away upon his journey, and five days thereafter he was at the end of it. But he was detained four days by storms, and deep snows, interrupting him upon the homeward track, he was much beyond his time in reaching the peaceful valley. Great anxiety was felt for him by everybody; by Tabita especially, who was, of course, afraid that something might have happened to him, or that he would not be home in time to marry her on Christmas day; and by Annie Vardsen, too, who felt that his coming would in some way reveal the mystery of Paul's fate.

But he was coming safe and sound, and very lively, too. In the pocket of his coat he carried great packages of letters, and on the sledge, well wrapped up, small parcels. He was, however, not a bit too soon, for it was late on Christmas eve when he crawled out from underneath the heavy shadow of the great tall cliff at the foot of Linmark's fjeld, and stopped his team in the bright moonlight,

near the Galdraken's hut. The stillness of the night quite filled him with a sense of coming mischief, and his close proximity to a place of doubtful character, the great ghostly shadows of himself and sledge and dogs that trailed away upon the snow, to say nothing of the Goblin of the Ice on Linmark's fjeld, that was so near to him, had such an effect on his mind that he fairly shivered, and that, too, without respect to the state of the thermometer. "I wish," he muttered to himself, "this business were well over. I like it not;" but then, inspired by the praises which were so near from Tabita, he crossed the bridge which spanned the yawning chasm and stood before the Galdraken's door. Just then he heard the draw-bridge fall, and he shook from head to foot with fright, and wished heartily he was at home. "Oh, dreadful; I am a prisoner in the witch's den," he cried.

A deep voice from the inside called to him: "Enter, and have no fear;" so plucking up his courage he crossed the threshold, to find himself before a roaring fire that sent his shadow dancing about the otherwise darkened room. "Well," muttered Lively Carl, "this is no witch's fire, at any rate," and he warmed himself before it, thinking at the same time that in such a place he must be still and ask no questions. After a few moments the same voice which had before spoken issued this peremptory command: "Leave the packet for Paul Peverell, and go."

At first he thought to deny having any such a thing about him; but then, remembering his promise to Tabita, and being glad enough to get away on almost any terms, he drew the packet out from his wallet, and, dropping it, immediately proceeded to perform the remaining part of the command.

The bridge was up ready for him, and, crossing it with two bounds, he made for the place where he had left his team. But it was not there. He called to the dogs separately: "Here Rothe, here Swort, here Bruin," but they did not answer him, and he could find no sledge tracks to indicate the direction they had taken. He was in a state of great perplexity. "Witchcraft and sorcery for certain!" he exclaimed, of which he was not the less convinced when he seemed to hear some one whispering to him: "Go home, and find them there." He looked about him, but could see no one; and now, almost beside himself with fright, and not knowing how soon he might be carried off himself, he took the hint of the mysterious whisperer and set out for the village at his highest speed. He did not venture to look behind him for some time, feeling confident that he was pursued, and when he did, what sound was that which greeted him! He saw nothing; but the most dismal cry that he had ever heard broke upon him through the still night air. It sounded something like the cry of dogs. Could it be his team? Oh, no! The cry was too wild and loud for anything so real. From that moment he slackened not his pace, and never did Lively Carl show such a lively pair of heels.

The cry grew louder. It was nearing him. He looked back over his shoulder, and down the hillside by which he was approaching the village he saw a spectral pack coming, as it seemed to him, through the air. Escape by running was hopeless. He dropped behind a clump of rocks, and they passed on. "Thank God, they are not in pursuit of me," he exclaimed, in excess of gratitude.

Looking up after they had passed he made out what seemed to be a team of dogs and a sledge, with two figures upon it—witches or demons of some sort, as he firmly believed. One of the figures dropped from the sledge. "I'm good for one at any rate," said he, and approached it. It rose up, and limping towards him addressed him in a well-known voice. He wheeled about and fled once more. "Carl, Carl, come back, it's only me!" but Carl did not heed the summons.

The people heard the dismal cry which had so frightened Carl. The sound drew nearer, and the timid fled into their houses, not knowing what was going to happen. Presently they detected dogs and sledge, and some one cried, "The Galdraken." The dogs bounded for their kennel, and then they were seen to be the Lively Carl's. They had run howling in terror from the Galdraken, who was driving them, or rather following them upon the sledge as they fled homewards.

A SPECTRAL PACK.

But where was Carl? Before they had time to ask, the Galdraken had disappeared. Tabita was on the watch, and met her in a secluded place behind the village. "All's well; and thy lover is no laggard," said the Galdraken to her. "The other will not come unless he knows that the boy's brother has arrived, and that his pale-faced love has received and read this;" saying which she placed a paper in Tabita's hands, with these instructions:—"Take it to her, and when she has read it, swing the lamp three times before the window. The boy will be here, I know; but to convince him, repeat the signal." And then she disappeared.

Lively Carl soon came running into the village, as pale as a ghost himself, declaring that he had seen the ghost of Paul Perevell; that a witch had run off with his team; at which the people laughed heartily, and to add to the poor man's confusion, they pointed out his dogs, all well and sound, his sledge and precious cargo safe.

Meanwhile the ghost was watching for the light in Ida's window. Behind that same window there was a much astonished girl, for Ida Lansen held in her hand a paper which made her lover heir to one-half the Peverell estates in Denmark, with an inscription on the back of it which said: "From one who, in his selfishness, has wronged you both, and owns it willingly."

Three times the lamp was swung, and the ghost that Carl had seen took note of it.

Then Ida Lansen flew down stairs, for she heard a voice she well knew; and Jens Peverell caught her in his arms.

"Why, how is this?" said Jens, who had just arrived, all wrapped in furs and white with frost. "I thought that you were ill, my love, and I came in haste all these fifty miles at fearful risk, for the ice is bad. This I received but yesterday." And he produced a rhymed epistle, as mysterious in its character and the manner of its appearance as was Ida's document. Then Ida gave him hers, and he was happy, not to say astonished.

Again the lamp was swung, and had any one been upon the hill-side to see, the ghost that frightened Carl would have been observed to lean on the Galdraken's arm, and hasten by a secluded path to Tabita's house, where Lively Carl had already come, received reward, and been ordered off; for Tabita wished to receive the ghost alone. When this was done, and the ghost had been provided for, she fetched the Governor, who, when he saw the ghost sitting in Tabita's room, was about to run away as Carl had done; but the ghost put out a hand and said: "Don't be alarmed, I am Paul Peverell."

VIII.

TABITA'S hut was filled that night as it had never been before, after the news had spread of the dead restored to life. Jens, with Ida by his side, came and brought along with them the paper that had so mysteriously fallen into their hands, and after years of separation the

brothers were reconciled. The Governor's family, the factor's family, and the priest were there; in fact all the village, one by one, passed in and out, each eager to have a look at the man who had dared to face the Ranamee. Paul said: "You see, good people, I have done it; and although much hurt, am not a cripple, thanks to the Galdraken, who found me where I had fallen on the ice, and carrying me upon her back insensible to her hut, nursed me there as if I were a child. She has shown me what a truly noble heart is hidden in the breast of that strange inhabitant of the solitary hut. But think not to do as I have done. Stay in the peaceful valley, friends, and by your quiet lives defy the Goblin of the Ice, rather than beard him on his throne."

They answered, "We have no wish to try!"

Then Paul had something to tell each one that stood around.

To Ida Lansen he said: "Your words, 'cold and cruel,' I remembered well while I lay there in agony in the Galdraken's hut, and had barely strength to write the message which the Galdraken took on board the ship, and which has resulted in this happy change."

To Jens he said: "Forgive me, brother." And he joined the lovers' hands, and made them plight their troth before him, and pronounce the "Trulofa," and tie the true love knot.

To the Governor he said: "I would have come to you long ago, but as I lay there suffering, I thought how just had been the charges Ida made against me, and I scarcely dared to see your family until the packet came from Denmark which enabled me to do her and her lover justice." And he said something, too, about his daughter, Annie Vardsen.

He said to Annie Vardsen: "Annie, will you own to me now what you owned to the cold winds when you flung this lock of rich brown hair away upon the night?" And he put into her hand the token which the Galdraken had adroitly got for him. Then he told her how he was coming back to her, and what prevented him; how just it was that he should suffer for his selfishness; and how from the first he loved her, but had grown so self-willed by unrestricted liberty, that he would not yield even to the prompting of his better nature.

Then Annie Vardsen said, in answer, blushing deeply, and looking down: "I will indeed confess what I confessed to the wind and night;" And there was another "Trulofa" said then and there.

Another, too; but that was needless, yet Paul insisted on it: and the Lively Carl, now well recovered from his fright, and Tabita, happy with the good that she had done and the happiness she saw in others, partly through her efforts, stood forth and plighted troth again. And so there were three brides-to-be, all there that night, in the happy home of Tabita.

To make the circle quite complete, only the Galdraken, who had served them all so well, was wanting. Nowhere could she be found; though presently a voice was heard outside the window, droning the rude prophetic rhyme which Paul had heard on his way to the mountain.

"True, true!" cried Paul, when it was finished. "True, good mother! for surely that is your voice. Stay, stay, I beg of you!" And he, with all the other inmates of the house, tried to detain her; but they found it impossible to detain what they could neither see nor further hear.

Then, the hour being nearly midnight, they parted, to give way for Kris Kringle on his merry round.

And, when they had all gone out, the once proud, ambitious Paul fell down upon his knees and wept, and in his heart of hearts thanked God for the change that in His mercy He had wrought upon him, through much suffering. For the first time in his life he felt that he was happy, and to Heaven, in humility, he gave the praise.

But Kris Kringle—what of him? Ah! what a round he made that night with his reindeer steeds, which he had caught in that very valley by the village; and as he glided over the house-tops round the world he was heard humming to himself a song that he had heard the Spirit of the Valley sing away up there in the Arctic night; and the song said there are goblins everywhere except where love and contentment reigned.

And what blessings did he not shower upon

the villagers before he left! What stockings did he not fill! what fruit that could be wished for did he not hang upon the village Christmas tree, which grew, nobody could imagine how! The skeptical said the tree was patchwork—that it did not grow at all, but was made by Paul and Jens and Lively Carl. They said, besides (people will be unreasonable, even there), that the heavy cargo on Carl's sledge, which seemed to be (that is, to skeptics) fresh from Denmark, had something to do with the making of the crop of fruit it bore.

But the best of all was the dower which each of these bright maidens found, when she awoke, beneath her pillow. Then what a time there was when she came from her chamber to find a lover waiting to lead her to the little church, which was one blaze of light, and festooned all round with garlands of sweet juniper; and what a gay procession round the church, each bridegroom carrying a torch that threw weird shadows on the snow, and made every crystal glitter on the landscape far away; each bride with something in her hand to bestow upon the village girls who crowded round and begged a token for good luck in marriage.

And what a merry Christmas the villagers all had that day—feasting, singing, rivalling each other in good offices of love and fellowship. When the evening came the Governor's doors were thrown wide open to all who could crowd in; and with Lively Carl and Tabita to lead, they danced the hours away.

The Governor proved himself as lively as the youngest, for he laid away his pipe to have a turn around the room with Tabita. The priest even could not resist temptation, and Lively Carl had once more to stand aside. The baby Elizabeth, too, joined in, as if she understood it all.

They would have had the Galdraken there (no one thought her evil now), but, as usual, she could not be found. To the very last she delighted in her mystery. They went in procession to her hut; but all was dark, and the bridge was down. They called, and woke the echoes; but the Galdraken did not answer. Yet—"Hark, hark!" said Tabita; "the Spirit of the Valley! hear her sing!" And sweet music floated away upon the crisp night air. The words were words of hope and promise.

The sweet voice died away, and the music of the waterfall was all they heard. They answered with a song of love, and while they sang they returned to the village over the moon-lit snow, none better satisfied than Paul Peverell, that happiness is to be found in the valley, and not upon the mountain top; and he smiled to think, while he held his bride upon his arm, that he and not the Goblin was the victor after all!

TARTINI'S DREAM-MUSIC.

About 1711 or 1712 the famous but eccentric Giuseppe Tartini, who had secretly married the daughter of the Count di Cornaro, in Padua, and had fled to avoid the indignation of her family, became an inmate of the Minor's Convent (or Monastery) at Assisi. He was a relative of the Guardian, who received him out of considerations of humanity, and granted him a safe asylum for more than two years. The kinsmen of his high-born wife could never discover his retreat.

Tartini was placed under the peculiar care of the organist, Father Boëmo, who directed him in the cultivation of his genius for music. He had especially a passion for the violin. Boëmo thought Giuseppe a changed man since he had joined in the exercises of the pious brethren, whose holy example had taught him humility and resignation. Yet he cherished a deep melancholy, which in truth appeared sinful. He believed he had been mistaken in thinking himself an artist.

The organist reasoned with him against this despondency, till he had cause to believe it was hurrying him into insanity. He conferred with the Guardian, and it was deemed best to leave Giuseppe no more alone at night. One of the brothers took Boëmo's place in the poor artist's cell whenever he was obliged to go out before the hour of matins.

One day Tartini received the organist with a face beaming with joy, and at the same time with an air of mystery. He announced that he had conquered his enemies—the evil spirits—by making a compact with their chief, who was bound to be the slave of his will.

"As a test of his obedience," he continued, "I gave him my violin and ordered him to play something. What was my astonishment when he executed a sonata so exquisite, so wonderful, that I had never imagined anything approaching it! I was bewildered—enchanted—faint with excess of rapture. The devil handed the violin back to me. 'You can equal me, master,' he said. I succeeded!"

Father Boëmo shook his head mournfully, but Tartini seized his violin, walked several times across the room, humming a tune, and began to play in a broken and irregular manner. Again and again did he strive to catch the melody; but though some of the notes were strangely beautiful, he could not do it. At length, throwing down the instrument, he exclaimed in the bitterness of disappointment—"It is gone from me!" and wrung his hands with an expression of hopeless agony. Presently he again snatched the violin, and played as if determined to overcome the difficulty; then he flung it aside in despair, vowing he would break it in pieces and renounce music forever.

The organist consulted with the Guardian, and a medical attendant was summoned for the suffering artist. That night Father Boëmo administered a composing draught, and having watched his patient till he fell into a profound slumber, left one of the younger brothers in charge. Just before matins the organist was roused by a cry from without. Being dressed, he hastily descended to the court.

There stood the attendant he had left with Giuseppe, gazing upwards in speechless terror! Upon the edge of the roof stood a white-robed figure, clearly visible in the moonlight. It was Giuseppe!

"Hush, not a word!" whispered Boëmo, grasping the brother's arm. "He is lost if you wake him!" Both stood gazing on the strange figure, and they now perceived that Giuseppe held his violin. He raised it and played a short prelude. It was followed by a sonata so admirable, so magnificent, that both listeners stood entranced.

A dead silence—a silence of awful suspense—followed this strange music.

The figure turned and slowly retraced its steps along the roof. It descended in safety, and took the way to Tartini's cell. Then Father Boëmo sank on his knees with a murmur of thanksgiving, and having sent his companion to inform the Superior, went to resume his watch by the invalid's bed. Giuseppe awoke feverish and disturbed, and an illness of many weeks followed. With health reason and cheerfulness returned.

Tartini was accustomed to play in the services of the choir on holidays; and the fame of the music to be heard in the Minor's Convent was a great attraction. It was noticed, as a singular piece of mystery, that a curtain was drawn across that part of the choir occupied by the musicians, during all parts of the service. One day it was blown aside by the wind; a suppressed cry was heard in the choir, and the music of the violin suddenly ceased. Tartini had recognized in the congregation a Paduan well known to him.

Some weeks afterwards, Father Boëmo informed him that he was to play in the chapel for some guests of the Guardian, who had heard of their music. Both pupil and instructor did their best. When the service was over, the organist took Giuseppe by the arm and led him into the parlor.

A lady of graceful form, veiled, stood there between two distinguished-looking men—one in the robes of a cardinal. She advanced a step to meet Tartini, who exclaimed: "Leonora! my wife!" and clasped her in his arms.

The Cardinal Cornaro—her uncle—solemnly gave the reunited pair his blessing. Leonora's kindred had sought him to restore to him his noble wife. Sorrow and trial, he said, had changed the wild youth into the man of tried worth.

The after history of Tartini's life showed his possession of faults that required correction, as well as of great genius. One thing was universally acknowledged, that the most admirable of his compositions, and the most celebrated, was the one to which he gave the name of "The Devil's Sonata."

"Now evermore He stands and waits
Some lifting of these lower gates."

THE CHRISTMAS DOOR.

ALL the year long the moon gives light,
And makes a silver day of night;
But once a year
She seems more near,—
Shows every night her steadfast face,
And fills the sky with tranquil grace.
'Tis hard to tell when day is done,
For day and night flow into one.

So Heaven shines downward all the while,
And lights us with its constant smile;
But once a year
It draws more near:
Wide open stands the shining door,
With gleams of light unseen before;
And all across flash glimpses fleet
Of upper joys and radiant feet.

'Tis ever so since love broke through,
And down the widening spaces flew;
That blessed year
Our Lord came near;
For Him swung back the starry bound;
Deepened far up the great profound;
All Heaven swept outward at his birth,
And naught was narrow but the earth!

Now evermore He stands and waits
Some lifting of these lower gates;
But once a year
He waits more near:—
Shall the blest door be thrown so wide,
And only we the entrance hide?
Unbar all hearts, make room within,
And let the holy Christmas in!

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

HANS ANDERSEN.

I.

In the principal street there stood a fine old-fashioned house; the wall about the court-yard had bits of glass worked into it, so that when the sun or moon shone, it was as if covered with diamonds. That was a sign of wealth, and there was wealth inside there; folks said that the merchant was a man who could just put away two barrels of gold in his best parlor; yes, could put a heap of gold pieces, as a savings bank against the future, outside the door of the room where his littl son was born.

This little fellow had arrived in the ric house. There was great joy from cella up to the garret; and up there, there wa still greater joy an hour or two afterward The warehouseman and his wife lived u there, and here too there entered just ther little son, given by our Lord, brought by stork, and exhibited by the mother. A here too there was a heap outside the dc

quite accidentally; but it was not a gold-heap—it was a heap of sweepings.

The rich merchant was a very considerate, good man; his wife, delicate and gentle-born, dressed well, was pious, and, besides, was kind and good to the poor. Everybody congratulated these two people on now having a little son, who would grow up, and, like his father, be rich and happy. At the font the little boy was called "FELIX," which means in Latin "lucky," and that he was, and his parents still more.

The warehouseman, a right sound fellow, and good to the bottom of his heart, and his wife, an honest and industrious woman, were blessed by all who knew them; how lucky they were at getting their little boy, and he was called "PEER!" *

The boy on the first floor and the boy in the garret each got just as many kisses from his parents, and just as much sunshine from our Lord; but still they were placed a little differently,—one down-stairs, and one up. Peer sat the highest, away up in the garret, and he had his own mother for a nurse; little Felix had a stranger for his nurse, but she was a good and honest girl—you could see that in her character-book. The rich child had a pretty little wagon, and was drawn about by his spruce nurse; the child from the garret was carried in the arms of his own mother, both when he was in his Sunday clothes, and when he had his every-day things on; and he was just as much pleased.

They were both pretty children, they both kept growing, and soon could show with their hands how tall they were, and say single words in their mother tongue. Equally sweet, equally dainty and petted were they both. As they grew up they had a like pleasure out of the merchant's horses and carriages. Felix got permission from his nurse to sit by the coachman and look at the horses; he fancied himself driving. Peer got permission to sit at the garret window and look down into the yard when the master and mistress went out to drive, and when they were fairly one, he placed two chairs, one in front, the other behind, up there in the room, and so he drove himself; he was the real coachman—that was a little more than fancying himself to be the coachman.

They had noticed each other, these two, but it was not until they were two years old that they spoke to each other. Felix went elegantly dressed in silk and velvet, with bare knees, after the English style. "The poor child will freeze!" said the family in the garret. Peer had trousers that came down to his ankles, but one day his clothes were torn right across his knees, so that he had as much of a draught, and was just as much undressed as the merchant's little delicate boy. Felix came with his mother and wanted to go out; Peer came with his, and wanted to go in.

"Give little Peer your hand," said the merchant's lady. "You two can talk to each other."

And one said "Peer!" and the other said "Felix!" Yes, that was all they said that time.

The rich lady petted her boy, but there was one who petted Peer just as much, and that was his grandmother. She was weak-sighted, and yet she saw much more in little Peer than his father or mother could see; yes, more than anybody at all could discover.

"The dear child," said she, "is going to get on in the world. He is born with a gold apple in his hand. There is the shining apple!" And she kissed the child's little hand. His parents could see nothing, nor Peer either, but as he grew to know more, no doubt he would find that out too.

"That is such a story, such a real wonder-story, that grandmother tells!" said the parents.

Indeed grandmother could tell stories, and Peer was never tired of hearing always the same ones. She taught him a psalm and to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and he knew it, not as a gabble but as words which meant something; every single petition in it she explained to him. Especially he thought about what grandmother said on the words: "Give us this day our daily bread;" he was to understand that it was necessary for one to get wheat bread, for another to get black bread;

* Peer is a variation of Peter; common in the county: Pete, so to speak.—TRANSLATOR.

one must have a great house when he had a great deal of company; another, in small circumstances, could live quite as happily in a little room in the garret. "So each person has what he calls 'daily bread.'"

Peer had regularly his good daily bread, and very delightful days, too, but they were not to last always. Stern years of war began; the young were to go away, the old to stay at home. Peer's father was among those who were enrolled, and soon it was heard that he was one of the first who fell in battle against the victorious enemy.

There was terrible grief in the little room in the garret. The mother cried, the grandmother and little Peer cried; and every time one of the neighbors came up to see them, they talked about "father," and then they cried all together. The widow, meanwhile, received permission, the first year, to lodge rent free, and afterward she was to pay only a small rent. The grandmother stayed with the mother, who supported herself by washing for several "single fine gentlemen," as she called them. Peer had neither sorrow nor want. He had his fill of meat and drink, and grandmother told him stories so extraordinary and wonderful about the wide world, that he asked her, one day, if they two might not go on Sunday to foreign lands, and come home again as prince and princess, with gold crowns on.

"I am too old for that," said grandmother; "and you must first learn a terrible lot of things, become great and strong; but you must always be a good and affectionate child—just as you are now."

Peer rode around the room on hobby-horses; he had two such; but the merchant's son had a real live horse; it was so little that it might as well have been called a baby-horse, as Peer called it, and it never could become any bigger. Felix rode it about in the yard; he even rode outside the gate with his father and a riding-master from the king's stable. For the first half-hour Peer did not like his horses, and would not ride them—they were not real. He asked his mother why he could not have a real horse like little Felix; and his mother said:

"Felix lives down on the first floor, close by the stables, but you live high up, under the roof. One cannot have horses up in the garret except like those you have; do you ride on them."

And so Peer rode: first to the chest of drawers, the great mountain full of treasures; both Peer's Sunday clothes and his mother's were there, and there were the shining silver dollars which she laid aside for rent. He rode to the stove, which he called the black bear; it slept all summer long, but when winter came it must do something: warm the room and cook the meals.

Peer had a godfather who usually came every Sunday in winter and got a good warm dinner. It was rather a coming down for him, said the mother and the grandmother. He had begun as a coachman; he took to drink and slept at his post, and that neither a soldier nor a coachman may do. Then he became a carter and drove a cart, and sometimes a drosky for gentlefolk; but now he drove a dirt-cart and went from door to door, swinging his rattle, "snurre-rurre-ud!" and out from all the houses came the girls and housewives with their buckets full, and turned these into the cart: rags and tags, ashes and rubbish were all turned in. One day Peer had come down from the garret, his mother had gone to town, and he stood at the open gate, and there outside was godfather with his cart.

"Will you take a drive?" he asked. Right willingly would Peer, but only as far as the corner. His eyes shone as he sat on the seat alone with godfather and was allowed to hold the whip. Peer drove with real live horses, drove quite to the corner. His mother came along just then; she looked rather dubious. It was not so grand to her to see her own little son riding on a dirt-cart. He must get down at once. Still she thanked godfather; but when they reached home she forbade Peer to take that excursion again.

One day he went again down to the gate. There was no godfather there to entice him off for a drive, but there were other allurements: three or four small street urchins were down in the gutter, poking about to see what they could find that had been lost or had hidden itself there. They had often found a button

or a copper coin; but they had quite as often scratched themselves with a broken bottle, or pricked themselves with a pin, which was just now the case. Peer must join them, and when he got down among the gutter-stones he found a silver coin.

Another day he was down on his knees again, digging with the other boys. They only got dirty fingers; he found a gold ring, and showed, with sparkling eyes, his lucky find, and then the others threw dirt at him, and called him Lucky Peer; they would not let him be with them then when they poked in the gutter.

Back of the merchant's yard there was some low ground which was to be filled up for building lots; gravel and ashes were carted and tipped out there. Great heaps lay about. Godfather drove his cart, but Peer was not to drive with him. The street boys dug in the heaps; they dug with a stick and with their bare hands. They were always finding one thing or another which seemed worth picking up. Hither came little Peer. They saw him and cried out:—

"Clear out, Lucky Peer!" And when he came nearer, they flung lumps of dirt at him. One of these struck against his wooden shoe and fell to pieces. Something shining dropped out; Peer took it up; it was a little heart made of amber. He ran home with it. The rest did not notice that even when they threw dirt at him he was a child of luck.

The silver skilling which he had found was laid away in his little savings bank; the ring and the amber heart were shown down stairs to the merchant's wife, because the mother wanted to know if they were among the "things found" that ought to be given notice of to the police.

How the eyes of the merchant's wife shone on seeing the ring! It was no other than her own engagement ring, which she had lost three years before; so long had it lain in the gutter. Peer was well rewarded, and the money rattled in his little box. The amber heart was a cheap thing, the lady said; Peer might just as well keep that. At night the amber heart lay on the bureau, and the grandmother lay in bed.

"Eh! what is it that burns so!" said she. "It looks as if some candle were lighted there." She got up to see, and it was the little heart of amber. Ah, the grandmother with her weak eyes often saw more than all others could see. Now she had her private thoughts about this. The next morning she took a small strong ribbon, drew it through the opening at the top of the heart, and put it round her little grandson's neck.

"You must never take it off, except to put a new ribbon into it; and you must not show it either to other boys. If they should take it from you, you would have the stomach-ache!" That was the only dreadful sickness little Peer had thus far known. There was a strange power too in the heart. Grandmother showed him that when she rubbed it with her hand, and a little straw was laid by it, the straw seemed to be alive and sprang to the heart of amber, and would not let it go.

II.

THE merchant's son had a tutor who heard him say his lessons alone, and walked out with him alone. Peer was also to have an education, so he went to school with a great quantity of other boys. They studied together, and that was more delightful than going alone with a tutor. Peer would not change.

He was a lucky Peer, but godfather was also a lucky Peer,* for all he was not called Peer. He won a prize in the lottery, of two hundred rix-dollars, on a ticket which he shared with eleven others. He went at once and bought some better clothes, and he looked very well in them. Luck never comes alone, it always has company, and it did this time. Godfather gave up his dirt-cart and joined the theatre.

"For what in the world," said grandmother, "is he going to the theatre? What does he go as?"

As a machinist. That was a real getting on, and he was now quite another man, and took a wonderful deal of enjoyment in the comedy, which he always saw from the top or from the side. The most charming thing was the ballet, but that indeed gave him the hardest work, and there was always some

* Lucky Peer is a familiar title given to a person in luck, much as we might say a lucky dog.

danger from fire. They danced both in heaven and on earth. That was something for little Peer to see, and one evening when there was to be a dress rehearsal of a new ballet, in which they were all dressed and adorned as in the evening when people pay to see all the fine show, he had permission to bring Peer with him, and put him in a place where he could see the whole.

It was a Scripture ballet—Samson. The Philistines danced about him, and he tumbled the whole house down over them and himself; but there were fire-engines and firemen on hand in case of any accident.

Peer had never seen a comedy, still less a ballet. He put on his Sunday clothes and went with godfather to the theatre. It was just like a great drying-loft, with ever so many curtains and screens, great openings in the floor, lamps and lights. There was a host of nooks and crannies up and down, and people came out from these just as in a great church with its balcony pews.* The floor went down quite steeply, and there Peer was placed, and told to stay there till it was all finished and he was sent for. He had three sandwiches in his pocket, so that he need not starve.

Soon it grew lighter and lighter: there came up in front, just as if straight out of the earth, a number of musicians with both flutes and violins. At the side where Peer sat people came dressed as if they were in the street; but there came also knights with gold helmets, beautiful maidens in gauze and flowers, even angels all in white with wings on their backs. They were placed up and down, on the floor and up in the "balcony pews," to be looked at. They were the whole force of the ballet dancers; but Peer did not know that. He believed they belonged in the fairy tales his grandmother had told him about. Then there came a woman, who was the most beautiful of all, with a gold helmet and spear; she looked out over all the others and sat between an angel and an imp. Ah! how much there was to see, and yet the ballet was not even begun.

* In Denmark, and still more in Norway, one still sees great churches with private boxes for families, so to speak, hung like nests against the wall.

There was a moment of quiet. A man dressed in black moved a little fairy wand over all the musicians, and then they began to play, so that there was a whistling of music, and the wall itself began to rise. One looked out on to a flower-garden, where the sun shone, and all the people danced and leaped. Such a wonderful sight had Peer never imagined. There the soldiers marched, and there was fighting, and there were the guilds and the mighty Samson with his love. But she was as wicked as she was beautiful: she betrayed him. The Philistines plucked his eyes out; he had to grind in the mill and be set up for mockery in the dancing hall; but then he laid hold of the strong pillars which held the roof up, and shook them and the whole house; it fell, and there burst forth wonderful flames of red and green fire.

Peer could have sat there his whole life long and looked on, even if the sandwiches were all eaten—and they were all eaten.

Now here was something to tell about when he got home. He was not to be got off to bed. He stood on one leg and laid the other upon the table—that was what Samson's love and all the other ladies did. He made a treadmill out of grandmother's chair, and upset two chairs and a bolster over himself to show how the dancing-hall came down. He showed this, and he gave it with all the music that belonged to it; there was no talking in the ballet. He sang high and low, with words and without; there was no connection in it; it was just like a whole opera. The most noticeable thing, meanwhile, of all was his beautiful voice, clear as a bell, but no one spoke of that.

Peer was before to have been a grocer's boy, to mind prunes and lump sugar; now he found there was something very much finer, and that was to get into the Samson story and dance in the ballet. There were a great many poor children that went that way, said the grandmother, and became fine and honored people; still no little girl of her family should ever get permission to go that way; a boy—well, he stood more firmly.

Peer had not seen a single one of the little girls fall before the whole house fell, and then they all fell together, he said.

Peer certainly must be a ballet-dancer.

"He gives me no rest!" said his mother. At last, his grandmother promised to take him one day to the ballet-master, who was a fine gentleman, and had his own house, like the merchant. Would Peer ever get to that? Nothing is impossible for our Lord. Peer had a gold apple in his hand when he was a child. Such had lain in his hands; perhaps it was also in his legs.

Peer went to the ballet-master, and knew him at once; it was Samson himself. His eyes had not suffered at all at the hands of the Philistines. That was only a part of the play, he was told. And Samson looked kindly and pleasantly on him, and told him to stand up straight, look right at him, and show him his ankle. Peer showed his whole foot, and leg too.

"So he got a place in the ballet," said grandmother.

It was easily brought about at the ballet-master's house; but first his mother and grandmother must needs make other preparations, and talk with people who knew about these things; first with the merchant's wife, who thought it a good career for a pretty, well-formed boy without any prospect, like Peer. Then they talked with Miss Frandsen; she understood all about the ballet. At one time, in the younger days of grandmother, she had been the most favorite *danseuse* at the theatre; she had danced goddesses and princesses, had been cheered and applauded whenever she came out; but then she grew older, —we all do,—and then she no longer had principal parts; she had to dance behind the younger ones; and finally she went behind all the dancers quite into the dressing-room, where she dressed the others to be goddesses and princesses.

"So it goes!" said Miss Frandsen. "The theatre road is a delightful one to travel, but it is full of thorns. Chicane grows there,—chicane!"

That was a word Peer did not understand; but he came to understand it quite well.

"He is determined to go into the ballet," said his mother.

"He is a pious Christian child, that he is," said grandmother.

"And well brought up," said Miss Frandsen. "Well bred and moral! that was I in my heyday."

And so Peer went to dancing-school, and got some summer clothes and thin-soled dancing-shoes to make it easier. All the old dancers hissed him, and said that he was a boy good enough to eat.

He was told to stand up, stick his legs out, and hold on by a post so as not to fall, while he learned to kick first with his right leg, then with his left. It was not so hard for him as for most of the others. The ballet-master clapped him on the back and said he would soon be in the ballet; he should be a king's child, who was carried on shields and wore a gold crown. That was practised at the dancing school, and rehearsed at the theatre itself.

The mother and grandmother must go to see little Peer in all his glory, and they looked, and they both cried, for all it was so splendid. Peer in all his glory and show had not seen them at all; but the merchant's family he had seen; they sat in the loge nearest the stage. Little Felix was with them in his best clothes. He wore buttoned gloves, just like grown-up gentlemen, and sat with an opera-glass at his eyes the whole evening, although he could see perfectly well—again just like grown-up gentlemen. He looked at Peer; Peer looked at him; and Peer was a king's child with a gold crown on. This evening brought the two children in closer relation to one another.

Some days after, as they met each other in the yard, Felix went up to Peer and told him he had seen him when he was a prince. He knew very well that he was not a prince any longer, but then he had worn a prince's clothes and had a gold crown on.

"I shall wear them again on Sunday," said Peer.

Felix did not see him then, but he thought about it the whole evening. He would have liked very well to be in Peer's shoes; he had not Miss Frandsen's warning that the theatre way was a thorny one, and that *chicane* grew on it; neither did Peer know this yet, but he would very soon learn it.

His young companions the dancing children were not all as good as they ought to be

for all that they sometimes were angels with wings to them. There was a little girl, Malle Knallemp, who always, when she was dressed as page, and Peer was a page, stepped maliciously on the side of his foot, so as to see his stockings; there was a bad boy who always was sticking pins in his back, and one day he ate Peer's sandwiches by mistake; but that was impossible, for Peer had some meat-pie with his sandwich, and the other boy had only bread and butter. He could not have made a mistake.

It would be in vain to recite all the vexations that Peer endured in the two years, and the worst was not yet,—that was to come. There was a ballet to be brought out called *The Vampire.* In it the smallest dancing children were dressed as bats; wore gray tights that fitted snugly to their bodies; black gauze wings were stretched from their shoulders, and so they were to run on tiptoe, as if they were just flying, and then they were to whirl round on the floor. Peer could do this especially well; but his trousers and jacket, all of one piece, were old and worn; the threads did not hold together; so that, just as he whirled round before the eyes of all the people, there was a rip right down his back, straight from his neck down to where the legs are fastened in, and all his short, little white shirt was to be seen.

All the people laughed. Peer saw it, and knew that he was ripped all down the back; he whirled and whirled, but it grew worse and worse. Folks laughed louder and louder; the other vampires laughed with them, and whirled into him, and all the more dreadfully when the people clapped and shouted bravo!

"That is for the ripped vampire!" said the dancing children; and so they always called him "Ripperip."

Peer cried; Miss Frandsen comforted him. "'Tis only *chicane*," said she; and now Peer knew what *chicane* was.

Besides the dancing-school, they had another one attached to the theatre, where the children were taught to cipher and write, to learn history and geography; ay, they had a teacher in religion, for it is not enough to know how to dance; there is something more in the world than wearing out dancing-shoes. Here, too, Peer was quick,—the very quickest of all,—and got plenty of good marks; but his companions still called him "Ripperip." It was only a joke; but at last he would not stand it any longer, and he struck out and boxed one of the boys, so that he was black and blue under the left eye, and had to have it whitened in the evening when he was to go in the ballet. Peer was talked to sharply by the dancing-master, and more harshly by the sweeping-woman, for it was her son he had punished.

(To be continued.)

MIRABEL'S CHRISTMAS.

I.

It may be that from the farthest corner of the earth there are, even now, hastening to meet us people whom we have never seen, of whom we have never heard, and who know nothing of our existence; who are forced on, as it were, by an invisible power; led by an unknown hand, through strange and winding ways to the place of meeting; thinking all the time—ah, short-sighted, blind!—that they are working out their own devices, following the paths they themselves have chosen. It may be that we shall stand face to face but a moment; yet that moment will make or mar, bind or loose, for all time. Who can say for how much more? Said one but just now departed from us, after whom the door has only this moment closed, "In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet us from many strange places, and by many strange roads; and what it is set for us to do to them, and what it is set for them to do to us, will all be done."

It is Christmas Eve at the Carisbrooke house. Without, the gray, chill twilight deepens into starless night. One red ray of light streams out low in the horizon, where the western gates of heaven have not yet shut down.

Towards it the clouds scurry in haste, like late comers, whipped on by the angry wind, and dropping snow-flakes here and there, like tears.

As the darkness increases, the bare, shivering trees, huddled together as if for warmth upon the lawn, grow more indistinct in outline. Only as masses of deeper gloom do they appear against the scant covering of snow upon the earth. Down from the house writhes the carriage-way, bare and black, a huge serpent that is speared through and through by the spikes of the iron gates. Beyond, the road leading into town is ill-defined by an occasional patch of darkness, where the snow has worn away, or, as you follow it, by a line of low, straggling firs upon one side.

Three miles or more out upon this road a woman tramps along through snow and freezing mud. Her face is set towards the house, her back to the town. Her feet are thrust into a man's boots a world too large, that hold her back and add double weariness to the way. Sometimes, when they cling to the mire, she stops to pull them out, muttering an oath. The gown that draggles about her ankles is fringed and rent, and has been wet, but is frozen now where it has swept the road. The wind beats against her. It strikes her face with fierce, stinging blows. It seizes the tawdry, misshapen bonnet and throws it back upon her shoulders. It tears her hair from its careless fastenings and shakes her ragged shawl in her face. But still she tramps on doggedly, measuring her slow progress by the trees along the way, pausing sometimes to rest and gain the breath the wind fairly catches from her lips. Once, when she rounds a sudden corner, and is almost taken from her feet and their clumsy coverings, she hesitates and turns back. Then how the wind urges her on! No fierce blows, no flaunting of rags before her now. It holds her up and bears her along with all its strength. The haggard face works irresolutely. All at once it grows strong. The faded lips shut tight over one word. She wheels suddenly and pushes on.

It was only the name of a woman like herself—one of the wretches who burrow and hide in the back slums of our towns; but whom God sees and knows and pities—remember that—who had come to grief now, as she came to sin and shame years before, and, being tried with a gang of thieves and counterfeiters, had been condemned to the State prison. To-morrow her term will begin, and this woman whom you have seen upon the road is on her way to beg for pardon or su for mercy from Judge Carisbrooke. He had pronounced the sentence; surely he could annul it if he would, she thought. She had what seemed to be evidence of her friend's innocence to offer. But it was a forgery, and she knew it. She had walked three miles upon a bitter night, wearily, painfully, and would yet walk three miles more to lie for her friend, her companion in infamy. It is only one of the unworked problems in human nature; the more perplexing when we remember that to "love thy neighbor as thyself" was counted by the Master like unto the first and greatest of the commandments.

Within the Carisbrooke house are the gleam and blaze of fires. The heavy curtains are drawn to shut out the night, and a servant with lighted taper in hand moves about noiselessly, touching, as if with a wand, the eyes and tongue of the bronze dragon midway in the hall, the trumpets between the lips of the puffy-cheeked boys in every corner, and there shoot out flames. They unlock every recess shut in by the shadows; they gild the picture-frames anew, make of the mirrors sheets of burnished silver, paint upon carpets and hangings the most gorgeous arabesques, and transform the whole house; warming and reddening it into new life.

The quaint Dutch clock, in its high carved case—the shy old clock with its hands held ever before its face—strikes the half hour from its corner in the hall. The hush that precedes the descent to dinner in a house filled with guests has fallen over everything. Even the lights quiver and tremble breathlessly, and the coals in the grates have ceased to crackle and snap as they did an hour before.

The latest arrival is the first to descend. It is Dare—Orland Dare—painter, poet, man of the world—the cynosure of brightest eyes, the cause of many a heart-beat—possibly heart-ache, since they go together—and, best

of all, Judge Carisbrooke's friend. To say the last is to bestow rare praise; since one must have had gifts and graces and something nobler still to have won the place.

Handsome he is, *sans doute*, as he paces the hall slowly, watching the wide stairs to their curve with dusky eyes, and an impatient word escaping now and again from between the gates shut close under the sweeping, dark moustache. The eyes would guard their secrets well, and the lips too; for lips have secrets of their own. Not once does he glance into the mirror beside him. Do you think, then, that he is without vanity? Assurance is the height of vanity. We scan our faces eagerly in doubt. Dare knew.

The old clock rang out the third quarter, and Mirabel floated down the stairs;—Mirabel in sea-green, even to the tips of the dainty slippers that dipped in and out the waves of her gown, like lily leaves upon a shimmering stream. Yellow as the heart of the water-lily, drooping low beneath her ear, was the hair that fell all adown her back—a golden, gleaming mass. The foam-like lace about her throat was caught together with a chrysoprase. Slowly she floated down, Mirabel, wonderful, humming a little song, with downcast, smiling eyes, that saw nothing of the man waiting below, over whose face content had fallen at last. For an instant the visor had been raised from his eyes, and love looked out. There he was, cool and dark, and watchful as before.

"You?" she exclaimed, in glad questioning. No mask before her face. It was a mirror turned towards her heart. She flew down with outstretched hands. "So soon!" she said. He gathered the hands—a white harvest—all his own.

"'So soon!" he repeated. "And does it seem so soon? I thought the days were long."

"Oh, not so; but we did not dream of seeing you till midnight."

"I found an earlier train, excused myself from dining with a friend, hinted at sickness to account for my sudden exodus, and here I am, you see. Come!" He drew her under the blazing lights. "Elf! Changeling! Undine!" he murmured. "I've been waiting impatiently enough while you combed out these yellow locks. Well, my mermaiden, how many poor mortals have you caught in their snares since we parted? Confess, now."

He held up her hand, upon which a ring flashed out a sudden light in answer to the dragon's eyes. "Still wearing my chains! Is it possible?—faithfulness in a woman a whole week! surrounded by temptation, too! Why, Bert Conway is here!"

"A boy, just out of pinafores."

"And Col. Weber."

"Who is old enough to be my grandfather, you know." Her laugh chimed out like Christmas bells.

Mallie Ray's little pink boots clattered down the stairs. Sweeping after came the stately form of her mother. The whole train followed. Chaos ensued, and the announcement of dinner.

A servant searched among the guests. "Where is the Judge? Beg pardon, sir; but there's a woman in the kitchen, who says she will come in. She's walked, by her story, all the way from town. If you'd just speak to her."

He followed the man, returning in a moment. "Some poor creature with a favor to ask;" he explained. "I think she *has* walked out from town. I'll attend to her presently;" and with Madam Ray he passed on to the dining-room.

Dare, in the doorway, with his hostess on his arm, found Mirabel at his side.

"A plague on them all!" he whispered. "It's worse than the flies in Egypt; a crowd, and the only woman one cares to meet—like Paradise to the souls in Purgatory—just beyond reach."

Mrs. Carisbrooke turned her head. "I'm reminding Miss Mirabel of a forgotten promise," he added audaciously, aloud,—"the first waltz."

"Ah? but really, now," began Bert Conway, who was taking her out, "I was intending myself — "

"My good fellow," interrupted Dare, as they separated, "do you remember that a certain place not to be mentioned in this connection—except by way of contrast—has good

intentions instead of a Nicholson pavement? I've laid a block or two myself."

Bert stared. He was never able to follow Dare after the first sentence. Mirabel shook her head.

"What's that you have done?" asked Mallie Ray across the table when they were seated.

"Repented of my misdeeds and turned over a new leaf," he responded gravely.

"*Ce n'est pas possible!*" she replied, with a shrug of the shoulders that, bare, white, and dimpled, were the most effective exclamation points imaginable.

Dare laughed. Then leaning over and lowering eyes and voice, "Do you think so? Then indeed I am without hope." There were depths unfathomable in his eyes and tones, and Cupid's wings made faint fluttering in the region of the girl's heart as he turned away. If not a flirt, at least Dare knew his power, and when one knows that, it requires much of honor and something of grace to refrain from using it.

II.

Out from the conservatory where the musicians were hidden, borne on with the odor of heliotrope and tuberoses, floated the sensuous, intoxicating strains of the Strauss waltzes, like the swaying of fair white arms, with over and above them the passionate breath of a tropical song, tremulous, sad, yet sweet as a woman's voice, rising like a cry of pain, then sobbing and dying away.

Mirabel, dreamy, forgetful of all around her, with the touch of a hand still warming her own, the thrill of a voice still in her ear, stole away from the dancers to the little room opening from the hall—half boudoir, yet hardly more than an alcove of the drawing-room. Crossing her arms upon the mantel, she cooled her hot cheeks against the marble.

Some one paused and looked in curiously. It was the tramp—the woman who had come out from town to see the Judge, and who, released now from the conference, was on her way to the kitchen again.

Not at all abashed by Mirabel's presence, she coolly surveyed everything, from the rose-tinted ceiling over head to the delicate moss buds and blossoms in the Axminster rug under her feet.

It touched Mirabel with sudden pity,—she to be so warm, so wrapped about in luxury, so wrapped about in love, and this poor creature to shiver outside of it all.

"Come to the fire," she said kindly. "It was a long way to walk on such a night."

The woman glanced quickly out and across the hall to the happy throng still swaying before the breath of the music. "They won't come in here?"

"Oh no."

She threw herself heavily into one of the silk-covered chairs, and half defiantly thrust her feet out upon the delicate rug. The frozen, pinched look had not yet been thawed out of her face, or, it may be, disappointment had chilled her anew.

"'Twas a long road, and for nothing," she said sullenly, and with a strong accent. She was French, perhaps.

"Was it for nothing? Ah, that is cruel." Mirabel said the words quite simply, in her compassion. They seemed to stir all the depths of amazement, of doubt in the woman's mind. She looked quickly, sharply, into the girl's face. Then for the first time she seemed to realize her wonderful beauty, for Mirabel's eyes shone down,

"Like as the angels do."

"*You're* happy enough," she said.

"Happy! Oh yes;" and involuntarily Mirabel's eyes strayed out of the room; but Dare was nowhere in sight. Coming back, they faltered a little under the woman's stare.

"Perhaps you are hungry," Mirabel said, uneasily. "If you ask, I am sure they will give you something to eat."

"I'll ask nothing more of any of 'em!" She buried her chin in her hand, and gazed gloomily into the fire.

"You won't go back to-night?" Mirabel ventured, timidly.

"No; I'll stay about till morning—in the barn, perhaps," she added, grimly. "And I'll eat something yet. Don't ye mind; but I want to look at ye a moment. You are not afraid?" for the girl shrank a little.

"Oh no!" Who would harm her?

"Most of 'em would be, though," and she nodded her head towards the door. "Why, there's that giggling thing," singling out Mallie. "*Dieu!* 'twould scare her to death if I looked at her;" and, indeed, for once she was not far from the truth.

"You're young—and you're handsome—and you're good." She chanted the words slowly to herself; but Mirabel caught them.

"Oh, no; not very good," she interposed.

"Don't say so," said the woman fiercely. "Time 'll come——" Her voice trembled, broke. "So was I once," she said dreamily, rocking herself back and forth. "Ten years ago! *Bon Dieu!* what years!" They seemed to rise before her in all their horror, all their shame. "Not like you," she went on. She pulled out the ragged tangles of her wet hair. "Black, you see; black as sin;" and she laughed a coarse, hard laugh. "Yours is like gold. I'd like to touch it."

Mirabel, frightened, yet pitying still, bent her fair head. The woman drew back suddenly. "No, I won't touch ye; I ain't fit."

Strange, new emotions were stirring in her heart. She laughed nervously, as if half ashamed. "At least, my hands are dirty," she added, looking away. But Mirabel saw through it all, and pitied more and more.

"You've a lover, perhaps; ah, you have many, I know. But don't trust 'em. The one you love 'll deceive you. He will, I say. He'll steal your heart, and then—*Bon Dieu!*—and then he'll leave you—forget you." She rose excitedly, as though moved by a painful recollection.

A brave light glowed in Mirabel's face. "He never will," she said.

You should have seen the woman's face.

"You think so, but they're all alike. I wouldn't tell ye if 'twan't so. And it is no use any way," she added, suddenly. "You won't believe me. Go and dance now. Go and dance with the rest; dance while you can;" and gathering up her tattered shawl, she strode away.

Dare, searching the rooms over for Mirabel, found her pale, trembling, and tearful.

"Why, what is this? What has come over you?" She crept close to him, clinging to his arm. "You wouldn't leave me? You couldn't forget me?"

"Forget you! When I forget you, Mirabel, may God forget me!" he said solemnly. "But what do you mean? What has happened?"

"Don't ask me now. It is nothing. Come away; let us dance—*while we can*," she added, involuntarily.

In the hall Judge Carisbrooke met them. "Ah, Dare! I've something to show you. Come, Mirabel." He led the way to the drawing-room. "You know that landscape or seascape I picked up last year?"

"Landscape? Cattle in the foreground?"

"Oh no, no; the landscape you fancied. River or sea, or something with a long stretch of meadows and hills and all that."

"Yes; I think I do," Dare answered, shading his eyes from the glare of the fire.

"Well, there is an odd little circumstance connected with it. If you remember, it was in a heavy, old-fashioned frame, of most unusual width."

"Really, I can't say."

"It was. Well; I had it re-framed the other day, and presto! it is another picture."

"Ah? What do you mean?" Dare rose up lazily, and turned his back to the fire.

"Why, the old frame hid at least six inches of the picture on either side, and a couple of figures. It must have been intentional. There is a romance and a mystery for you, Mirabel. Here it is. You can see for yourselves. The frame came just here."

"What a sweet face!" exclaimed Mirabel, drawing near.

Dare gave it long, close scrutiny. "No name of the artist?"

"No; I've looked for it." One or two others passing, and overhearing their words, joined them, glancing curiously at the picture.

It was a simple thing—cool and fresh in color—a scene in Normandy. Only a youth and maiden walking hand in hand beside a summer sea. His face was turned away. Hers, shy, yet glowing under the tint the sun had laid upon it, told the old, old tale that gives to life its charm.

His was no peasant dress, no peasant form. Woe to her! Woe to the dove when it looks

upon the eagle! Very soft and dark were the long-lashed eyes; very dark and smooth the braids under the high, white cap. Her short blue petticoat made no attempt to hide the little feet that crushed the scarlet poppies in the grass.

"Really!" said Bertie Conway, adjusting his eye-glass. "Very good—very good indeed! No fancy sketch, though; *déposé*, I'll wager. *Chiar-oscura* rather fine; eh! Dare?"

Dare laughed.

"Bert turned art-critic? Saul among the prophets! It don't amount to much as a work of art, begging your pardon, Carisbrooke, still it's rather a good bit of color. I'll take it off your hands when you're tired of it. It'll match something I bought the other day—that 'Fishwives' Picnic,' you know."

III.

It was still a half hour to midnight when Mallie Ray, a mass of crumpled lace and cambric, rapped at Mirabel's door.

"Did you leave your Christmas gifts on the sideboard?"

"All but this one." Mirabel's fingers were busy tying up a little box covered with silver paper. "Did you?"

"No; but I slipped down a moment ago; oh! and the picture you were looking at in the drawing-room is there, with a card,—I couldn't help reading it—'*Dare, with a Merry Christmas, from his old friend Carisbrooke!*'"

"How kind! but that is like him. Come in and keep my fire warm while I run down. You're sure I'll meet no one."

"Oh no; the gentlemen are in the smoking-room, and will be for an hour. Or if you do, you'll make a charming figure in that long white wrapper, and with your hair all down your back."

Mirabel gave a little laugh, and ran down the stairs with a light heart and swift feet. The great dining-room lay all in darkness as she opened the door, save where the fire-light touched an object here and there—the dainty fire-light that laid its white fingers only upon the brightest and best. One broad ray lit up the picture of which Mallie had spoken, bringing out the figure of the peasant girl with startling distinctness. Mirabel paused as she laid the little gift-package down among the score of mysteries awaiting the coming day for their unwrapping. She fancied a stealthy step passed down the hall. Something of terror chilled her as it drew near. Close beside her was the long window opening into the conservatory. She hid herself quickly behind the heavy curtains as a woman crept hesitatingly into the room, pausing every moment to listen and look back. It was the tramp, the woman from the town, who had come out of her hiding-place, wherever it had been, and now stole about the house from idle curiosity perhaps, or something worse.

She could not have been cold, yet the fire drew her. How she crouched before it, spreading out her hands and rubbing them together in delight. When she turned away reluctantly, at length, the picture caught her eye. She sprang towards it, her caution all forgotten. She knelt, clasping her hands. She scanned it with straining eyes, her lips uttering strange, hurried words.

The battered bonnet fell back, and the long black hair swept her shoulders. For a moment her face grew rosy in the fire-light,—grew almost fair. The parted lips were red and moist. The dark eyes deepened, softened, smiled. She was no longer cold and hungry and half naked, an outcast scoffed at and scorned; but, happy and fair and pure of heart, by a river that flowed far away in another land, she walked again with her beloved.

Some one opening the door behind her saw with amazement the prostrate figure. It was Dare, on his way from the smoking-room.

"What are you doing here?" he began, shaking her roughly.

She sank back in terror. Then her face became like the face of one who sees a spirit.

"Is it thou?" she whispered, in hushed, breathless tones, and in the language of her native land. "My love! my love!" She threw back the long hair that hid her face, and let the light shine in upon it. Oh, at that moment it was sweet to look upon and true. She pointed to the picture. "The river!" she said, "the silent river that went on and

on! How it shone in the sunlight! And the flowers—you put them in my hair!"

The present, the dreadful years between, were all forgotten. Only that one happy time so long ago filled all her heart. Her eyes were like a little child's.

With his hands held tight before his face, as if to shut out the sight, the memory, even the thought, the man stood dumb. Who of us will dare open our lips when our past rises up in judgment against us!

He did not see the curtains parting behind him, nor the white figure moving slowly along the room. Down from the yellow hair drooped a lily—withered and brown now.

Mirabel's face was white as the robe she trailed along. Her eyes, opaque, lustreless, stared straight before her, and as she walked she wrung her hands.

The woman saw her while she was yet a long way off; in terror first of the white, still thing that yet seemed to move—then with another fear. "Not him!" she gasped below her breath. "It is not him she loves!"

Her fingers clutched her gown, her hair. The blood flew in and out her face as fire flies from the heated iron when struck. Then she turned away her head, and made as if she had not seen. "Pardon, good gentleman!" Her voice was different now. She spoke so loud and clear that every tone reached Mirabel. "I'm strange sometimes. I don't know what I've said. I think I'm not right here." She touched her head. "I had a lover once, you see—that's all. It was the darkness made you look like him." She laughed. God knows her heart cried in her. She gathered up her rags slowly, while the man shook himself and tried to speak. Had it been a dream, after all?

The firelight touched Mirabel now—her face, her form, her sweeping hair.

"Mirabel!"

She crept into his arms. "What is it? Oh, what does it mean?"

"It's nothing," broke in the woman, over whose face swept a sudden pain at the sight of her in his arms. "I'm sorry if I frightened the lady."

"And it isn't true?" sobbed Mirabel.

"Bless you, no; if you mean anything I said." Again she laughed, or did she sob? "It—it was the heat and my head, you know. If you'll let me, I'll go now."

The old clock in the hall rang out for twelve. Outside and far away the bells took it up—a Christmas chime.

"Don't go," said Mirabel. Oh, how near she had been to losing all her joy. It rushed back upon her now, an overpowering tide. She was faint with happiness.

"Don't go; I want to do something for you. It's Christmas day, you know." She left Dare, and went towards the woman, who slowly moved away as she came near.

"There ain't nothing to do," she said; "don't ye mind; go and be happy with the rest of 'em." Mirabel did not heed her words.

"You must be hungry sometimes, and cold, while I ——" Tears choked her voice. Oh, how warm she had been all her life!

"Hungry! Don't ye mind. I'm used to it," the woman said gently. "I'll go now," she said again, and moved towards the door. Her face was deathly pale, and she staggered as she walked.

"But you are ill," cried Mirabel.

"Only weak like. I'm always so after these turns. I'll go and rest a little now in the place they gave me."

She did not mean to tell a lie.

"Will you come again? Come and ask for me—for Mirabel. Say that you will!"

The woman shook her head. "I'm going on a journey—a long way off."

To her home, to France, thought Mirabel.

"And will you be happy there? Not cold nor hungry?"

"Oh, no; not cold or hungry any more."

"And will you be like—like as you were when you were young?"

Dear Mirabel! The red dyed all her cheek.

The woman's face—oh, how hollow-eyed and paler yet she grew—worked painfully.

"Who knows?" she said.

Mirabel pulled out a little purse—a dainty thing of silver chains and violet silk. "It's only a little. I wish it were more; but you'll take it?"

She hid it in her bosom.

"And there's nothing more?" asked Mirabel.

"Oh, I'd be so glad—" A faint color stole over the pale face. "If you wouldn't mind—if I might, I'd like now—just to touch your hair."

She smoothed it down and down. 'Twas like a blessing. You'd not have thought her hands could be so gentle. "I had a little brother once with hair like this," she said. "God took him."

"Now I'll go." She stooped and kissed the shining hair. Perhaps 'twas for the little brother God had taken.

Then the darkness hid her.

IV.

Out on the road, a mile from town, a woman was found dead Christmas morning. The snow, white and pure, wrapped her, folded her in warmly. It did not even shrink from touching her face, upon which had fallen the shadow of a great peace.

She seemed not to have fallen in the way, but to have laid herself calmly down, straightening out the scanty rags, and folding the hands that still held fast a little purse.

And so she began her journey.

NATASQUA.

(Continued from page 169.)

CHAPTER VII.

The next day proved cold and threatening. The nor'easter was rising steadily. The river and coast were deserted, the fishermen all having taken their schooners and surf-boats across to the bay, where an unprecedentedly large shoal of mackerel were running in. Only Dort remained. He had been coasting along shore in the Maid all day. The Maid was a light-built one-masted boat, sitting high out of the water, with that queer, prompt, knowing look which some boats have, even to landsmen's eyes, as though by dint of long intercourse with living beings a kind of actual life had crept into them; not human precisely; more akin to the animal. To seafaring men this life is as tangible as their own. The Maid was no favorite on the coast. Dort had often been warned against her. Even old Inskip had cautioned him. "She's unlucky, Dick," he used to say. "She means mischief some day. Take that band of yaller paint off her; it looks like the ring about a copperhead's neck. It may be that. Though Ben Stolls says there was a man killed at her launchin down the bay, and the mark of the blood's on her bows. If that's the case there's no help for her."

In spite of their ominous croaking, however, the Maid had gone up and down the river for years, a faithful, pretty maid enough; and to-day, with her blood-red pennants fluttering apeak, a gayly dressed maid. Too gayly for the dull sad day, old Inskip thought, watching her, gaudy with yellow and red, darting to and fro through the wet mist, watching her dip until the angry water rushed in a torrent over her, and then saucily right herself. She was a painted Jezebel. It was an insolent toying with death. But the old man was full of sickly fancies to-day, and morbid. Dick and his Maid had river and sea to themselves. Not a boat was on the water. Not a step broke the silence of the marshes alongshore, up which the tide crept in black snake-like lines. The hills stood apart and solitary, like half-effaced sketches in India ink upon the unhealthy yellow sky. On summer days the Natasqua carried some secret,—Life or Content or Cheerfulness among them; one hardly could give it a name, but certain it is the Natasqua was alive with it, as some priestess of old with the electric current. It was in the air, in the wash of the waves, in the dart of the sword-fishes up into the light, in the lady-bugs dotting the swamp-grass like drops of blood, in the pulpy, green, luminous sand-flies creeping here and there. But the secret was lost or out of sight to-day; a breathless foreboding kept the world silent; the Natasqua was but a dull wash of muddy water which wrapped in fog oozed its way out into the ocean.

Dort had gone down in the direction of the tents early in the morning, and met Miss Vaux on the sands, and after exchanging a few words with her, had returned to the Maid and remained in her all day, coasting up and down.

Inskip, venturing down once, found the young fellow silent and flushed, as though keeping some strong excitement out of sight.

"Goin' to the bay, Richard?"

"No. Miss Vaux is going with me down to the inlet this afternoon," he said. "She has never seen the sea under a nor'easter at spring tide."

"It will be your last sail with her, my boy, eh?" said the old man gently.

Dick gave a queer discordant laugh, but answered nothing. When Inskip was gone, he took out a letter to read again for the twentieth time. It had been brought to him late the night before, and was from Mrs. Vaux, marked "Immediate" and "Private," and full of underscoring and exclamation points.

It began without any address, which Dort did not observe, however. There were other peculiarities in it, too, which he did not notice.

"I wish to help you," she said; "why, I may tell you some day. Not now. But as God sees me, there is nothing I would not do to give you fortune and happiness. You have parted with Romaine, as you think, forever. That is all boyish heat and folly. Put the affair in my hands. She urges you to speak openly to her father, which is also mere purblind folly. You children are always blunt and headlong. A disclosure to Major Vaux of your love, and of some other matters which must be ripped open at the same time, seems to me premature and unwise. My plan is this. Ask Romy to go with you to-morrow in your boat to the sea or the other shore—anywhere. It will be exceedingly silly in her to do it, as she wishes to draw away from you: but she will go. She is a woman, and loves you. When you are at the other shore, out of reach of help, scuttle your boat, overturn, shipwreck her; you are a sailor and can understand what I mean, and manage it adroitly; let Romy believe herself in danger, and that your strong arm and strong love saved her. Weak and frightened, and out of reach of home, you can persuade her to what you will. Take her to the nearest clergyman, and bring her back as your wife. The deed once done, she will see the expediency of keeping it a secret. We will return to New York; you can push your fortune, sure of a legal hold upon her whenever you are ready to claim her. We will have won the game from the Major. If she is obstinate, and persists in testing her father's affection for her by a confession—the worst can only come to the worst. We will stand just where we do to-day. He shall know all." There were some half-illegible and wholly incomprehensible sentences at the close, expressive of her wish to serve him, of her regard for him "different from that of any mother." Dick passed them over with a careless glance as a bit of silly sentiment; though the poor little woman, false and cunning in every other line of the letter, had poured her whole aching heart into these.

Now Dick, to be just, had inherited none of his mother's trickiness. But the savage disappointment of the day before, the feverish sleepless night, the day itself, significant of loss and disaster, drove him to an unwonted irritability and despair. To give her up was to give up life itself. There were but a few hours in which to decide his whole fortune. On one side was Romy's plan, to risk all on honesty, which to Dort, as to his mother, seemed purblind folly,—truckling to the Major first, and afterward long years of hopeless waiting. On the other was this trick of Mrs. Vaux. It suited Dick's mood, somehow. To capture the girl by force, as it were—ha! that had the ring of the old masculine metal line in it! To undermine this pompous old idiot! So true love and simple worth should always triumph over the world and fashion. Dick had some such vague notions as these, but the motive that drove him most fiercely, certainly, was that he loved the girl, and caught at the readiest means to possess himself of her.

The first part of Mrs. Vaux's programme proved successful. Romy, who had spent the night in bidding lover and love good-bye forever, and teaching herself that the fragment of life left to her must be passed in tearing the thought of him out of her heart, no sooner saw him coming up the beach than she promptly sat down to gather pebbles and give him time to reach her.

"You will go down in the Maid this evening to see the spring tide, Romy?"

"Yes, Richard," humbly.

"It is the last day. Let us have one hour of happiness more to remember."

"Yes, Richard."

That was all. As Dort, replacing his cap, turned off to the beach, the Major and Mrs. Vaux came up. "Your boatman coming for a last job, my dear? Unprofitable jobs enough, so far. I must really think of some remuneration for the fellow. Adolph has some household utensils, probably, not worth expressing home, that we can give him."

"I will see to it," said Mrs. Vaux.

But the Major was looking after Dick through his eye-glass. "The most remarkable!—that young man has a curious likeness to some one, my dear, with whom I am familiar. But I cannot fix it, for my life. The carriage—the poise of the head—the very voice! It is really unaccountable how these chance likenesses annoy us when we cannot fix them."

"Had you not better look after the packing of the wine?" said his wife hastily.

"Oh true, true! By the way, where is Romy going this afternoon?"

"To see the spring tide come in, I believe."

"A capital idea! It will be a sight worth seeing with this nor'easter gust. I can make a letter out of it for the *Journal*, no doubt. Land and sea furnish us with pot-boilers, you see, my dear. You shall go with me to the beach, Fanny. Not a word—not a word. You shall see everything that is worth seeing in the world, my child; you should have everything worth having in it, if Joe Vaux had the money."

He put his hand on her head, fondly. That was more than Mrs. Vaux could bear. She hurried off from him, her conscience rasping her sorely, and the tears with which she always paid all her debts to conscience, and washed out the accounts, ready in her eyes. A sigh heaved the Major's breast as he looked after her. "I wish to the Lord I had more money for the little woman. If she and the young ones were at the top of the tree, Joe Vaux would be satisfied with his work."

A strange silence fell over sea and land as the day passed noon. The leaden, sunless plane overhead hung low and motionless; cold mists swept steadily from the sea inland; the Natasqua rose and fell in short, sullen throbs; the only sound that broke the gray cold and silence was the melancholy pipe of the fish-hawk, coming home through the sky from its bootless search after prey.

When the *Maid*, still jaunty in her yellow and red, grated up on the sand, Romy was ready to spring on board; her rosy, happy face peeping out from her hooded waterproof cloak. Mrs. Vaux, in the distance, watched Dick, his broad figure made stouter by cavalry boots and a heavily-caped overcoat, help her up, and then take his seat at the stern, and, rudder in hand, steer out into the impenetrable gray mist.

"He is weighted down with those clothes," she cried. "What can he do in a struggle in the water? And the day looks death! it smells of death." She ran down to the water's edge. What if they never came back out of that mist and silence? It was she who had driven them to it. She crept out after the retreating wave until her feet sank in the slimy froth and kelp, calling shrilly to them; but the sound struck dead against the heavy air, and nothing but the echo of her own voice came to her again.

Wrapping her shawl tighter about her, she turned and ran on in the direction in which she knew the inlet to lie. Chance might bring her to the point where they would land. She must see the end of her scheme, whether it was death or life; and, besides, she would avoid her husband, whom she hoped to trick by it. She would go mad if she were forced to parade arm-in-arm with him to-day, and listen to his pompous, never-ending courtship.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THIS wind is as cold as if it blew out of the grave," said Dick, looking around gloomily. "Nothing but disaster could come on such a day."

"It is a little chilly, to be sure. But it's a very comfortable day." Romy gave a contented little gurgle of a laugh, and snuggled closer under her cloak. Dick had made her sit by him in the stern, and while he guided

the rudder with one hand, used the other very often to adjust her hood. Romy was quite willing that he should adjust her hood. Her cheeks grew pinker, and her eyes flashed when she felt his awkward fingers outside of the rough cloth. She had never been so babyish or happy with him. As for her last night's forebodings and struggles with Duty, she did not know what had become of them. Dick would talk to her father, or wait and work for her in silence. Wait a day—a week—years. What did that matter? Some day it would come! Now—wasn't she beside him? Could she not feel him touch her cloak? The touch of the rough fellow's hand meant love, pure, faithful; he glanced at her, and presto! with the glance all of her life to come was pressed to her lips in one draught, warm, bright, tender, maddening with its hopes. Dort was anxious and moody, but she saw nothing of that, except to think how fine the pale, square-jawed face was under the broad-brimmed hat; finer than Dick's usual good-natured visage, with the cap set knowingly atop.

As for Dick, he steered aimlessly up and down. The time was creeping fast, but he was palsied with doubt. If he took her back to the tents she was lost to him; and yet Mrs. Vaux's scheme now seemed beyond measure mean and paltry. Then he looked down into her honest blue eyes, and stooped to shelter her from the wind. She bent unconsciously toward him.

"O God, I cannot give her up," he cried bitterly, and steered sharply out toward the inlet. There was an old clergyman living near the beach who would marry them and ask no questions. He would not need to use Mrs. Vaux's cowardly stratagem. Romy had never been so womanish, so yielding as to-day. Let him have but an hour and he could bring her to him by sheer love.

"It grows late," she said, with a startled glance at the darkening sky.

"Do you want to go home?" urging the boat toward the inlet.

She shook her head with a shy blush and laugh.

"Do you care to think of the time when we shall always sit thus side by side?" Dort whispered, stooping nearer to her; "when you will be my wife, Romy? Do you ever think of it?"

The pretty little face under the cloak grew redder and brighter. "Indeed, I think of it all the time, Richard," she said frankly. "It won't be so very long till then, either."

"What do you mean?" hastily.

"Oh, with your talents, you will soon be ready to make your way and come for me," with a decisive little nod. "I'm so glad," clasping her hands earnestly, "so glad that you gave up that scheme promptly, Richard, and have done with it. Whenever I think of my love for you, or my marrying you, it is as if we were both going near to God, and I could not go to Him with a trick and a lie in my mouth. Could I?"

"Oh, certainly not. What devil is in this boat?" rising with a purple face. "I beg your pardon. But I never knew her take her own head so before. I cannot steer her." He talked fast to cover her agitation. "She follows my touch generally like a tame filly. But to-day, one would believe, as the fishermen say, that she had an ugly life of her own that will have its own way."

"I don't see anything malignant in the poor *Maid*," looking indifferently up at the sail, and wishing Dick would sit down beside her again. He did sit down presently, but remained gloomily silent. His hand tightened on the rudder like iron, steering straight for the inlet. He would not take her back until she was his wife, by fair means or foul, let her say what she would. All the strength and passion of Dort's nature were roused for the first time in his life. She was a weak woman, and in his hold. *She would not slip out of it.* As for this goodyish honesty she talked about, it was well enough for women. He did not concern himself much with God or the devil just now; it was her he wanted. He looked at her, trying to master the magic word that should bring her to him, regardless of the vindictive lurches and jibes of the boat under his hand. They frightened Romy at last.

"Hadn't we better go back to shore? You have no control of the boat, Richard."

"There's something about her I don't understand," with an impatient jerk of the rudder.

"I thought I knew her thoroughly. No, we will not go back. I am going to take you to the inlet." They had drifted within a few feet of the shore, but Dort forced the boat out into the broad sheet of gray water between them and the sea.

"Oh, very well," laughed Romy, wiping off the salt mist that wet her face. "You won't take me anywhere that is not safe for me, I'm sure." It was a summer day to her, and she was sailing on to the enchanted isles.

Dort was silent. The *Maid* pushed her way headlong through the water as though she relished the evil errand. In an hour the marshy shore was out of sight, and the sea-beach stretched before them wan and threatening in the mist.

"How lonely it is! We have not met a boat on the river," she said.

Dick fastened the rudder, and sat down beside her. "There is not a living being within miles of us. Are you afraid?"

She looked quickly at the colorless sky, the dim shore, the vast moaning sea stretching to the horizon. "I am not afraid with you," she said, a little pale but smiling.

He stooped down suddenly, drew the hood from her head, and taking it between his hands turned her face toward his own, looking into her eyes. "Are you glad to leave the world behind us? To be alone with me? Do you love me?"

Red heats dyed her face; he gave her no space for answer, but drew her close, stroked her eyes with his fingers softly, and then for the first time in her life pressed his lips to hers. Then he held her still and firmly in his arms. "You shall never go back from me to the world," he said quietly. "I intend to land on yonder beach, and in an hour you will be my wife."

On the instant she was free from him, and standing erect and apart. "Do you mean what you say, Richard?"

"Yes. I will not live without you."

She shook her head. "You should not have cheated me. You will take me back now, home." She hesitated a minute and then came directly toward him and sat down again gravely. Dort's eyes blazed on her, baffled and fierce with passion. Hers met them, blue, cool, smiling. The childish, yielding Romy of an hour ago had vanished utterly. He held out his hands, came toward her, and then turned away. He could not touch her.

"You will take me home, Richard, I am sure," she said quietly. "You will not make me think you a trickster. I know you better."

"God knows what I am," broke out poor Dick desperately. If he had known what a terrified chicken-heart was beating for life under Romy's cloak, he would not have been so easily worsted. Should he give her up? He stooped to unloose the rudder when an odd gurgle under the boat struck his ear. He tore off the flat top of the forecastle, looked into it, turned with a quick catching of his breath, measuring the distance between the boat and the shore.

"What is it? Oh Richard, what is it?"

"I cannot take you home if I would, Romy," quietly. "The *Maid* has sprung a leak. I suppose," with a laugh, "she was jealous of the woman I loved and revenges herself in this way." A woman might daunt Dort, but danger brought him at a touch back to his cool self. He was busy on his knees while he spoke, probing the leak.

Miss Vaux, on the contrary, screamed with terror: "Take me home, Richard," catching his arms so that he could do nothing. "Must we die? I don't want to die. Take me anywhere, anywhere!"

"I'll do what I can," pulling off his boots and coat. "Don't hold my arms, my darling." He spoke very gently, for he felt that the chance for them was over. The boat was unmanageable; they were drifting rapidly out to sea.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Major and Mrs. Vaux were pacing about the beach, arm in arm. He had followed and found her as she feared.

"But why should you remain in this very unpleasant atmosphere, Fanny?" The Major buttoned his oil-skin coat tighter about his breast. "Romy, you tell me, designed to return early. You have therefore no uneasiness about her?"

"Oh, certainly not," clinging to his arm, and dragging him up and down the sands,

while with agonized eyes she tried to pierce the blinding mist.

The Major submitted to be dragged, puffing like a porpoise. "I'm very glad I met you, very glad. But—it is the view you admire, my dear?"

"Yes, it is the view."

He took out his eye-glasses and thoughtfully poised them on his nose. "It might be objected to as wet. But I have not that keen appreciation of nature that you have. I wish I had. A bit of scenery comes in well in a letter. Newcastle has that appreciation. That is a remarkable boy. Do you know, my dear, Newcastle is a better solicitor for advertisements to-day than I am?"

"Impossible, Major."

"True, 'pon my honor. As for the women in business, they dote on him. Such a handsome dog, and so cursedly religious! Well—" shivering, "you don't want to go home?"

"Not yet. One moment. What is that black speck yonder?"

"A log coming in with the tide. Nature, eh?" looking into the vast waste of water beyond the stretch of pallid beach; a shadow of what might have been thoughtfulness in another man coming into his boastful face. "Do you know, Fanny, there really seems to be something in this? I don't quite grasp it, but—. I've always said, when I had the boys settled I'd turn my attention to—well, religion, you know—and I really think I would come to a place like this to do it. There's a meaning—a—. I suppose the geologists get at it with their hammers, or you poets. You are a poet; you write verses, eh, my dear?" fondly regarding her rasped, meagre visage, and complacently pulling his whiskers.

She shook her head, her eyes straining on the black log that rose and fell, rose and fell with the muddy breakers, and slowly came nearer shore.

"No? Now I would have suspected it strongly. You have that expression, rapt, spirituelle—. But as for this Nature. I don't know what's in it, I'm sure. How's a man to find out what's in anything, that isn't advertised? Tut! tut! it's only my joke; smells a little of the shop, eh?"

But Mrs. Vaux dragged him down to the water's edge. "The log! the log!" she cried, hoarsely.

"Log? what? Merciful God! It's a body! Fanny, it's a body!"

The next wave dashed its helpless burden so near to the shore that the Major, who had rushed in headlong, dragged it out. "Romy! Romy!" he sobbed breathless, untying her from the mast to which she was fastened, tearing off the cloak and placing his ear to her breast. He heard a faint throb. "Great God, I thank Thee," he said under his breath, holding her tight in his arms, as when she was a baby.

But Mrs. Vaux stood by, staring beyond them to the sea. "It was I that sent him," she said to herself, again and again. "It was I that sent him."

The color came to Miss Vaux's lips. "Is he dead, father?" struggling to her feet. "Is he dead?"

"Who is it? The young man Dort? Where is he, my child?"

"He swam with me to shore, and when his strength was gone tied me to a bit of mast that floated past. He is dead now."

"God bless my soul, I hope not! I'll see what can be done. Swam with you to shore, eh? Unbuckle this strap, Fanny," tearing off his coat and purple waistcoat.

"You shall not go, father. You shall not! Not even for him," cried Romy, her arms about him. But the Major was a man, and made short work with women. "Stand out of the way," as he jerked off his boots and socks. "I see him yonder, not twenty yards. I used to swim like a fish. I wouldn't see a dog die and stand by with my hands in my pockets." Now that he was doing a man's work, the Major was altogether simple and natural. He plunged into the water puffing, striking out with arms and legs valiantly. For the fat, short-breathed man to match himself against the sea was simply suicide. Romy, up to her neck in the water, clung to him, but he shook her off laughing and sputtering. She crept back to shore and stood with her back to the sea. Mrs. Vaux looked after him with dull, vacuous eyes. As the water covered him she tried to speak. "Don't let him go, Romy! I—I played this trick on him to-day."

But beyond the farthest breaker the Major had gallantly made his way, and there the gray mist fell and she saw no more.

While the two women waited on the shore, a man's heavy tread sounded on the beach, and old Inskip came out of the fog to them. He stood without a word, looking out to sea. Mrs. Vaux, in all her pain, had time to think that he was like an unfeeling log.

"There are two men yonder," he said presently, pointing out into the mist. "One is my boy; the other—"

"It is my husband."

Inskip made ready to help them, when the next wave should bring them up. He was an old man, and feeble, but he moved in the water like a fish. He went out carrying a rope which he had tied to a spar buried in the sand. Romy brought the mast to which she had been lashed. "Can you use it?" she said.

"It is from the *Maid*," pushing it aside with a shudder.

In a few moments he came in, dragging two bodies up on the sand. Both were as still and dead as the log by which they lay. The women worked with them as well as he, but what could they do? Inskip was strong and skillful. Presently Dort gave signs of life. At his first breath Inskip turned his muddy face up, and for the first time since Dick was a baby kissed him on the lips, and then the old man was seized with a great shuddering, so that he could hardly rub the men as he ought.

Mrs. Vaux held the Major's head on her lap, stroking the eyebrows and whiskers which the salt water had washed clear of dye and left white. "He is dead, and I loved him so! I loved him so!" she cried. She had forgotten to look at her son.

They worked with him a long time. Dick, weak as he was, crept over and did what he could. He had no thought to spare even for Romy, so intent was he in watching the Major's face. "Will he live?" he said to Inskip apart. "He was but a short time in the water."

"No, he wa'n't but a short time in the water, but ther's a beam or some'at struck him in the side; the hurt's inward. I'm afraid ther's no chance, Richard."

"He gave his life for me, and I was tricking him! O God!"

Inskip nodded gravely and worked on in silence. He believed God had dealt this blow direct on Dick and his mother. "It'll make a different man of him for life," he thought. He looked, now and again, over the inanimate body at the angry sea, the ominous sky and earth. To his uneducated and half-Pagan fancy, they were alive and vengeful. It was not the poor Major, bravely dying, on whom their punishment had fallen, but the living trickster bending over him. For Inskip had stumbled on the great truth that he who would truly know Love or Nature must come to them as into the presence of God, with bare face and clean hands and lips that would not lie.

The Major breathed at last. But his mind was not clear. When his wife and daughter bent close to hear they found he was laughing. "Newcastle," he said, and afterwards—"The public's a donkey, Langton, and we—we lead—" Then he was silent. Presently he opened his eyes. They were clear and intelligent. "I am wet," he said. He took in with a glance his wife's face, the sea, the men kneeling over him. "Is this death?" looking quickly at Dort.

Dick raised him, his face as ghastly as the dying man's. "I fear it is, sir."

"Humph!" He did not speak for a little while. "Vaux and sons—that's all done—done. Fanny!"

"I am here."

"If this is so," with an effort painful to see—"put on my gravestone, Joseph Fox. Fox. I took the name of Vaux. I thought it would be genteeler for the boys and Romy. But I'd like to be buried under my own."

"Oh, father! father!"

"Romy"—fumbling at the cold hand in his—"you're a good girl, Romy. It is this stitch in my side, that—Fanny! Don't leave me, Fanny."

"I will not leave you."

The Major nodded, contented, once or twice, and looking steadily into the poor shallow face that had been so dear to him, he

drew a quick breath or two, and then all was still.

The sun, which had been hidden all day, broke out from behind the cloud, and threw a sudden illumination over sea and land. Its red beams touched the poor dead body, as if God had stretched out loving hands and claimed something in it as His own. Old Inskip, laying it straight upon the sand, looked up to the glowing crimson glory and the dark blue sea below, to the soft crisp foam upon the beach, to the two figures standing apart, lovers for all time. It seemed to him as if the world was full of God's truth and love; as if every meanest of His creatures had its share in both.

"This too!" he said, laying his trembling hand on the poor Major's breast. "This too."

THE END.

TERMS OF PEACE PROPOSED BY THE GREAT POWERS.

For the third time, in little more than half a century, a sovereign of France finds himself in the custody of the international police. For the third time, within the memory of many now living, France has been compelled to expiate her lust for military glory by kissing the rod of a conqueror, and each time it was a Bonaparte who subjected her to this humiliation. "If a man betrays me once," says an old proverb, "it is my misfortune; if twice, it is my fault." In allowing herself to be not twice, but thrice betrayed, and brought to the verge of ruin by Cæsarism, France must be assumed to share largely in its criminality, and therefore can hardly complain that she shares in its expiation. If she could be thus led astray three times, why not four, and what security shall now be taken by Europe against this national infirmity of their gifted and fascinating, but most disorderly neighbor?

This is the great question which the Germanic and Gallic races have been debating with the sword for the past five months, and no European question was ever debated with a greater display of military genius and resource. At what conclusions they will, or ought to arrive, we shall not presume to express any opinion. The terms of peace that should close such a war involve many considerations with which the mass of our readers are not familiar, and to many of which they are generally indifferent.

As Germany was alone attacked, and has alone repelled her assailants with an unparalleled succession of victories, she is entitled to settle the conditions upon which she will withdraw her victorious armies from the soil of France. Those conditions, however, must necessarily affect the other European States more or less nearly, and it is generally assumed that they will expect to be heard in the final adjustment. In anticipation of such a contingency, we propose to lay before our readers the latest formal expression of opinion by the Great Powers of Europe upon all the questions now at issue between the two belligerents. Europe is a republic of nations, so bound together by a community of interests, jealousies, and traditions, that no State is likely to settle any European question, even if it possess the power to do so, without deferring respectfully to the unanimous opinion of her sister States.

Early in the year 1805, and while the first Napoleon was planning his invasion of England from Boulogne, England and Russia organized a European Alliance, designed, first, "To rescue from the close dominion of France those countries which it has subjugated since the revolution, and to reduce France within its former limits, as they stood before that time; second, To make such an arrangement with respect to the territories recovered from France as may provide for their security and happiness, and may, at the same time, constitute a more effectual barrier in future against encroachments on the part of France," etc.

This Alliance, after years of desolating war, resulted in the defeat of Napoleon, and his abdication at Fontainebleau on the 11th April, 1814. By the treaty of abdication which he

signed, the Emperor renounced for himself, his successors, and descendants, as well as for all the members of his family, all rights of sovereignty and dominion as well to the French empire and the kingdom of Italy, as over every other country. He and the Empress were permitted to retain their titles and rank for life; his mother, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, to retain also, wherever they might reside, the titles of princes of his family.

The Island of Elba was assigned to the Emperor as a place of residence, to form during his life a separate principality, to be possessed by him in full sovereignty and property, besides which he was to have an annual revenue from France of 2,000,000 francs, 1,000,000 of which were to be in reversion for the Empress.

The Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla were given to the Empress Maria Louisa in full sovereignty, with the right of descent to her son and his descendants, the Prince thenceforth to take the title of Prince of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla.

A further rent-charge upon France of 2,500,000 francs was imposed for the use of the Princes and Princesses of Napoleon's family, to be divided among them, so that the revenue of each was to be in the following proportions :—

	Francs.
To Madame Mother	300,000
To King Joseph and his Queen	500,000
To King Louis	200,000
To the Queen Hortense and to her children	400,000
To King Jerome and his Queen	500,000
To the Princess Eliza	300,000
To the Princess Paulina	300,000
Total	2,500,000

The Princes and Princesses were also allowed to retain all their property, whether real or personal, and the *rentes* which stood in their name in France. An annual pension of 1,000,000 francs was allowed to Josephine, and the full enjoyment of all her private property secured to her. For her son, Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, a suitable establishment out of France was to be provided.

Of funds in France, standing in the Emperor's name, 2,000,000 francs were to be set apart to be spent in gratifications to persons whose names should be found upon a list to be furnished by him. The debts of his household were to be immediately paid out of the public treasury, and passports and passage to the Emperor, Empress, and all the Imperial family, with their equipages, etc., and necessary escort, were to be furnished by and at the expense of the Allies.

For the Emperor, a detachment of from 1,200 to 1,500 of the Imperial Guard were detailed as an escort, and 400 volunteers, officers and soldiers, whom he was allowed to take with him to St. Tropez, the place of his embarkation, where he was to find a corvette which was to become his property, and the necessary transports to carry him and his household to their place of destination.

This treaty, so magnanimous towards the Emperor's family, also provided that France should be reduced to her original proportions before 1792.

This last provision deprived the Empire and dependencies of over 30,000,000 of inhabitants.

The treaty was signed on the part of the Allies by Metternich for Austria, Nesselrode for Russia, and Hardenburg for Prussia. England did not sign at first, but acceded to it a few days later, "as far as respects the stipulations relative to the possession of the sovereignty of the island of Elba, and also in the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla; but the Prince Regent was unwilling to be a party to any of the other provisions or stipulations."

Castlereagh, who represented England on this occasion at Fontainebleau, writing to his Government an account of his accession to the treaty, said: "My objections to being mixed up in its forms, especially in the recognition of Napoleon's title under present circumstances, were considered as perfectly reasonable. At my suggestion," he adds, "the recognition of the Imperial titles in the family were limited to their respective lives. . . . . To the arrangement in favor of the Empress I felt not only no objection, but considered it due to the distinguished sacrifice of domestic feelings which the Emperor of Austria was making to the cause of Europe. I should

have wished to substitute another position in lieu of Elba for Napoleon's retirement; but none having the quality of security, on which he insisted, seemed disposable, to which equal objections did not occur; and I did not feel that I could encourage the alternative which M. de Coulaincourt assured me Bonaparte repeatedly mentioned, namely, an asylum in England."

Liberal as were the terms of this treaty to Napoleon, all the world knows how far they fell short of contenting his insane ambition; how soon he broke all the pledges he so solemnly gave and accepted at Fontainebleau; how he forced the Allied Powers to a new coalition against him as the common enemy of mankind; how he was abetted in his lawless infidelity by the army of France; and how, at Waterlôo, just fourteen months and seven days from that time, he found himself again disarmed and a captive at the mercy of the Allies.

The Congress at Vienna was still in session when Napoleon landed from Elba, on the 1st of March, 1815. On the 13th of that month they united in proclaiming him an outlaw. "By thus violating the convention which had established him in the island of Elba," they said, "Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended; by appearing again in France with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him.

"The powers, consequently, declare that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that, as an enemy and a disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance."

The Allies, after their triumph at Waterloo, finding they had to deal with a man whom no engagements could bind, nor moral considerations restrain; who had infected the French nation, to a serious extent, with the virus of his own disorderly nature, proceeded to take the measures they deemed necessary to prevent Europe from being again disturbed by the wickedness of the one or the delusions of the other. In regard to Bonaparte, a treaty was signed by the Allies, by which they agreed upon the measures most proper to render all undertakings on his part against the repose of Europe impossible. By this treaty, Bonaparte is declared "the prisoner of the Allies; his custody is specially intrusted to the British Government. The choice of the place, and of the measures which can best secure the objects of the present stipulation, are reserved to his Britannic Majesty."

Article 3d provided that the other Allies were to send commissioners to whatever place the King of England might select for their prisoner's residence, "who, without being responsible for his custody, will assure themselves of his presence." The King of France was invited to do the same.

It is familiar to all the world that the King of England selected for the future residence of the captive Emperor one of the most remote and desolate islands in the Eastern seas, where the man who, in his prosperity, had found the world too circumscribed for his ambition, met adversity with less dignity and courage than might be expected from the humblest peasant; where he eked out his days in trying to corrupt the sources of history, and where his remains reposed until, in an evil hour, the Government of France, yielding to the fatal passion which he had so fearfully stimulated for military glory, condoned his offences against France, against liberty, against humanity, and ordered his ashes to be brought back to Paris with great pomp, as a pious and patriotic duty.

As Solomon's wives, in his old age, turned away his heart after other gods, and provoked the dissolution of his kingdom, so did this weakness of Louis Philippe's government revive the Cæsarian worship in France, and lay the foundations of the new Empire, with its terrible retributions. Nor were the allied sovereigns entirely innocent of these results. Talleyrand, who knew Napoleon better probably than any other Frenchman, told them, the day after they entered Paris in 1815, when they met at his hotel to consider what they were to do next, that there could be no peace in Europe while Napoleon or any of his dynasty were on the throne. Indeed, the Allies

proceeded at that time on this presumption, for, by their definitive treaties of peace, they particularly and emphatically confirmed the stipulations of the treaty signed the previous year, by which Napoleon was to have been forever excluded from supreme power in France, which exclusion the contracting powers bound themselves to maintain in full vigor, and, should it be necessary, with the whole of their forces.

The monarch who pandered to the *chauvinism* of his people by bringing back the remains of Bonaparte from St. Helena; England, who could, but did not, withhold her assent to it; and the Allies who, in 1849, did not enforce the clause of their treaty against the Bonaparte family, have all—some in one way and some in another—bitterly expiated their indiscreet complaisance.

The Allies, however, in 1815, were far from being contented with putting Bonaparte out of the way; for they knew that the predatory tastes he had nourished—if not inspired—remained behind him. By a series of treaties framed to secure to the Allies "proper indemnities for the past and solid guarantees for the future," and signed on the 20th of November, 1815, it was provided: *First*, That France should pay the Allies an indemnity of 700,000,000 francs, in daily installments, within five years, without interest. *Second*, Eighteen of the strongest fortified places in France were to be occupied for five years by an army, to be commissioned by the Allies, of not to exceed 150,000 men, under the command-in-chief of an officer to be named by the allies, the pay, lodging, fuel, lighting, and equipment of this force to be paid by France. *Third*, France was required to keep up all the fortifications and military establishments occupied by the army of occupation, and to arm and provision them. *Fourth*, The different powers were to be indemnified for the spoliations to which they were subjected during the revolution, amounting to 735,000,000 francs, and 100,000,000 francs were also to be paid to the smaller powers as an indemnity for the expenses of the war. The whole sum France had to pay, besides supporting the army of occupation and repairing the fortresses, was not less than fifteen hundred and thirty-five millions of francs.

The conditions of peace imposed upon France by the Allies on the occasion may be divided into three classes. *First*, An entire change in the form of government, and a restoration of a dynasty that had been expelled by revolution. *Second*, Indemnity for the expenses to which all the European States had been subjected by France, under the Revolutionary and Bonaparte governments, and also for the expenses of the war waged to overthrow him, and to obtain indemnity for the spoliations perpetrated under his rule. *Third*, Security against both the martial and predatory spirit of the French people, and against the desire for revenge which their humiliation was expected to engender.

The first of these conditions was realized by the degradation and imprisonment of a sovereign whom the people of France had four times chosen, with comparative unanimity, to rule over them, and for whom, only four months previous, they had, with apparent alacrity, expelled the sovereign imposed upon them by the Allies. In their declaration at Vienna, on the 15th March, the Allies had even gone so far as to denounce Bonaparte as an outlaw, whom it would be no crime to assassinate, and who had laid himself open to public vengeance. The defeat at Waterloo left it in the power of the Allies to repudiate the popular interpretation put upon their declaration; but there is no doubt that that declaration would have been a good plea in bar to any criminal proceedings instituted against an assassin of Bonaparte.*

* It seems to have been seriously discussed by the Allied Sovereigns at one time whether Napoleon should not be put to death. He probably owed his life to the firmness of the Duke of Wellington, if we do not exaggerate the import of the following paragraph in one of his letters, dated June 28, 1815, to Sir Charles Stuart:—

"General Nommelin has been here this day to negotiate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which proposition I have answered that I have no authority. The Parisians think the Jacobins will give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. Blücher writes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist on his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so

The indemnity for their expenses required by the second class of conditions was both financial and territorial. Relatively, however, the proportion of territorial was far in excess of the financial indemnity. The third class of conditions, designed to furnish security against the predatory or vindictive spirit of the French, involved mainly the banishment of their great captain, reducing their territorial influence, and stripping them of important fortresses.

But this was not all. The Allies deemed it their duty to do what they could to dispel an illusion older than Bonapartism, that to France belongs a certain military and territorial supremacy in Europe, and that no administration or dynasty could allow itself any repose until that supremacy was established.

It was mainly to cure this "criminal and impotent delirium" that the Allies provided for the occupation of France with an army of 150,000 men for five years after the Restoration, and placed in command of it the distinguished soldier whose name is most conspicuously associated in history with Bonaparte's final discomfiture. This prolonged occupation of the territory of France was determined upon, not merely to insure the payment of the indemnities which fell due by annual installments, but to bring distinctly home to the minds of the people of France that they were not invincible, that they were not exempt from the vicissitudes of fortune, and that they were as liable as other nations to be punished for the abuse of transitory military successes. That to give France such a lesson, and to make it as impressive as possible, was a part of the well-defined policy of the Allies, is not entirely an inference from the rigorous discipline to which she was subjected, though of course such considerations do not find expression in treaties; nor are they apt to figure in the negotiations of diplomatists. It so happens, however, that this feeling frequently reveals itself in the confidential correspondence of the statesmen of that period, from which it may be not uninstructive to furnish two or three illustrations.

In a note dated July 10, 1815, from Lord Liverpool to Lord Castlereagh, who represented England at the Congress of Vienna, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs thus expressed the sentiment of one of the Allies, and probably of all, on the subject:—

"The more I consider the present internal state of France, and the little chance there is of security for Europe, from the character and strength of the French government, the more I am satisfied that we must look for security in frontier, and in really weakening the power of France. This opinion is rapidly gaining ground in this country, and I think, even if Bonaparte were dead, there would now be considerable disappointment at any peace which left France as she was by the treaty of Paris, or even as she was before the revolution."

Only five days later the same minister writes to his representative in Vienna:—

"We shall never be forgiven if we leave France without securing a sufficient frontier for the protection of the adjoining countries. The prevailing idea in this country is, *that we are fairly entitled to avail ourselves of the present moment to take back from France the principal conquests of Louis XIV.* It is argued with much force that *France will never forgive the humiliation which she has already received*, that *she will take the first opportunity of endeavoring to redeem her military glory*, and that it is our duty, therefore, to take advantage of the present moment to prevent the evil consequences which may even follow from the greatness of our success. It might have been not unwise last year to try the effect of a more magnanimous policy, but in the result of that we have been completely disappointed, and we owe it to ourselves now to provide in the best manner we can for our own security."

Here it will be remarked that the principle of reclaiming the territory taken from Germany by Louis XIV., which Count Bismarck announces it to be the intention of his government to reannex, is distinctly recognized and justified.

Another authority, of perhaps greater weight than that we have cited, has placed the same views upon record, and under circumstances which, as they are not probably familiar to our readers, we will briefly recapitulate.

Shortly after the banishment of Bonaparte to St. Helena, representations were laid be-

foul a transaction—that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners—and that I was determined that, if the Sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, who should not be *me*" (sic).—*Letters and Despatches of Castlereagh*, vol. x., 387.

fore the ministers of the allied powers from the Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Holland, and other sovereigns, demanding the restoration of the statues, pictures, and other works of art, of which their respective States had been systematically stripped by the Bonaparte government. The King, though twice restored to his throne by the Allies, never had the manliness to propose to restore these trophies of national treachery and rapine. Lord Castlereagh was charged to bring the several complaints of the Allies, especially of the King of the Netherlands, to the notice of the allied ministers, which he did in a letter dated 11th September, 1815. In this communication Lord Castlereagh took the ground that these spoils tended to impede the moral conciliation between France and the countries she had invaded, and that "while they remained in Paris, constituting, as it were, the title-deeds of the countries which had been given up, the sentiments of reuniting these countries again to France will never be altogether extinct, nor will the genius of the French people ever completely associate itself with the more limited existence assigned to the nation under the Bourbons." "If," adds his Lordship, "the French people be desirous of treading back their steps, can they rationally desire to preserve this source of animosity between them and all other nations? If they are not, is it politic to flatter their vanity and to keep alive the hopes which the contemplation of these trophies are likely to excite?"

The Duke of Wellington, commander of the Allied forces in France, was charged with the duty of seeing that the spoils were restored to their legitimate proprietors. In an account which he gave of his proceedings to Viscount Castlereagh, dated 23d September, 1815, he says :—

"I accordingly spoke to the Prince de Talleyrand upon the subject; explained to him what had passed in conference, and the grounds I had for thinking that the King of the Netherlands had a right to the pictures, and begged him to state the case to the King, and to ask his majesty to do me the favor to point out the mode of effecting the object of the King of the Netherlands, which should be least offensive to his majesty. The Prince de Talleyrand promised me an answer on the following evening; which not having received, I called upon him at night, and had another discussion with him upon the subject, in which he informed me that the King could give no order upon it; that I might act as I thought proper; and that I might communicate with Mr. Denon. . . .

"I sent my *aide-de-camp*, Lieut.-Colonel Freemantle, to Monsieur Denon in the morning, who informed me that he had no orders to give any pictures out of the gallery, and that he could give none without the use of force. . . .

"I then sent Colonel Freemantle to the Prince de Talleyrand to inform him of this answer, and to acquaint him that the troops would go the next morning at twelve o'clock to take possession of the King of the Netherlands' pictures; and to point out, that if any disturbance resulted from this measure, the King's ministers, and not I, were responsible. Colonel Freemantle likewise informed Monsieur Denon that this measure would be adopted.

"It was not necessary, however, to send the troops, as a Prussian guard had always remained in possession of the gallery, and the pictures were taken without the necessity of calling for those of the army under my command, excepting as a working party, to assist in taking them down and packing them."

When the treaty of Paris was signed by the Allies, on their first visit to Paris, in 1814, nothing was said about these trophies being restored. The Duke explains the omission in this wise, and it is in the extract we are about to make that the language occurs, to which the events of to-day give a new and important significance :—

"The conduct of the Allies regarding the museum, at the period of the treaty of Paris, might be fairly attributed to their desire to conciliate the French army, and to consolidate the reconciliation with Europe, which the army at that period manifested a disposition to effect. But the circumstances are now entirely different. The army disappointed the reasonable expectations of the world, and seized the earliest opportunity of rebelling against their Sovereign, and of giving their services to the common enemy of mankind, with a view to the revival of the disastrous period which had passed, and of the scenes of plunder which the world had made such gigantic efforts to get rid of. . . .

"This army having been defeated by the armies of Europe, they have been disbanded by the united Council of the Sovereigns, and no reason can exist why the powers of Europe should do injustice to their own subjects, with a view to conciliate them again. Neither has it ever appeared to me to be necessary that the Allied Sovereigns should omit this opportunity to do justice, and to gratify their own subjects, in order to gratify the people of France. The feeling of the people of France upon this subject must be one

of national vanity only. It must be a desire to retain these specimens of the arts, not because Paris is the fittest depository for them—as, upon that subject, artists, connoisseurs, and all who have written upon it, agree that the whole ought to be removed to their ancient seat—but because they were obtained by military successes, of which they are the trophies. The same feelings which induce the people of France to wish to retain the pictures and statues of other nations would naturally induce other nations to wish, now that success is on their side, that the property should be returned to their rightful owners, and the Allied Sovereigns must feel a desire to gratify them.

"It is, besides, on many accounts desirable, as well for their own happiness as for that of the world, *that the people of France, if they do not already feel that Europe is too strong for them, should be made sensible of it;* and that whatever may be the extent, at any time, of their momentary and partial success against any one, or any number of Powers in Europe, the day of retribution must come.

"Not only, then, in my opinion would it be unjust in the Sovereigns to gratify the people of France on this subject at the expense of their own people, *but the sacrifice they would make would be impolitic, as it would deprive them of the opportunity of giving the people of France a great moral lesson.*"

The Duke here charges the army of France with rebelling a second time against their Sovereign, and with giving their services to the common enemy of mankind, with the view to a revival of the scenes of plunder* which the world had made such gigantic efforts to get rid of, and therefore as unworthy of any further efforts at conciliation. He also charges the people of France with being animated by a spirit of vanity fatal to the peace of Europe; and advises that the favorable opportunity then offered of giving them a "good moral lesson" should by no means be neglected. The Duke was at this time the agent and military representative of the Allied Powers, and may therefore rightfully be said to have spoken their sentiments.

If the lesson administered by the Allies in 1814–15 were not sufficiently impressive; if, with all their remedies, they failed to reach the seat of the disease, it was certainly from no fault in their diagnosis, nor from any apparent want of vigor in their treatment.

From the recital which we have given of the final action of the Allied Powers in the great European crisis of 1814–15,—a crisis curiously on all fours with that through which Europe is now passing,—it will be apparent that the new conqueror of France is not likely to impose any conditions upon his defeated adversary for which the great powers have not furnished him ample authority and precedent. We will not attempt to conjecture the terms which King William will finally exact from France, but it is probable, and, for aught we can see, reasonable, that he should be indemnified for the expenses to which his government and people have been wantonly and

* Among Lord Castlereagh's papers, after his death, was found a list or summary of the contributions and exactions, of one sort and another, levied by France upon the other States of Europe, from the commencement of the Revolution to the Consulate. To show at what price to her neighbors, and by what felonious means she repaired her exhausted credit, decorated her cities and fortified her frontiers, intersected the empire with thousands of miles of roads and canals, we will recapitulate the aggregates of "loot" brought from each separate nationality. It reveals the essential character of modern Cæsarism, which is but another name for highway robbery on a very large scale, better than volumes of history:—

SUMMARY.

Territory of Austria	1,450,250,000	francs.
" Prussia	7,020,000	"
" Holland	838,445,000	"
Territories between the Moselle, the Meuse, and the Rhine	111,280,000	"
Palatinate of the Rhine	12,462,000	"
Deux Ponts	4,455,000	"
Duchy of Berg	2,464,000	"
Swabia	24,248,418	"
	27,510,000	"
Territory of Milan	294,000,000	"
Hered. States of the Emperor	10,100,000	"
Estates of the Church	156,750,000	francs.
Switzerland	24,300,000	"
Bavaria	16,970,000	"
Baden	3,245,000	"
Sardinia	5,000,000,000	"
Modena	30,400,000	"
Lucca	5,000,000	"
Parma	3,850,000	"
Naples	7,150,000	"
Genoa	4,500,000	"
Tuscany	258,600,000	"
Rome	47,525,000	"
Venice	194,045,788	"
Spain	30,000,000	"
Portugal	36,000,000	"
Hamburg	7,000,000	"
Bremen and Lubeck	3,000,000	"
Grand total	9,126,684,581	"

Here are about 2000 millions of dollars which, says the report, had gone to France in good hard metal up to the peace of Campo Formio and the expedition to Egypt. Bonaparte, however, preyed upon Europe for fifteen years after that.

wickedly subjected; that he should take such security as he can find against the repetition of the madness which the French nation is now expiating; for let it be more distinctly understood than it seems to be, that Cæsarism is not Corsican but French; and it may well be doubted whether the sentiment of French nationality had ever a more perfect expression than under the leadership of the two Napoleons. Sorely as these rulers offended the sentiments of a limited and most enlightened class, in a far greater measure they delighted the mass of the nation, and it is seriously questioned whether any sovereign will long reign in France who does not contrive in some way to gratify the national passion for what is there called "glory."

There are new elements at work now upon all European nations, which must sooner or later qualify their ambitions and change their aspirations. As wealth is increased and diffused, the power of every nation will pass more and more into the hands of capitalists, who are more anxious about their investments than about glory. Before these influences, military prowess, hereditary rank, and many of the customary forms of greatness will gradually pale like ghosts before the dawning day. That epoch, though approaching, has not yet come for France. The obstinacy with which her rulers, past and present, refuse, in defiance of overwhelming disasters, to treat for peace upon terms involving loss of territory, proves this, and justifies Count Bismarck in assuming as he does that when France thinks herself strong enough to recover the territory taken from her by Germany, she will not fail to attempt it. In view of such a germinating threat, it is probable that the victorious belligerent will take such additional guarantees from France for the future repose of Europe as past experience has shown to be necessary, and for which the Great Powers in 1814–15 set him the example.

HOW WE ESCAPED WAR WITH SPAIN.

A CHAPTER OF SECRET HISTORY.

On the 21st of January, 1869, the American steamer *Colonel Lloyd Aspinwall*, of New York, while on her way from Port-au-Prince to Havana, after three days tempestuous weather,—in which the sea broke over her decks, put out her fires, split her coal-bunkers, disabled her pumps, and exhausted her crew with continuous bailing,—found herself five miles off the coast of Cuba, and then changed her course to northwest by west. Just before noon of that day she sighted the Spanish man-of-war *Hernan Cortes*, to whom she showed her colors, and was then apparently allowed to pursue her course.

But suddenly the Spaniard seemed seized with a second thought, and fired a shot across the steamer's bows which brought her to. An armed force then came on board, to whom Captain McCarty showed his papers.

"I cannot examine them," said the leader; "my orders are to take you to Nuevitas."

"But I am the bearer of despatches of the utmost importance for the United States Government, and for Rear-Admiral Poor, commanding the United States North Atlantic Squadron; and here is my register and my clearance from the Custom-house at Port-au-Prince; and a manifest clearance authenticated by the Spanish Consul at the same place; and an official passport letter from the United States Consul at Port-au-Prince to the Spanish men-of-war in the Bahama Channel, and my shipping articles showing the names of my crew."

To all of which the Spaniard only replied, "My orders are to take you to Nuevitas."

To Nuevitas he went, and there our captain repeated to the commander of the *Cortes* what he had said to the boarding officer: that he was the bearer of important despatches from the United States Minister in Hayti, and from the United States squadron in those waters to the United States Government; to which, as Captain McCarty afterward said in his protest, "the said commander gave no heed whatever." Instead, they came on board and

sealed his despatches in a trunk. Then they deliberated six days over what should be done with him, keeping an armed force on board, and the captain and crew close prisoners; at the end of which time Captain McCarty received written orders to prepare to proceed to Havana, which were complied with, except the essential part of starting the fires and getting up steam. An officer came on board to know why he didn't start.

"Because I don't go to sea without papers," replied the captain.

"You will not get your papers until you reach Havana," said the officer.

"Very well," said McCarty; "as a prisoner, with an armed force on board, I will give no orders to start the fires; the engineers of an American steamer have no right to obey orders from any one but an American commander; return me my papers, take me to the point where you captured me, and I will proceed to Havana."

The result of which was, that the Spanish war steamer *San Francisco* took the plucky little American in tow and anchored her under the guns of Morro Castle, in Havana harbor, on the 29th of January, eight days after the capture, with an armed force still on board, the officers and crew still prisoners, and the United States official despatches sealed in a trunk, to await the procrastinating pleasure of a Spanish investigation, which nine days afterward graciously permitted the seals to be broken, and the despatches to go ashore to the American Consul-General. We shall see in the sequel how much the Spaniard considered this disinterested service worth. Before the negotiations which followed were concluded, he put it in dollars and cents.

On the 28th day of April following, or ninety-eight days after seizure, the *Colonel Lloyd Aspinwall* was suddenly released, on peremptory orders from Madrid. Thereby hangs the tale here written, which again illustrates the old fable of the difference between throwing stones and throwing tufts of grass, and which, perhaps, may also tell why we did not have war with Spain, and how narrowly we escaped it.

On Sunday, the 13th day of February, twenty-three days after capture, and fifteen after his arrival in Havana harbor, the captain of the *Aspinwall* was first notified that he was at liberty to communicate with the United States Consul-General, though he had applied for that privilege the moment he arrived. But as it was Sunday, Captain McCarty felt he had a right to believe that the consulate was closed, so he declined to go until the next day. Thus nearly a month elapsed before a single movement toward establishing the vessel's innocence was permitted. Our Government first became aware of the seizure on the 16th of February, through a despatch from Vice-Consul-General Hall, and on the 18th the Secretary of State telegraphed him to "report particulars, and if seized on the high seas, demand immediate release." The captain's protest was finally filed, February 26th, and received at the State Department a week later. Then began a sharp correspondence which at one time nearly brewed a war, and which led to the actual consideration of measures of forcible retaliation. But the shape which these measures took, and even the fact that they were considered, have never been made known. The modesty of the manner in which the President does his duty would never have apprised the public that measures of armed retaliation, possibly precipitating actual war, were seriously considered, and only abandoned because the intimation of the fact proved potent enough for that particular occasion. The provocation, however, was very strong. A long list of outrages, growing out of the Cuban troubles, had accumulated on the records of the Department of State; the delay and indifference of the Spanish authorities in making reparation were constantly growing worse; the action of the United States in strictly enforcing its laws against illegal expeditions had alienated many of the supporters of the Administration; this last seizure was the greatest outrage of all, for government despatches had been detained without sufficient justification. It was not surprising therefore, that Mr. Fish called on Mr. Lopez Roberts, the Spanish Minister at Washington, in forcible terms, for the immediate release of the vessel and prompt reparation. "This government trusts," said Mr. Fish, "that your government will, when the matter shall have

been brought to its notice, of its own accord offer to the government of the United States a suitable apology for the indignity to the flag of the United States, and to the persons of the bearers of despatches to this government, and for the interference with the despatches of the officers of this government to this department and to the admiral in command of the squadron of the United States in those waters." A copy of Mr. Fish's note was also transmitted to Minister Sickles at Madrid. On receipt of this note the Spanish Minister politely promised immediate attention, and Señor Roberts deserves to have it said of him that throughout the negotiation he used every effort to procure a speedy result, and exhibited a spirit which presented a marked contrast with the indifference and delay manifested by the Spanish authorities at Havana and Madrid.

The owners of the steamer, Messrs. J. M. Requa & Co., of 23 South street, New York, conscious of the entire innocence of their vessel, and of the strength of their case, contented themselves with a simple presentation of the papers and the facts, declining to annoy the department by the employment of counsel, and leaving the government to use its own discretion, confident that the circumstances would guarantee vigorous measures. The official demand for release was made on the 5th of March. The Spanish Minister replied unofficially, a few days later, that the case was *sub judice*,—indicating that the vessel had been libelled, and proceedings begun for her condemnation in the Admiralty Court at Havana. This looked unpromising. It involved indefinite delay, and was precisely the course of action which was to be prevented if possible. A reply to the demand for release was again asked for. Again only an unofficial answer, that the steamer was "seized *on suspicion* that she had been landing arms on the coast of Cuba."—"Suppose she had," replied Mr. Fish, "you could not seize her for that, unless you took her in Cuban waters." Day after day, and week after week of the month of March passed, and no official reply to the demand, and no official explanation of the cause of seizure. It was characteristic of the Spanish government, and Mr. Fish began to lose his good-nature, and Señor Roberts to grow nervous over the possibility of a change of policy by the Administration on Cuban matters, under the goadings of a rapidly culminating public sentiment, which would seriously interfere with the uniform success he had thus far achieved in baffling illegal attempts to aid the insurgents. Cuban recognition at that time was a pending subject of discussion in the House, and a semi-official declaration was confidently looked for from Mr. Banks's Committee. Some of the facts of the *Aspinwall's* seizure came to the notice of members of the House, who readily proposed to make it a subject of official inquiry. But the owners prudently refused to have any "noise" made over the case, being determined that the Administration should have a free and unembarrassed opportunity of asserting its dignity, rebuking the outrage, and securing their rights.

During the last days of March,—still no answer and no word of explanation,—the case was brought, both officially and unofficially, to the attention of the President. The Secretary of State was directed to renew the demand for the release of the vessel, which he did in a terse despatch to Minister Sickles, on the 6th of April, giving a strong intimation that the President had taken a hand in the settlement of the case, by adding, "*the President is not satisfied with this prolonged delay.*" What shape his dissatisfaction took we shall presently see. Some time in the month of March a request was received by the Secretary of the Navy from the Spanish authorities for permission to put two of their frigates, the *Victoria* and the *Lealtad*, on the dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs. This is an international courtesy frequently granted to our own vessels, and but for the preoccupation of the docks by our ships, would have been granted on this occasion. The frigates, therefore, went into private docks. The fact of the application coming to the notice of Congress, however, a member of the opposition seized the opportunity for a point against the Administration, by inquiring, in indignant terms, why such privileges had been allowed the "enemies of free Cuba," etc., to which the amiable head of the Navy Department

pithily replied that the House (which had based its inquiry on a rumor in a Washington newspaper) was in error as to the fact; but that, even had it been true, it would be entirely justifiable for the reasons already given, viz., international custom and courtesy.

About the first week in April this matter of the seizure of the *Aspinwall*, and the utter indifference of the Spanish authorities to the demands of this Government, came up for consideration in Cabinet. An opportunity for prompt action had presented itself, and the President was ready. There was a conjunction of circumstances, too, in the political situation, which rendered the opportunity very desirable; the enforcement of the laws against the Cuban expeditions had naturally created much clamor against the Government, though the rectitude of its purposes could not be impugned; there was a foreshadowed feeling of discontent among certain Senators, which took positive shape at a later day; and there was the tempting opportunity to electrify the whole country by a bold, positive, characteristic act, which would at once assert the outraged dignity of the government, redress a grievous wrong, and receive the approval of all parties. Briefly, then, President Grant told his cabinet, in substance, that this matter must end; that Spain had perpetrated a long list of unatoned outrages, and that this last case, the most outrageous of all, had received even less attention than any of the others. He considered that the time had come for *reprisals*, and he proposed *to send an armed force on board one of the Spanish frigates then in dock in New York harbor*. It might be war, but he would take the risk of that rather than allow this state of affairs to continue. The subject was gravely discussed, and the Secretary of the Navy was requested to look up the law of reprisals.

In the mean time Gen. Sickles, acting on the telegraphic instructions of Secretary Fish, with characteristic energy and decision, brought the case to the attention of the Spanish Minister of State (Sagasta) in an interview on the 8th of April, and, as will be seen, put the Spanish authorities in a tight place. The case had not been formally referred to Madrid by the Havana authorities, and Sagasta, while promising the speedy release of the vessel if the facts were as represented, remarked that the matter was "undergoing examination in the prize court." To this Gen. Sickles replied—"that the Government of the United States could not recognize the jurisdiction of a prize court in this case; that such jurisdiction could only exist in consequence of a *state of war*, and that *the United States had received no notification that a state of war existed;* that the *Lloyd Aspinwall* was an American vessel, and at the time of her capture engaged in the transport of despatches of officers of the United States government; that these facts could have been promptly ascertained by the executive authorities; that, instead of this, nearly three months had elapsed since the seizure; that this unjustifiable delay had very painfully impressed the Government of the United States; that he hoped his excellency would immediately see that peremptory orders were given for the release of the vessel." Sagasta replied that "the decision of the court would be given with all possible promptness;" "but," says Sickles, "I insisted in the most emphatic manner that my government could not, in such a case, wait for the judgment of a court, and repeated my request for a prompt decision of the matter by the executive." The satisfaction that Minister Sickles got on that occasion was a *promise* that his request would be complied with. His very positive intimation that the government of the United States would construe the jurisdiction of a prize court in this case as a declaration of a state of war, thus according the Cubans their long-hoped-for recognition of belligerency, was a dilemma from which there was but one escape, and that was by an unconditional release of the vessel. Sagasta informed Sickles that such orders would be transmitted to Havana forthwith. It will be seen how tardily they were obeyed, and what was the justification of the vigorous measures then in contemplation by the President.

While these negotiations were going on the *Aspinwall* lay in the harbor at Havana, alongside the Spanish flag-ship, or under her guns, an armed force on board, and her officers and crew deprived of all liberty, except that the captain was allowed to communicate with the

Consul-General. They were not even permitted to wet down her sides, and the hot sun started the calking, so as to render her unseaworthy, and the claim for demurrage was rapidly augmenting. Some three weeks after Captain McCarty's arrival in Havana, he was boarded by a party who began to take the coal out of the bunkers, to search for contraband-of-war. As they did not get through at night, they set an armed guard on the bunkers in order to see, as was supposed, that nothing came out of them and went overboard during the night. The captain could not stomach this insult, so he set his watches with his men, as if he was at sea, to see that nothing went into the bunkers during the night; "for," said he, "we were alongside the man-of-war, and I would have looked foolish next morning if they had taken out fifty or a hundred stand of arms which they had put in the night before." The Judge of the Marine Court came on board the next day with the examining party, and asked the captain why he had set a watch on the guard. The captain replied that it was because at present he had no confidence in a Spaniard, and that as they had put a guard on to see that nothing went out of the bunkers, he thought it best to put a watch on the guard to see that nothing went into them. The officers of the iron-clad *Saugus*, then in the harbor, were highly amused at the captain's strategy, but they commended his judgment and pluck.

For a week or more after Gen. Sickles's first interview with Sagasta, in which a promise of release was made, our government waited patiently for intelligence from Havana that the order had been carried into effect; but no such intelligence came. On the contrary, the only information which Mr. Fish was able to get was, that the instructions of the Madrid government were practically ignored. In the mean time the Secretary of the Navy laid before the President the law of reprisals, and the question of using the vigorous measures already indicated came up for final determination. The Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Postmaster-General were with the President for affirmative action. The Secretary of State held out the hope that it was yet possible to obtain satisfaction in a peaceable manner, and that an act of war like this would be gladly received by a large and powerful party in Spain, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by foreign complications; the Attorney-General (Hoar) and the Secretary of the Interior (Cox) were inclined to coincide with the views of the Secretary of State, while the Secretary of the Treasury, whose funding plan was then, and still is, the "apple of his eye," was opposed to any measures which would unsettle or endanger the foundations of the national credit, if they could be avoided without national humiliation. Finally, upon the suggestion of the Secretary of State, that officer was himself directed to inform the Spanish Minister, unofficially, that unless immediate satisfaction was given *this government would consider the propriety of resorting to the policy of reprisals.*

This communication was made. The reply of the Spanish Minister, verbal and unofficial, it is not proper to give; but the result was, that two imperative despatches went to Madrid—one from Mr. Fish, and one from Mr. Roberts. Mr. Fish said to Gen. Sickles: "It seems that the Madrid Government gives assurances which the authorities in Cuba refuse to fulfill. Ask explanation of these evasions, and the immediate execution of the promise made to you." Sickles responded promptly, and was informed by Sagasta (April 14th) that the delay in executing the promise already made was caused by the fact that the local authorities at Havana said they "had no power to take the case out of court." But the emphatic demonstration of the Secretary of State on the Spanish Minister, and the threat of the American Minister, that the mere assertion of belligerent rights by the judicial tribunals of Spain, with the concurrence of the government, would be taken as a sufficient declaration to other nations that a state of war existed, had undoubtedly decided the question,—for Gen. Sickles was further informed, at the same interview, that "the Council of Ministers decided *the day before* (April 13th) to order release of vessel forthwith, on receiving from me (him) a formal demand in writing for her surrender, as an American vessel carrying official despatches.

"Shall I make this demand?" telegraphed Sickles.

"Make demand!" flashed back the reply, from a now no longer amiable Secretary of State; "and request orders to be sent by telegraph for immediate release."

The demand was made the same day, and it was complied with as soon as Spanish red tape would allow. Referring to this interview, General Sickles uses very strong language, which indicates the temper with which he conducted the negotiations at Madrid. Having recapitulated the incidents of the case, he says: "I remarked that these incidents had caused a most painful impression, and that I had been directed by my government to ask for an explanation of this apparently intentional indisposition to accede to the just and reasonable demands of the United States. Mr. Sagasta said: 'There was equal sensitiveness in Spain, and that the two nations must practise mutual forbearance,' to which I replied, that the United States had so promptly and successfully exerted themselves to fulfill all their international obligations that they had a right to demand the same treatment from Spain; that nearly three months had elapsed since the grave and unatoned outrage of the capture of the *Lloyd Aspinwall* was committed, and that nothing had been done yet by the government or the agents of Spain even to liberate the vessel; and in contrast with this procrastination or indifference, I must remind him that in the same space of time the energetic and vigilant action of the executive and judicial authorities of the United States had broken up half a dozen attempted expeditions against the Spanish dominion in Cuba."

A further apology for the delay followed, and the action of the Council of Ministers culminated, after a suspense of thirteen days more,—during which a steady stream of telegraphic inquiries flowed from the State Department to our Consul-General at Havana,—in the final release and surrender of the vessel to the authority of the United States, leaving the question of indemnity for future consideration. Pending the negotiations, the owners had instructed their captain not to accept the surrender of the vessel without a tender of resulting damages. They assumed this position because they did not know but that her entire abandonment to the government might be better for the settlement of the case than their acceptance of her. Mr. Biddle, therefore, received the steamer as Consul-General, and a few days later the owners advised the State Department of their willingness to accept her, and Mr. Biddle was ordered to transfer her. Here, however, arose a new complication, requiring prompt action. The volunteer party in Havana were unusually turbulent at that time, and looked upon the release of the vessel with especial disfavor. Threats that she should not go out came to the ears of Captain McCarty, and also to the Consul-General. Mr. Biddle, having no special means at hand for her protection, communicated his fears to the State Department, and was informed by Ass't Secretary Davis that the owners had ordered the vessel's acceptance. But they also became alarmed for the further safety of their property, and early on the morning of May 2d, they applied to the Navy Department for protection. Secretary Robeson instantly telegraphed:—

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
May 2, 1870.

Rear-Admiral POOR, commanding North Atlantic Fleet, Havana:

As soon as the steamer *Lloyd Aspinwall* is delivered by the Consul to the captain, have her anchored under the guns of your fleet. Permit no interference with her by any person except the owners, without further orders.

GEO. M. ROBESON,
Secretary of the Navy.

This settled the matter. There was no "interference," of course, and Captain McCarty "wet down" and "calked up" his cracked-open sides at his pleasure. His crew, after ninety-eight days' imprisonment, once more stretched their legs under the protection of the flag. A board of survey, consisting of the engineer and carpenter of the United States flag-ship *Severn*, and two American shipmasters in the port of Havana, was convened by the Consul, and reported that it would require an expenditure of two thousand dollars to enable her to go to sea. One week after—really before she was fit for it—Admiral Poor, in his discretion, sent her to Key West, believing

her to be safer in an American port than under his own guns in a Spanish port,—since the fleet only consisted of his flag-ship the *Severn*, and the monitor *Saugus*,—a blood-tingling commentary on a nation with forty millions of people, one hundred and forty thousand miles of navigable waters, and *forty ships!* Here, at one time, it became necessary for the government to look the possibility of war square in the face, with a navy one-third the size of that of Spain. Certainly it required backbone to do that.

Secretary Fish followed the surrender of the vessel with an immediate proposition to settle the question of indemnity by arbitration. He was promptly seconded by the Spanish Minister, Señor Roberts, who transmitted the proposal to his government by cable, and requested its approval, which was given on the 16th of June following. A week later the commissioners were appointed:—John S. Williams, Esq. (Williams & Guion, 63 Wall Street, New York), on the part of the United States, and Mr. Juan M. Ceballos, a Spanish merchant of high standing established in New York, on the part of Spain. After some delay these gentlemen agreed on an umpire, Johannes Roessing, LL.D., Consul-General of the North German Confederation. The commissioners took the case, and after numerous meetings certified a disagreement to the umpire, who, about the 10th of November, 1870, rendered judgment for the United States of eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty dollars in gold for damages and demurrage to vessel, and one thousand two hundred and twenty dollars in gold for the crew. In retaliation for the captain's refusal to get up steam when he was ordered to proceed from Nuevitas to Havana, a claim was put in, as an offset, of fourteen hundred dollars for *towage!* It was not allowed. The judgment thus recorded is the first that has been obtained against the Spanish government for its many illegal seizures and interferences with the rights of American citizens and property.

Our own government has conducted its intercourse on these perplexing questions with marked justice, impartiality, and promptness, and has encountered to an almost exasperating degree the traditional Spanish policy of delay and indifference. When the retaliatory measures were under consideration, the temptation to use them was very strong, and the opportunity very fit; the country—particularly the Republican part of it—was much in need of the tonic effect of a bold policy; and this brief history shows there was backbone enough for the occasion, had not the necessity been opportunely averted by the skillful diplomatic foreshadowing of the measures in contemplation. The vessel released, the judgment rendered, the outrage to the flag only remains unatoned.

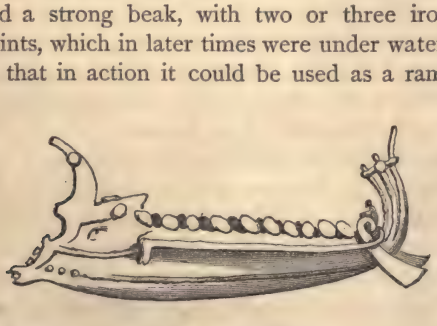
SHIPS.

From the fact that nearly three-quarters of our globe is covered with oceans, while what land there is is seamed with rivers that could be crossed only by the aid of some floating material, it is plain that man's ingenuity would very soon contrive something that would carry him over the water. A floating log might suggest a raft or a boat, from which he would pass by natural steps to the construction of larger craft, to transport him to neighboring islands and across wide bays. At all events, if before the flood he was confined to mere boats, after the ark was built there was nothing to prevent him from constructing large, if unwieldy vessels, while the propulsion of them by wind would suggest itself. History, however, gives no account of the rise and progress of shipbuilding; the first mention of ships shows that commerce, carried on by navigation, was at that time well established. In Genesis 49th chapter, 13th verse, Jacob, in blessing the tribes, says: "Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea, and shall be for an haven of ships," thus showing clearly that Egypt must have had at that time her harbor and her commercial marine. Although the Phœnicians are the first recorded sailors, the Mediterranean was unquestionably very early

navigated by the various nations along its borders. Indeed, navigation was for a long time confined to this sea; for till the mariner's compass was discovered, and the method of ascertaining a ship's whereabouts by observation, the boldest mariner did not dare to venture far out on the wide ocean.

From the earliest time there were two classes of ships—merchantmen and vessels of war. The former were clumsy, flat-bottomed structures, with bow and stern alike—the bulwarks at both ends being square, high above which rose the stern and bow posts, which were often ornamented—the former sometimes with the head of a heathen god or of some hero. They had no helm; but were steered by paddle-shaped oars, run out on either side at the stern. A huge mainsail, with a yard nearly as long as the ship, was the chief dependence in sailing, so that it was impossible to lie very close to the wind. Some of these, especially the grain-vessels of Egypt, were of large size, probably of a thousand tons burthen, and capable of carrying six hundred people. The one in which Paul was wrecked had two hundred and seventy-six on board.

The vessels of war of the ancients changed very little until the introduction of fire-arms. Little damage could be done until it became a hand-to-hand fight. A naval battle consisted of two armies fighting from the decks of vessels instead of on land. The bireme, trireme, and the galley were constructed on the same general principles, and remained for ages without any material change. The bireme had two ranks of rowers, the trireme three, while the galley was a long vessel, with only one rank of rowers on each side. The trireme had a strong beak, with two or three iron points, which in later times were under water, so that in action it could be used as a ram.

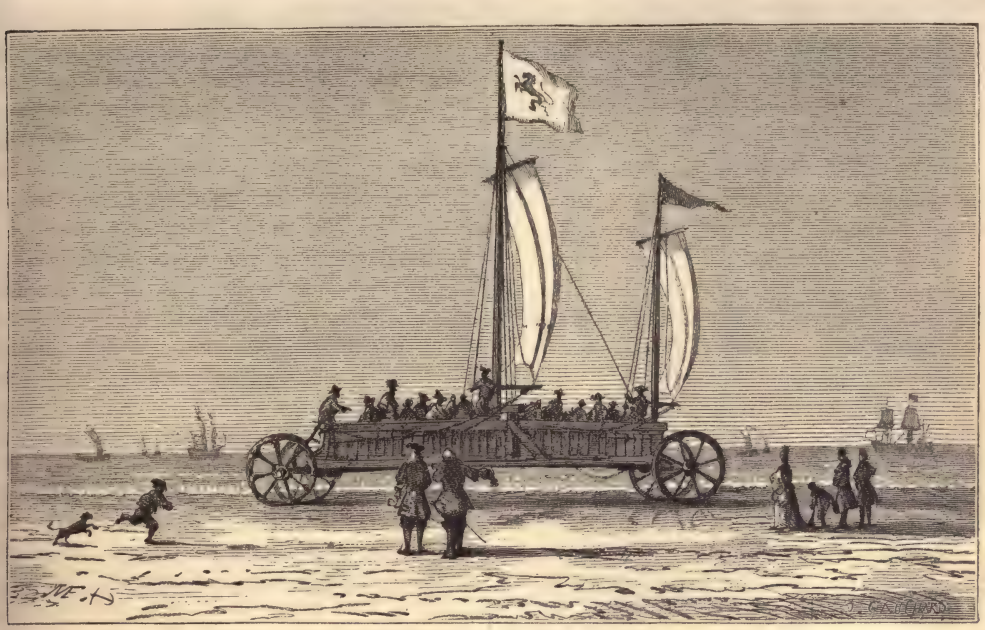


ROMAN VESSEL, FROM ANCIENT TERRA-COTTA MODEL.

Its single mast was then taken down, and it was propelled by oars, handled sometimes by as many as a hundred and seventy stout oarsmen. The combined action of these powerful men would give tremendous speed to the long, narrow vessel, and it would shoot through the water like a steamer, and woe to the unfortunate vessel that then exposed her side to the iron beak.

The Roman galley is familiar to all, and perhaps the famous battle of Actium was the most important one fought by these vessels previous to the use of fire-arms. There is a gulf on the western shore of Greece, thirty miles deep and nearly ten in breadth, but the two tongues of land that form it approach within a half a mile of each other at the entrance. Here, just thirty-one years before the birth of Christ, were assembled one bright September morning 200,000 men. Within, the bay was gay with gorgeously-decorated and well-armed vessels. On one side was Octavius, on the other Antony and Cleopatra. Antony had 20,000 legionaries and 2,000 bowmen, and with 300 vessels swept down the gulf to meet his adversary. The latter advanced, and the two fleets closed. Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion and terror. The wind rose, and the tossing vessels charged fiercely on each other, while the air was rent with the shouts and yells of the combatants. At length Octavius sent in fire-rafts, which, driven and favored by the gale, lighted like huge torches the ships of Antony, and amid the shrieks of the dying and the roar of the flames he fled after Cleopatra, who had deserted him in his hour of need.

Although the commerce of the world was confined almost exclusively to the Mediterranean Sea, the Britons and Saxons had their own peculiar models for vessels. They were built of stout oak timbers, and were flat-bottomed, so as to sail in shoal water. The sails were made of leather, and the steering was done with oars. Against these solid structures the beaks of the Roman galleys were driven in vain, while they were so high out of water that it was hard boarding them. To offset this, the Romans armed themselves with strong iron sickles, fastened to poles, with which they cut the rigging and let the sails



SAIL-CAR OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE: 17TH CENTURY.

down. The vessel then became unmanageable and helpless.

Alfred, with his queerly though strongly made Saxon ships, is regarded as the founder of the English navy.

For a thousand years after the battle of Actium, very little change occurred either in the tactics of naval warfare or the construction of vessels, although improvements were made from time to time as circumstances required. The ancient Romans had in their galleys baskets fastened to a crane, by which boarding parties were hoisted upon the enemy's deck. Platforms also were constructed round the mast, half way up, from which arrows and ponderous stones, and burning pitch, and sometimes live serpents were hurled below. But the discovery of the Greek fire was perhaps the greatest single advance step in maritime warfare. It was a compound that exploded like a cannon, sending up volumes of thick smoke, and burnt with a fury that nothing but sand or vinegar could extinguish.

The Venetians, from the sixth century, were distinguished for their seamanship; but the Crusades gave a new impetus to the commerce of Venice as well as that of Genoa; indeed, of all the Italian States. By the end of the 14th century she had 6,000 great and small vessels, besides 45 galleys, carrying in all 36,000 men. As in after days she ornamented her cannon elaborately, so now she had vessels on which art lavished the choicest decorations. Sitting in the lap of the sea, with all her streets channels of water, it was natural she should have richly wrought, costly, and gay vessels.

One of the most remarkable of these was the *Bucentaur*, with which the annual ceremony of wedding the sea was performed. Adorned with the most exquisite designs in sculpture, and inlaid with precious materials, and gay with colors, it presented a gorgeous spectacle on this great gala-day.

But it was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that both commerce and naval warfare underwent an entire revolution. In fact, everything in the political and moral world took an almost miraculous leap forward. The invention of fire-arms made an entire change in the size and construction of vessels of war necessary, while the mariner's compass, and the effort to reach India, sent vessels on voyages that ended in the discovery of a new world. In 1450 scarcely more than one-eighth of the world was known; the other seven-eighths were a sealed book.

In seeking India east, explorers circumnavigated Africa; in going west they opened up the western world. But while vessels built for commerce in the Mediterranean were sometimes of great size—those of the Genoese being 1,300 or 1,500 tons burthen—those designed for the broad ocean, and discovery, were not larger frequently than many of our yachts.

The Portuguese were the first who exhibited any decided scientific skill in shipbuilding and navigation. For seventy years they had boldly dashed along the coast of Africa, and finally pushed into the tempestuous Indian seas. They seemed to care little for size, but paid great attention to construction and rigging. The four vessels which Vasco de Gama took to India, and loaded with the choicest fabrics, were only 120 tons burthen.

The caravels of Columbus, with which he first crossed the Atlantic, were scarcely larger than our coasting craft. Few sailors at the present day would care to cross the ocean in them. Their size may be imagined by his complaining, in a second voyage, that his vessel was too large, it being a hundred tons burthen. They were bold sailors in those days, and preferred small craft, although unsafe in a storm, because they could approach nearer shore and explore inlets and rivers. The vessels were good sailers, going seven and eight knots in an hour, and would sail close to the wind, while they were easily handled. Cannon, as previously stated, caused larger vessels of war to be built; and a Frenchman having introduced port-holes, two-deckers came into use. The English, in the time of Henry Seventh and Eighth, built vessels of war for the royal navy of imposing appearance but so high and crank as to be fit only for smooth seas. The *Great Harry* was a good specimen of these kingly craft. Henry the Eighth embarked at Dover on one occasion in a ship, the sails of which were cloth of gold, while the bulwarks were hung all over with his own shields and those of his nobility. But the merchantmen that scoured the seas in every direction, tempted by the marvellous stories brought home by explorers of the treasures of the new world and distant lands, did far more for navigation than royal men-of-war. Jointed masts were introduced and made stronger and higher, and studding-sails and the bonnet added, in order to carry a greater breadth of canvas. At this time also, the chain-pump came into use, and long cables for anchoring.

Still war-vessels kept improving, and in the seventeenth century powerful frigates were

FIRESHIP: 17TH CENTURY.

LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP: 17TH CENTURY.

built, some of them three-deckers. In fact, commissioners having been appointed to inquire into the state of the navy in the time of both the Stuarts and Cromwell, reports of great value were furnished, which made for a while the ships of the royal navy superior in construction to the merchant ships. They, however, lacked the stern simplicity of ships of the line of later years, as will be seen in the towering, castle-like structure in the illustration given.

The Dutch became the great rival of England in her navy, and their renowned commander, Tromp, boldly sailed the English Channel with a broomstick at his mast-head, to indicate that he would sweep the English navy from the seas. In the war that raged between England and Holland about the middle of the seventeenth century, Tromp commanding the Dutch fleet and Blake the English, contested fiercely for the ascendency on the ocean; and when in February, 1653, they met, the latter with 80 and the former with 100 ships, an engagement took place which in the grandeur of its proportions and the fierceness and valor that distinguished it had never before been witnessed. It lasted for three days, when Tromp, under cover of a dark and stormy night, sailed away, sadly crippled and shattered.

The buccaneers of this century were distinguished for daring seamanship and prowess. Morgan, the leader of these freebooters of the sea, made one of the most successful experiments with a fire-ship that had hitherto been attempted. Caught with a part of his force in Lake Maracaibo, by three Spanish men-of-war, his career seemed ended. They demanded his surrender; but the bold rover had been in as desperate a strait before and escaped, and bluntly refused. Fighting was out of the question, and so he had resort to stratagem. Fitting out one of his ships as a fire-ship, he dressed up a number of figures as pirates, and put them on deck, and placed small negro drums in the port-holes, to represent guns. He then ran up his colors, and with only twelve men with him in the fire-ship, took the lead, and bore down on the Spanish men-of-war. Steering straight for the largest vessel—the *Admiral*—he grappled her, and made fast before the Spaniard discovered the character of the vessel. Loaded with combustible matter, that burst into a conflagration as soon as it was ignited, it almost instantaneously wrapped the man-of-war

in flames that could not be extinguished, and it burnt to the water's edge. The fearful spectacle and disaster together caused the other vessels to be abandoned and Morgan sailed proudly out of the lake.

The commencement of the eighteenth century did not witness any great changes in the construction of ships. New models, by which increased speed was gained, were adopted, and men-of-war abandoned all elaborate decorations, adapting everything to hard work.

Probably under Nelson naval tactics, so far as the manœuvring and taking into action large fleets is concerned, reached its highest point of perfection. We speak of sailing vessels. But our war with England, in the beginning of this century, brought a new naval and commercial power into the field, which in improvements has outstripped all its predecessors. Our single-handed fights with English frigates, and the almost invariable result, astounded the world, and took from England the proud title of "Mistress of the Seas." In those fierce broadside to broadside engagements the enemy went to the bottom, or were left helpless wrecks, while our vessels came out of action ready for another fight. This extraordinary disparity in the effect of the broadsides of the two vessels was not at the time generally understood. We had introduced *sights on our cannon*, a thing never before attempted, and hence our broadsides were like rifle practice, which made a close fight a short, destructive one, for we hulled the enemy at almost every shot.

The introduction of steam has entirely revolutionized not only navies, but the commercial marine. We have no space for a detailed account of the rise and progress of this discovery, and its application to vessels. At first it was used to drive paddle-wheels; but two men, Smith of England, and Ericsson, a Swede, about the same time built, by way of experiment, two small screw steamers. Both were successful; but the English favoring their own countryman, Ericsson, in disgust, left the country and came to the United States, where his inventive genius and engineering skill have had full scope. The screw engine at length was applied to men-of-war, and will, doubtless, in the end be entirely used by all war-vessels, as they are less liable to be crippled by an enemy's shot. Heavily armored vessels are a new feature in modern naval warfare, necessitating all kinds

THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD SOLFERINO.

of improvements in guns, and shot, and fortifications.

Perhaps the greatest triumph in the way of shipbuilding is the *Great Eastern*. Her length on deck is 691 feet; breadth, 83 feet; draught of water, between 20 and 30 feet. Her screw engines are 1,600 horse-power, and her paddle engines 1,000 horse-power. She can carry 10,000 tons of coal, and go about 15 knots an hour.

Probably no attempt will ever be made to surpass this vessel, at least in dimensions, for even she draws too much water for most harbors.

Before the introduction of steam we were constantly improving in the construction and speed of our sailing craft, until our clipper packets were without rivals. Now, the attention of those most interested in sailing vessels is directed to yachts, in which the men of New York have taken the lead of the world. Model, hull, draught of water, spars, cut and trim of sails, have all been carefully studied on scientific principles, till now it seems as if the last point of improvement had been reached, and nothing more perfect than the *Sappho*, both in the way of simple beauty and speed, could be obtained.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O wise little birds, how do ye know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether pipèd they:—
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

"He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever he maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye:
Would that I might as trusting be!

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

When the sole sun is low,
And myriad stars watch in the wakeful even,
Where lights that crystalline glow,
Suffusing faint and fair the azure slopes of heaven?

Is it the icy field
That masks, at either pole, the fervid sway
Wherewith the earth is wheeled,
Flaming, unwasting, in the slant sun's frory ray?

Is it the restless spirit
That haunts the bosom of the universe,
In void he doth inherit,
Kindling the electric flames that thought and being nurse?

Is it a weird portent,
Written in lightning on the living wall
Of the far firmament,
Pointing some world aghast to fate's impending fall?

Is it the flushing flame
Of some more fine ethereal sphere on fire,
With hue of radiant shame
Mantling the conscious heaven above the funeral pyre?

Is it the vivid beam
Once fixed in splendor 'twixt the cherubim,
Its winged Shekinah-gleam
Lighting the lonely sky with awful sign of Him?

STRASBURG AFTER THE SURRENDER.

SHORTLY after the capitulation, on the 28th of September, I started for Strasburg. The city had been free to visitors only two days, yet all South Germany seemed to be on a pilgrimage thither. "Pilgrimage" is the very word, for that implies a sacred shrine to be visited; and the longing of the Germans after the old "free city of the Holy Roman Empire" is akin to religious devotion. When they spoke of defeating the French army, capturing the French Emperor, besieging the French capital, a defiant, warlike tone pervaded their language; but during the siege of Strasburg not a German alluded to that subject without a sigh at the cruel necessity, and a hope that "the loftiest German cathedral" might not be injured. When the news came that the General who had so bravely defended his post felt compelled to surrender, there was no such exultation as follows an ordinary victory. Every one was glad, but apparently more rejoiced that the city had not been stormed, than that it had been captured. Personal friends of mine had special reasons for regarding the place with affection, and yet every German seemed to share their sentiments. It would take an army stronger than any now existing to overcome this feeling: brotherly and pitiful towards Strasburg, and yet tenaciously wrathful against the nation which has held it for so many years. Should the city remain German, its inhabitants will probably be discontented; but should it be given back to the French, all Germany will be wounded in a matter of sentiment; and matters of sentiment transcend diplomacy as well as logic. Bismarck is a bold man, but not bold enough to venture such a step.

This comes first to account for the crowd I met hurrying to the same point with myself. Some went on business, in all probability; some out of mere curiosity—the latter mostly foreigners; but the mass of the Germans went to see with their own eyes what remained of the city of their desires; to realize that Strasburg and its cathedral were German again; to tread the other bank of the Rhine and feel that it was no longer French. It was oftentimes poetical feeling; it was always that undefined thing the Teutons call *Geist*, and it was contagious withal. American by birth and education, I cannot write of my visit without consciously sharing the sentiment. My neighbor in the railway coupé had never been farther from home in his life. He did not go on business, nor was he rich, for he carried his supply of bread and Goettinger sausage in his pocket; yet he must see Strasburg. Opposite me was a venerable Professor of Theology, as eager to reach the place as a boy to get home on the first holiday. Another fellow-traveler was too afflicted in eyesight to see much at his journey's end, but he wanted to feel that he was in German Strasburg.

DISMOUNTED GUNS IN THE CITADEL SQUARE.

It was bright mid-day when the train stopped at Kehl. We were obliged to alight at the old station, about a quarter of a mile from the town. Ten years ago, before the railway bridge was finished, knapsack on my back and alpenstock in hand, I had stepped off from the same station, on my return from a long pedestrian tour in Switzerland. Then a single omnibus was sufficient to transfer all the passengers to Strasburg, except those of us who from habit preferred to walk. Now it was very different,—indescribably different. The roads were blocked with vehicles, even the adjoining fields being turned into provisional cab-stands. Omnibuses, cabs, hackney-coaches; last, and most numerous of all, primitive farm-wagons from the Black Forest were standing there in seemingly inextricable confusion. There must have been hundreds of the last-named vehicles, yet I saw none start away empty.

In one of these, every seat full, we crept towards and through Kehl. Our charioteer was willing enough to go faster, but speed was as much out of the question as in a train of loaded army wagons, or on Cortland street after a snow-storm, in the old times. We thus had an opportunity of noticing the effects of the French bombardment on this defenceless place. There can be no excuse for the destruction of this unwalled and ungarrisoned town; but a grave old Prussian has raked up from past records a fact which gives the event a retributive character. He told me: "When all Germany was illuminated, in 1813, on account of the defeat of Napoleon I., Kehl

alone, among German cities, remained in darkness. Now the nation with which it unrighteously sympathized has desolated it." In fact, it has profited most by its proximity to the French border; smuggling being systematically carried on. Yet it has paid dear for this position. This is the seventh time it has suffered from military operations, since Strasburg was appropriated by Louis XIV.

The handsome railway depot is a complete ruin. It stands on an elevated position at the German end of the bridge, closing the vista as one looks down the main street in Kehl. Here unfortunate travelers were delayed and annoyed by a custom-house examination. An American I know of, passing through on his wedding trip, came very near *not* passing through. Forced to get a new ticket, he must needs take such a roundabout way to avoid the possibility of smuggling, that on reaching the platform again he saw the train starting off with his bride. Love, however, achieves wonders, even enabling a man to get on a European railway train when in motion.

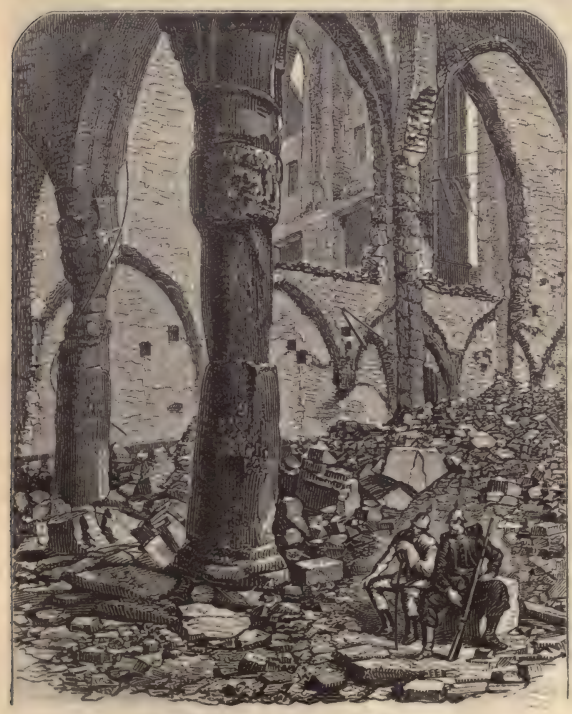
The pontoon bridge was already restored, and it was as full of pedestrians as Wall street at a quarter of three in the afternoon. The old bridge, I remember well, had two political planks in the centre. On the end of one was cut *Baden*, on that of the other, *France*. The restored bridge has no such line of demarcation, and it is no longer possible, by standing on either side of it, to be in two countries at once, and yet on the Rhine. What a grand river it is! Here, with no mountains to adorn it, no ruined castles to cast the spell of legend upon it, its bright rushing waters seem as winsome as where they whirl around the Loreley's crag. The draw of the railway bridge, on the German side, was blown up in July last. An unnecessary work of destruction, many now think; but then there was every reason to expect that the French army would cross it and overrun Baden, which was well-nigh defenceless. The

BEHIND THE WALL EAST OF THE STEINTHOR.

damage done does not seem very great, but the removal of the *débris* will be a difficult task. On the further bank there is a ruin on either side; neither a subject of regret. First comes the police bureau, where passports, *visé* by a French consul, were once rigorously demanded; then the custom-house, where the first French sentry was posted, and where I once had to wait until past midnight because my traveling companion, being an amateur photographer, had taken a camera with him, which was seized by the officials. It is difficult to say which party demolished these buildings.

An old Suabian Judge had remarked to me but the day before, that, next to the human lives, the most irreparable loss occasioned by this war was that of the *trees*. The ride to Strasburg confirmed this notion. This avenue was once so shady, but now, with the exception of the few rods nearest the bridge, the whole road is denuded. Hundreds of trees, which had weathered the fifteen political storms of France, have been wantonly cut down. This was done by the French themselves, in order to hinder the German advance; but three days sufficed to remove the obstacles, and the Badensers marched on to the Vosges without waiting to clear the roads in rear of Strasburg. The French taste for barricades, rural as well as urban, is a very costly one.

The remains of the citadel were soon visible; but only from within can one form any idea of the thorough work of demolition effected by the German artillery on this celebrated fortress. Indeed, from whatever direction Strasburg is approached, owing to the flatness of the plain, the view seems to be the same: strong walls, and towering above them an immense cathedral. But to-day that grand old spire, higher than St. Peter's, overtopped but a little by the great Pyramid itself, looks as it never did before. The pinnacle is slightly bent, but it takes sharp eyes to discover that, while he must be nearly blind who does not notice two flags waving from the tower, large enough to be undwarfed by the huge edifice itself. Very significant flags, moreover. These methodical Germans have a purpose in what they do. One is the black and white standard of the Prussians, the other the black, white, and red of the North German Union. They mean more than that Strasburg is captured; they give a hint as to her future. We might have looked for the black, red, and gold, the old German colors; or at least for the red and yellow ensign of the brave Badensers, who did most of the work outside the walls. But no, the Prussians intend to assert by this choice of flags that Strasburg and the Alsace will be joined most closely to Prussia, or at least to North Germany, which amounts to the same thing. Baden is nothing loath, for the ultramontane Alsatians would only disturb its liberal government, and the accession of territory would give still more difficult frontier duty in the Vosges, after the long years that it has stood guard opposite the French bank of the Rhine.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW CHURCH.

So here are Prussians on duty at the Austerlitz gate, by which we enter the city. They seem at home in the guard-house; but these French civic officials, who used to collect the *octroi* dues, look as if they would like to levy very severe

VIEW FROM THE STEINTHOR, LOOKING UP THE STEINSTRASSE.

contributions from this mass of humanity streaming by them undisturbed. Here we must alight; to drive farther is an impossibility. The peasantry of Upper Baden seems to be here *en masse*—babies, provisions, horses, wagons, and all. No signs as yet of the work of destruction; but let us push on if we can. Emerging from the throng at last, we ask a *commissionnaire* to conduct us to a hotel. No rooms to be had, is the response of a waiter who consents to answer us. Hundreds have been turned away already, all willing to pay twenty francs for a single bed. It is no better elsewhere. But we are hungry, and determine to eat our dinner here. The dining-hall is full; yet, after waiting a little, we secure seats. Ventilation is secured by the fact that some of the windows have been demolished by a stray shot, which ended its career in the largest mirror on the premises. We amuse ourselves, while waiting for our soup, by looking out on the Place Kleber. Three sides of the rectangle are comparatively uninjured, but along the fourth is a complete ruin. This edifice was the bureau of the French commandant. Whatever the bombs may have effected, it was the evident purpose of those firing them to demolish every military building in the city, and they have done this—and more too.

After a scanty, but expensive dinner, I started in search of lodgings. Having been commissioned by some German friends to inquire whether the housekeeper of a deceased relative had survived the siege, I sought her humble dwelling, and fortunately obtained the promise of quarters for myself and two others of the party. Asking, as in duty bound, after her state of health, she replied: "Thank God, I am alive; but six weeks passed in a cellar, part of the time with no meat but horseflesh, is not very agreeable." I hinted that Strasburg would now remain unharmed under German protection, but received such a rebuff that I deemed it best to abstain from such allusions, if I would be on good terms with my hospitable landlady. Yet this woman could not speak French, had her warmest friends in Germany, and called all who could not understand the horrible Alsatian German, "foreigners." But she was born under French rule, and her son had been in the National Guard.

Not far from her house stands the church of St. Thomas, the most celebrated Protestant place of worship in the Alsace. Here Oberlin is buried, and here is the beautiful monument to Marshal Saxe, which no visitor to Strasburg leaves unseen. The church has passed through the bombardment almost un-

VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS NEAR THE BREACH.

scathed. Indeed, that whole quarter of the city has suffered but little.

Most travelers, in times of peace, approach Strasburg by rail, entering the city between the Saverne gate and the "Steinthor." The great destruction was in the district between these gates and the canal on which the depot fronts. The lines of the fire seem to have converged on the Cathedral, extending over a semicircle from the Saverne gate on the north-west to the citadel on the south-east; the most important points aimed at being the Steinthor, where the breach was made, and the citadel itself. The general direction of the fortifications between these two points forms a straight line, behind which the work of destruction has been thorough. The annexed view is from this district.

Prussia is the first Protestant power in Europe, and yet the Catholic Cathedral and its adjuncts were spared as much as possible by her batteries, while the Protestant "New Church," and the various buildings of a literary character connected with it, were utterly ruined. This singular fact is readily accounted for. The besiegers could see little else than the Cathedral, and their fire was in a great measure guided by that landmark. The highest point between some of their most important batteries and the Cathedral was occupied by the cluster of buildings already alluded to. In fact, from the whole north-west front of their earthworks shots, flying over the Steinthor and falling short of the Cathedral, would usually strike somewhere in this ill-fated neighborhood. The destruction of the library is a great calamity, since it contained many manuscripts and rarities that cannot be replaced. The Germans have already begun to make collections for its restoration; it is therefore incredible that it was wantonly destroyed.

The New Church is only five or six hundred years old. It contained the monument of the celebrated preacher, John Tauler, who died in 1361, one hundred and fifty years before the Reformation. So spiritual were his discourses that he has warm admirers among the Protestants of to-day, and a large edition of his sermons has been circulated in America within the past few years.

The Prussians are quite practical in their regulations. No sooner did numbers of visitors appear in Strasburg than the military authorities began to sell tickets of admission to the more interesting parts of their work of demolition. It was a measure of prudence, for otherwise their sentries would have had difficulty in the performance of their duty; and of benevolence as well, for the money is devoted to the relief of the sufferers by the bombardment.* The price, a Prussian thaler,

* The larger cities throughout Germany have voted liberal amounts for the same purpose. The first for-

is high for Germans, yet the number sold averaged seven hundred per day shortly after the surrender.

The first place to be thus visited is the *Steinthor*. Scarcely a house remains within five minutes' walk of this point. The Germans had captured two outworks, numbered 52 and 53 on the plan of Strasburg, and pushing a crown-work in front of these, evidently intended to storm through the breach they had made by their cannonade. No easy task! My own impression is, that had the city been well garrisoned and well provisioned it could have held out much longer, and that, as it was, the capture by storm would have cost the besiegers dearly. That question must be settled by military critics, and I may be entirely wrong, since in this war precisely the most unexpected events have occurred. Still I may venture to affirm that the siege of Strasburg was marked by very few striking incidents. The sorties were weak and easily repulsed, while the nature of the siege operations afforded little opportunity for brilliant deeds of heroism. Two cannon were captured on one occasion by a party under the command of a young lieutenant from Heidelberg, who received "the Iron Cross" for his gallantry. Poor fellow, he did not wear it long. While I was in Strasburg, the Badensers, who had been chafing under their delay in the trenches, whipped the French in the open field near St. Dié, in the Vosges, and among the first victims on the German side was Lieut. Von Stipplin.

Strasburg was never besieged before, so that we have no data for an exact comparison; but undoubtedly the besiegers did their work with unusual rapidity. In six weeks they finished three parallels, took two outworks, and were ready to storm. This characteristic is due largely to the eagerness of the troops. But there is yet another one, which is not brilliant, furnishing little matter for the newspaper reporter, and yet the most certain and terrible peculiarity which can attend a successful siege; I mean the precision of the German fire. Here the scientific character of their warfare appears; and against this cool, steady, crushing method, based on superior knowledge, mere enthusiasm, or even heroism, avails little. They planted their pieces at the proper places, to do a certain work—and it was done. A view of the interior of the citadel is sufficient to show the skill with which they handled their cannon. This citadel was built by the celebrated Vauban, and had been strengthened whenever a war-cloud appeared on the Rhine. It was the strongest fortress in France, the pride of her engineers, and yet it was battered to pieces: there was no safety to be found behind its ramparts, save by burrowing under the earth.*

The Germans can spare it; their citadel should be placed on the west side of the town.

As already intimated, the Cathedral was spared as much as possible; but since the French used it as a watch-tower it could not remain untouched. The amount of rubbish lying outside the walls, and especially at the foot of the tower, shows that it must have been struck repeatedly. So immense is the edifice, however, that only upon closer inspection is the injury perceptible. Within, the damage is more noticeable. One grand old

mal act of the Governor-General of the Alsace, after his public reception in Strasburg by the city authorities, was to hand to the mayor a purse of 5,000 thalers, donated by the King of Prussia for the relief of the sufferers. According to the published appeal of the mayor, Professor Kness, of the academic medical faculty, the number of persons rendered houseless by the effects of the bombardment exceeds 6,000, and the losses must be reckoned by millions. It is to be hoped that this appeal, which is addressed to the benevolent of all lands, has evoked in our country the generous response so readily given by Americans.

* Those curious in regard to such matters may notice the following statistics, derived from official sources:—The number of guns of all kinds employed was 241: 44 of these were used by the Badensers against the citadel; the remainder by the Prussians against the fortifications about the city. As regards calibre, 58 were rifled 24-pounders; 80 rifled 12-pounders; 83 mortars, 2 rifled, 8 smooth 60-pounders; 19 50-pounders; the remainder 25 and 7-pounders. The number of shots fired in the 31 days of the actual bombardment was 193,722; among these 58,000 shells, many weighing 180 pounds. The average per day was 6,249 shots; per hour, 269; per minute, 4–5. The operations extended over six weeks; but the formal bombardment began on the 26th of August, ending on the 27th of September.

window is destroyed; the organ is torn to pieces, while the ceiling is perforated in many places. The clock has escaped altogether, but the wonderful mechanism is now silent. It tells the solar, sidereal, and mean time of the first day of the bombardment; even its ecclesiastical calendar remains *in statu quo ante bellum.* Its reanimation will, I presume, be an early duty of the Provisional Government of the Alsace. The Germans glory in this architectural masterpiece as their own; but to make the restoration complete, it should be in Protestant hands. From its pulpit reformers have preached, and the city about it was one of the strongholds of the pure faith in the sixteenth century. As Guttenburg began to print there, this was to be expected.

INSIDE THE CITADEL.

Calling to see an intelligent acquaintance in this neighborhood, I had an opportunity of judging respecting the feelings of the better class of the population. "What will become of us," he said, "we know only too well; we must become German, but no one need say that we will do it willingly." After he had expressed his conviction that France could not resist longer with any hope of success, I inquired whether he thought the nation would learn the proper lesson from its defeat, and introduce a system of popular education. "No," he replied; "both the priests and the rulers, whatever they may call the form of government, find the ignorance of the peasantry too favorable to their own schemes. They will both try to keep them uneducated."—"A poor outlook for the future," I remarked. "Well," he returned, with that peculiarly French shrug of the shoulders, "France is still in the advance. She has passed through most of her revolutions. They will come in Germany after a while." That seemed to be his only consolation. Yet he was far more moderate than most of the Strasburgers. One termagant, whose ire a German acquaintance unfortunately aroused, said, most vehemently: "If General Uhrich, that pitiful scoundrel, had not been a traitor, we could have held out three months longer." And then she fired off such a volley of wrathful epithets against the Emperor, Germans in general, and the parties present in particular, that we were glad to beat a hasty retreat. The greater proportion of the inhabitants still believe that the French have won half a dozen important victories in this war, and insist that the Germans filled their bomb-shells with petroleum and other combustibles.

Even my good landlady shares this opinion. She feels sadly enough. For many years she had been the housekeeper of an old gentleman, who was for sixty years confidential clerk in one of the business houses near the Cathedral. She had been the nurse of his only child until her death, then had tended his invalid wife until she was laid beside her daughter, and cared for him until, at the age of 84, he too was laid in the cemetery of St. Gallen, outside the Saverne gate. In most French cemeteries the lease of the sacred plot is good for five years only. So dear was the memory of this family to her, that when that period expired, she rebought the little enclosure, and continued to watch the flowers

blooming on the three graves. Yet she was poor, then earning her living as a washerwoman, and providing for her invalid son. I once visited that cemetery in company with those who had friends buried there. Returning to the carriage we found the coachman absent. Presently he returned, wiping his eyes. "Ah," said he, "I buried my wife here but last week. Each seeks their own dead!" How many now seek their dead in vain. The Badensers, the countrymen of the good old man I have been speaking of, ran their second parallel through the cemetery; his own people disturbed his resting-place. My good landlady holds the deed for the sacred earth, but who can find the spot now! Thousands are laid this year in nameless graves, far away from those who love them, and thousands lie in desecrated graves, with which the rude demon of war has made sad havoc.

Three hundred years ago there lived in the Suabian mountains a poet named Frischlin. In the romantic Urach valley, not far from where these lines are penned, he was dashed to pieces in attempting to escape from a castle-prison. He sang the praises of Strasburg in rough hexameters, which may be thus roughly reproduced:—

"Strasburg, loveliest grace of our common country, virtue's
Sacred retreat, harbor of justice, of faith the stout anchor,
Thee I salute, and the song that I sing thee, here on the Neckar,
Take, noble city. Oh, listen unto it, with favor regard it.
Never may foe scale thy ramparts and storm thee in heat of the battle!
Never may plague nor terrible hunger bring desolation within thee!
But may thy land, ever fruitful, with corn and with wine still be teeming!
May every house be pervaded by air that refreshes thy people,
And let the silver-winged angel of peace ever thee overshadow!"

The German author who has brought this apostrophe to public notice comments thus: "These verses of the old poet can scarcely be read at the present hour without sadness; in some quarters, it may be said, without shame: Yes, mother Germania has severely wounded her own daughter; but she did it against her will, in conflict with the robber who had stolen that daughter away, and from whom she tried to recapture her, as soon as she began to recover from her own protracted bodily weakness. Now and henceforth it will and must be her tenderest solicitude to heal the wounds of her daughter, and through loving care so to cherish her, that the bloom of her days of beauty may return."

So let it be; but her wounds are still open, and time alone can heal them; her French education may make her a wayward and troublesome daughter for staid mother Germania.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 211.)

CHAPTER X.

I BUILD CASTLES.

My companions had soon found out, and I think the discovery had something to do with the kindness they always showed me, that I was a good hand at spinning a yarn: the nautical phrase had got naturalized in the school. We had no chance, if we would have taken it, of spending any part of school-hours in such a pastime; but it formed an unfailing amusement when weather or humor interfered with bodily exercises. Nor were we debarred from the pleasure after we had retired for the night,—only as we were parted in three rooms, I could not have a large audience then. I well remember, however, one occasion on which it was otherwise. The report of a super-excellent invention having gone abroad, one by one they came creeping into my room, after I and my companion were in bed, until we lay three in each bed, all being present but

WILFRID PRESENTED TO MRS. WILSON. (SEE PAGE 209.)

Fox. At the very heart of the climax, when a spectre was appearing and disappearing momently with the drawing in and sending out of his breath, so that you could not tell the one moment where he might show himself the next, Mr. Elder walked into the room with his chamber-candle in his hand, straightway illuminating six countenances pale with terror —for I took my full share of whatever emotion I roused in the rest. But instead of laying a general interdict on the custom, he only said,

"Come, come, boys! it's time you were asleep. Go to your rooms directly."

"Please, sir," faltered one—Moberly by name—the dullest and most honorable boy, to my thinking, amongst us, "mayn't I stay where I am? Cumbermede has put me all in a shiver."

Mr. Elder laughed, and turning to me, asked with his usual good humor,

"How long will your story take, Cumbermede?"

"As long as you please, sir" I answered.

"I can't let you keep them awake all night, you know."

"There's no fear of that, sir," I replied. "Moberly would have been asleep long ago if it hadn't been a ghost. Nothing keeps him awake but ghosts."

"Well, is the ghost nearly done with?"

"Not quite, sir. The worst is to come yet."

"Please, sir," interposed Moberly, "if you'll let me stay where I am, I'll turn round on my deaf ear, and won't listen to a word more of it. It's awful, I do assure you, sir."

Mr. Elder laughed again.

"No, no," he said. "Make haste and finish your story, Cumbermede, and let them go to sleep. You, Moberly, may stay where you are for the night, but I can't have this made a practice of."

"No, no, sir," said several at once.

"But why don't you tell your stories by daylight, Cumbermede? I'm sure you have time enough for them then."

"Oh, but he's got one going for the day and another for the night."

"Then do you often lie three in a bed?" asked Mr. Elder with some concern.

"Oh no, sir. Only this is an extra good one, you see."

Mr. Elder laughed again, bade us good night, and left us. The horror however was broken. I could not call up one shiver more, and in a few minutes Moberly, as well as his two companions, had slipped away to roomier quarters.

The material of the tales I told my companions was in part supplied from some of my uncle's old books, for in his little library there were more than the Arcadia of the same sort. But these had not merely afforded me the stuff to remodel and imitate; their spirit had wrought upon my spirit, and armor and war-horses and mighty swords were only the instruments with which faithful knights wrought honorable deeds.

I had a tolerably clear perception that such deeds could not be done in our days; that there were no more dragons lying in the woods; and that ladies did not now fall into the hands of giants. But I had the witness of an eternal impulse in myself that noble deeds had yet to be done, and therefore might be done, although I knew not how. Hence a feeling of the dignity of ancient descent, as involving association with great men and great actions of old, and therefore rendering such more attainable in the future, took deep root in my mind. Aware of the humbleness of my birth, and unrestrained by pride in my parents—I had lost them so early—I would indulge in many a day-dream of what I would gladly have been. I would ponder over the delights of having a history, and how grand it would be to find I was descended from some far-away knight who had done deeds of high emprise. In such moods the recollection of the old sword that had vanished from the wall would return: indeed the impression it had made upon me may have been at the root of it all. How I longed to know the story of it! But it had gone to the grave with grannie. If my uncle or aunt knew it, I had no hope of getting it from either of them; for I was certain they had no sympathy with any such fancies as mine. My favorite invention, one for which my audience was sure to call when I professed incompetence, and which I enlarged and varied every time I returned to it, was of a youth in humble life who found at length he was of far other origin than he had supposed. I did not know then that the fancy, not uncommon with boys, has its roots in the deepest instincts of our human nature. I need not add that I had not yet read Jean Paul's Titan, or Hesperus, or Comet.

This tendency of thought received a fresh impulse from my visit to Moldwarp Hall, as I choose to name the great house whither my repentance had led me. It was the first I had ever seen to wake the sense of the mighty antique. My home was, no doubt, older than some parts of the hall; but the house we are born in never looks older than the last generation until we begin to compare it with others. By this time, what I had learned of the history of my country, and the general growth of the allied forces of my intellect, had rendered me capable of feeling the hoary eld of the great Hall. Henceforth it had a part in every invention of my boyish imagination.

I was therefore not undesirous of keeping the half-engagement I had made with Mrs. Wilson; but it was not she that drew me. With all her kindness, she had not attracted me; for cupboard-love is not the sole, or always the most powerful operant on the childish mind: it is in general stronger in men than in either children or women. I would rather not see Mrs. Wilson again—she had fed my body, she had not warmed my heart. It was the grand old house that attracted me. True, it was associated with shame, but rather with the recovery from it than with the fall itself; and what memorials of ancient grandeur and knightly ways must lie within those walls, to harmonize with my many dreams!

On the next holiday, Mr. Elder gave me a ready permission to revisit Moldwarp Hall. I had made myself acquainted with the nearest way by crossroads and footpaths, and full of expectation, set out with my companions. They accompanied me the greater part of the distance, and left me at a certain gate, the same by which they had come out of the park

on the day of my first visit. I was glad when they were gone, for I could then indulge my excited fancy at will. I heard their voices draw away into the distance. I was alone on a little footpath which led through a wood. All about me were strangely tall and slender oaks; but as I advanced into the wood, the trees grew more various, and in some of the opener spaces, great old oaks, short and big-headed, stretched out their huge shadow-filled arms in true oak-fashion. The ground was uneven, and the path led up and down over hollow and hillock, now crossing a swampy bottom, now climbing the ridge of a rocky eminence. It was a lovely forenoon, with gray-blue sky and white clouds. The sun shone plentifully into the wood, for the leaves were thin. They hung like clouds of gold and royal purple above my head, layer over layer, with the blue sky and the snowy clouds shining through. On the ground it was a world of shadows and sunny streaks, kept ever in interfluent motion by such a wind as John Skelton describes:—

> There blew in that gardynge a soft piplyng cold
> Enbrethyng of Zepherus with his pleasant wynde.

I went merrily along. The birds were not singing, but my heart did not need them. It was spring-time there whatever it might be in the world. The heaven of my childhood wanted no lark to make it gay. Had the trees been bare and the frost shining on the ground, it would have been all the same. The sunlight was enough.

I was standing on the root of a great beech-tree, gazing up into the gulf of its foliage, and watching the broken lights playing about in the leaves and leaping from twig to branch, like birds yet more golden than the leaves, when a voice startled me.

"You're not looking for apples in a beech-tree, hey?" it said.

I turned instantly, with my heart in a flutter. To my great relief I saw that the speaker was not Sir Giles, and that probably no allusion was intended. But my first apprehension made way only for another pang, for, although I did not know the man, a strange dismay shot through me at sight of him. His countenance was associated with an undefined but painful fact that lay crouching in a dusky hollow of my memory. I had no time now to entice it into the light of recollection. I took heart and spoke.

"No," I answered; "I was only watching the sun on the leaves."

"Very pretty, ain't it? Ah, it's lovely! It's quite beautiful—ain't it now? You like good timber, don't you?—Trees, I mean," he explained, aware, I suppose, of some perplexity on my countenance.

"Yes," I answered. "I like big old ones best."

"Yes, yes," he returned with an energy that sounded strange and jarring to my mood; "big old ones, that have stood for ages—the monarchs of the forest. Saplings ain't bad things either, though. But old ones are best. Just come here, and I'll show you one worth looking at. *It* wasn't planted yesterday, *I* can tell you."

I followed him along the path, until we came out of the wood. Beyond us the ground rose steep and high, and was covered with trees; but here in the hollow it was open. A stream ran along between us and the height. On this side of the stream stood a mighty tree, towards which my companion led me. It was an oak with such a bushy head and such great roots rising in serpent rolls and heaves above the ground, that the stem looked stunted between them.

"There!" said my companion; "there's a tree! there's someting like a tree! How a man must feel to call a tree like that his own! That's Queen Elizabeth's oak. It is indeed. England is dotted with would-be Queen Elizabeth's oaks; but there is the very oak which she admired so much that she ordered luncheon to be served under it . . Ah! she knew the value of timber—did good Queen Bess. *That's* now—now—let me see—the year after the Armada—nine from fifteen—ah well, somewhere about two hundred and thirty years ago."

"How lumpy and hard it looks!" I remarked.

"That's the breed and the age of it," he returned. "The wonder to me is they don't turn to stone and last for ever, those trees. Ah! there's something to live for now!"

He had turned away to resume his walk,

but as he finished the sentence, he turned again towards the tree, and shook his finger at it, as if reproaching it for belonging to somebody else than himself.

"Where are you going now?" he asked, wheeling round upon me sharply, with a keen look in his magpie-eyes, as the French would call them, which hardly corresponded with the bluntness of his address.

"I'm going to the Hall," I answered, turning away.

"You'll never get there that way. How are you to cross the river?"

"I don't know. I've never been this way before."

"You've been to the Hall before then? Who do you know there?"

"Mrs. Wilson," I answered.

"Hm! Ah! You know Mrs. Wilson, do you? Nice woman, Mrs. Wilson!"

He said this as if he meant the opposite.

"Here," he went on—"come with me. I'll show you the way."

I obeyed and followed him along the bank of the stream.

"What a curious bridge!" I exclaimed, as we came in sight of an ancient structure lifted high in the middle on the point of a Gothic arch.

"Yes, ain't it?" he said. "Curious? I should think so! And well it may be! It's as old as the oak there at least. There's a bridge now for a man like Sir Giles to call his own!"

"He can't keep it though," I said, moralizing; for, in carrying on the threads of my stories, I had come to see that no climax could last forever.

"Can't keep it! He could carry off every stone of it if he liked."

"Then it wouldn't be the bridge any longer."

"You're a sharp one," he said.

"I don't know," I answered, truly enough. I seemed to myself to be talking sense, that was all.

"Well I do. What do you mean by saying he couldn't keep it?"

"It's been a good many people's already, and it'll be somebody else's some day," I replied.

He did not seem to relish the suggestion, for he gave a kind of grunt, which gradually broke into a laugh as he answered,

"Likely enough! likely enough!"

We had now come round to the end of the bridge, and I saw that it was far more curious than I had perceived before.

"Why is it so narrow?" I asked wonderingly, for it was not three feet wide, and had a parapet of stone about three feet high on each side of it.

"Ah!" he replied; "that's it, you see. As old as the hills. It was built, *this* bridge was, before ever a carriage was made—yes before ever a carrier's cart went along a road. They carried everything then upon horses' backs. They call this the pack-horse bridge. You see there's room for the horses' legs, and their loads could stick out over the parapets. That's the way they carried everything to the Hall then. That was a few years before *you* were born, young gentleman."

"But they couldn't get their legs—the horses, I mean—couldn't get their legs through this narrow opening," I objected; for a flat stone almost blocked up each end.

"No; that's true enough. But those stones have been up only a hundred years or so. They didn't want it for pack-horses any more then, and the stones were put up to keep the cattle, with which at some time or other I suppose some thrifty owner had stocked the park, from crossing to this meadow. That would be before those trees were planted up there."

When we crossed the stream, he stopped at the other end of the bridge and said,

"Now, you go that way—up the hill. There's a kind of a path if you can find it, but it doesn't much matter. Good morning."

He walked away down the bank of the stream, while I struck into the wood.

When I reached the top, and emerged from the trees that skirted the ridge, there stood the lordly Hall before me, shining in autumnal sunlight, with gilded vanes, and diamond-paned windows, as if it were a rock against which the gentle waves of the sea of light rippled and broke in flashes. When you looked at its foundation, which seemed to have torn its way up through the clinging sward, you could not tell where the building began and

the rock ended. In some parts indeed the rock was wrought into the walls of the house; while in others it was faced up with stone and mortar. My heart beat high with vague rejoicing. Grand as the aged oak had looked, here was a grander growth—a growth older too than the oak, and inclosing within it a thousand histories.

I approached the gate by which Mrs. Wilson had dismissed me. A flight of rude steps cut in the rock led to the portcullis which still hung, now fixed in its place, in front of the gate; for though the Hall had no external defences, it had been well fitted for the half-sieges of troublous times. A modern mansion stands, with its broad sweep up to the wide door, like its hospitable owner in full dress and broad-bosomed shirt on his own hearth-rug: this ancient house stood with its back to the world, like one of its ancient owners, ready to ride, in morion, breast-plate, and jack-boots—yet not armed cap-a-pie, not like a walled castle, that is.

I ascended the steps, and stood before the arch—filled with a great iron-studded oaken gate—which led through a square tower into the court. I stood gazing for some minutes before I rang the bell. Two things in particular I noticed. The first was—over the arch of the doorway, amongst others—one device very like the animal's head upon the watch and the seal which my great-grandmother had given me. I could not be sure it was the same, for the shape—both in the stone and in my memory—was considerably worn. The other interested me far more. In the great gate was a small wicket, so small that there was hardly room for me to pass without stooping. A thick stone threshold lay before it: the spot where the right foot must fall in stepping out of the wicket, was worn into the shape of a shoe, to the depth of between three and four inches I should judge, vertically into the stone. The deep foot-mould conveyed to me a sense of the coming and going of generations, such as I could not gather from the age-worn walls of the building.

A great bell-handle at the end of a jointed iron-rod, hung down by the side of the wicket. I rang. An old woman opened the wicket, and allowed me to enter. I thought I remembered the way to Mrs. Wilson's door well enough, but when I had ascended the few broad steps, curved to the shape of the corner in which the entrance stood, and found myself in the flagged court, I was bewildered, and had to follow the retreating portress for directions. A word set me right, and I was soon in Mrs. Wilson's presence. She received me kindly, and expressed her satisfaction that I had kept what she was pleased to consider my engagement.

After some refreshment and a little talk, Mrs. Wilson said,

"Now, Master Cumbermede, would you like to go and see the gardens, or take a walk in the park and look at the deer?"

"Please, Mrs. Wilson," I returned, "you promised to show me the house."

"You would like that, would you?"

"Yes," I answered, — "better than anything."

"Come, then," she said, and took a bunch of keys from the wall. "Some of the rooms I lock up when the family's away."

It was a vast place. Roughly it may be described as a large oblong which the great hall, with the kitchen and its offices, divided into two square courts—the one flagged, the other gravelled. A passage dividing the hall from the kitchen led through from the one court to the other. We entered this central portion through a small tower; and, after a peep at the hall, ascended to a room above the entrance, accessible from an open gallery which ran along two sides of the hall. The room was square, occupying the area-space of the little entrance tower. To my joyous amazement, its walls were crowded with swords, daggers—weapons in endless variety, mingled with guns and pistols, for which I cared less. Some which had hilts curiously carved and even jewelled, seemed of foreign make: their character was different from that of the rest; but most were evidently of the same family with the one sword I knew. Mrs. Wilson could tell me nothing about them. All she knew was, that this was the armory, and that Sir Giles had a book with something written in it about every one of the weapons. They were no chance collection: each had a

history. I gazed in wonder and delight. Above the weapons hung many pieces of armor—no entire suits, however; of those there were several in the hall below. Finding that Mrs. Wilson did not object to my handling the weapons within my reach, I was soon so much absorbed in the examination of them, that I started when she spoke.

"You shall come again, Master Cumbermede," she said. "We must go now."

I replaced a Highland broadsword, and turned to follow her. She was evidently pleased with the alacrity of my obedience, and for the first time bestowed on me a smile as she led the way from the armory by another door. To my enhanced delight this door led into the library. Gladly would I have lingered, but Mrs. Wilson walked on, and I followed, through rooms and rooms, low-pitched, and hung with tapestry, some carpeted, some floored with black polished oak, others with some kind of cement or concrete, all filled with ancient furniture whose very aspect was a speechless marvel. Out of one into another, along endless passages, up and down winding stairs, now looking from the summit of a lofty tower upon terraces and gardens below — now lost in gloomy arches, again out upon acres of leads, and now bathed in the sweet gloom of the ancient chapel with its stained windows of that old glass which seems nothing at first, it is so modest and harmonious, but which for that very reason grows into a poem in the brain: you see it last and love it best—I followed with unabating delight.

When at length Mrs. Wilson said I had seen the whole, I begged her to let me go again into the library, for she had not given me a moment to look at it. She consented.

It was a part of the house not best suited for the purpose, connected with the armory by a descent of a few steps. It lay over some of the housekeeping department, was too near the great hall, and looked into the flagged court. A library should be on the ground floor in a quiet wing, with an outlook on grass, and the possibility of gaining it at once without going through long passages. Nor was the library itself, architecturally considered, at all superior to its position. The books had greatly outgrown the space allotted to them, and several of the neighboring rooms had been annexed as occasion required; hence it consisted of half a dozen rooms, some of them merely closets intended for dressing-rooms, and all very ill lighted. I entered it however in no critical spirit, but with a feeling of reverential delight. My uncle's books had taught me to love books. I had been accustomed to consider his five hundred volumes a wonderful library; but here were thousands—as old, as musty, as neglected, as dilapidated, therefore as certainly full of wonder and discovery, as man or boy could wish. —Oh the treasures of a house that has been growing for ages! I leave a whole roomful of lethal weapons, to descend three steps into six roomfuls of books—each "the precious life-blood of a master spirit"—for as yet in my eyes all books were worthy! Which did I love best? Old swords or old books? I could not tell. I had only the grace to know which I *ought* to love best.

As we passed from the first room into the second, up rose a white thing from a corner of the window-seat, and came towards us. I started. Mrs. Wilson exclaimed:

"La! Miss Clara! how ever——?"

The rest was lost in the abyss of possibility.

"They told me you were somewhere about, Mrs. Wilson, and I thought I had better wait here. How do you do?"

"La, child, you've given me such a turn!" said Mrs. Wilson. "You might have been a ghost if it had been in the middle of the night."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Wilson," said the girl merrily. "Only you see if it had been a ghost it couldn't have been me."

"How's your papa, Miss Clara?"

"Oh! he's always quite well."

"When did you see him?"

"To-day. He's at home with grandpapa now."

"And you ran away and left him?"

"Not quite that. He and grandpapa went out about some business—to the copse at Deadman's Hollow, I think. They didn't want my advice—they never do; so I came to see you, Mrs. Wilson."

By this time I had been able to look at the

girl. She was a year or two older than myself, I thought, and the loveliest creature I had ever seen. She had large blue eyes of the rare shade called violet, a little round perhaps, but the long lashes did something to rectify that fault; and a delicate nose—turned up a little of course, else at her age she could not have been so pretty. Her mouth was well curved, expressing a full share of Paley's happiness; her chin was something large and projecting, but the lines were fine. Her hair was a light brown, but dark for her eyes, and her complexion would have been enchanting to any one fond of the "sweet mixture, red and white." Her figure was that of a girl of thirteen, undetermined — but therein I was not critical. "An exceeding fair forehead," to quote Sir Philip Sidney, and plump, white, dimple-knuckled hands complete the picture sufficiently for the present. Indeed it would have been better to say only that I was taken with her, and then the reader might fancy her such as he would have been taken with himself. But I was not fascinated. It was only that I was a boy and she was a girl, and there being no element of decided repulsion, I felt kindly disposed towards her.

Mrs. Wilson turned to me.

"Well, Master Cumbermede, you see I am able to give you more than I promised."

"Yes," I returned; "you promised to show me the old house——"

"And here," she interposed, "I show you a young lady as well."

"Yes, thank you," I said simply. But I had a feeling that Mrs. Wilson was not absolutely well pleased.

I was rather shy of Miss Clara—not that I was afraid of her, but that I did not exactly know what was expected of me, and Mrs. Wilson gave us no further introduction to each other. I was not so shy, however, as not to wish Mrs. Wilson would leave us together, for then, I thought, we should get on well enough; but such was not her intent. Desirous of being agreeable, however—as far as I knew how, and remembering that Mrs. Wilson had given me the choice before, I said to her—

"Mightn't we go and look at the deer, Mrs. Wilson?"

"You had better not," she answered. "They are rather ill-tempered just now. They might run at you. I heard them fighting last night, and knocking their horns together dreadfully."

"Then we'd better not," said Clara. "They frightened me very much yesterday."

We were following Mrs. Wilson from the room. As we passed the hall-door we peeped in.

"Do you like such great high places?" asked Clara.

"Yes, I do," I answered. "I like great high places. It makes you gasp somehow."

"Are you fond of gasping? Does it do you good?" she asked, with a mock simplicity which might be humor or something not so pleasant.

"Yes, I think it does," I answered. "It pleases me."

"I don't like it. I like a quiet snug place like the library—not a great wide place like this, that looks as if it had swallowed you and didn't know it."

"What a clever creature she is!" I thought. We turned away and followed Mrs. Wilson again.

I had expected to spend the rest of the day with her, but the moment we reached her apartment, she got out a bottle of her home-made wine and some cake, saying it was time for me to go home. I was much disappointed—the more that the pretty Clara remained behind; but what could I do? I strolled back to Aldwick with my head fuller than ever of fancies, new and old. But Mrs. Wilson had said nothing of going to see her again, and without an invitation I could not venture to revisit the Hall.

In pondering over the events of the day, I gave the man I had met in the wood a full share in my meditations.

CHAPTER XI.

A TALK WITH MY UNCLE.

WHEN I returned home for the Christmas holidays I told my uncle, amongst other things, all that I have just recorded; for although the affair seemed far away from me now, I felt that he ought to know it. He was

greatly pleased with my behavior in regard to the apple. He did not identify the place, however, until he heard the name of the housekeeper: then I saw a cloud pass over his face. It grew deeper when I told him of my second visit, especially while I described the man I had met in the wood.

"I have a strange fancy about him, uncle," I said. "I think he must be the same man that came here one very stormy night—long ago—and wanted to take me away."

"Who told you of that?" asked my uncle, startled.

I explained that I had been a listener.

"You ought not to have listened."

"I know that now; but I did not know then. I woke frightened, and heard the voices."

"What makes you think it was the same man?"

"I can't be sure, you know. But as often as I think of the man I met in the wood, the recollection of that night comes back to me."

"I daresay. What was he like?"

I described him as well as I could.

"Yes," said my uncle, "I daresay. He is a dangerous man."

"What did he want with me?"

"He wanted to have something to do with your education. He is an old friend—acquaintance I ought to say—of your father's. I should be sorry you had any intercourse with him. He is a very worldly kind of man. He believes in money and rank and getting on. He believes in nothing else that I know."

"Then I am sure I shouldn't like him," I said.

"I am pretty sure you wouldn't," returned my uncle.

I had never before heard him speak so severely of any one. But from this time he began to talk to me more as if I had been a grown man. There was a simplicity in his way of looking at things, however, which made him quite intelligible to a boy as yet uncorrupted by false aims or judgments. He took me about with him constantly, and I began to see him as he was, and to honor and love him more than ever.

Christmas-day this year fell on a Sunday. It was a model Christmas-day. My uncle and I walked to church in the morning. When we started, the grass was shining with frost, and the air was cold; a fog hung about the horizon, and the sun shone through it with red rayless countenance. But before we reached the church, which was some three miles from home, the fog was gone, and the frost had taken shelter with the shadows; the sun was dazzling without being clear, and the golden cock on the spire was glittering keen in the moveless air.

"What do they put a cock on the spire for, uncle?" I asked.

"To end off with an ornament, perhaps," he answered.

"I thought it had been to show how the wind blew."

"Well, it wouldn't be the first time great things—I mean the spire, not the cock—had been put to little uses."

"But why should it be a cock," I asked, "more than any other bird?"

"Some people—those to whom the church is chiefly historical, would tell you it is the cock that rebuked St. Peter. Whether it be so or not, I think a better reason for putting it there would be that the cock is the first creature to welcome the light, and tell people that it is coming. Hence it is a symbol of the clergyman."

"But our clergyman doesn't wake the people, uncle. I've seen him send *you* to sleep sometimes."

My uncle laughed.

"I daresay there are some dull cocks, too," he answered.

"There's one at the farm," I said, "which goes on crowing every now and then all night—in his sleep—Janet says. But it never wakes till all the rest are out in the yard."

My uncle laughed again. We had reached the churchyard, and by the time we had visited grannie's grave—that was the only one I thought of in the group of family mounds—the bells had ceased, and we entered.

I at least did not sleep this morning; not however because of the anti-somnolence of the clergyman—but that, in a pew not far off from me, sat Clara. I could see her as often as I pleased to turn my head half-way

round. Church is a very favorable place for falling in love. It is all very well for the older people to shake their heads and say you ought to be minding the service—that does not affect the fact stated—especially when the clergyman is of the half-awake order who take to the church as a gentleman-like profession. Having to sit so still, with the pretty face so near, with no obligation to pay it attention, but with perfect liberty to look at it, a boy in the habit of inventing stories could hardly help fancying himself in love with it. Whether she saw me or not, I cannot tell. Although she passed me close as we came out, she did not look my way, and I had not the hardihood to address her.

As we were walking home, my uncle broke the silence.

"You would like to be an honorable man, wouldn't you Willie?" he said.

"Yes, that I should, uncle."

"Could you keep a secret now?"

"Yes, uncle."

"But there are two ways of keeping a secret."

"I don't know more than one."

"What's that?"

"Not to tell it."

"Never to show that you knew it, would be better still."

"Yes, it would—"

"But, suppose a thing:—suppose you knew that there was a secret; suppose you wanted very much to find it out, and yet would not try to find it out: wouldn't that be another way of keeping it?"

"Yes, it would. If I knew there was a secret, I should like to find it out."

"Well, I am going to try you. There *is* a secret. I know it; you do not. You have a right to know it some day, but not yet. I mean to tell it you, but I want you to learn a great deal first. I want to keep the secret from hurting you. Just as you would keep things from a baby which would hurt him, I have kept some things from you."

"Is the sword one of them, uncle?" I asked.

"You could not do anything with the secret if you did know it," my uncle went on, without heeding my question; "but there may be designing people who would make a tool of you for their own ends. It is far better you should be ignorant. Now will you keep my secret?—or in other words, will you trust me?"

I felt a little frightened. My imagination was at work on the formless thing. But I was chiefly afraid of the promise—lest I should anyway break it.

"I will try to keep the secret—keep it from myself, that is—ain't it, uncle?"

"Yes. That is just what I mean."

"But how long will it be for, uncle?"

"I am not quite sure. It will depend on how wise and sensible you grow. Some boys are men at eighteen—some not at forty. The more reasonable and well-behaved you are, the sooner shall I feel at liberty to tell it you."

He ceased, and I remained silent. I was not astonished. The vague news fell in with all my fancies. The possibility of something pleasant, nay even wonderful and romantic, of course suggested itself, and the hope which thence gilded the delay tended to reconcile me to my ignorance.

"I think it better you should not go back to Mr. Elder's, Willie," said my uncle.

I was stunned at the words. Where could a place be found to compare for blessedness with Mr. Elder's school? Not even the great Hall with its acres of rooms and its age-long history, could rival it.

Some moments passed before I could utter a faltering "Why?"

"That is part of my secret, Willie," answered my uncle. "I know it will be a disappointment to you, for you have been very happy with Mr. Elder."

"Yes, indeed," I answered. It was all I could say, for the tears were rolling down my cheeks, and there was a great lump in my throat.

"I am very sorry indeed to give you pain, Willie," he said kindly.

"It's not my blame, is it, uncle?" I sobbed.

"Not in the least, my boy."

"Oh! then, I don't mind it so much."

"There's a brave boy! Now the question is what to do with you."

"Can't I stop at home then?"

"No, that won't do either, Willie. I must

have you taught, and I haven't time to teach you myself. Neither am I a scholar enough for it now; my learning has got rusty. I know your father would have wished to send you to College, and although I do not very well see how I can manage it, I must do the best I can. I'm not a rich man, you see, Willie, though I have a little laid by. I never could do much at making money, and I must not leave your aunt unprovided for."

"No, uncle. Besides, I shall soon be able to work for myself and you too."

"Not for a long time if you go to College, Willie. But we need not talk about that yet."

In the evening I went to my uncle's room. He was sitting by his fire reading the New Testament.

"Please, uncle," I said, "will you tell me something about my father and mother."

"With pleasure, my boy," he answered, and after a moment's thought began to give me a sketch of my father's life, with as many touches of the man himself as he could at the moment recall. I will not detain my reader with the narrative. It is sufficient to say that my father was a simple honorable man, without much education, but a great lover of plain books. His health had always been delicate; and before he died he had been so long an invalid that my mother's health had given way in nursing him, so that she very soon followed him. As his narrative closed my uncle said: "Now Willie, you see, with a good man like that for your father, you are bound to be good and honorable. Never mind whether people praise you or not; you do what you ought to do. And don't be always thinking of your rights. There are people who consider themselves very grand because they can't bear to be interfered with. They think themselves lovers of justice, when it is only justice to themselves they care about. The true lover of justice is one who would rather die a slave than interfere with the rights of others. To wrong any one is the most terrible thing in the world. Injustice *to* you is not an awful thing like injustice *in* you. I should like to see you a great man, Willie. Do you know what I mean by a great man?"

"Something else than I know, I'm afraid, uncle," I answered.

"A great man is one who will try to do right against the devil himself; one who will not do wrong to please anybody or to save his life."

I listened, but I thought with myself a man might do all that, and be no great man. I would do something better—some fine deed or other—I did not know what now, but I should find out by and by. My uncle was too easily pleased; I should demand more of a great man. Not so did the knights of old gain their renown. I was silent.

"I don't want you to take my opinions as yours, you know, Willie," my uncle resumed. "But I want you to remember what my opinion is."

As he spoke, he went to a drawer in the room, and brought out something which he put in my hands. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was the watch grannie had given me.

"There," he said, "is your father's watch. Let it keep you in mind that to be good is to be great."

"O thank you, uncle!" I said, heeding only my recovered treasure.

"But didn't it belong to somebody before my father? Grannie gave it me as if it had been hers."

"Your grandfather gave it to your father; but when he died, your great-grandmother took it. Did she tell you anything about it?"

"Nothing particular. She said it was her husband's."

"So it was, I believe."

"She used to call him my father."

"Ah, you remember that!"

"I've had so much time to think about things, uncle!"

"Yes. Well—I hope you will think more about things yet."

"Yes, uncle. But there's something else I should like to ask you about."

"What's that?"

"The old sword?"

My uncle smiled, and rose again, saying

"Ah! I thought as much.—Is that anything like it?" he added, bringing it from the bottom of a cupboard.

I took it from his hands with awe. It was

the same. If I could have mistaken the hilt, I could not mistake the split sheath.

"Oh, uncle!" I exclaimed, breathless with delight.

"That's it—isn't it?" he said, enjoying my enjoyment.

"Yes, that it is! Now tell me all about it, please."

"Indeed I can tell you very little. Some ancestor of ours fought with it somewhere. There was a story about it, but I have forgot it. You may have it if you like."

"No, uncle! May I? To take away with me?"

"Yes. I think you are old enough now not to do any mischief with it."

I do not believe there was a happier boy in England that night. I did not mind where I went now. I thought I could even bear to bid Mrs. Elder farewell. Whether therefore possession had done me good, I leave my reader to judge. But happily for our blessedness, the joy of possession soon palls, and not many days had gone by before I found I had a heart yet. Strange to say, it was my aunt who touched it.

I do not yet know all the reasons which brought my uncle to the resolution of sending me abroad: it was certainly an unusual mode of preparing one for the university; but the next day he disclosed the plan to me. I was pleased with the notion. But my aunt's apron went up to her eyes. It was a very hard apron, and I pitied those eyes although they were fierce.

"Oh, auntie!" I said, "what are you crying for? Don't you like me to go?"

"It's too far off, child. How am I to get to you if you should be taken ill?"

Moved both by my own pleasure and her grief, I got up and threw my arms round her neck. I had never done so before. She returned my embrace and wept freely.

As it was not a fit season for traveling, and as my uncle had not yet learned whither it would be well to send me, it was after all resolved that I should return to Mr. Elder's for another half-year. This gave me unspeakable pleasure; and I set out for school again in such a blissful mood as must be rare in the experience of any life.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUSE-STEWARD.

My uncle had had the watch cleaned and repaired for me, so that notwithstanding its great age, it was yet capable of a doubtful sort of service. Its caprices were almost human, but they never impaired the credit of its possession in the eyes of my school-fellows; rather they added to the interest of the little machine, inasmuch as no one could foretell its behavior under any circumstances. We were far oftener late now, when we went out for a ramble. Heretofore we had used our faculties and consulted the sky—now we trusted to the watch, and indeed acted as if it could regulate the time to our convenience, and carry us home afterwards. We regarded it, in respect of time, very much as some people regard the Bible in respect of eternity. And the consequences were similar. We made an idol of it, and the idol played us the usual idol-pranks.

But I think the possession of the sword, in my own eyes too a far grander thing than the watch, raised me yet higher in the regard of my companions. We could not be on such intimate terms with the sword, for one thing, as with the watch. It was in more senses than one beyond our sphere—a thing to be regarded with awe and reverence. Mr. Elder had most wisely made no objection to my having it in our bed-room; but he drove two nails into the wall, and hung it high above my reach, saying the time had not come for my handling it. I believe the good man respected the ancient weapon, and wished to preserve it from such usage as it might have met with from boys. It was the more a constant stimulus to my imagination, and I believe insensibly to my moral nature as well, connecting me in a kind of dim consciousness with foregone ancestors who had, I took it for granted, done well on the battle-field. I had the sense of an inherited character to sustain in the new order of things. But there was more in its influence which I can hardly define—the inheritance of it even gave birth to a certain sense of personal dignity.

Although I never thought of visiting Mold·

warp Hall again without an invitation, I took my companions more than once into the woods which lay about it; thus far I used the right of my acquaintance with the housekeeper. One day in spring, I had gone with them to the old narrow bridge. I was particularly fond of visiting it. We lingered a long time about Queen Elizabeth's oak; and by climbing up on each other's shoulders, and so gaining some stumps of vanished boughs, had succeeded in clambering, one after another, into the wilderness of its branches, where the young buds were now pushing away the withered leaves before them, as the young generations of men push the older into the grave. When my turn came, I climbed and climbed until I had reached a great height in its top. Then I sat down, holding by the branch over my head, and began to look about me. Below was an entangled net, as it seemed—a labyrinth of boughs, branches, twigs, and shoots. If I had fallen I could hardly have reached the earth. Through this environing mass of lines, I caught glimpses of the country around—green fields, swelling into hills, where the fresh foliage was bursting from the trees; and below, the little stream ever pursuing its busy way, by a devious but certain path to its unknown future. Then my eyes turned to the tree-clad ascent on the opposite side: through the topmost of its trees shone a golden spark, a glimmer of yellow fire. It was the vane on the highest tower of the Hall. A great desire seized me to look on the lordly pile once more. I descended in haste, and proposed to my companions that we should climb through the woods, and have a peep at the house. The eldest, who was in a measure in charge of us—his name was Bardsley, for Fox was gone—proposed to consult my watch first. Had we known that the faithless thing had stopped for an hour and a half, and then resumed its onward course as if nothing had happened, we should not have delayed our return. As it was, off we scampered for the pack-horse bridge, which we left behind us only after many frog-leaps over the obstructing stones at the ends. Then up through the wood we went like wild creatures, abstaining however from all shouting and mischief, aware that we were on sufferance only. At length we stood on the verge of the descent, when to our surprise we saw the sun getting low in the horizon. Clouds were gathering overhead, and a wailful wind made one moaning sweep through the trees behind us in the hollow. The sun had hidden his shape but not his splendor in the skirts of the white clouds which were closing in around him. Spring as it was, I thought I smelled snow in the air. But the vane which had drawn me shone brilliant against a darkening cloud, like a golden bird in the sky. We looked at each other, not in dismay exactly, but with a common feeling that the elements were gathering against us. The wise way would of course have been to turn at once and make for home; but the watch had to be considered. Was the watch right, or was the watch wrong? Its health and conduct were of the greatest interest to the commonweal. That question must be answered. We looked from the watch to the sun, and back from the sun to the watch. Steady to all appearance as the descending sun itself, the hands were trotting and crawling along their appointed way, with a look of unconscious innocence, in the midst of their diamond coronet. I volunteered to settle the question: I would run to the Hall, ring the bell, and ask leave to go as far into the court as to see the clock on the central tower. The proposition was applauded. I ran, rang, and being recognized by the portress, was at once admitted. In a moment I had satisfied myself of the treachery of my bosom-friend, and was turning to leave the court, when a lattice opened, and I heard a voice calling my name. It was Mrs. Wilson's. She beckoned me. I went up under the window.

"Why don't you come and see me, Master Cumbermede?" she said.

"You didn't ask me, Mrs. Wilson. I should have liked to come very much."

"Come in, then, and have tea with me now."

"No, thank you," I answered. "My schoolfellows are waiting for me, and we are too late already. I only came to see the clock."

"Well, you must come soon, then."

"I will, Mrs. Wilson. Good night," I answered, and away I ran, opened the wicket for myself, set my foot in the deep shoe-mould, then rushed down the rough steps and across the grass to my companions.

When they heard what time it was, they turned without a word, and in less than a minute we were at the bottom of the hill and over the bridge. The wood followed us with a moan which was gathering to a roar. Down in the meadow it was growing dark. Before we reached the lodge it had begun to rain, and the wind, when we got out upon the road, was blowing a gale. We were seven miles from home. Happily the wind was in our back, and, wet to the skin, but not so weary because of the aid of the wind, we at length reached Aldwick. The sole punishment we had for being so late—and that was more a precaution than a punishment—was that we had to go to bed immediately after a hurried tea. To face and fight the elements is, however, an invaluable lesson in childhood, and I do not think those parents do well who are over careful to preserve all their children from all inclemencies of weather or season.

When the next holiday drew near, I once more requested and obtained permission to visit Moldwarp Hall. I am now puzzled to understand why my uncle had not interdicted it, but certainly he had laid no injunctions upon me in regard thereto. Possibly he had communicated with Mrs. Wilson: I do not know. If he had requested Mr. Elder to prevent me, I could not have gone. So far, however, must this have been from being the case, that on the eve of the holiday, Mr. Elder said to me:

"If Mrs. Wilson should ask you to stay all night, you may."

I suspect he knew more about some things than I did. The notion of staying all night seemed to me, however, out of the question. Mrs. Wilson could not be expected to entertain me to that extent. I fancy, though, that she had written to make the request. My schoolfellows accompanied me as far as the bridge, and there left me. Mrs. Wilson received me with notable warmth, and did propose that I should stay all night, to which I gladly agreed, more, it must be confessed, from the attraction of the old house than the love I bore to Mrs. Wilson.

"But what is that you are carrying?" she asked.

It was my sword. This requires a little explanation.

It was natural enough that on the eve of a second visit, as I hoped, to the armory, I should, on going up to bed, lift my eyes with longing look to my own sword. The thought followed—what a pleasure it would be to compare it with the other swords in the armory. If I could only get it down and smuggle it away with me! It was my own. I believed Mr. Elder would not approve of this; but at the same time he had never told me not to take it down: he had only hung it too high for any of us to reach it—almost close to the ceiling in fact. But a want of enterprise was not then a fault of mine, and the temptation was great. So when my chum was asleep, I rose, and, by the remnant of a fading moon, got together the furniture—no easy undertaking, when the least noise would have betrayed me. Fortunately there was a chest of drawers not far from under the object of my ambition, and I managed by half inches to move it the few feet necessary. On the top of this I hoisted the small dressing-table, which, being only of deal, was very light. The chest of drawers was large enough to hold my small box beside the table. I got on the drawers by means of a chair, then by means of the box I got on the table, and so succeeded in getting down the sword. Having replaced the furniture, I laid the weapon under my bolster, and was soon fast asleep. The moment I woke I got up, and before the house was stirring had deposited the sword in an outbuilding whence I could easily get it off the premises. Of course my companions knew, and I told them all my design. Moberly hinted that I ought to have asked Mr. Elder, but his was the sole remark in that direction.

"It is my sword, Mrs. Wilson," I answered.

"How do you come to have a sword?" she asked. "It is hardly a fit plaything for you."

I told her how it had been in the house since long before I was born, and that I had brought it to compare with some of the swords in the armory.

"Very well," she answered. "I daresay we can manage it; but when Mr. Close is at home, it is not very easy to get into the armory. He's so jealous of any one touching his swords and guns!"

"Who is Mr. Close, then?"

"Mr. Close is the house-steward."

"But they're not his then, are they?"

"It's quite enough that he thinks so. He has a fancy for that sort of thing. I'm sure I don't see anything so precious in the rusty old rubbish."

I suspected that, as the saying is, there was no love lost between Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Close. I learned afterwards that he had been chaplain to a regiment of foot, which, according to rumor, he had had to leave for some misconduct. This was in the time of the previous owner of Moldwarp Hall, and nobody now knew the circumstances under which he had become house-steward—a position in which Sir Giles, when he came to the property, had retained his services.

"We are going to have company, and a dance, this evening," continued Mrs. Wilson. "I hardly know what to do with you, my hands are so full."

This was not very consistent with her inviting me to stay all night, and confirms my suspicion that she had made a request of that purport of Mr. Elder, for otherwise, surely, she would have sent me home.

"Oh! never mind me, Mrs. Wilson," I said. "If you will let me wander about the place, I shall be perfectly comfortable."

"Yes; but you might get in the way of the family, or the visitors," she said.

"I'll take good care of that," I returned. "Surely there is room in this huge place without running against any one."

"There ought to be," she answered.

After a few minutes' silence, she resumed,

"We shall have a good many of them staying all night, but there will be room for you, I dare say. What would you like to do with yourself till they begin to come?"

"I should like to go to the library," I answered, thinking, I confess, of the adjacent armory as well. "Should I be in the way there?"

"No; I don't think you would," she replied, thoughtfully. "It's not often any one goes there."

"Who takes charge of the books?" I asked.

"Oh! books don't want much taking care of," she replied. "I have thought of having them down and dusting the place out, but it would be such a job! and the dust don't signify upon old books. They ain't of much count in this house. Nobody heeds them."

"I wish Sir Giles would let me come and put them in order in the holidays," I said, little knowing how altogether unfit I yet was for such an undertaking.

"Ah well! we'll see. Who knows?"

"You don't think he would!" I exclaimed.

"I don't know. Perhaps he might. But I thought you were going abroad soon."

I had not said anything to her on the subject. I had never had an opportunity.

"Who told you that, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Never you mind. A little bird. Now you had better go to the library. I dare say you won't hurt anything, for Sir Giles, although he never looks at the books, would be dreadfully angry if he thought anything were happening to them."

"I'll take as good care of them as if they were my uncle's. He used to let me handle his as much as I liked. I used to mend them up for him. I'm quite accustomed to books, I assure you, Mrs. Wilson."

"Come then; I will show you the way," she said.

"I think I know the way," I answered. For I had pondered so much over the place, and had, I presume, filled so many gaps of recollection with creations of fancy, that I quite believed I knew my way all about the house.

"We shall see," she returned with a smile. "I will take you the nearest way, and you shall tell me on your honor if you remember it."

She led the way, and I followed. Passing down the stone stair and through several rooms, mostly plain bed-rooms, we arrived at a wooden staircase of which there were few in the place. We ascended a little way, crossed one or two rooms more, came out on a small gallery open to the air, a sort of

covered bridge across a gulf in the building, re-entered, and after crossing other rooms, tapestried, and to my eyes richly furnished, arrived at the first of those occupied by the library.

"Now did you know the way, Wilfrid?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "I cannot think how I could have forgotten it so entirely. I am ashamed of myself."

"You have no occasion," she returned. "You never went that way at all."

"Oh, dear me!" I said; "what a place it is! I might lose myself in it for a week."

"You would come out somewhere, if you went on long enough, I dare say. But you must not leave the library till I come and fetch you. You will want some dinner before long."

"What time do you dine?" I asked, putting my hand to my watch-pocket.

"Ah! you've got a watch—have you? But indeed on a day like this, I dine when I can. You needn't fear. I will take care of you."

"Mayn't I go into the armory?"

"If you don't mind the risk of meeting Mr. Close. But he's not likely to be there to-day."

She left me with fresh injunctions not to stir till she came for me. But I now felt the place to be so like a rabbit-warren, that I dared not leave the library, if not for the fear of being lost, then for the fear of intruding upon some of the family. I soon nestled in a corner, with books behind, books before, and books all around me. After trying several spots, like a miner searching for live lodes, and finding nothing auriferous to my limited capacities and tastes, I had at length struck upon a rich vein, had instantly dropped on the floor, and, with my back against the shelves, was now immersed in "The Seven Champions of Christendom." As I read, a ray of light which had been creeping along the shelves behind me, leaped upon my page. I looked up. I had not yet seen the room so light. Nor had I perceived before in what confusion and with what disrespect the books were heaped upon the shelves. A dim feeling awoke in me that to restore such a world to order would be like a work of creation; but I sunk again forthwith in the delights of a feast provided for an imagination which had in general to feed itself. I had here all the delight of invention without any of its effort.

At length I became aware of some weariness. The sunbeam had vanished, not only from the page, but from the room. I began to stretch my arms. As the tension of their muscles relaxed, my hand fell upon the sword which I had carried with me and laid on the floor by my side. It awoke another mental nerve. I would go and see the armory.

I rose, and wandered slowly through room after room of the library, dragging my sword after me. When I reached the last, there, in the corner next the outer wall of the house, rose the three stone steps, leading to the little door that communicated with the treasury of ancient strife. I stood at the foot of the steps, irresolute for a moment, fearful lest my black man, Mr. Close, should be within, polishing his weapons perhaps, and fearful in his wrath. I ascended the steps, listened at the door, heard nothing, lifted the old, quaintly-formed latch, peeped in, and entered. There was the whole collection, abandoned to my eager gaze and eager hands! How long I stood, taking down weapon after weapon, examining each like an old book, speculating upon modes of use, and intention of varieties in form, poring over adornment and mounting, I cannot tell. Historically the whole was a sealed book; individually I made a thorough acquaintance with not a few, noting the differences and resemblances between them and my own, and instead of losing conceit of the latter, finding more and more reasons for holding it dear and honorable. I was poising in one hand, with the blade upright in the air—for otherwise I could scarcely have held it in both—a huge, two-handed, double-hilted sword, with serrated double edge, when I heard a step approaching, and before I had well replaced the sword, a little door in a corner which I had scarcely noticed—the third door to the room—opened, and down the last steps of the narrowest of winding stairs, a little man in black screwed himself into the armory. I was startled but not altogether frightened. I felt myself grasp-

ing my own sword somewhat nervously in my left hand, as I abandoned the great one, and let it fall back with a clang into its corner.

"By the powers!" exclaimed Mr. Close, revealing himself an Irishman at once in the surprise of my presence, "and who have we here?"

I felt my voice tremble a little as I replied,

"Mrs. Wilson allowed me to come, sir. I assure you I have not been hurting anything.

"Who's to tell that? Mrs. Wilson has no business to let any one come here. This is my quarters. There—you've got one in your hand now! You've left finger-marks on the blade, I'll be bound. Give it me."

He stretched out his hand. I drew back.

"This one is mine," I said.

"Ho, ho, young gentleman! So you're a collector—are you? Already too! Nothing like beginning in time! Let me look at the thing though."

He was a little man, as I have said, dressed in black, with a frock coat and a deep white neckcloth. His face would have been vulgar, especially as his nose was a traitor to his mouth, revealing in its hue the proclivities of its owner, but for a certain look of the connoisseur which went far to redeem it. The hand which he stretched out to take my weapon was small and delicate—like a woman's indeed. His speech was that of a gentleman. I handed him the sword at once.

He had scarcely glanced at it when a strange look passed over his countenance. He tried to draw it, failed, and looking all along the sheath, saw its condition. Then his eyes flashed. He turned from me abruptly, and went up the stair he had descended. I waited anxiously for what seemed to me half an hour: I dare say it was not more than ten minutes. At last I heard him revolving on his axis down the corkscrew staircase. He entered and handed me my sword, saying—

"There! I can't get it out of the sheath. It's in a horrid state of rust. Where did you fall in with it?"

I told him all I knew about it. If he did not seem exactly interested, he certainly behaved with some oddity. When I told him what my grandmother had said about some battle in which an ancestor had worn it, his arm rose with a jerk, and the motions of his face, especially of his mouth, which appeared to be eating its own teeth, were for a moment grotesque. When I had finished, he said, with indifferent tone, but eager face—

"Well, it's a rusty old thing, but I like old weapons. I'll give you a bran new officer's sword, as bright as a mirror, for it—I will. There now! Is it a bargain?"

"I could not part with it, sir—not for the best sword in the country," I answered. "You see it has been so long in our family."

"Hm! hm! You're quite right, my boy. I wouldn't if I were you. But as I see you know how to set a right value on such a weapon, you may stay and look at mine as long as you like. Only if you take any of them from their sheaths, you must be very careful how you put them in again. Don't use any force. If there is any one you can't manage easily, just lay it on the window-sill, and I will attend to it. Mind you don't handle—I mean touch the blades at all. There would be no end of rust-spots before morning."

I was full of gratitude for the confidence he placed in me.

"I can't stop now to tell you about them all, but I will—some day."

So saying he disappeared once more up the little staircase, leaving me like Aladdin in the jewel-forest. I had not been alone more than half an hour or so, however, when he returned, and taking down a dagger, said abruptly,

"There, that is the dagger with which Lord Harry Rolleston"—think that was the name, but knowing nothing of the family or its history, I could not keep the names separate—"stabbed his brother Gilbert. And there is——"

He took down one after another, and with every one he associated some fact—or fancy perhaps, for I suspect now that he invented not a few of his incidents.

"They have always been fond of weapons in this house," he said. "There now is one with the strangest story! It's in print—I can show it you in print in the library there. It had the reputation of being a magic sword——"

"Like King Arthur's Excalibur?" I asked,

for I had read a good deal of the history of Prince Arthur.

"Just so," said Mr. Close. "Well, that sword had been in the family for many years—I may say centuries. One day it disappeared, and there was a great outcry. A lackey had been discharged for some cause or other, and it was believed he had taken it. But before they found him, the sword was in its place upon the wall. Afterwards the man confessed that he had taken it, out of revenge, for he knew how it was prized. But in the middle of the next night, as he slept in a roadside inn, a figure dressed in ancient armor had entered the room, taken up the sword, and gone away with it. I daresay it was all nonsense. His heart had failed him when he found he was followed, and he had contrived by the help of some fellow-servant to restore it. But there *are* very queer stories about old weapons—swords in particular. I must go now," he concluded, "for we have company to-night, and I have a good many things to see to."

So saying he left me. I remained a long time in the armory, and then returned to the library, where I seated myself in the same corner as before, and went on with my reading—lost in pleasure.

All at once I became aware that the light was thickening, and that I was very hungry. At the same moment I heard a slight rustle in the room, and looked round, expecting to see Mrs. Wilson come to fetch me. But there stood Miss Clara—not now in white, however, but in a black silk frock. She had grown since I saw her last, and was prettier than ever. She started when she saw me.

"You here!" she exclaimed, as if we had known each other all our lives. "What are you doing here?"

"Reading," I answered, and rose from the floor, replacing the book as I rose. "I thought you were Mrs. Wilson come to fetch me."

"Is she coming here?"

"Yes. She told me not to leave the library till she came for me."

"Then I must get out of the way."

"Why so, Miss Clara?" I asked.

"I don't mean her to know I am here. If you tell, I shall think you the meanest——"

"Don't trouble yourself to find your punishment before you've found your crime," I said, thinking of my own processes of invention. What a little prig I must have been!

"Very well, I will trust you," she returned, holding out her hand—"I didn't give it you to keep, though," she added, finding that, with more of country manners than tenderness, I fear, I retained it in my boyish grasp.

I felt awkward at once, and let it go.

"Thank you," she said. "Now, when do you expect Mrs. Wilson?"

"I don't know at all. She said she would fetch me for dinner. There she comes, I do believe."

Clara turned her head like a startled forest creature that wants to listen but does not know in what direction, and moved her feet as if she were about to fly.

"Come back after dinner," she said: "you had better!" and darting to the other side of the room, lifted a piece of hanging tapestry, and vanished just in time, for Mrs. Wilson's first words crossed her last.

"My dear boy—Master Cumbermede, I should say, I am sorry I have not been able to get to you sooner. One thing after another has kept me on my legs till I'm ready to drop. The cook is as tiresome as cooks only can be. But come along; I've got a mouthful of dinner for you at last, and a few minutes to eat my share of it with you, I hope."

I followed without a word, feeling a little guilty, but only towards Mrs. Wilson, not towards myself, if my reader will acknowledge the difference—for I did not feel that I ought to betray Miss Clara. We returned as we came; and certainly whatever temper the cook might be in, there was nothing amiss with the dinner. Had there been, however, I was far too hungry to find fault with it.

"Well, how have you enjoyed yourself, Master Wilfrid? Not very much, I'm afraid. But really I could not help it," said Mrs. Wilson.

"I couldn't have enjoyed myself more," I answered. "If you will allow me, I'll go back to the library as soon as I've done my dinner."

"But it's almost dark there now."

"You wouldn't mind letting me have a candle, Mrs. Wilson?"

"A candle, child! It would be of no use. The place wouldn't light up with twenty candles."

"But I don't want it lighted up. I could read by one candle as well as by twenty."

"Very well. You shall do as you like. Only be careful, for the old house is as dry as tinder, and if you were to set fire to anything, we should be all in a blaze in a moment."

"I will be careful, Mrs. Wilson. You may trust me. Indeed you may."

She hurried me a little over my dinner. The bell in the court rang loudly.

"There's some of them already! That must be the Simmonses. They're always early, and they always come to that gate—I suppose because they haven't a carriage of their own, and don't like to drive into the high court in a chaise from the George and Pudding."

"I've quite done, ma'am: may I go now?"

"Wait till I get you a candle."

She took one from a press in the room, lighted it, led me once more to the library, and there left me with the fresh injunction not to be peeping out and getting in the way of the visitors.

(To be continued.)

TO MY WILD SIS.

Be like the rose. It doth not burst
To the full pride of life at first:
It openeth not to sun and dew
Its earliest and fairest hue;
But, charier of its sweet perfume,
It mantleth up its freshening bloom
Till it can burst and bloom with power,
A beautiful and perfect flower.

Be like it, then, and place not now
The wreath of fashion on thy brow;
But be thou in thy budding years
As pure and taintless as thy tears.
Let hallowed thought and simple truth
Be but the deepened hues of youth;
And thou shalt have in future hour
A perfect woman's hallowed power—
A power to love and soothe and bless
A portion of earth's wretchedness.

But be thou still, my wayward girl,
A treasure like the ocean pearl,
Whose worth, though much and pure it be,
Keeps holy shrine beneath the sea.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN GERMANY.

Of all the numerous Christmas gatherings at which I have "assisted" in Germany, the most interesting was that of the *Bergwerk*,—the most distinguished of the numerous club associations of the city where I was residing. The members are either artists or authors. It is called the "*Bergwerk*," or "Mine;" its members are "*Knappen*," or master-workmen. As the most precious substances of the material world are gained only through hard labor, so in the realms of intellect and art treasures of thought and genius are obtained only after much hard drudging and delving. In accordance with the significance of their name, the members at their meetings adopt the costume and phraseology of the miners,—each one throwing over his coat—upon which often glitters more than one decoration bestowed by princely hands—a miner's blouse, and placing upon his head a little round cap with no ornament but a gilt hammer and pick, the badge of the society. In his hand he carries a wooden hammer, and all expressions of approbation are given by a vigorous rapping and thumping upon a wooden block beside him. The assembly presents a most grotesque appearance,—the uninitiated would hardly suspect the bright stars in the world of literature and art which are hiding away under this curious disguise.

I will premise that ladies are not admitted to their weekly meetings. It is only the expansively generous influence of Christmas which induces them, once a year, to throw out their Society's arms, and embrace the fair ones allied with its members.

Years ago, when the organization was in its youth, and the "Miners" brisk and lively, they gave, from time to time, the finest balls of the season, which were often graced by the presence of the King and Court; but now they assert that, although there is great art in dancing well, it is not the noblest art to pursue.

Each member is called a "*Knappe*," as I have said, but on admission to the order he must be christened anew—receiving some comical name suggested by the peculiarities of his profession. Under penalty of a fine for violation of the rule, these names must be used by the members as they address each other.

Some of these appellations are very droll, perhaps a little sarcastic. A celebrated romance-writer, somewhat diffuse in his style, is called the "Knappe *Tintenklecks*"—"Ink-splash!" A renowned violinist gets no better name than "*Pizzicato;*" a singer is but a "*Kehlkopf*"—Larynx; a wealthy banker, who in his leisure hours dabbles with the muses, is told, in the word "*Zahlwort*," to look to his counters. An architect, under whose direction some of the finest buildings in the country have been erected, is christened "*Shnörkel*"—Flourish. A German savant, who has more than once visited the icy regions of the North, is dubbed "Esquimaux," and the word "Croup" keeps the poet-doctor constantly in mind of the responsibilities of his profession. One of the greatest baritones that the world has ever known, now retired into private life, has his past triumphs brought to mind as the members call out "*Knappe Furioso*." Another musician, a pianist, whose weakness, if he has any, is a leaning towards a certain school, perhaps not over popular, is designated "*Futurus*." A classical professor is the "Lexicon" of the party, while a mathematician is but a "Fraction." A poet is told to look to his "Feet," an artist is a "Sketch." "Fig-leaf" suggests to a sculptor the difficulties of properly adjusting drapery; an amiable young Pole, whose exquisite silhouettes have created a new branch of art, is called "*Knappe Tusch*"—Indian Ink. A group of architects form "Beams," "Squares," "Freestones," "Keystones," etc., while a company of musical celebrities answer to the euphonious titles of "Fiddlestick," "Fiddlestring," "Shake," "Trill," "Quaver," "Quodlibet," "Sharp," "Valve," etc. A renowned student and teacher of æsthetics, who soars into regions high above those where the ordinary student dwells, is called "*Plackholz*"—"Plodder" or "Plodhorse." Just think of it! What a shock it must give to his exquisitely refined nature to be brought down to common life in that abrupt manner.

The mock gravity with which these hoary-

headed savants, wits, poets, artists, etc., employ these terms in addressing each other, is, to a stranger, the most comical part of all.

On that memorable Christmas eve when I was admitted,—the first American lady who ever entered into those sacred precincts,—we assembled at an early hour in the beautiful rooms belonging to the Bergwerk. The president of the society, being a royal architect, was enabled, in the construction of one of the government buildings, to reserve a cozy room for his pets. The liberality of the government in according the space has not been unequalled by the generosity of the "Miners" in decorating it in a becoming and characteristic manner. It is furnished with a library; statues adorn the niches; paintings, engravings, and elaborate architectural plans cover the walls—all the productions of the Miners' own heads and hands.

Of course the evening commenced with a peace-offering to the demon of appetite. How little we should hear of discord and dissension if people reserved the discussion of all knotty questions till after dinner! At any rate, on that occasion groups of threes, fours, and a dozen gathered around the tables, ate, drank, and cracked jokes, till the whole company was in a most genial mood. Do not imagine that any had imbibed too much. The Germans drink copiously, but the liquors are light, and their natures are not easily excited.

About ten o'clock, a curtain drawn across a temporary stage was removed, revealing a forest scene. Deep in its recesses sat the goblin Rübezahl, guarding the entrance to a dark cavern, which, by a stretch of imagination, could be supposed to represent the shaft of the "mines" in which we were then revelling. Rübezahl is the goblin of the mines of the Riesengebirge. Whatever his usual temper may be, he was, on this evening, well disposed—and sat grinning before a bright fire, delighting mightily in the fun going on during the distribution of the gifts, which were heaped upon the rocks around.

The youngest members of the Society, acting as servants of the elder, hastened to distribute the presents to the gentlemen first. Each member had sent something to another member, who had been apportioned to him by lot. Of course, the recipient of the gift had no idea who was the giver. A comical challenge to address the company accompanied each; and after the wrappers were removed, and the presents inspected, the president, by several vigorous strokes of the hammer, brought the meeting to order. In a few appropriate words he thanked the "Miners" for his exquisite present, the donation of the whole Society, read a few business reports, and then called upon the others to return thanks to their unknown donors.

Here followed, for more than an hour, such "a feast of reason and flow of soul" as I had supposed existed only as a figure of speech. No one present that evening could ever after call the Germans a "heavy people." Their jokes were not a mere play upon words—a conglomeration of slang phrases which sometimes passes for wit, but they were the true, current coin, coming forth pure and sparkling from the mint,—no base alloy tarnishing their purity or depreciating their value. The speeches were all improvised, but the gift was always the suggesting topic. The incog. giver was hunted out, and decorated with flaming titles, conferred either in poetry or prose, as the genius of the speaker dictated. The present, which was sure to be of a most absurd kind, was represented as filling a want long felt in the ménage of the receiver, for which he poured forth the most profuse thanks in a style so finished that it was difficult to believe that each one spoke without the slightest preparation. I could not enumerate all the gifts, but remember a few as being absurdly boyish in character. The banker received a huge multiplication card, which he facetiously remarked was more acceptable than the division table would have been. The violinist had a sugar violin in return for the "linked sweetness, long drawn out," with which he had so often entertained his friends. The thin, spare "Lexicon," who looked as if he never smiled—might indeed have thrust the word mirth out of his vocabulary—was told in a huge *Pokal*, or goblet, to drink and be merry. A renowned actor had a box of toys —a puppet-show—which he said would beguile many a weary hour. The romance-

writer promised to take the lessons, in a book of sermons on the "sin of lying," seriously to heart; while the poet said, after reading the *History of the Quakers*, he too might learn to appreciate plainness of speech. Do not suppose that I am attempting to transcribe the wit and humor of that evening, which flowed in such copious streams. The manner, the time and place, lent the charm which a mere description must fail to convey. But I gasped for relief when the speeches were over, for my poor brain was in a whirl; it could not take in so much at once, though truth compels me to state that the humorous charger, prancing too gayly, sometimes ignominiously threw his rider to the ground; but these were exceptional discords to the harmonious brilliancy of the whole.

Then came a musical entertainment, partly serious, partly comical. Some artists did their best, while others, for our greater delectation, tried to do their worst. A quintette party gave us a representation of an amateur concert; and certainly only great artists could have done the thing so badly. The leader commenced by an address to the performers, urging upon them the necessity of unanimity of action, the subduing of each individual will for the common good, and telling them that if one of them should, for a moment, feel inclined to improvise an obligato, he should, before rushing away with his idea, ascertain if the others were willing to await his return to reason—and the tune. Above all, he exhorted them, if they could not exactly keep together through the whole performance, they should, at least, try to strike the final chords *ensemble*. The excruciating discords which followed were drowned in roars of laughter.

Thereupon came a comic song called the "Isthmus of Suez," in which every political event of the last decade was drolly set forth to the music of a *Volkslied*.

Then the president announced that a celebrated preacher had asked permission to address the company upon the sin of *Langeweile*—tediousness. A furious rapping of the hammers greeted the entry of an artist, whose pictures, in their rich coloring, rival Titian's, disguised as a Jesuit Father. With downcast eyes, and hands crossed upon his breast, he slowly passed to the speaker's desk and commenced his discourse, which consisted of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. For five minutes he rang the changes upon A B C alone, but they were all given with such fire, such variety of modulation and gesture, that one would hardly believe that he was not really haranguing the audience in a most eloquent manner. At one moment his voice rose in tones of the loudest denunciation; the next it assumed an argumentative strain. Again he besought, supplicated, seemed to weep even with sorrow for the obstinacy of his hearers. Then he turned to sarcastic weapons—hurling bitter, cutting sounds at his imaginary opponents. After twenty minutes he retired, and although not one word had been uttered, we all exclaimed, "What an eloquent speech!" I had never in my life heard anything so supremely ludicrous. And so the evening wore on with a variety of entertainment, enough to have filled up a dozen evenings.

One of the by-laws requires the members to bring something, of their own work, for each meeting. Thus the poet's last effort, the artist's newest work, the architect's grand plan, treatises upon topics grave and gay, are proved in the caverns of the "Mine" before emerging into the outer world.

Once or twice in the course of the evening, just to prove that the members were not too old for such things, one and another of the musical celebrities—whose thrilling harmonies charm the multitude—thought it not beneath their dignity to strike up a bewitching waltz, a jolly polka, or a romping galop, and away went the joyous crowd, spinning, whirling, jumping, with all their youthful fire and elasticity. To one of my many exclamations of delight a Knappe replied:—

"It is heavier than usual this evening. There seems to be no life in us."

"Well!" I said, "you must have adamantine natures if you can bear any more than this."

"Ah!" was the sad rejoinder, "it is plain that we are growing old and grim. The cobwebs of time are spun upon the gray walls of these caverns where we dig and toil; these intellectual gymnastics avail naught but to show that no human efforts can renew the

vigor of the muscles from which youth has departed forever. Better were it that we rest content with the laurels already won, leaving the rising generation to penetrate into the deeper recesses, and bring forth the yet undiscovered treasures."

Occasionally simple refreshments were passed,—lemonade, and cakes ornamented with sugar hammer and pick.

Finally came the ladies' turn to receive their gifts. They were escorted to the table, where the presents lay heaped up. Each one being disguised, the lady selected any shape that struck her fancy, and removed the wrappings to find some exquisite article *de virtu*. The ladies were not required, as were the gentlemen, to address their thanks to the assembled company. Perhaps they thought that if we once got the floor the house would never be brought to order again. We did our best to appear grateful, casting thankful looks right and left.

A touching tribute was paid to the memory of their fellow-workers, who, after years of toil, side by side, had since the last Christmastide cast away their implements, and gone beyond those walls which, once scaled, are never more repassed.

The *grande finale* was the mimic torch-light procession through the galleries of the "Mine." Adjoining the Society's rooms is a concert-hall, capable of accommodating three or four thousand persons. Its Egyptian darkness on that night was but little relieved, as the company, with wee Christmas candles in hand, wound round and round this immense space, the flittering fire-fly light of the tiny candles producing a drolly weird effect.

What else could be done? The night was far spent; so a wag suggested, for variety, that we should all go home. With deferential politeness the cavaliers pressed their lips upon the ladies' hands, thanked them for having graced the evening with their presence, and wished that they might be oftener among them. Why do they not invite them, then? One can hardly tell where the fault lies that the sexes are so much divided in their amusements. The German gentleman professes to like the society of ladies, but as he rarely seeks it, it would follow that he regards the time passed with them as in a measure wasted.

But I do not propose to write a treatise upon the condition of woman in Germany. It would be ungenerous and ungrateful on my part to pass any censures upon a people who have always been kind to me as a stranger, and have given me an evening's entertainment which I shall all my life remember with delight.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

CHRISTMAS.

To the one hundred thousand families into which this number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY will go, we heartily wish A MERRY AND A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

We pity the man who can find nothing in this holiday but an occasion of social merry-making, and the bestowal and interchange of gifts, and who fails to realize that it commemorates the beginning and the source of more blessings than he can count. The hat he wears, the coat that covers him with comfort and comeliness, the house that shelters him, the culture that gives him personal and social value, the books that fill his library and enrich his leisure, the institutions that organize his privileges in church and State and society, the pictures that adorn the walls of his dwelling, the gentleness of character and the harmony of social relations that make life so sweet and safe, in contrast with the conditions of savage existence, and even the quality of the air he breathes—for climate is modified by the changes wrought through Christian civilization—are the result of the wonderful life that, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, drew its first breath in a stable, while the great star looked on, and the angels tunefully told of God's good-will to men. The life that began then and there became the way to happy immortality and heaven. The leader then born—himself perfection—took his place at the front of progress; and every excellence achieved by individuals and nations has been the result of a faithful following in his shining footsteps.

What are we, in all that is admirable and desirable in character and condition, that is not directly traceable to the manger of Bethlehem? The being introduced to an earthly existence there brought with him the means for the transformation and redemption of a race. The best civilization the world has ever seen was founded upon the principles of the religion which he

taught. All institutions have been good just in the proportion in which they have incorporated his spirit and his precepts. The noblest inspirations of art, in cathedrals and pictures and statuary, have been drawn from him. In ten thousand ways he is the fountain of the world's life; and those who contemn his person and his mission must do it dissuaded by the blessings which he bears to them during every moment of their lives.

Let the children wish each other "A merry Christmas;" and, in the gifts that come to them, realize a pleasure which no other day of all the year can bestow. They are young, and can know little more than the simple fact that their hands are full of good because Jesus Christ was born. But with us, who are older, the day should be one of profound gratitude and of sweet and solemn pleasure. We commemorate the birthday of a personal friend, or of a public benefactor, with gay festivities; but the birthday of the Divine Redeemer of a race calls for emotions deeper than merriment, and rites more dignified and significant than the eating of a dinner.

"A merry Christmas!" then, to the children, and a deeply happy and grateful Christmas to all!

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

In that month of all the year that has been specially consecrated, by tradition and religious observance, to the birthday of the Prince of Peace, the world is this year compelled to look forth upon a prospect of war, unparalleled in magnitude and uncertain in its course and conclusion. The Franco-Prussian contest still rages, and not only engenders its own woes and crimes, but embitters the new conflict now threatened in the Eastern countries of Europe. Should war actually break out between England and Russia, it would scarcely fail to become general throughout Europe, and, by so doing, materially to change its original shape and tendency. It would directly become involved with the war now raging in France; for, of necessity, England would then become the ally of France, as she was in the Crimean war; while Russia would ally herself with Germany. Nor could this struggle long continue without the result foreshadowed by Lord Clarendon in his secret despatch to Sir Hamilton Seymour, in March, 1853. The English minister, then holding the same place and the same sentiments that Lord Granville now holds, said, that "no great question can be agitated in the East without becoming a source of discord in the West; and every great question in the West will assume a revolutionary character, and embrace a revision of the entire social system." And we have the authority of no less a person than Count Bismarck that such revisions can only be accomplished by "blood and iron"—a remark which he has been illustrating, on a grand scale, since the first of August last.

It may be, however, that a general European war is not so imminent as many imagine. If the demands of Gortschakoff for a revision of the treaty of Paris are persisted in, and if diplomacy cannot settle the matter, war is certain to follow,—but it may not be for months yet. It is probable, however, that, if the Franco-Prussian war does not soon close, this fact alone will compel hostilities between England and Russia; for in no way, except by war, can England and Austria make sure of checking the progress of Russia in Turkey. As "England's distress is Ireland's opportunity," so the humiliation of France is the opportunity of Russia. If the Czar really means to carry out the policy of his father Nicholas, and establish himself as the political head of the fifteen million Christians now under the Sultan's government, he can do so now with very little opposition, if England does not threaten war. He will not need the active co-operation of his kinsman, the King of Prussia, nor will he fear the military force of Austria and Turkey. England alone has the power to thwart him, either by actual war, or by such a menace of it as will persuade him that diplomacy is his best resort. The maintenance of general peace in Europe depends, therefore, to-day upon the firmness of Russia in pushing forward, and the resolution with which England opposes.

The immediate cause of quarrel is what is known as "the neutralization of the Black Sea." This phrase came into general use at the time of the treaty of Paris, in March and April, 1856, but the fact implied had existed by treaty ever since June, 1841. In that month a treaty was made between the five great powers of Europe—England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia—by which the Sultan was allowed to exclude from the entrance of the Black Sea all ships-of-war. He might invite them to enter, but he was at liberty to exclude them. During the Crimean war Gortschakoff, now the Russian prime minister, but then ambassador at Vienna, proposed, as one condition of peace, that the Czar and the Sultan should both be allowed to maintain war vessels in the Euxine,—the number to be decided upon by the two powers between themselves,—while all other war vessels should be excluded. This, of course, was refused by the other powers, and the eleventh article of the Paris treaty, taken in connection with a special convention on the subject, fixed the number of war vessels of Russia and Turkey in the Black Sea at ten each, for coast service. All other vessels-of-war, of any nation, were to be excluded. It is this stipulation of 1856 that Russia now maintains the right to disregard. The answer made by Lord Granville is the obvious one,—that conditions imposed by a Congress of powers cannot be set aside at the will of a single nation. It is our secession movement over again,—Russia claiming the right to secede from the Paris agreement, just as South Carolina seceded from the Federal Union. In itself, however, the Russian demand for a revision of the treaty is not an unfair one; and it reopens the old question, whether the Western powers of Europe will maintain the Turks in possession of their decaying empire.

In his remarkable conference with Sir Hamilton Seymour in 1853, the Czar Nicholas asserted that it

was not for the interest of Europe that the "Sick man" of Turkey should continue there. "The Turkish Empire," he said, "is to be tolerated,—not reconstructed if it falls in pieces." England then thought otherwise; and so she does now. There is no point of her foreign policy so well established, none which she is so little likely to yield as this, and hence the danger of war now as in 1854. It might then have been averted but for the intrigues of Louis Napoleon, who wanted to strengthen his then recent usurpation by an alliance with England against Russia; it might now be averted, but for the ruin which Louis Napoleon has finally brought upon France. If that great nation is allowed to remain under the chastisement of Prussia, war between England and Russia, to be followed by a general European war, seems inevitable. Of this the English have gradually become aware, and the whole weight of that nation is now throwing itself, to some purpose, in favor of an armistice in France. And thus the Eastern menace of war may bring about peace in the West of Europe. This is the gleam of hope in the stormy sky of this sad December.

There is, however, a far better hope in the results of the conflict now raging. The basis of peace proposed by Bismarck—the cession of territory—can hardly be accepted by France. If forced upon her now, she will exact vengeance for it hereafter, when her turn comes. But the basis of peace suggested by Senator Sumner—the general disarmament of the European nations—is timely, practical, and of immense value to civilization. In the demonstration which Russia is now making, the shrewd ministers of the Czar have several objects in view; but one of them, no doubt, is such a general disarmament. And if a peace congress of the European powers should assemble to consider the propositions of Russia, we doubt not that one of them would look to the reduction of the standing armies. For such a result the way is now open. The French standing army is destroyed; that of Austria can with difficulty be supported from her bankrupt treasury; that of Prussia will no longer be needed, nor will the people tolerate the burden of it much longer. If Russia, then, comes forward and offers to disband half a million of soldiers, a European peace may yet be possible on the condition of a universal disarmament. This is the most hopeful view that can be taken of the present European complication.

The dethroned Emperor of France is cherishing the hope that he may be recalled to Paris when peace is declared, and be allowed to rebuild the throne of his son, if not his own. Probably there are many Germans and a few Frenchmen who believe such a restoration possible, but we think that they cherish a delusion. The republic may not endure; but it is not likely to be succeeded by a Bonaparte empire; so much seems to have been made sure by the events of the war. The virtual union of Germany under a single government is another of its good results. Indirectly, the deposition of the Pope as temporal sovereign has been caused by the war, the good effects of which have, so far, greatly outweighed its evils. A war between England and Russia would probably drive the Turk out of Europe and liberalize the whole political system of the Old World. The cause of the people in Europe is now in such a posture that it must advance by whatever takes place. It has had already some signal triumphs in the year 1870, and appears destined to other successes in 1871. But its hope now is in peace rather than in war, and the American people, as its most powerful representative, ought to offer their prayers and exert their influence for the restoration and continuance of peace.

WOMEN AND WINE.

WOMAN has never been associated with wine without disgrace and disaster. The toast and the bacchanal that, with musical alliteration, couple these two words, spring from the hot lips of sensuality, and are burdened with shame. A man who can sing of wine and women in the same breath, is one whose presence is disgrace, and whose touch is pollution. A man who can forget mother and sister, or wife and daughter, and wantonly engage in a revel in which the name of woman is invoked to heighten the pleasures of the intoxicating cup, is, beyond controversy and without mitigation, a beast. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Ay, cakes and ale, if you will, but let it be cakes and ale. Let not the name by which we call the pure and precious ones at home be brought in to illuminate a degrading feast.

Of the worst foes that woman has ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more shame, sorrow, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes, scattered all over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and the horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can

be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty,—and not unfrequently the beggary,—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

And now what shall we see on the New-Year's Day, 1871? Women all over the city of New York—women here and there all over the country, where like social customs prevail—setting out upon their tables the well-filled decanters which, before night shall close down, will be emptied into the brains of young men and old men, who will go reeling to darker orgies, or to homes that will feel ashamed of them. Woman's lips will give the invitation, woman's hand will fill and present the glass, woman's careless voice will laugh at the effects of the mischievous draught upon their friends, and, having done all this, woman will retire to balmy rest, previously having reckoned the number of those to whom she has, during the day, presented a dangerous temptation, and rejoiced over it in the degree of its magnitude.

O woman! woman! Is it not about time that this thing were stopped? Have you a husband, a brother, a son? Are they stronger than their neighbors who have, one after another, dropped into the graves of drunkards? Look around you, and see the desolations that drink has wrought among your acquaintances, and then decide whether you have a right to place temptation in any man's way, or do aught to make a social custom respectable which leads hundreds of thousands of men into bondage and death. Why must the bottle come out everywhere? Why can there not be a festal occasion without this vulgar guzzling of strong drink?

Woman, there are some things that you can do, and this is one: you can make drinking unpopular and disgraceful among the young. You can utterly discountenance all drinking in your own house, and you can hold in suspicion every young man who touches the cup. You know that no young man who drinks can safely be trusted with the happiness of any woman, and that he is as unfit as a man can be for woman's society. Have this understood: that every young man who drinks is socially proscribed. Bring up your children to regard drinking as not only dangerous but disgraceful. Place temptation in no man's way. If men will make beasts of themselves, let them do it in other society than yours. If your mercenary husbands treat their customers from private stores kept in their counting-rooms, shame them into decency by your regard for the honor of your home. Recognize the living, terrible fact that wine has always been, and is to-day, the curse of your sex; that it steals the hearts of men away from you, that it dries up your prosperity, that it endangers your safety, that it can only bring you evil. If social custom compels you to present wine at your feasts, rebel against it, and make a social custom in the interests of virtue and purity. The matter is very much in your own hands. The women of the country, in what is called polite society, can do more to make the nation temperate than all the legislators and tumultuous reformers that are struggling and blundering in their efforts to this end. At any rate, if they will try, they shall have SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY to help them.

SOCIAL TAXES.

THE typical American is not an unsocial person. Indeed, he is very far from being anything of the kind. Foreigners regard the American as one who has a particular fondness for living with his windows up and his doors open. Yet it is doubtless true that there is a notable lack of freedom and ease in the intercourse of American society, and that the coming together of men and women for the interchange of thought and feeling is attended with difficulties that only the rich may successfully encounter. If half a dozen friends are invited to dinner it is deemed necessary to crowd the table with superfluous viands and dainty and costly dishes. If the same number are invited to tea, there is hardly less expense and trouble incurred. Instead of the simple tea, and the light food that appropriately accompanies it, in the ordinary life of the family, there is a supper, in which salads and solid dishes, cold and hot, and all expensive, are crowded upon the jaded appetite. Even this is not enough. Before the guests depart, they are often beset again with dainty offerings of ice and fruit and coffee. When we come to more ambitious gatherings we encounter more preposterous folly. An ordinary social party is a huge feast, which begins at the time when people ought to be going to bed, ends when they ought to be getting up, and crowds the stomach with luxurious and burdensome food and drinks at the time when it ought to be in its profoundest rest. One such party exhausts the resources of the family which gives it for a year or two, unless they are people of abounding wealth, turns their house upside down, and breaks up their whole family life for a fortnight. The payment for entertainment, in music and dainties and flowers, makes the purse-carrier groan, and wrings from him the glad declaration that his duty is done for a twelve-month, at least! One party is just like every other party, except that one is more or less expensive than another. There is rivalry of dress among the women, to be sure, and such new toilets as they can afford to make from time to time, and often such as they cannot afford to make; but there are the same old fiddles, playing the same old quadrilles and waltzes; there is the same caterer and the familiar ices and salads; the same "How do you *do?*" and the same "Good Night," and "We have had such a splendid time!"

Now we protest that there must be some better way than this. The great multitude are those who, in some calling or profession, work for their bread. To furnish a dinner and tea such as we have described,

would be felt by them as a severe tax. No matter how intellectual and socially valuable these people may be, they shrink from entering society that imposes such burdens. As they feel it to be impossible for them to return in kind the expensive civilities which a wealthy neighbor extends to them, they shrink back into their own houses and go nowhere. Everywhere, and all the time, these costly entertainments, at dinner and tea and social assembly, operate as a bar to social intercourse. Indeed, they have become, in the full, legitimate meaning of the word, a nuisance. To those who give them they are not pleasant in any respect. They are provided with no expectation of a compensating pleasure; and few besides the young—to whom any opportunity for dancing and frolicking is agreeable—take the slightest satisfaction in them. They are glad when their toilet is made, glad when the refreshments are offered, glad when the show is over and they can go home, glad when they get safely to bed, and particularly glad the following morning if they can look over their coats and dresses and find that they are not ruined.

Have we exaggerated in the least in these representations? Nay, have we not told the exact, notorious truth? We protest again, then, that there must be some better way. Here is another opportunity for woman to do good; for it is woman, in her social pride and in her pride of house-keeping, who has more to do with this thing than man. The woman who can make her drawing-room attractive by informal gatherings of men and women, who shall not be put through the tortures of the toilet, nor burdened with a sense of obligation by the luxuries prepared for their entertainment, is the real social queen. The essential vulgarity of the phase of social life which we are considering is decided by the simple fact that the great question of the hostess concerns the stomachs of her guests, and the great question of her guests relates to the decoration of their own backs. It elevates nobody, it refines nobody, it inspires and instructs nobody, and it satisfies nobody. Yet we go on year after year upholding these social usages which we despise. Let us find the better way, and follow it!

THE OLD CABINET.

VERY different from the interest manifested elsewhere in this country in the war which has dethroned Napoleon, is that felt in a certain old town on the banks of the river Delaware. There they read of and gossip about the career and misfortunes of this or that prince and noble lady as you would about those of your own neighbors and acquaintances who had gone into far lands, and to whom strange things had happened.

The old people will tell you how one day, long ago, as the Doctor's gig was swinging along the White Hill road, it was hailed by a passing coach, whose inmate, a mild-eyed, middle-aged "foreign gentleman," made polite inquiry concerning some property for sale in the borough. They will tell you of the wide tract of woodland that the rich stranger from Philadelphia bought along the Crosswicks Creek, where it empties into the Delaware at Bordentown,—and the beautiful lake he fashioned, and the boat-houses and the observatory overlooking the grand sweep of the Delaware and the pretty Pennsylvania farms,—of the hundreds of men he had at work, cutting pathways through the forest, and building roads that ran for miles and miles into the thick woods, winding through ravines and over bridges, and down by the dark, cool river. Yes, and they will tell you of the mysterious underground passages leading out to the lake and the river, through which (it was whispered) he had prepared a way of escape from the big-moustached Spaniards, who were said to be ever prowling around, waiting for a chance to clap him into a close carriage and whisk him away, while they took possession of the treasures of which he had despoiled their land.

"The Count," they called him; for when Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, ex-king of Naples and of Spain, came to Republican America, he dropped all his grander titles and assumed the humble one of Count of Survilliers.

And much beloved was this kind old Count in Bordentown. The children of those days—the men and women of to-day—have very pleasant memories of his benign face (so like, and yet so unlike, that younger brother of his) and gentle, affectionate manners, and sweet broken English, and dainty bon-bons. Often they would meet him strolling through the shadowy avenues of the park with that memorable hatchet in his hand, without which he was never seen (ah, those wicked Spaniards); he would stroke their curls and say fatherly words to them. And sometimes the children were led into the grand house; and O, such pictures and statues and pastry; a king's palace indeed!

When the lake was frozen over he would have royal fires built on the island in the centre, and he would pour heaps of oranges and of goodies upon the ice, and stand and laugh while the skaters scrambled for them; and what beautiful prizes for the swiftest in the race!

Then there was the Prince Lucien Murat, son of the magnificent Marshal and of Caroline, the sister of Napoleon. He lived on Park Street, quite near the Count—a lazy, good-natured prince he was, fond of gunning and cock-fights, and boon companions, and a famous teller of stories. You might have seen him lolling of an afternoon in his hammock, hailing Tom, Dick, and Harry (for he knew them all) as they passed along the road; or telling his marvellous yarns in the village tavern. Open-handed and generous he was as long as

the money held out,—which was not long, to be sure,—so the Madame opened a school in the Park Street house.

And the children who went to the Murat school, what visions arise anew of exquisite draperies folded away in dim chambers,—relics of the Empire, treasured in wearied expectancy and hope. That wonderful carpet of zephyr-work, made by the maids of honor of Queen Caroline, would it ever be outspread again to the light in *la belle France!* Her wise aunt would not let Annie "spread her hands" with a broom; was she not to be a great lady some day!—and has she not since—the Duchesse de Mouchy—shone one of the brightest stars in the brilliant galaxy of which Eugénie was the centre! "Sonny" Murat they called the Prince Joachim, and Achille was not much more than a baby when the family left for France.

But the Madame,—the stately and beautiful woman who came into the school-room at two o'clock, and smiling made sunshine in their young hearts,—how patient she was, how gentle, how refined! How glad they were when good fortune came at last to her and hers, and how they pray that no harm may come to that real noblewoman in all this present trouble.

The Bonaparte Park at Bordentown still exists in name. But only a portion of it is kept up as of old—it would require a kingly revenue to maintain the vast territory as it was maintained in the days of Joseph. A wealthy Englishman has built a splendid villa there; but the old mansion is gone; many of the roads are overgrown and in ruins; the lake is choked and narrowed; the secret passages are walled up. A sombre, square, rough-cast building still stands on the marshy border of the lake—adjoining the site of the main residence, now demolished. It has been empty for years. The well-trodden path which runs along the park railings from the edge of the town far out into the country is known as the Lovers' Walk,—overshadowed by green, knowing branches and slippery with the needles of the pines. In a little hollow, through which ripples the Bellevue brook, this path passes very near the lonely Lake-House—and here, after dark,—don't be frightened, but cling closer, if you will, till it is passed!

Prince Lucien's mansion is owned by Mrs. Flynn, and used as a tenement house; but in the Episcopal graveyard is a small stone: carved on it the simple word, Murat. Two little twin princes lie there asleep—and it is well.

O, THE text?

Well, it was something about the Jews, or Babylon, or the confusion of tongues, or—

It's no use. We've forgotten it altogether, and may as well own up.

The confession is a humiliating one. We feel as shame-faced as we did fort'—that is to say a good many years ago, when Aunt Priscilla—instead of Theodosia—asked us regularly every Sunday noon that same perplexing question, and we, as regularly, failed to remember.

We have been sitting to-day in the same square, old-fashioned pew where we sat in childhood, under the droppings of the same prim, high-perched pulpit. Our back has been made miserable—though a little lower down—by the identical white, worm-eaten wooden moulding that worried our youthful spine—ay! and our knees have found again the familiar hollows in the dingy-red cushion, stowed away under the seat, in the corner we know so well.

It was not that the parson's voice lulled us to sleep in those boyish days. It was not that our mental pinions sank down and were still while the waters of admonition pattered over them. The very first drop—the shrug of the shoulder and nervous premonitory cough as the sermon was outspread upon the desk—stirred them into new life, and away they fluttered and glanced, carrying us, swift as Aladdin, into all climes and countries, through all the wonderful past and the heroic future, through palace and cathedral, through plans, perplexities, and accomplishments. Dreams, to be sure, but they were day-dreams, not visions seen in sleep.

A change of tone—each change measuring off the journey as surely as mile-posts along the way—aroused us to a sense of words spoken; and off we sailed again into the wide, dim regions of the otherwhere. But it was not always so. We remember once—a little child had died that week; and there was something in the preacher's voice that made us listen. We told Aunt Priscilla the text that day: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Long ago he had lost a little child himself, they said; his only one. The good old man's "remains," tells the marble tablet on the wall, "rest beneath the chancel." It was another's voice that we heard to-day, that of our friend the present incumbent. Yet at the first word of preachment away we went on that strange, busy knight-errantry through all time and space—coming back now and then to the little church, only to start afresh upon some new crusade.

It is a fact;—we *don't* know what the text was, and have only a very dim conception of the general drift of the sermon. We acknowledge our sins, and our transgressions are ever before us. But we put ourselves as an extreme case—and ask what is to be done? Especially, what is to be done with extreme cases? In the first place, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves (as we are), and school ourselves to attention (as we mean to do). In the second place, is there nothing that our friend, the present incumbent, can do to help us? Many an earnest, excellent sermon we have heard him preach—yes, heard him all the way through. But—

The idea of the old school of acting was that the stage is to ordinary life what blank verse is to prose; that it lowered the dignity and lessened the effect of the art when the player performed his rôle much as

his fellow-man would have performed his in a similar situation off the boards. The costume was prepared with the same idea; the king, in whatever play, strutted about under the regulation hat, with ever the same long plume dangling; and the stage villain would not scare you after the first shock, even at midnight, in a dark and lonesome lane. All was declamation and bombast and strut. The stage still holds sorely by its old traditions; but, at this present writing, the greatest living exemplar of the *natural* school of acting is running, in New York, well beyond his hundred nights in a single character.

And now, to take up the "but" we dropped at the end of another paragraph; we generally know just the tone our friend, the present incumbent, is going to strike when he opens that morocco roll on the pulpit desk. It is not a monotone exactly,—there are variations; there is something of pathos at times—a stately kind, to be sure. Yet it has the effect of monotony. More than this, and this is what we are aiming at, it is stilted, and distant, and unnatural. We have sometimes asked ourselves: Can this declamatory parson, in the prim, high-up pulpit, be our friend who has sat by us here at the Old Cabinet on many a summer eve, while with features glorified by the fading sunlight, he has talked deeply and tenderly, as man talks to man, of the things that concern all mortals most? Can this be he whom one day last autumn we saw at neighbor Thorne's cottage, standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the "living room," leaning over an oaken chair, and saying such familiar, hopeful, glowing words to the solemn little company as even to bring something like a gleam of peace to the wrinkled, troubled face of neighbor Thorne himself, who sat there by the coffin of his "old woman?"

Yes, we could wish that oftener our friend would go into the pulpit without the regulation hat and plume. But after we have covered our own shortcomings, in the matter of attention and memory, by a "complaint of parsons," shall we not say something that is in our hearts concerning this mighty influence of the pulpit? Mighty indeed—for all cases are not "extreme," and all parsons do not model their pulpit ministrations after those of the present incumbent, or his whose remains "rest beneath the chancel." Only those who mix much with the world; who know the terrific downward tendency there is—the sloping toward the pit from the church porch and from every man's front door; the temptations, all the stronger and subtler for those who think themselves well grounded, that assail men in every road and by-way of life; only those who imagine, at least, what that good wise man meant who confessed himself capable of committing every crime he had ever heard of; only such can fully appreciate —even in the lowest utilitarian sense—the good that comes to men of this constant uplifting of the moral standard, this preaching of the Word—even though sometimes feeble, or to ears too often deaf.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

HOLIDAY SHOPPING.

ABOUT this season of each year the papers fill with advertisements of "Holiday Gifts." "Dietetic Saleratus" feels the spirit of the season—so do "low-down grates," soup-kettles, baby-jumpers, egg-beaters, revolving gridirons, and patent wringers; each seeking to invest itself with the name, if not the charm, of blessed Christmas. And there are practical souls who fall into the trap, and actually persuade themselves that a copper boiler may acquire a certain adventitious interest by being purchased and presented on a holiday.

Every shop is crowded with busy buyers. Papas and mammas laugh in each other's faces as they stand side by side, squeaking the dolls and enumerating the dishes of the toy dinner-set. Little people with little pockets flatten anxious noses against great shop windows, intent upon stretching a small sum over many large relatives. Grandmammas, whose white cap-strings have many times of late been pushed aside to make room for whispering lips, go about, list in hand, determined that each child shall have its wish—Flora the furs she hankers after, little Jack his Japanese kite, and Harry that set of Dickens, without which life seems to him incomplete. There are economical buyers, and methodical buyers, and aimless buyers, seeking to have their minds made up for them by somebody. There are rich buyers; turning over all sorts of splendid trifles with the languor which proceeds from unlimited power of gratification. And there are poor buyers; and—saddest group of all—those who do not buy at all, but only look from without upon the many groups within; upon enjoyments and opulence far beyond their reach.

It were vain to even attempt cataloguing the temptations which are this year spread out for the bewilderment of holiday shoppers. There is variety for every taste, and price for every pocket. Does any one want a picture, a picture which shall not cost too much? Here are sketches of the great Masters in Autotype, reproducing exactly line and tint, and showing the rise of those exquisite fancies which at a later day ripened into Raphael's Virgins, or the seraphic forms of Fra Angelico. Here are German, Italian, and Carbon photographs; engravings of all prices, from three dollars to three hundred; chromos whose softness and glow emulate the best water-colors; and dainty enamels on porcelain in frames of velvet, or shrines of carved wood. Or, if we turn to books, to say nothing of those for the old, there are songs and stories and fairy legends for the children—illustrated in color, in silhouette, in photograph—all art, all science made to contribute to the amusement of

the favored little folks of the day. Or if toys are in order, their name is legion. Pet wants a doll, does she? She can have one two inches long, or two yards —or of any intervening size, and Dolly can have the appointments of a princess—camel's hair shawl, diamond necklace, ermine cloak, card-case, photograph-album, ivory brush and comb, parasol, and Saratoga trunk! Or if it is Master Neddy's turn to be served, here are blocks, games, and tools in infinite variety. Here are cunning little work-boxes for little seamstresses who hem papa's handkerchiefs; writing-cases for beginners, happy souls to whom pen and ink suggest only importance and pleasure; croquet sets with glistening balls and stakes of brilliant hue, whose only aspect awakens longings for spring; and in-door croquet, so enticing that the longing subsides, and we are content to wait. Have you a great, *great* deal of money to spend? If so, you may venture to wander into the realm of bronze; if not, we advise you to abstain. Then there are exquisite things to be had in the way of India wares and China, Vienna goods, Russia leather, and buhl. Some appreciative lover of a bright fire will want one of these bellows of scarlet and gilt lacker with brush to match, or a copper or brass coal-scuttle—or that screen of brilliant open work fire-gilt—or that other more modest one of plate glass set in walnut. Dear to the home and heart is anything that goes to make a fireside attractive.

All these things (and a myriad more) are to be had in the Broadway and Sixth Avenue shops. Many persons, especially those who come into town for a day's shopping, exhaust themselves by going long distances to Maiden Lane, the Bowery, etc., under the idea that things are cheaper in those remote localities. We are of opinion that this is a mistake, and that on the whole no money is lost, and much time and strength are saved, by keeping nearer the great centres of business.

Of another kind of shopping we have not trusted ourselves to speak, though it is most delightful of all, and its reflected glow does more than any other to brighten our homes at this Christmas time. There they lie, the piles of coal, the warm blankets, the barrels of flour. A touch from us, and lo! they become Christmas cheer to bare homes and cold hearths—the best and truest work of the Christ season. Try it, dear everybody, and see if we are not right.

A GLANCE AT THE FASHIONS.

The war in Europe has left its traces on our winter fashions. Berlin gives the law this year instead of Paris. We notice something of German solidity and sobriety in shape and color, which does not remind one of the fantastic elegancies of last year and the year before. Very dark hues prevail, and soft thick materials which fall into graceful folds and draping. Bottle green, "marron" brown, mulberry, navy blue, deep claret, are the prevailing hues; all so dark as to border on black, and reveal themselves as color only when in a favorable light. There is a certain *usefulness* about the styles which suggests a practical people like the Berlinese. Short dresses, menaced a while by destruction, have resumed their reign, and are worn for all occasions by young girls, and even by older people. The hoop has increased a trifle in size, but is dispensed with altogether by not a few. The sash has been superseded by the postilion basque and bow, the waist in front ending in points either sharp or squared, trimmed to correspond with the rest of the dress. For cloaks large wraps of soft material are worn by older people. Sacques lean to the paletot shape, like a man's double-breasted coat. They are made of fur, plush, velvet, quilted silk, or the material of the dress with which they are worn. Sleeves are open, or trimmed to look so, with plaitings falling from below the elbow to the wrist.

Cloth, cashmere, merino, velvet, are worn for suits. For mourning street wear is a new material called "drap de France," a thicker and warmer cashmere; and for house wear a beautiful serge-like fabric which is known as "drap de Cyr," or elsewhere as imperial serge. These, with cashmere, bombazine, and Henrietta cloths, are suitable for the deepest mourning.

In bonnets the prevailing novelty is the "Gypsy," which on pretty heads produces a quaint and piquant effect enough. It has the disadvantage of being difficult to make and trim at home, which fact will probably render it popular with milliners for a long time to come.

Our friends in the country will be glad to learn that the monstrous loops of braided hair worn last year are no longer *de rigueur;* and that anybody whose head has not acquired a permanent bald spot by wearing them, is at liberty to adopt instead a heavy knot of braids or coils. The sausage-like curl, too, which of yore dangled down the back of the fair and fashionable, may now be replaced in its box, to await the reflux of the tide of popular favor.

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

Talking of Christmas and the fashions, we must not forget the home-trimmings soon to be worn. Fortunately, the old, old fashion of the evergreens becomes newer every year. In the fresh growth whose roots strike eighteen centuries deep the flowerless plants take up a sudden bloom; their stiff and rugged forms become beautiful with household grace. What wonder, as each Christmas draws near, we hasten to brighten our homes with their branches? The trimmings need not be elaborate or showy. A few little sprays may suffice—anything to make a writing on the wall that every one, from grandpa to the baby, may read.

If wreaths and festoons are required, long strings of twine may be deftly covered with Arbor Vitæ sprigs, and swung from point to point, or wound about some else bare column; or, better still, the trailing evergreen, popularly known as German ivy, may be used. It is found in many localities, but most abun-

dantly, we believe, in the Orange Mountains. If one cannot turn mountaineer for its sweet sake, it may be purchased in almost any street or market-place as the blessed day draws near. Hemlock, pine, spruce, ivy, and laurel boughs, all are beautiful—a cluster here, a festoon there, and perhaps a few green sprays tenderly encircling the picture of one whose memory draws the living closer together.

Sometimes a Christmas motto may be needed over archway or entrance, or in grandmamma's warm corner where the big chair stands. It is easily made by cutting the required letters out of stiff paper, and lightly sewing on bits of Arbor Vitæ, taking care that the letter's edge be not too sharply defined. Another way of covering the forms is to glue moss upon them; and still another (though it is traitorous to suggest it) is to paint the paper letters with glue and immediately sprinkle on a quantity of fine evergreen clippings scarcely larger than rose thorns.

Then there's the Christmas tree. Never omit that. Let it be large or small, richly lighted and laden, or only daintily pricked off with candies, candles, and follies—but a Christmas tree let there be. Hemlock, cedar, pine, and spruce are suited to the purpose, but prettier and firmer than all is the species known as the white pine—so rich a green, and withal so light and feathery that, lit with its hundred tapers, it looks like a Christmas fountain covered with sparkles of sunlight.

Is it more *stylish* to have Christmas trees for the children than to let the little creatures hang up their stockings as their great-grandmothers did? No, no. We all do as we please in the matter. The high fashion authorities are silent here; you must lay your ear against the great warm heart of Christmas and listen.

PARLOR BULBS.

ANY of us who are hoping for hyacinths in March should set about planting bulbs without delay. Gardeners advise the last of November, but it is not yet too late to secure flowers. Bulbs planted in water should be set for two or three weeks in a dark closet, till the thread-like root filaments half fill the glass. A bit of charcoal should be kept in the water, to absorb all vegetable decay.

When the roots are formed, remove the glasses to a sunny window, and change the water once a week.

Bulbs in earth should also be shaded for a fortnight to give the roots a chance to strike. Crocus, jonquil, narcissus, and polyanthus bulbs all grow freely in the house when set in pots or boxes, and their many-tinted bells, in February and early March, ring the dirge of winter and peal gladly to returning spring, at least six weeks before their sisterhood under the snow can get their chimes in order.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

THE modern Christmas season always was marked by a literature of its own, embodying the hallowed or the festive associations of the glad anniversary, stories or songs of good cheer, or luxurious editions of dear old poems. In the days of our grandmothers these yearly volumes were the annuals, their cohorts all gleaming in purple and gold, and fierce was the rivalry between the publishers of the *Tokens* and the *Books of Beauty*, the *Forget Me Nots* and the *Literary Souvenirs*. We have altogether forgotten the *Forget Me Nots* and never think of the *Souvenirs*, for our Christmas books are of a braver kind.

Very appropriate, in title and dress and contents, for the season is the second volume in the splendid reissue (by Scribner & Co.) of the famous *Folks Songs*. In *Songs of Home* the publishers present not only the poems of the fireside, and all home associations and affections with which the original volume abounded, but they have enriched the collection by the addition of such exquisite verses as Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp," H. H.'s "Coming Across," Mary E. Dodge's "Blossom-Time," Mrs. Whitney's "Larvæ," and that tender passage from Whittier, beginning:—

> "How strange it seems, with so much gone
> Of life and love, to still live on!"

Among the pictures prepared expressly for the present volume, those of Harry Fenn, illustrating Kingsley's "Fishermen," and Lowell's "First Snow-Fall," and C. C. Griswold's designs accompanying Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket," and Brainard's "Epithalamium," are especially poetic and effective. Hennessy and La Farge also contribute new and characteristic designs, and altogether the new volume, with its profusion of choice poetry, its wealth of illustration, and beauty of typography and binding, forms one of the daintiest and most welcome of gift-books imaginable.

Among the exquisite reproductions of familiar poetry that have appeared of late years from the American press there has not been a more magnificent volume than *The Song of the Sower*, just published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Bryant may well regard with satisfaction this successful effort at illustrating one of his happiest pieces of verse. The book is of forty-eight pages, and there are forty-two engravings on wood—engravings of the utmost beauty, delicacy, and tenderness. It is difficult to discriminate among so many pictures of excellence, but what could be finer than the old barn on page 15, which Fenn has drawn and Karst engraved with such truthfulness in every line? Or where shall we find a more faithful drawing than Homer's factory girl on page 29, which the same engraver has cut from the block? There must have been perfect sympathy between Messrs. Perkins and Langridge in producing

the forest scene on page 34, for well has the burin rendered what the pencil had so skillfully portrayed. The little domestic picture on page 40 is sweetly drawn and carefully engraved by Messrs. Hennessy and Linton, though there is just a little excess of luxury in the "interior" which takes the subject out of the range of universal motherhood into the domain of *genre* and fashionable life. We may pause just a moment here, in our glance at the engravings, to say that the passage illustrated on pp. 39, 40, contains one of the delicatest fancies in all Mr. Bryant's poetry:

> "Brethren, the sower's task is done,
> The seed is in its winter bed.
> Now let the dark-brown mould be spread,
> To hide it from the sun;
> And leave it to the kindly care
> Of the still earth and brooding air,
> As when the mother, from her breast,
> Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
> And shades its eyes and waits to see
> How sweet its waking smile will be."

On page 43 we have a great breadth of landscape, with wooded slopes, and a farm-house near at hand, and over all broods the perfect repose of summer in the country—Griswold draws and Edwards engraves it—and it is in effective contrast not only with the picture on the next page, where icy winter reigns, but with the composition on page 46, filled with the animated life of commerce and agriculture on road and river. *The Song of the Sower*, as published by the Appletons, may be ranked with the *Song of the Bell*, as illustrated by Maurice Retsch, and yet it is distinctively American, in thought, tone, and feeling.

Tent-Life in Siberia is the title of one of the most interesting and well-written books of travel which have appeared this season. The author had the advantage of being one of an exploring party whose object was of great practical utility, but which necessitated traveling over comparatively unknown regions, and offered rare facilities for observation. Accordingly these pages are filled with elaborate and careful sketches of scenery, natural phenomena, and adventure, some of which are quite fresh, curious, and impressive. We have never read more vivid and apparently conscientious verbal delineations of the Arctic aspects of Nature. The book, which is published by Putnam & Sons, is quite a model of mechanical beauty.

"Are we a Nation?" is a question which was answered satisfactorily enough in the recent civil war, but we are apt to forget that before the struggle there were two opinions on this subject—a fact brought historically to our recognition in a political essay of J. M. Bundy, which has lately appeared from the press of George P. Putnam & Sons. The essay was written several years ago, and it contributed, in a very great degree, to settle the question of Federal *versus* State sovereignty in the minds of the people of Wisconsin, where the author then lived. It has been republished at the instance of many eminent members of the bar of Wisconsin, and is prefaced by a letter of Senator Howe, in whose judgment it is likely to perform an important service in making that a demonstration in history and political argument which the war established by the force of arms. The style and manner of the essay are alike admirable; it is calm in tone, dispassionate in the maintenance of its position, able in its marshalling of authorities, and earnest but unambitious in diction.

Two very attractive volumes have just been added by Charles Scribner & Co. to their "Illustrated Library of Wonders," namely, a popular and entertaining account of *Balloons* (a timely subject, in view of their use by the beleaguered Parisians), and a curious and strikingly illustrated work on *Bodily Strength and Skill*. The publishers announce that twenty volumes of the Library, containing one thousand illustrations, will be ready before the holidays.

ETCHINGS.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it mysel, with five good charac'ters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner 'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the

missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' shcared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, misthrusting if I

was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenestest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whishkers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a'larnin him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin'? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more 'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says

I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

THERE'S a song in the air!
  There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
  And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

II.

There's a tumult of joy
  O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
  Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire, and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

III.

In the light of that star
  Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
  Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

IV.

We rejoice in the light,
  And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
  From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.

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THE NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION—SCENE AT THE POLLS.

THE NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY is a remarkable example of a large and valuable institution, which combines all the principal features of a circulating library and a permanent collection for purposes of study and reference. It is remarkable, not only because it fulfills so well these double functions, which are not often successfully united, but also because it has built itself up by degrees without either endowment or State aid, is entirely self-supporting, and was founded and has always been managed by young men who have neither special aptitude for literary pursuits, nor much experience in any kind of business. It is in fact the creation of merchants' clerks, who can spare only a few hours in the week from their desks and counters, and have never had much leisure to devote to any kind of books except day-books and ledgers. It has been in existence just fifty years. During that time it has had, like most other things, its seasons of good and bad fortune; but it has never been in very serious difficulties; for a long while past it has been uninterruptedly prosperous, and to-day it is the fourth in size of the libraries of this country, and the largest lending-library in America.

The real founder of the New York Mercantile Library was William Wood, a native of Boston, who devoted a great deal of time and money to the establishment of institutions for the benefit of clerks and apprentices, sailors, prisoners, and literary societies, and is credited by Lord Brougham, with first developing and putting to practical use the plans devised by Franklin for the creation of lending-libraries. Mr. Wood had been a dealer in glass and earthenware in Boston about the beginning of the century, and afterward did business in London. He founded a library for clerks in Liverpool, and after his return to America, established in Boston the first institution of the kind in this country, a few months before the beginning of the Mercantile Library in New York. He may be said to have carried his unostentatious benevolence all over the continent. He saw his plans adopted at Philadelphia, Albany, New Orleans, and many other places, and in 1823 he founded "The Apprentices' Library Association of the Village of Brooklyn," now known as the Brooklyn Institute and Youths' Free Library. A curious illustration of his method of working is given in Mr. Stiles's *History of Brooklyn.* He called at the office of a Brooklyn newspaper one day to talk over his project of an Apprentices' Library, and found the editor, Colonel Spooner, delighted with the idea. "Well," said Mr. Wood, "let's begin at once;" and with that he proceeded to select from the editor's shelves all the volumes that were suitable for his purpose, and to pile them up in a corner. It was several years before the society was rich enough to buy any books. All was done at first by begging, and it is related that the officers used to go around from house to house, with a wheelbarrow to collect donations. Mr. Wood is described as a jovial old bachelor, fond of books and of children, and generally beloved by young men as a sort of universal guide, philosopher, and grandfather. He spent the closing years of his life at Canandaigua, and died there about eighteen or twenty years ago, at the age of seventy-five.

It was in 1820 that he began to interest himself in the formation of a clerks' library in New York. He talked with the young men and filled a small knot of them with enthusiasm for the scheme. He talked with the old merchants, and showed them how they might find a profit by investing a few hundred dollars in an institution which would keep their employés away from the rum-shop and the billiard-room. A call was at last issued in his name for a meeting of clerks and others, to take the matter into consideration. They met at the Tontine Coffee House in Wall street, on the 9th of November, Mr. C. C. Cambreleng acting as chairman. A second meeting was held on the 27th of the same month, and at this a constitution was adopted and the first officers were chosen,—Lucius Bull, President; George S. Robbins, Vice-President; and Allen Robbins, Secretary. Mr. Wood was elected a director. The board lost no time in getting to work. They raised a little money by the contributions of public-spirited merchants; they obtained the names of a pretty fair roll of members; they bought and begged books; and on the 12th of February, 1821, the library was opened in an upper room at No. 49 Fulton street. Mr. John Thompson was the first librarian. He received the munificent salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a year, and was burdened with the charge of seven hundred volumes, which were accessible to members only in the evening.

We shall not pause to chronicle the successive steps by which, from this humble beginning, the Library rose to its present position; all these will no doubt be duly described in the elaborate history of the institution, which some of the old members and ex-officers are now preparing for the press; but we may say that for three years very little progress was made, and but for the indefatigable and courageous Mr. Wood, the whole scheme would probably have fallen through. By the year 1826, however, the prospects were so bright that the officers felt justified in hiring a suite of rooms in the Harpers' building, in Cliff street, and starting the reading-room, which has ever since been such an important feature of the institution. The whole stock of periodicals at the beginning consisted of four weekly papers and seven magazines.

CLINTON HALL.

Two years later the number of volumes had risen to 4,400; the number of members was about 1,200, and the income from annual dues and fees amounted to $1,750.

About this time begins the connection of the Mercantile Library with the Clinton Hall Association—a corporation which we can best define by saying that it is practically a Board of Trustees, composed of older men than those who manage the affairs of the Library; that its chief function is to hold and control real estate for the benefit of the institution; and that in one way or another it has a limited corrective authority over the transactions of the junior society. When the Library first proposed to put up a building of its own, in 1828, and asked the merchants of the city to raise a subscription for that purpose, there were many who were ready enough to give—Arthur Tappan, for instance, at once started the list with a donation of $1,000—but doubted the prudence of trusting young and inexperienced clerks with the exclusive management of property which in a few years must certainly become immensely valuable. Hence the subscribers to the building fund, organized as a distinct body, elected seven trustees—William W. Woolsey being the first president, and John W. Leavitt the first treasurer—and kept the title to the property in their own name. The fund was divided into shares of $100 each, and during the year the subscriptions amounted to no less than $33,500. With this fund the old Clinton Hall was begun on the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, and on the 2d of November, 1830, it was formally opened to the public.

Beekman street was pretty well up town in those days, but in the course of twenty years the dwelling-houses got far away beyond it, and by 1850 there were hardly any members of the Association who lived within a mile of the Library. An agitation for removal began to stir the politics of the institute. Reasonable as the proposition seemed, it was hotly contested—in fact, it is the habit of the members to debate everything connected with the policy of the Library rather more earnestly than if the fate of the nation depended upon the issue; and when the question was put to a vote of the whole body in January, 1853, the anti-removal party carried the day by a considerable majority. Just here, however, the history of the controversy assumes a comical aspect; for while the one side was rejoicing over its victory and the other sulking over its defeat, it was discovered that the Clinton Hall Association had already sold the old building and bought the Italian Opera House in Astor Place, and so the dispute had been about nothing at all. The Library was opened in its new quarters in May, 1855, and there it has since flourished, growing so fast that it is already beginning to choke for want of room, and to meditate another removal to a commodious fire-proof edifice, for the erection of which a very respectable sum of money has been laid aside. The debt contracted at the time of the removal to Astor Place was all paid off by the spring of 1866, and since that

THE READING-ROOM.

time the institution has not only been entirely self-supporting, but has been able to add to its reserve fund every year.

The building in Astor Place (which, like the old one, is called Clinton Hall) is nearly wedge-shaped in its ground plan, and the reading-room and library occupy the second and third stories of the big end of the wedge. They are approached by a broad double staircase, starting from the entrance hall, which runs through from Astor Place to Eighth street. On one side of the first landing is the sales-room of Messrs. Leavitt, Strebeigh & Co., book auctioneers, who lease all that part of the building not required by the Library Association. On the other side is the entrance to the reading-room. It is a cheerful, well-lighted, well-ventilated apartment, with rows of tall windows opening to the floor,—not encumbered with superfluous ornament, nor decorated with furniture too good to be used, but a room in which one can pass an hour or so very pleasantly with the aid of a comfortable chair and a copy of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. The newspapers are placed on standing files, with high stools in front of them for those who prefer to sit. The literary journals are scattered over the long oak tables which stretch in two rows down the middle of the room. At the end opposite the door are racks for the reviews and magazines, each having its appropriate numbered compartment.

We believe there is no leading newspaper of the United States which is not to be found in this room. All the principal papers of London are here; all the principal papers of Paris *were* here until Von Moltke suddenly cut off the supply; Berlin, Vienna, and other great European capitals send specimens of their periodical literature; and there is a liberal representation of the press of Canada and the West Indies. At the date of the last Annual Report there were 208 different newspapers on the files, and 174 magazines and reviews.

These are so well selected that, with their aid, one can easily obtain a correct idea of public opinion in any part of the world. Science, politics, general literature, religion, and special studies of all kinds are quite as well represented as the newspaper chronicles of the day. At one table you may see a group of sober-looking gentlemen absorbed in the political essays of *The Saturday Review*, the criticisms of *The Athenæum*, the financial speculations of *The Economist*, or the figures of *The Railroad Journal*. Opposite, may be, is a young doctor studying a medical review, or a divinity student reading *The Congregational Quarterly*. The story papers are greatly in demand, and though there are many of them, foreign and domestic, there are not more than the readers have pretty constant use for. A certain low stand about the middle of the room is never without visitors. Here are kept the principal comic papers of Europe, and an interesting lesson in the varieties of national humor might be learned by contrasting *Punch* and *Judy* with the grotesque and flavorous drolleries of the *Kladderadatsch* and the *Fliegende Blätter*, the rude wit of *Charivari*, and the highly-seasoned satire of *La Vie Parisienne*. The comparisons are broken indeed, just now, for Paris has other work on hand than sending us the vagaries of her comic artists; but Germany has laughed as heartily as usual all through the war, and has, of course, shown us Napoleon and Gambetta, Jules Favre and M. Thiers, in all sorts of ridiculous attitudes and disguises. There is an extensive variety of pictorial papers of the character of *The Illustrated London News*. *The Graphic*, with its admirable drawings and careful printing; the French illustrated papers—inferior in all respects to the English; the German, better than the French but not equal to *The Graphic;* and lastly, a Canadian illustrated journal, which is a marvel of enterprise, but also, we regret to say, a marvel of bad wood engraving, are here on exhibition. We believe, in fact, that no reading-room in the United States compares with this for variety and extent, except the admirable free reading-room at the Cooper Institute.

At the upper end of the room is an elevated desk for the superintendent, who is always a lady. The natural taste of the sex for neatness and order finds in this office an ample opportunity for exercise, and notwithstanding the numbers who resort to the reading-room, the periodicals are well kept, and a comfortable aspect of tidiness pervades the apartment. Unfortunately, there are men with so little conscience as occasionally to mutilate a paper or magazine—to furtively tear out a picture, or even put a periodical in their pocket—and the officers are always on the watch for mean rogues of this sort; but the losses upon the whole are much less serious than one might naturally suppose, and the damages are promptly repaired—as far as paste and thread will repair them. Behind the superintendent's desk, separated by a counter and railing from the rest of the room, is a row of small alcoves. In these are filed away a few of the back numbers of every paper, magazine, and review received at the establishment, and you can see any one you want by asking for it. Here, too, is a valuable collection of books of reference—dictionaries in all languages; gazetteers; maps; annual registers; the best cyclopædias—American, English, French, and German; Biblical dictionaries—whatever, in fact, a man is likely to want for an explanation of the hard things that he finds in his reading. The counter is not an impassable barrier, for you may always see somebody behind it, deep in the consultation of the big volumes which are not allowed to be taken away from the room. If you want any other book not to be found in these alcoves, write the title of it on one of the cards kept at the desk, add your name and the number of your ticket, and give the card to the lady at the desk. She sends it up to the library in a dumb-waiter, and in a moment or two the book comes down by the same conveyance.

The ornaments of the room are confined to a few works of art presented at various times by the friends of the institution both at home and abroad, portraits of eminent New York merchants and other persons, casts of statuary, and some interesting framed autographs. On each side of the entrance there is a small room, one for the exclusive use of ladies, the other for "conversation." But neither seems to be much used. Ladies have no hesitation

in taking their seats at the tables in the main room, where the periodicals are close at hand, and their presence attracts no special notice. In fact, the good order and quiet which always prevail in the reading-room are no doubt attributable to the frequent visits of the gentler sex, as well as the fact that it is a woman who is charged with the enforcement of the rules. The most boisterous and incorrigible of young bloods would immediately stop talking and take his feet off the table, if the request came from the lips of a good-looking superintendent in petticoats. There are two ladies employed in the reading-room, who relieve each other at stated hours, and they never seem to have the slightest difficulty in keeping order.

The reading-room is visited by about one thousand persons every day. In the morning the readers are chiefly substantial merchants, retired business men, professional and literary gentlemen, and perhaps a few journalists. There are many faces which you will see there almost every day from one end of the year to the other, and some of the habitual visitors have their favorite corners, not to say their favorite chairs, where, at certain hours, they may be confidently looked for. Most of these are men without active business; some have grown rich; some have broken down in the race for wealth and given up in despair; some retain a nominal connection with commerce, but only saunter into their counting-rooms towards mid-day and leave the burden to the younger generation; some wear an unmistakable air of prosperity and comfortable idleness; and a few have the cowed and shabby look of men who have breakfasted badly at a cheap boarding-house and slept in a mean little hall bed-room. As the day wears on, ladies and literary men become more numerous, and the Bohemians of the daily and weekly press stray in and out, hunting up a fact or running over the magazines in search of an idea. We are bound to say that whispering now becomes rather more frequent, and the ladies are much less attentive readers than the middle-aged gentlemen who filled the room in the morning. It is not until six or seven o'clock in the evening that the class of young men for whom the institution is chiefly designed are found here in great numbers. As soon as the dinner or tea hour has passed the clerks begin to drop in, and until the room closes for the night at ten o'clock, the desks and tables are well filled, and the silence is broken by the continual rustle of leaves. This is the time when the reading-room fulfills the noblest of its functions,—when it not merely serves for the amusement of the curious and idle, and the convenience of the studious, but draws away from the worst temptations of the great city those who are most accessible to its seductions and least able to guard against them.

The library is situated on the third floor of the building, immediately over the reading-room. A lofty apartment, with a dome and skylight supported by a circle of fluted columns, it seems to be well enough adapted to its special purpose,—the reception and delivery of books,—but it has no beauty, either of ornament or architectural design; it is rather cramped, and it lacks even the elegance which rows of neatly-bound books generally confer upon a library, for all the volumes here are covered with brown paper, and the shelves, though neatly kept, present a decidedly dingy aspect. In fact it is not a lounging-place for readers, but a depot where business is transacted with mercantile despatch and regularity. A counter runs around the room from column to column, and no one is admitted behind it except the attendants, officers, and ex-officers of the library, and those who receive special permission to visit a certain nook set apart for "consulting readers." Alcoves radiate from the central circle formed by the counter and the columns, and iron galleries, approached by light staircases, divide each alcove into three stories.

The arrangement of books is peculiar, and perhaps an old-fashioned bibliophile would call it horribly unphilosophical, for there is no attempt at classification by subject, the only purpose of the librarian who devised the system being to place the books so as to expedite delivery. As novels are more called for than any other kind of literature, the alcoves nearest the delivery desk—comprising about a third of the whole library—are appropriated to them. The rest of the books are arranged in strictly alphabetical order, under the

THE LIBRARY.

author's name when that is known, and under the first letter of the leading word in the title when the work is anonymous. There are some exceptions to this rule, however, for books in foreign languages are placed by themselves, and bound volumes of those periodicals for which there is not a very active demand, are stored away in the second gallery. This arrangement is found to work very well for a lending library, though for an institution like the Astor, where a student often wants to collate all the accessible authorities on a given subject without knowing, before hand, what those authorities are, it of course would not answer. At the Mercantile there is no delay in finding what you want, and books are not liable to be misplaced. The lettering on the back of the paper cover shows the attendant at a glance where the volume belongs, and as this lettering is always carefully done, by an experienced person, mistakes are very rare.

Now let us see the system of delivery: Each member on joining the library has a folio assigned him in the ledger, and its number is written on the ticket which is given him as a certificate of membership. Let us suppose you have received one of these

tickets, have taken out a book, have read it, and now want another. You look through the printed catalogue, of which there are several copies chained to the counters, and having made your selection, you fill up a card on which is printed the following blank form :—

FOLIO

{ } *Returns*

Wants one of the following :

Name, *Address,*

You hand that to one of the attendants, and after checking off the volume you have returned, he looks for the first one on your list of books wanted; if that is already out, he looks for the second. When he has found a book for you he hands it, with your application card, to the delivery clerk. This gentleman occupies a large desk at the central counter, and has before him two immense drawers, divided into partitions for the reception of the cards. Each member's name has a place in one or the other of these drawers, and the number of the folio shows where that place is. The clerk turns instantly to your name, and finds the card you handed in when you last borrowed a book. If the date, stamped at the time of delivery, shows that you have kept it longer than the rules allow, he levies a small fine, and you must pay it before you can borrow again. All formalities transacted, the old card is destroyed, the new one put in its place, and you are sent away in peace. You may change your book three or four times a day, and the young men at the desk will never complain of the trouble. No women are employed in this part of the library—there is too much running about to suit them; but ladies are among the most frequent visitors, and we dare say that hourly intercourse with young women has a mollifying influence upon the manners of the attendants. Whether it is the effect of association or natural urbanity, we cannot undertake to decide; but the employés of the Mercantile Library could certainly give lessons in politeness to the officials of almost any of our public institutions.

The system of checking books, as we have described it, enables the librarian to ascertain in a moment just what any particular member has borrowed; but it evidently does not show what has become of any particular book. For instance, you have called four or five times for Jones Robinson's latest romance, and the answer is always, "Out." Now, Jones Robinson is not a popular author, and you are justified in suspecting that his romance is not borrowed as fast as it comes in, but that somebody has lost it, or kept it over the time. The librarian has no record to show who has that book, or how long it has been out. He can look over every member's account, and thus he will find it sooner or later; but there are more than 10,000 members, and it would take longer to find Jones Robinson's book than any of the writings of that eminent romancer are worth. Many attempts have been made to devise a double system of accounts, so that a check could be kept upon the members and the books at the same time; but every plan hitherto tried has complicated the process of delivery too much, and involved great waste of time without corresponding advantage. A partial book record, however, is now kept, and is, perhaps, as good as any that can be suggested. Whenever a standard work is borrowed, the delivery clerk marks upon a little yellow ticket simply the folio number of the borrower. Every day the yellow tickets are examined, and if it appear, say, that folio 10,029 has had a book more than three weeks, the clerk turns to the drawer, finds out who folio 10,029 is, and what book is charged against him, and sends him a notice that his time is up. It is found impracticable to apply this system to novels, which form the greater part of the circulation of the library; but it is useful as far as it goes, and prevents the loss of many valuable books.

Of late years a postal order scheme has been perfected, and for convenience and simplicity it could hardly be improved. Its design is to enable members to draw books without visiting the library. Blank forms are obtained from the Post-office Department, about the size and shape of a newspaper wrapper, bearing on one side a two-cent postage stamp, and the printed address, "Mercantile Library,

Astor Place, City," and on the other a blank application, with a five-cent "Mercantile Library delivery stamp," and some printed directions. You fill up the application in the usual way, fold the wrapper like a note (it is already gummed), and drop it in the nearest Post-office box. In a few hours at furthest a messenger brings to your house the book you have asked for, and takes away the volume you want to return. The system is fast increasing in popularity. A horse and wagon are constantly employed in the collection and delivery, and the number of volumes sent out in this way is about 12,000 annually. The delivery blanks are sold at the rate of seven cents each—two cents representing the postage and five the cost of the delivery.

But the library is not content with doing so much for the young men of New York; it is gradually taking care of the suburbs also. Branch offices have been opened at Yonkers, Norwalk, Stamford, Elizabeth, and Jersey City (not to speak of branches near the two extremities of the metropolis, namely, in Cedar street and Yorkville), at each of which there is a collection of about 500 volumes, and a desk for the reception and delivery of books belonging to the main office in Astor Place. Every morning a stout canvas bag, containing books returned and application cards for books wanted, is sent by express from each of these offices to the library, and every afternoon the bag goes back full. The directors offer to establish a branch in any suburb where one hundred subscribers can be obtained in advance, and we may expect, therefore, a great development of this part of the enterprise.

It will be seen from what we have already said, that the library has extended its advantages far beyond the limited class for which it was founded. Its management remains, indeed, in the hands of clerks; but nobody is excluded from its privileges. Ladies are among its more frequent patrons; professional men, merchants, gentlemen of leisure, all make constant use of it. By the constitution no one but a clerk can vote or hold office in the institution; but the definition of a clerk has been gradually stretched to comprehend not only young men in mercantile pursuits, but nearly everybody who lives on a salary. These members pay an initiation fee of $1, and a subscription of $4 a year. When they go into business for themselves, and are graduated as merchants, they lose the right to vote and hold office, but retain the other privileges of membership at the same rate of payment. Any other person may become a subscriber, with the right to use the reading-room and borrow books, on payment of $5 a year. The number of active members on the 30th of April, 1870, was 7,223; of subscribers, 3,705; of honorary members, 99; of Clinton Hall stockholders, 1,762; of editors, with free admission, 78; making a total of 12,867 persons entitled to the use of the library and reading-room. This is about 2,000 more than ever appeared on the rolls before; but there is not a steady increase in the membership, as we should suppose there would be in a fast growing city, and in this respect the institution has been nearly stationary for the last five or six years.

During the year 1869–'70 about 3,000 members joined, but then during the same time 2,500 withdrew. Just before the election of officers there has always been a great accession of new names, procured by the influence of rival candidates, and many of these drop off as soon as they have voted. A great many young men also join the library in a sudden fit of steadiness, take out one book, throw it aside, and neither visit the place again nor return the book. The last annual report shows that a large number of the "withdrawals" must be of this kind. Of the 2,583 names removed from the books last year only 168 were formally withdrawn; the rest are marked "closed by the Constitution."

We mentioned in the beginning of this article that the New York Mercantile Library was the fourth in the country in point of size. The largest is the Library of Congress, which, in 1869, had 175,000 volumes, and at the end of 1870 must have had about 183,000. The Boston Public Library comes next with 165,000. The Astor Library has 138,000. The Mercantile has nominally 120,000 volumes, and increases at the rate of 13,000 volumes a year, while the annual growth of

the Boston and Congress Libraries is only 9,000 each. It would be difficult, however, for the librarian to account for all the books which appear on the catalogue. The losses are inevitably heavy, and there seems to be no way of preventing them. One of the ex-librarians estimated the annual loss of volumes borrowed and never returned, at about 300; but this is certainly far below the truth. Perhaps 10,000 volumes which are supposed to be in the library may be set down as lost beyond recovery,—most of them being in the hands of persons who have moved away and left no trace of their residence. Many are deliberately stolen, and sometimes the library suffers from its courtesy to impostors who have no claim whatever to the privileges of such an institution. We saw, not long ago, the book account of a lively gentleman who had succeeded in convincing the librarian that he was sub-editor of a leading New York paper, and on the strength of that had borrowed (though he was not a member) *all* the important works relating to a particular subject, including several valuable volumes. He was never seen again. The journal whose name he used did not know him, and, of course, the books were not recovered. But after all, if we consider the enormous circulation of this library, and the fact that no deposit or other guarantee is required of borrowers, it is wonderful that the depletion of its store has been so slight. Probably no other library in the world, except the great free libraries of Liverpool and Manchester, and certainly no other library in America, sends out so many volumes in the course of the year. The circulation of the Mercantile during the year ending May 1st, 1870, was 234,120, and the next annual report will probably show a circulation of 300,000, not including the books used for consultation in the library. This is considerably in excess of the returns of the Boston institution, whose annual circulation, at the latest report, was 218,000.

Some curious particulars respecting the circulation in New York are furnished by Mr. A. M. Palmer, the very competent Librarian.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Of the total number of volumes delivered last year, 169,646 were works of fiction, 57,272 were works of standard English and American literature, and 7,202 were in foreign languages. The returns for past years show that the proportions vary but little—that is to say, the novels make up about 70 per cent. of the total circulation. Of course they do not constitute anything like 70 per cent. of the works in the library. Novels are read quickly and changed often, and pass through a dozen hands while more serious works are passing through one.

The average daily delivery of books is 760, about three-quarters of which are handed over the counter of the library proper in Astor Place, the rest being distributed by the branch offices or delivered by carriers. But the circulation fluctuates between widely distant extremes. In mid-summer it has been but little over 300 a day. In winter it always rises, and on the 19th of February last it reached the large number of 1,832 volumes. That day was a Saturday, and as Washington's birthday came on the following Tuesday, the members had to provide reading matter for two holidays.

Saturday always presents an animated scene at the library. In the afternoon great numbers of young ladies turn aside from the regular Broadway promenades, and throng the library counters, looking over the latest novels and other new books, some scores of which are there spread out for inspection; or searching the catalogue, or taking advice from the clerks about something to read for the coming week. If the young men can get away from business before dusk, it is noticed that they have no objection to come for their weekly supply while the hall is still gay with ribbons and bright eyes, and many of them perhaps are unreasonably long in making their selections. The crowd, however, comes later in the evening. Then indeed the clerks must be brisk. There is a constant running from counter to alcove, from gallery to gallery, a constant calling out of numbers, and a wild shouting of titles. "Folio seven thousand and ten! Here you are!" and a book is laid on the desk with a delicate sort of a whack. "Folio ninety-six! Mark Twain is out; try something else?" "Folio five hundred! Where is five hundred? Who asked for *Little Women?* Is this yours, Madame?" and so on, hour after hour, till the clock strikes nine, and then there is rest for the weary clerks till eight o'clock on Monday morning.

Of course it always happens that a great many people want the same book, especially when the book is new, and the librarian consequently buys a number of copies of every publication for which there is likely to be a general demand. He bought 500 copies of *Lothair*, and afterward sold about 150 of them, as the public interest in the work gradually died away. There are still, however, 50 or 75 copies in use all the time. More of the surplus stock might be sold; but experience has shown that the popularity of a book is subject to unforeseen revivals, and if Mr. Disraeli should die, or become prime minister, or do anything else to bring himself into prominent notice, there would be a sudden call for all the copies on hand. Moreover, books wear out very soon in a lending library, and it is desirable to have a reserve to renew them from. Of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* the library has 115 copies, all of which are constantly in use and ordered in advance. Of *Man and Wife* 250 copies were purchased, and the demand was far in excess of the supply. Among the most popular of recent publications are Miss Alcott's *Little Women* and *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, 250 copies of each being in constant circulation; *A Brave Lady*, which calls for 75 copies; *The Gates Ajar*, 52 copies; *Hedged In*, 50 copies; *The Villa on the Rhine*, 50 copies; *The Countess Gisela*, 50 copies; Pumpelly's *Across America and Asia*, 30 copies; Orton's *The Andes and the Amazon*, 20 copies; Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, 20 copies; Miss Mitford's *Life and Letters*, 25 copies; Lecky's *History of European Morals*, 10 copies; Froude's concluding volumes, 15 copies; Hall's *Health by Good Living*, 20 copies. Most of these figures apply to the date of the last annual report, and since that time there has probably been a falling off in the demand for some of the books enumerated. There is a steadily in-

creasing call for Dickens, which of course was greatly augmented after his death; but *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is not much in demand. *Red as a Rose is She* was so popular that 100 copies were called for all the time; and the librarian was also obliged to buy a number of extra copies of two previous works by the same writer, which had almost passed out of circulation. Of Miss Evans's *Vashti* 200 copies were for some time in constant use, but it is little read now. On the other hand it was necessary to buy last year 15 extra copies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 12 of *Beulah*, and 6 of *The Marble Faun*. Of so serious a work as Henry James's *Secret of Swedenborg*, there is a steady use for 5 copies.

There is an increasing demand for Buckle, Mill, and the essays and reviews of Macaulay, of all of which it has been necessary to enlarge the stock. Tyndall, Huxley, and Lubbock are very extensively read; and the new theories and developments of science seem to excite a great deal of interest among the patrons of the Library. If there is no perceptible change in the ratio between works of fiction and standard literature circulated, there is certainly an improvement in the public taste manifested by the relative popularity of good and mediocre authors in both those departments. In fiction, for example, out of 1,000 volumes issued recently in a single day, no fewer than 55 were by Thackeray, and 25 by Scott. The steady advance of the popular relish for Thackeray is unmistakable. Every year the admirers of this noblest among novelists are multiplied, and the librarian finds it more and more difficult to satisfy their applications. The popularity of Sir Walter Scott seems also to augment. Charles Reade and Mrs. Craik (Miss Muloch) are steady favorites. The circulation of Charlotte Bronte's novels has always been large. and grows larger and larger every year.

In another department of literature it is interesting to know that a taste for the master works of Germany is spreading very fast. Of late years there has been a constantly growing demand for English translations of Goethe and Schiller—especially Goethe—while the

THE LIBRARIAN'S ROOM.

originals of these works are also called for pretty often. Voltaire is renewing his youth; and Lamartine, whose popularity was long on the wane, is now gaining a hold upon a new generation of readers. Many will be surprised to learn that a taste for genealogical research has become very general. The Library has a large collection of works in this department, and all of them are in demand. Works on theology or morals find great numbers of readers. Treatises on physical education and cognate subjects are universally popular, not one of any note being allowed to stand idle on the shelves. Books on landscape-gardening and architecture are much more generally read than one would suppose, considering that so large a majority of the members have no opportunity to put their lessons to practical use. Narratives of travel, of course, are always in demand; and biography, in which the Library is exceptionally rich, grows more and more popular every year. The bound files of daily newspapers are in use, one might almost say, day and night. This, however, is not owing entirely to a popular passion for historical research; for a large proportion of the persons who consult them are lawyers' clerks and others interested in legal proceedings, which require a reference to court reports, notices, adver-

tisements, and so on. Everybody, in fact, who has occasion to refer to back numbers of a newspaper is perforce driven to the Mercantile Library, since the editors of the leading journals do not, as a rule, permit their office files to be examined.

In a comfortably-furnished little room, opening out of one of the alcoves, sits the quiet young man who is the executive head and administrator of this extensive establishment. Mr. A. M. Palmer was appointed Librarian in October, 1869; and though he has been but a little while in office, he has introduced so many improvements, and increased so much the popularity of the Library, that the Directors have already abundant proof of the wisdom of their choice. The system under which the Library is administered is of course the growth of years, and the product of the labor and ingenuity of various librarians, prominent among whom, both for capacity and length of service, was Mr. S. Hastings Grant. It is the librarian's province to purchase books, direct the daily labors of his subordinates, oversee the entire regulation of the Library and reading-room—in fact, to govern the whole establishment. There is a supervisory Board of Directors, to whom the librarian is responsible; but these gentlemen are of course unable to take much practical share in the management. Under the constitution they must all be clerks, so that they have little time to devote to the affairs of the Library, even had they the disposition. Twelve Directors are chosen, by vote of the members, for a term of three years, one-third retiring every year; and the Directors select from their own number a President, Vice-President, two Secretaries, and a Treasurer. Mr. M. C. D. Borden is now serving his second term as President. None of these officers receive any compensation or enjoy any important privileges which are not shared by all the members.

The annual elections, however, are scenes of the most intense excitement; and, in the eyes of a young clerk, running for office in the Mercantile Library Association is only a little less important affair than running for Congress. There are usually two tickets in the field, the "Regular" and the "Reform," the difference between which it would puzzle anybody to define. Last year, for instance, it was generally understood that the Reformers were in favor of opening the reading-room on Sunday, and the Regulars were not, and on this point the canvass was made to turn. In point of fact, both parties were anxious to have the room open on Sunday, and neither had power to act in the matter, the decision resting entirely with the Clinton Hall Trustees! One cry, however, was as good as another for keeping up the excitement, and there was consequently a very lively fight. The streets were placarded with appeals; the newspapers contained long advertisements; the rival candidates and their friends made personal visits to as many of the members as they could reach. Even the "naturalization mills," which are said to have manufactured voters with such rapidity at the City Hall, were imitated, on this as on many other occasions, at Astor Place. Members were initiated at the instance (and perhaps at the expense) of anxious office-seekers, merely in order that they might vote for their friends; and indeed during many years it was usual for the list of membership, just before the election, to be increased by at least 1,000 or 1,200 names. This, to be sure, represented a substantial gain to the treasury; but not a permanent one, for most of these "naturalized voters" fell off after paying the first half year's

THE DIRECTORS' ROOM.

dues. A recent amendment to the constitution, however, has swept away this custom, by providing that no one shall vote who has not been a member at least three months.

The polls open on the third Tuesday in May at eight o'clock in the morning, and close at nine P.M. Long before the opening, the staircase is crowded with members. Canvassers press the claims of their respective parties, and thrust ballots into the hands of undecided voters. A long cue is formed with some difficulty, reaching down the stairs, and through the hall, and out into the street, and the strong force of police on duty have about as much as they can do to keep the exuberant animal spirits of the free and unterrified electors within reasonable bounds. When the voting begins, there is for a while a little Babel of confusion. Every man who offers a ballot gives his name, folio, and place of business, and the inspectors check it off by the books of membership, which serve as a registry. As the morning wears away, the crowd disperses, for most of the clerks must be at their business, and for several hours there is a lull. But towards evening the contest begins in earnest. Now the uproar becomes hideous; the police force is increased; the anxiety of the election agents, as one party or the other seems to gain, rises in its intensity, and the way of the voter to the polls is beset with terrors.

We regret to say that the young gentlemen have been known to take advantage of a singular omission of the statute law, which makes it no felony to vote unlawfully at a Mercantile Library election, and that repeating has consequently been practised to an extent at which the Sixth Ward would stand aghast. At the election in May, 1870, it was reported, we suppose with truth, that a room was provided in a convenient location, where the repeaters changed their coats and hats after every vote, and thence issued into the presence of the inspectors with fresh names, fresh folios, and fresh business addresses. Of course to do this it was necessary to get at least a partial list of the members—which was easy enough—and the repeater ran the risk of adopting the name of somebody who had voted already; but if his fraud was detected, the inspectors could do nothing but refuse his vote. In point of fact, during the evening about one vote in every six was rejected; but many illegal ballots must have been cast in the hurry and confusion. After the close of the polls most of the members hang about the hall until the result is declared, and amuse themselves in the meantime with noise, and uproar, and practical jokes, such as are hardly known elsewhere except in the Board of Brokers, when the gentlemen of Wall street chance to be in one of their facetious moods. How much can be made of a little thing is well illustrated by the result of the hotly contested election of last year. Only twelve hundred members voted, though the confusion was enough to indicate a constituency of six or seven thousand. It is a proof of the satisfaction of the members with the administration of the Institution, that the "Regular" ticket triumphed by a majority of 175, the principal officers being re-elected. No ladies voted, though many were entitled to; but a colored citizen deposited his ballot, and it is gratifying to know that his right was not questioned.

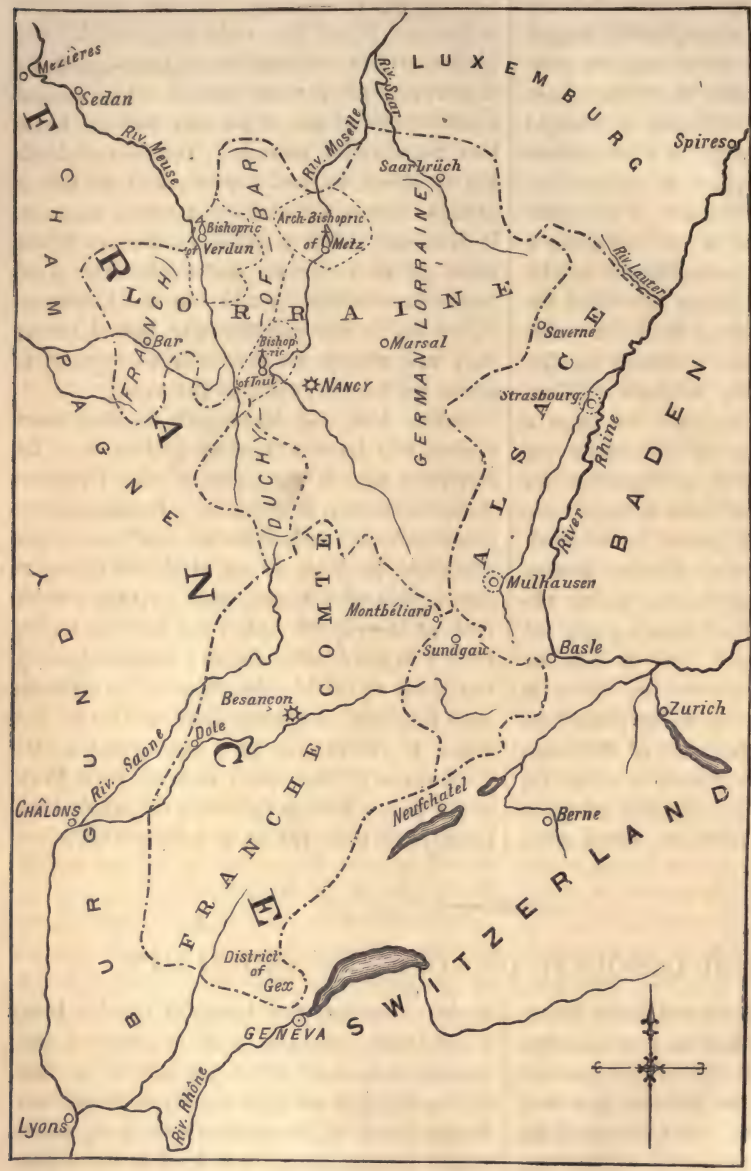
There are other topics connected with the Library which we must dismiss with a hurried word. Walking down a narrow passage-way that runs off at right angles with the main hall, opposite the entrance to the Library, we find on the left a row of small rooms, in which evening classes are held in the modern languages, elocution, music, and phonography. Their purpose is to enable young men to obtain instruction at a low price, and in this way they have been of great benefit; but the work they have hitherto done for a small price is now done by various public institutions without any price at all, and the Directors are accordingly discussing the propriety of giving them up. The lecture system, however, is a means of popular instruction which the association has pursued with remarkable success. The best lyceum speakers are always secured for the Mercantile Library courses, and during the present Winter the society has had the credit of introducing "Tom Brown" Hughes to New York, besides securing Mr. Sumner, Mr. Mundella, and other more or less eminent persons.

In the extreme corner of the Library building there is a little room, hardly bigger than a cell, where two or three men are constantly at work in certain very important duties. To this room every book is brought as soon as it is purchased. A clerk enters the title, size, date and place of publication in a large "accession book." The cataloguer makes a transcript of this entry on a card, which he places immediately in its alphabetical place in a drawer provided for the purpose. Another card, with the same title, is placed in a drawer reserved for the classification of works by subjects. Thus whenever it becomes necessary to print a supplementary catalogue, as it does every few years, a copyist has only to transcribe for the printer the contents of these drawers, and the books on the shelves need not be touched. The new book, having been entered, is now passed to a rough pine table, where the coverer stands, with piles of brown paper of different sizes, a paste-pot, and a pair of scissors. In a few seconds the book is covered, lettered, and ready to be placed on the shelves. On the other side of the room is a heap of tattered volumes waiting for repair. Every day a big basketful of them is brought in from the Library. Some need nothing but re-covering. Others want a bit of paste. Many can only be saved by the binder. On an average every book has to be re-covered after three issues. The annual consumption of paper for this purpose is no less than 2,000 pounds. The cost of binding is about $2,500 a year; and as this is always done in the plainest possible manner, it is evident that a great number of books must go to make up the total. The fresh paper-covered novels added to the Library—all of which are substantially bound before they are placed on the shelves—amount to about ten for every day in the year.

Before long the Mercantile Library Association will have a bindery of its own. Before long, also, if the plans of the Directors do not miscarry, it will have a handsome fireproof building, with abundant shelf-room, and abundant facilities of all kinds for doing its own work under its own roof. At the present rate of increase it will soon be the largest library in the United States; and though it is not likely to rival in the value of its contents such magnificent foundations as that of Mr. Astor, it will always be a monument to the good sense of the young men of New York, and a public benefit for which the whole community will have reason to be thankful.

THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF LORRAINE AND ALSACE.

THE consolidation of many distinct States into a few great nations has been the gradual work of the last half a dozen centuries of European history; and the process, it is well known, is still incomplete. It was one of the mischievous results of the feudal system, that it gave rise to an extreme multiplication of fiefs of various kinds, and nearly all independent of one another. Every feudatory laid claim to some of the attributes of sovereignty. Each higher grade had a more extensive jurisdiction: until, when we reach the grand dukes, marquises, and earls, we find them to have been at one time kings in all but the name. Germany has longest retained traces of this minute subdivision, but France was once in about the same condition. In Germany, however, the Imperial dignity being theoretically elective, and, in point of fact, passing from one princely family to another, the association of that dignity with any particular house did not secure to it an undisputed predominance, nor lead to tightening the bands which united the members of the loosely-framed organism. But it was otherwise in France. Originally, when Hugh Capet, the heir to the duchy of France,—a limited territory in the heart of the country,—was elected to fill the throne of Charlemagne, there were no less than seven fiefs of such importance that any one of them rivalled in power that with which the crown was now combined. Upon these depended a large number of very considerable duchies and



LORRAINE AND ALSACE.

counties. Below came the viscounts and barons; still lower, the holders of single castles; and, last of all, the peasants and serfs, the only industrious and producing classes, who formed the foundation of this singular pyramid, and by their despised but useful labors sustained in idleness all the successive grades of the privileged classes.

It took the French kings about five centuries to bring this heterogeneous mass into some degree of order, and to realize the conception of a single country. Much injustice was incidentally done, and in the process many franchises were lost and a strong despotism established. Yet almost anything was preferable to the incessant discord and warfare of petty barons, who, while powerless for good, were yet sufficiently strong to obstruct commerce by the imposition of exorbitant tolls and customs, if not by plundering travelers, or imprisoning them with a view to the exaction of a heavy ransom.

Even when, as the result of his successful contest with Charles the Bold, Louis XI. had, by the incorporation of Burgundy, given to France something approaching its natural boundaries, France, although it stretched from the ocean to the Alps and the Mediterranean, only touched the Pyrenees at certain points separated from each other by a number of minor States (Béarn, Foix, etc.), while in the opposite direction the north-easterly boundary scarcely reached the river Meuse. Not to speak of the Comtât Venaissin (the Pope's domain around Avignon), and the principality of Orange, which this in turn almost surrounded, the Duke of Savoy held the district of *Bresse*, stretching far to the west of Geneva, and coming so near to Lyons as to make it a border town. And north of this a large

triangle, made up of Franche-Comté, Lorraine, and Alsace, was equally foreign territory. This triangle comprised the district now apportioned among *nine* of the eighty-six departments into which France is divided, or about one-tenth of its entire area.

It may well be imagined that it was not long before the eyes of the French monarchs were turned covetously in the directions where their boundaries were so manifestly inconvenient and unnatural. The foreign possessions at the foot of the Pyrenees gave Spain a safe approach into the valley of the Garonne : Bresse, in Savoy's hand, was a perpetual menace directed against the large city to whose gates it extended. Avignon, completely encased in French territory, was harmless. But the three provinces which brought Germany to the very border of Champagne were a prize for which there could not but arise a struggle before long.

The peculiar features of the political geography of Lorraine undoubtedly facilitated the designs which the French monarchs formed against it, and made it the first to be assailed. The same peculiarities, also, perhaps saved it from at once falling entirely into their hands. This fertile territory, measuring about one hundred and twenty miles in length from north to south, by one hundred from east to west, according to Count d'Haussonville, the most recent historian of the union of the province to France, was divided into five principal parts — Lorraine proper, Vosges, German Lorraine, Barrois *mouvant* (that is, under the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris), and Barrois *non-mouvant* (or subject to the sovereign court of Lorraine). It was further broken up by fiefs of the French king and of the German empire.

And lastly, it was split into a number of separate fragments by the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, whose spiritual heads had succeeded in asserting their sway over a very considerable extent of country, as rich and populous as any in the land. It was the unprotected situation of these bishoprics that served as the occasion for extending the domain and influence of France in the direction of the Rhine.

SURPRISE OF THE "THREE BISHOPRICS."

Maurice of Saxony had, in 1551, become disgusted with the service of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Especially was he vexed that his master should turn a deaf ear to all his entreaties for the liberation of his father-in-law, the Landgrave of Hesse, from the confinement to which he had been consigned five years before. The ambitious commander-in-chief of Charles's troops resolved therefore to turn not only his own sword, but the arms of his victorious followers, against the Emperor. But before executing his crafty design, he associated with himself other Protestant princes of the Empire, among whom may be particularly mentioned the Margrave Albert of Brandenburg, and applied for support to Henry the Second, king of France. This monarch was only too glad to embrace the opportunity of striking a blow under such favorable circumstances at the prince who for many years had been the successful rival of his father, and who, not content with having himself enjoyed the imperial dignity, was planning to secure the succession to his son Philip. A secret treaty was therefore readily concluded. Henry, in addition to furnishing a large sum of money to his confederates, was himself to take the field as the "Protector of the liberties of the Holy Empire."

Before the affair came to actual blows, there was the ordinary profusion of wordy proclamations containing truth and fiction combined in about the customary proportions. Henry in particular took care to justify himself in the eyes of the world. He boasted that he had nothing more at heart, after the establishment of religion, than the security of the public tranquillity, and recounted at some length the measures which he had taken to confirm it at home and abroad. Next the aggressive measures of the Emperor were passed in review, especially his instigation of the Duchess dowager of Lorraine to refuse to do him homage for the duchy of Bar, "which was beyond all dispute a fief of his crown." But besides these personal injuries, Henry professed himself deeply moved with sympathy for the German princes, now menaced in their dearest liberties: and in making with them an alli-

ance, which was only a renewal of the old league between the two nations, he "took God to witness, that all the fruit which he expected from the war was to restore Germany to her ancient dignity, to deliver John Frederick of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse from their long and unjust captivity, and thereby to give a new proof of the regard which he had for the ancient union subsisting between the kings of France and the princes of Germany. This would be the true means of rendering it more close, by freeing these people from the yoke that was being placed on their necks."

The "very Christian king," having thus demonstrated his perfect disinterestedness to the entire satisfaction of all who desired to credit his professions, made his preparations for the campaign, not omitting to conciliate the favor of Heaven upon his compact with the Protestants of Germany, by devoutly "visiting the relics and monuments of St. Denis, St. Eleuthère, and St. Rustique, apostles of France." Perhaps, however, he relied more, in his endeavor to remove the embarrassing inconsistency of his course, and to attest the immaculate orthodoxy of his sentiments, upon the fact that before leaving he made his appearance in Parliament with great pomp, and strenuously urged that august body to redouble its severity in the persecution of the French heretics. As the judges had for many years been consigning the bodies of the Protestants to the flames in the "estrapade," and confiscating their property, it may be thought that the injunction was intended rather to display the king's own zeal, than for any practical aggravation of punishment.

With a powerful army, and preceded by Constable Montmorency, his trusted general, Henry marched from Paris early in the spring of 1552 to Chalons, thence to Vitry and Joinville. Here, upon the borders of Lorraine, he received a visit from the Duchess Dowager, who came (it was presumed a little reluctantly, and only because the support of her uncle, the Emperor, was too distant to help her) to place her lands and those of her son, the Duke, under the King's protection. Henry accepted her apologies, and expressed the intention of assigning the young Duke a residence in France with his son the Dauphin, and of later concluding a more firm alliance. On receiving tidings of the King's approach, the magistrates and inhabitants of Toul and Metz had taken in the full danger that awaited their independence. The former city, however, was too feeble to hope to withstand so large a force, and the municipal authorities without hesitation came out to meet the King and offer him the keys. Among the inhabitants there was every mark of joy. Indeed, so great a crowd was gathered to greet him, that Henry, avoiding the gate at which he was expected, and where the royal canopy was in readiness, made the circuit of the walls, and entered elsewhere through a crowd which was scarcely smaller than that which he sought to shun. In full armor, accompanied by a martial company of princes and lords, and preceded by a goodly array of "heralds-at-arms, clothed in their habits of crimson and azure velvet sprinkled with fleurs-de-lys," and proclaiming his approach by sound of trumpet and clarion, Henry rode to the portal of the cathedral. Here, in the presence of the assembled clergy and people, in their richest attire, the monarch took a solemn oath to maintain the city in all its rights and liberties, and then entered the church and listened to the joyful Te Deum raised in honor of his advent.

Leaving a garrison in Toul, Henry took the road by Nancy, the capital of Lorraine, and Pont-à-Mousson to Metz. Constable Montmorency had preceded him, and had demanded free passage for the King, such as had been accorded in time past to the Emperor. The prudent magistrates, who had gradually acquired a dominant position in the city to the detriment of the episcopal authority, were unwilling to accede to the summons. As an independent and neutral city, they said, Metz could do no more with safety than permit the King and the constable, with a small retinue of nobles, to enter and receive the hospitalities which they were ready to accord them. But Montmorency was a man of few words and rough manners, and his threat to turn his cannon against the wa[illegible] had a wholesome effect. Besides, if we [illegible]e, credit the chronicler, who himself serve[illegible]nd the army, the people were less relu[illegible]t a large

than their superiors to see the rule of the French. Oppressed and robbed by the extortions of the *seigneurs*, they were ready to welcome any change that would free them of their tyrannical masters. It was, therefore, at length concluded that the Constable, with a number of princes and gentlemen, and with two ensigns of infantry, should be admitted to Metz. The arrangement, it must be admitted, was not carried into effect according to the understanding of the citizens. The two ensigns, which should together have consisted of only six hundred men, were made twice as strong, and the Constable's escort numbered no less than fifteen hundred men. Detecting the fraud when a part of the body had entered their city, the inhabitants of Metz attempted to close the gate against the rest; but it was too late. Those that were within opened to those who remained without. "Thus it was," observes the chronicler, "that this puissant city, after having reigned from time immemorial in all loftiness and presumptuous pride, was in a little while surprised and reduced to the obedience of the King, on that Sunday on which we commemorate the entry of Jesus Christ into that of Jerusalem, which was the tenth day of April, 1552."

Meantime Henry, after sending off the young Duke of Lorraine, in spite of the tears of his mother, under the escort of a company of men-at-arms, and almost as a captive, to the city of Rheims, where the young princes of France were then residing, advanced to Metz, which he reached on the 18th of April. Never had the city witnessed so magnificent an entry. Almost every great noble of France was present, and the Romish Church was represented by no less than three French cardinals dressed in their red robes, each a person deserving more than a passing notice :—the Cardinal of Lorraine, the bloody persecutor; the Cardinal of Châtillon, Coligny's elder brother, and one day to become himself a Protestant; and the Cardinal of Lenoncourt, who was also Archbishop of Metz. Here, It rain, the King first alighted in front of the opr eat church of St. Stephen, where, with his ind ght hand upon the Gospels, he swore "to det aintain and defend, to the utmost of his ability, the rights, liberties, and pre-eminence of this very ancient and opulent city."

We need not trace further the progress of the campaign. If its principal object was to gain possession of Strasburg, and to obtain for France a hold upon the Rhine, it signally failed; for the inhabitants positively refused to admit the royal army, and the King did not deem himself strong enough to treat it otherwise than with extreme courtesy. "As to describing with accuracy the situation and walls of Strasburg," writes the disappointed chronicler whom we have more than once quoted, "I am unable to do it, not having approached within a league of it; for the citizens would permit no one to enter; no, not even to come within a cannon-shot of it. To see it, everybody judged it to be a very beautiful, large, and rich city." Another rich prize, however, awaited the King on his homeward march—the city of Verdun, the third of the "Bishoprics," which Cardinal Lorraine, its spiritual head, succeeded in inducing to open its gates to the French. By these successive acquisitions the power of France had been extended far towards the Rhine. Not only had the French character of the Duchy of Bar been irrevocably fixed; but the frontier was defended by strong outposts, which at the same time secured France and menaced Germany. It was evident that from this time Lorraine must exist only as a dependency of France, and that the incorporation of the remainder, or the ducal portion, could scarcely fail to follow in due time.

The Emperor Charles V. was not slow in understanding the deep wound which had thus been inflicted on the German Empire, and he prepared to forestall its probable consequences by attempting the recovery of the lost ground. Maurice, and the greater part of the Protestants, having succeeded by hard blows in extorting from their unwilling antagonist the concessions, political and religious, which they demanded, entered into the pacification of Passau, which thereafter formed the basis of religious toleration in Germany. In this agreement Henry refused to be included. This was in August, 1552. The next month Charles crossed the Rhine, and in October laid siege to Metz with a well-equipped army

of 60,000 men. If this fell, the other cities would surrender at once, and the way to Paris would be laid open. But the months that had intervened since its capture had not been lost. Instead of the neglected and dilapidated fortifications which the French had found, new and imposing works, capable of an obstinate defence, confronted the Germans, and the city, which was previously destitute alike of sufficient men and of stores, was provisioned for months, and garrisoned by a brave soldiery under command of the intrepid Francis, Duke of Guise. Ambitious nobles of every rank threw themselves into the city, while the flower of the German forces, under the Duke of Alva and the ablest generals Spain could furnish, led in the assault. But in the end the besieged were successful. They repaired by night the breaches made by day. They repulsed the storming parties of the enemy; their sorties made his position insecure; their mines rendered his mines useless. The victims of disease engendered by exposure to rain and cold outnumbered those who were slain by the sword. Before the middle of January, 1553, the fragments of the various corps of the Emperor's army had retreated from before Metz. So pitiful was the plight of many fugitives whom the French overtook on their way back to Germany, that the chronicler tells us the very pursuers were moved with compassion, and allowed them to continue their journey. Many tottered and fell of sheer exhaustion, and at the roadside became the prey of birds and wild beasts.

CONQUEST OF ALSACE.

More than three quarters of a century passed before a fortunate accident threw into the hands of the French the territory along the Rhine, which they had long coveted. Richelieu, after being a spectator of the terrible conflict which has become familiar to us as the "Thirty Years' War," at length resolved to take advantage of an opportunity that might never again arrive, for rendering the Emperor of Germany a less formidable neighbor, as well as for national aggrandizement. For several years, however, the success of the war scarcely answered the expectations of the monarch, who thus far had confined himself to subsidizing the confederates, and had put no army in the field. Once an invasion of France was carried as far south towards Paris as Soissons, and the capital was terrified with the prospect of a siege. But a few years later the war took another and a more fortunate turn. Duke Bernard of Weimar,—a brilliant strategist, whose untimely death alone prevented him from acquiring and transmitting to posterity the name of one of the first military geniuses of modern times,—finding his native territory in Franconia overrun by the enemy, and himself destitute of troops, and having lost all hope of efficient support from the side of Sweden, resolved to make an arrangement with the intriguing minister of Louis the Thirteenth. It was not difficult to come to terms; for if Bernard was in lack of funds for raising an army, Richelieu was in want of a resolute and skillful leader to counterbalance the influence of Oxenstiern and the Swedes upon the fortunes of Germany. "From a prince like Bernard, who was unable to maintain himself without the assistance of a foreign power," observes Schiller, "France had nothing to apprehend, since even the most fortunate issue would not suffice to place him beyond dependence upon this crown." In the autumn of 1635 the Saxon duke made his appearance at the court, then sojourning at the favorite palace of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where, in October, a compact was entered into between Bernard, no longer as a Swedish general, but in his own name, and the most Christian King. The latter, by this agreement, promised to pay him a pension of 1,500,000 livres for himself, and 4,000,000 for the support of an army which he was to command under the royal authority. The diplomatic dealings of the great are not wont to be characterized by any unusual amount of candor, and it is therefore by no means surprising that in the present engagement each of the "high contracting parties" had fully made up his mind to overreach the other. By a secret article, which Richelieu never intended to fulfill, but which was to incite Bernard to greater zeal in the undertaking, he promised to give all Alsace, when conquered, to the Duke, to be held as a fief from the king of France; while Bernard, not ignorant of the insincerity

of the Cardinal's professions, was equally firmly resolved to retain all that fell into his hands, and to build thereupon, in conjunction with his patrimonial estates, a principality of the first rank.

The work laid out for Bernard he executed to the letter. By the end of 1638 he had conquered not only a very considerable portion of Alsace, but also the district of Brisgau, now forming part of the Grand Duchy of Baden. And on the 18th of December of that year he confirmed his conquests and united the two portions by capturing, at the end of a very remarkable campaign, and after a desperate struggle, the strongly situated town of Brisach, with its bridge across the Rhine. Not inferior to his own joy at his success in making himself master of this critical point, was the exultation of Cardinal Richelieu. It was when the tidings of the victory reached the French court, that that dramatic incident occurred which historians have been fond of narrating. Father Joseph du Tremblai was dying—"the faithful, indefatigable agent, inexhaustible in expedients and resources, who, without title and without official character, had served Richelieu more effectually than all the Secretaries of State with portfolios." "Take heart, Father Joseph," cried the Cardinal, almost beside himself with delight, in the ears of the dying man, "Take heart, Brisach is ours!" But the triumph, which at another time would have kindled his enthusiasm, only brought a momentary expression of satisfaction on the face of one for whom the things of this life were fast fading out of sight. Not so with the Cardinal. "Already," says the historian of the Thirty Years' War, "he had in thought swallowed up Alsace, Brisgau, and all the Austrian possessions nearest France, without remembering the promise which he had made to Duke Bernard. The resolute determination of the latter to retain Brisach for himself, to which he gave no doubtful expression, threw the Cardinal into no slight embarrassment, and every device was resorted to in order to retain the victorious Bernard in the French interest. He was invited to court, to be a witness of the honor with which the memory of his triumphs was celebrated: Bernard saw the snare, and avoided it. The honor was shown him of offering him a niece of the Cardinal's in marriage: the noble Prince of the Empire rejected her, that he might not dishonor his Saxon blood by a *mésalliance*. And now he began to be regarded as a dangerous enemy, and to be treated as such. The funds for his subsidy were withheld. The governor of Brisach and his principal officers were corrupted, in order, at least after the Duke's death, to secure possession of his conquests and of his troops." Thus were the seeds of distrust sown, and the prospect of further and more glorious triumphs was inconsiderately cut off. The loss of the material support which France had pledged herself to give him, and the necessity to which he was driven to divide his forces and leave garrisons in the cities he had captured, rather to prevent a surprise from the French than an open attack by the enemy, paralyzed the military energies of Bernard. Yet, although delayed in the execution of his plans, he was about to enter upon a magnificent scheme of warfare, striking at the Danube and the very heart of the power of the Austrian house, when a sudden death snatched him away (July, 1639) in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and "in the midst of his heroic course."

It was well for the reputation of his enemies that four hundred others died in the camp, within the course of a couple of days, of the same disease, or the suspicion of his having been poisoned would have gained general currency; so opportune for the Imperialists was the death of "the greatest general whom the Allies had possessed since Gustavus Adolphus," as the historian Schiller well denominates Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar—"standing in modern history as an illustrious representative of those vigorous times when personal greatness still accomplished something, when bravery won kingdoms, and heroic valor could conduct a German knight even to the Imperial throne."

Bernard's death was turned to good advantage by France. Both his victorious army and his conquests in Alsace fell to her share. The Duke had indeed bequeathed both to his brother William; and for the army there were still other competitors—the Count Palatine,

Sweden, and even the Empire itself. But France was prompt, energetic, and, which was still more important, lavish of bribes. And as William felt himself by no means sufficiently powerful to throw down the gauntlet to the emperor in behalf of Alsace, that province fell without a struggle into the hands of Louis the Thirteenth.

In the treaty of Westphalia (October 24th, 1648) the new acquisitions of France were definitely secured to her. The Empire now, for the first time, formally renounced the sovereignty of the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, which for ninety-six years had been in the possession of France. The landgraviate of Upper and Lower Alsace, Brisach, the Sundgau, the prefecture of the ten imperial cities of Alsace (Haguenau, Colmar, Weissemburg, etc.) were to be incorporated in France. Several important fortresses, such as that of Saverne, were to be dismantled; while Saverne, Mulhausen, and, above all, Strasburg, were to remain independent, or to belong to their former masters.

STRASBURG.

Yet even after the conquests that had extended their dominion to the banks of the Rhine, the ambition of the French monarchs was far from satisfied. Both in the neighborhood of Metz and in Alsace the boundary line of the realm was irregular and tortuous. Minor fiefs of the German Empire broke in upon its continuity. The territories of feudal lords and of free cities were to be found quite enclosed in those of the King, yet altogether independent of them. The very security of Louis's conquests was endangered. The upper Rhine could not be guarded without the possession of the strong city of Strasburg, which served as a kind of "*tête de pont*" by which the Germans could at any time throw an army into France. Even before Alsace became theirs, the French had cast envious glances in this direction. "From the moment Metz was gained they dreamed of Strasburg." And now the time came when, without any just or equitable grounds, the seizure could be made with impunity. The method resorted to was worthy of the unscrupulous government with which it originated.

The peace of Nimeguen, in 1678, not only augmented the extent of Louis the Fourteenth's kingdom by the cession on the part of Spain of important territories, such as Franche-Comté, and a strip along the southern side of Flanders, but left him almost in the position of an absolute master of the destinies of the western part of Europe. Of his late antagonists there was no one that stood ready to resent any further act of aggression, much less to oppose by force of arms any legal construction which he might put upon the terms of the recent treaties. "Peace," says a distinguished historian of our times, "had been made upon the conditions which Louis fixed by his letter of April 9th, 1678. The Academy of Inscriptions could without hyperbole write upon the medal struck in its honor, that the peace had been concluded according to the laws dictated by the King (*Pace in leges suas confecta*)." In confirming to France the peaceable possession of the "Three Bishoprics," and of Alsace, the late pacifications were so worded as to include the dependencies of the fiefs thus acquired. Taking advantage of this phraseology, the sophists of the court suggested the erection of a new species of tribunal or commission—*Chambres de Réunion*, as they were designated—whose sole function should be to make research as to what lands, not yet in actual possession of the King, had at some time or other belonged to, or been dependent upon, the recent conquests of his armies. It must be admitted that the field of investigation was sufficiently broad and promising, and that as the explorers were to push their inquiries as far back as the time of the Merovingians, there was little likelihood that any desirable districts would escape their notice or the King's rapacity.

The plan was put into execution as early as in 1679, and by the second day of the next year the Chamber for Alsace was ready to report progress. It was not long before the Archbishop Elector of Trèves, the Elector Palatine, the Landgrave of Hesse, the King of Sweden, and other princes, temporal and spiritual, received an unexpected and

somewhat startling summons to do homage to Louis for various small fiefs which they held embedded in French territory or in convenient proximity to it. "Most of the towns and villages of these cantons," says Henri Martin, "had once depended on the Abbey of Weissemburg, *founded by King Dagobert*, and were incapable, it was asserted, of being alienated, the imperial constitutions having proclaimed the property of the Church to be inalienable. The claim would have been simply ludicrous (*eût tourné au burlesque*), if under these false reasons there had not lurked something serious and profound, namely, the claiming by France of the old Gallic soil." The whole of the year 1680 was taken up with the publication and execution of decrees of this kind. The Chamber of Metz gathered in upwards of eighty fiefs, said to have been dependent on the "Three Bishoprics," and among them some places whose names have lately come to be in the mouths of everybody, —Pont-à-Mousson, Saarbruck, Bitsch, etc.

Strasburg was one of the principal objects aimed at. First her homage for her lands in Alsace was demanded, and the free Imperial city, which had never admitted such a claim on the part of the Emperors themselves, felt herself too feeble to refuse. Not content with this, the French made the city itself the field of intrigue. Money paved the way for violence. Long had there been a party within the walls ready to welcome the advent of the King's forces. It was the adherents of the titular bishop, who desired to see the predominance of the Roman Catholic religion restored. But this clique was of itself impotent to accomplish its object. French agents, therefore, approached the municipal government, and by bribes succeeded in shaking their loyalty. The German troops had been previously removed; now the Swiss guards were dismissed. At a mere suggestion from the French government, the treacherous guardians of the city's liberties ordered the demolition of an important fort. When Strasburg had thus been deprived of all means of successful defence the blow was struck. Late in September, 1681, a rendezvous was secretly given to the French troops in the adjoining provinces — Lorraine, Franche-Comté, and Alsace—before the walls of the devoted place. On the 28th of the month not less than 35,000 men were discovered in close proximity to Strasburg—a force that cut off all communication with the Rhine and with Germany, and that rendered any attempt at resistance futile. Nor were the citizens long left in doubt respecting the King's intentions. General Montclar, who commanded the new-comers, demanded the instant recognition of his master's sovereignty and the admission of a garrison of French soldiers. But while thus insisting upon the full rights adjudged to him by the Chamber of Reunion, Louis was willing, he said, to secure to the inhabitants all the privileges and immunities they had enjoyed under the Empire. There was no time for delay, and no power of resistance. The unfaithful magistrates decently made a show of yielding to compulsion, and wrote to justify their action in the Emperor's eyes; but as they had conveniently left the guns on the walls unprovided with powder, the people had no means of preventing the consummation of the transaction. So, after a short struggle, Strasburg capitulated on the 30th of September. The city was to retain its municipal institutions, and its ecclesiastical and political privileges. It was only stipulated that the magnificent cathedral, that prodigy of mediæval architecture, should be restored to the Roman Catholics—a reward to the bishop and the chapter, who had been prime movers in the work of annexation.

"Thus," writes an eminent historian, to whom we have before referred, "was reunited to our native land, without the effusion of blood, that illustrious city which had never been taken before it became French, and which has never been taken since it has belonged to France." On the 23d of October, 1681, Louis made his triumphant entry into Strasburg. The pompous ceremonial over, that consummate master of the art of fortification, Vauban, was summoned to remodel and strengthen the entire system of the defences, at whose completion a medal was struck with the motto, "*Clausa Germanis Gallia*" ("France closed to the Germans").

The chief losers by the transfer of Strasburg to France were the Protestants. The

inhabitants of the Imperial city had been among the first to embrace the faith of the Reformation. One hundred and fifty-two years before, on the 19th of April, 1529, the representatives of Strasburg had stood with the Elector of Saxony and other princes and cities of the Empire in the Diet of Spires, and handed in that famous "*Protest*," from which first the Lutherans, and afterwards all branches of the regenerated Church, had received the appellation of Protestants. For over a score of years no other worship than that of the Lutheran Church was tolerated. So strong was the anti-papal feeling that when, in 1549 or 1550, the priests were once more allowed to chant Mass in one of the three churches that were assigned them, the rabble interrupted the service with noise and coarse jests, and the officiating Bishop and his clergy in needless trepidation took refuge in the neighboring town of Saverne. It was not until the Emperor gave the Bishop an express command to resume his functions that he returned; and the magistrates, by distributing themselves through the church, were able to maintain some degree of decorum. It was natural that the Bishop and his party should be jubilant, and that the capture of Strasburg should have been the beginning of a system of proselytism, in prosecuting which some would have been glad to see the "*dragonnades*" of Louis's hereditary dominions extended to the new acquisition. Louis himself boasted of his successful stratagem as a triumph of the faith. On one of the medals which he caused to be struck to commemorate the event, may yet be read the legend: "*Sacra restituta*" ("Religion restored"), while below sits the city of Strasburg, represented by a woman, near the river-god Rhine, and holding a bundle of rods surmounted by a palm and by a cross. Upon another medal, of elegant workmanship and of the same date (1681), the book of justice is seen in one scale of a balance outweighing the sword laid in the other, and in the distance the city of Strasburg, with its beautiful cathedral. With the history of the conquest before us, we shall scarcely be able to agree in the truth of the motto that runs around the representation and explains its significance: "*Non ferro sed*

jure redacta," ("Acquired not by the *sword*, but by *right!*")

ANNEXATION OF LORRAINE.

While the King of France had been pushing his conquests to the very banks of the Rhine, and incorporating with his hereditary estates a wide extent of territory inhabited by a population exclusively German in character and language, and estranged as well in religion as in manners from the greater part of his subjects, there yet remained far nearer to the heart of the country, and in a manner enclosed in it, a district much more naturally belonging to the French monarchy. We refer to Lorraine proper, which still continued to be governed by the independent dukes whose capital was Nancy, and who, although doing homage to France for the connected duchy of Bar, and represented in the Diet for the eastern part of their dominions, were nevertheless esteemed a sovereign house but little inferior to those of the more powerful monarchies of Western Europe. In fact, to several of the royal families, that of Lorraine was already closely allied by marriage. More than once the duchy of Lorraine had, it is true, narrowly escaped being swallowed up in the neighboring States; and it had owed its continued existence rather to the forbearance than to the fears of its neighbors, or, it may be, rather to the insignificance of its influence upon the destinies of Europe than to any disturbance of equilibrium which its removal might have occasioned. But unimportant as was Lor-

raine in itself, it was a province essential to France. With the view of preparing the way for its ultimate acquisition, Henry the Fourth, from the very commencement of his reign, had made strenuous efforts to shake the union between the dukes and that younger branch of their family which had gained such unenviable notoriety in France—the Guises. His agents had labored, not without success, to render the Lorraine princes lukewarm in espousing the claims of Mayenne upon the crown that had fallen from the head of the Valois. Claude, the daughter of Henry the Second and Catharine de Medici, who had married Duke Charles the Third, had died in 1575; and Henry the Fourth had no hesitation in offering the aged widower the hand of his own sister, the virtuous princess Catharine of Bourbon. Sully has given a long list of the matrimonial projects that were made at various times for this lady, who now had the additional adventure, after having been offered to the old Duke, of being actually given in marriage to his son Henry, the Duke of Bar. The union was not a happy one. Not only was there no real sympathy between husband and wife, but there was the utmost diversity of religious sentiment. Catharine, true daughter of Jeanne d'Albret, was a devoted Protestant. Her mother, with wise foresight, had in

her will enjoined upon her son to marry his sister to some prince of similar faith. But Henry, in deserting his mother's religion in search of worldly advantage, had deemed it equally politic to neglect the fulfillment of her dying request. It was not the only time that history vindicated the superior wisdom, as well as the superior principle, of the Navarrese queen, who, to use an old writer's expression, "had of woman nothing but the sex."

In 1661 the ducal crown of Lorraine rested on the head of Charles the Fourth, an aged and childless libertine, who entertained the liveliest jealousy of his brother Francis, and of his son, subsequently Charles the Fifth. Among other grounds for this distrust was the circumstance that if, as was generally supposed, the Salic law, confining the succession to males, did not prevail in Lorraine, his nephew had a valid title to the crown by right of his mother. An unscrupulous agent of Louis the Fourteenth, M. de Lionne, applied himself to fanning the flame of discord, and at length induced the Duke of Lorraine, on the 6th of February, 1662, to sign a compact, known as the Act of Montmartre, by which he formally ceded all his territorial possessions to the King of France in case he died without legitimate children. In return, the King conferred upon him a yearly pension of a million livres, and recognized the princes of Lorraine as princes of the blood, with a right to succeed to the throne of France in case of the extinction of the Bourbon line. The city of Marsal, the only place in Lorraine which, according to the arrangements of the previous year, had not been dismantled, was to be put in Louis's hands as a pledge for the fulfillment of the terms of the agreement. It may readily be imagined that the iniquitous document, when it came to be known, struck consternation into the minds of the legitimate heirs to the duchy. In vain did they remonstrate with Louis against his attempting to put so unjust an arrangement into execution. The monarch coolly informed them that the ordinary laws of morality were not binding upon monarchs when offset by the requirements of political expediency. Fortunately, there were others discontented with the plan, and none more so than the French nobility, who would not brook the exaltation of the foreign family of Lorraine to a rank so far superior to themselves, conferring upon them a distant, but none the less an actual, prospect of at some

time succeeding to the crown royal. On this ground, in answer to numerous protests, the Parliament of Paris, whilst it registered the act, did so with the express refusal to confirm this essential condition. Nor was this astonishing. Had the judges done differently, they would virtually have recognized the old pretension which the younger Lorraines of the previous century had put forth, that they were the lineal descendants of Charlemagne and the Carlovingian kings, while the Valois and Bourbon families were sprung from the usurper and upstart Hugh Capet, Count of Paris. As the heirs of the Duke refused to ratify the compact of Montmartre, Louis did not insist upon the stipulation for their recognition as princes of the blood. All which furnished Duke Charles (who had repented the hasty bargain, and had indeed fallen madly in love with a girl of low birth, the niece of an apothecary, whom he desired to marry) with an extraordinarily good excuse for revoking his consent, and refusing to surrender the town of Marsal. With so powerful a trader as Louis, it was not very safe to refuse to pay the contracted price, even if the goods that were to be delivered as the equivalent were withheld. Accordingly the "grand monarch" set on foot a military expedition, which must have been looked upon in the court rather as a very pleasant comedy than as intended for a real campaign. And so it proved. Without bloodshed, but under very sensible compulsion, the Duke signed a second treaty at Metz, September 1st, 1663, by which he gave up Marsal to its fate; while Louis, who perhaps looked upon the duchy as an unripe fruit which could indeed be plucked at once, but which if allowed to remain a little longer would fall into the hand of its own accord, was content to make no mention of its cession, and so, in effect, to abrogate the provisions of the untimely compact of Montmartre.

But we must hasten on to the consummation of the union, which confessedly could not be long deferred. We take no account of the overrunning of Lorraine by the troops of Louis the Fourteenth, later in the seventeenth century, as the occupation led to no permanent results. Not so, however, was it with the diplomatic intrigues of the succeeding century. These connect themselves with the remarkable history of that puppet of fortune, Stanislas Leszcynski. Rarely have more singular alternations of success and failure attended the course of any man. The son of the Palatine of Posen, he was early raised by the King of Poland, Augustus the Second, to the post of arch-butler. Being subsequently sent on a diplomatic mission to Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, he so ingratiated himself with that monarch that the latter employed all his influence to obtain his election to the throne of Poland. As the Swedish king's words were vigorously supported by his victorious sword, Augustus was dethroned, and Stanislas, then twenty-seven years of age, succeeded him. This was in 1704. Eight years later he was himself compelled to abdicate and flee from the kingdom. Next we find him a prisoner with the Turks, and a little later a governor in the service of his former protector. When Charles died, his star seemed again to have sunk; and in obscurity, and almost in destitution, he sought a refuge in France. While thus exiled, and living at Weissemburg upon the pension which the regency of Louis the Fifteenth had compassionately granted him, he was amazed by the proposals which were unexpectedly made to him in the name of that king for the hand of his only daughter, Maria Leszcynska. If we may believe the writers of that day, it was not the personal attractions of the young lady, much less any accession of strength that would accrue to France from the alliance with the broken-down ex-King of Poland, that led Cardinal Fleury to advocate the match; but rather the desire to unite his master to a queen who should owe her position solely to him, and who would, consequently, be unlikely to make any attempt at interference in the political administration. At all events, the marriage, which took place in 1725, again raised Stanislas to notoriety; and although in giving his daughter away he had expressly renounced all claims to the Polish crown, when his old rival Augustus died, in 1733, he found himself in a position to assert his rights, and obtained their confirmation by the votes of the people. The needless war in which France was plunged to support him, we shall not stop to describe. It is sufficient to say

that while, through the inefficiency of the government, Stanislas failed to maintain himself upon the throne, he received at the conclusion of peace, by way of indemnification, a sovereignty which, if less extensive, was perhaps more agreeable, from its nearness to his daughter's residence.

By the preliminary articles of Vienna, signed October 5th, 1735, the Emperor of Germany consented that the young Duke Francis of Lorraine, who was to marry his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, should exchange the Duchies of Lorraine and of Bar for the reversion of the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany. Stanislas was at once to enter into possession of the Duchy of Bar, and Lorraine was to fall to him as soon as Francis obtained Tuscany. On the death of Stanislas both Bar and Lorraine were to become an integral part of France.

For this arrangement, by which Lorraine would be lost to Germany, the Emperor promised to employ his influence to secure the consent of the States of the Empire, while Louis and Stanislas renounced the representation of Lorraine in the Diet. The death of the last Medicean Duke of Tuscany rendered the execution of the compact even more speedy than had been anticipated, and for thirty years Stanislas retained undisputed possession of the province which he had obtained in so singular a manner. When he died, in 1766, Lorraine was annexed to France without creating the least disturbance in the politics of Europe; so long had the act been expected, both at home and abroad.

By the annexation of ducal Lorraine, the conquest begun more than two centuries before, in the occupation of "the Three Bishoprics," and continued by the reduction of Alsace and the seizure of Strasburg, was brought to a definite conclusion. Franche-Comté had in the mean while been overrun by the troops of Louis the Fourteenth, and surrendered by Spain in the Treaty of Nimeguen in 1678. Thus the entire triangle which was wanting to France in the age of Francis the First had been gained, and from the ocean to the Rhine her dominions were unbroken.

All these acquisitions on the part of France had been ratified by conventions and treaties with Germany. Nevertheless, when the French Revolution broke out, and the proclamation of the equality of all citizens in the eye of the law was accompanied by the abolition of all titles of nobility, and by the destruction of feudal tenures, the Empire and its allies found a pretext for interference in the case of a number of German princes who were thus deprived of fiefs which they claimed to hold in Alsace and Lorraine. In the war of 1792, which arose ostensibly from this source, there were in reality other and more influential motives; and the restoration of the forfeited fiefs was more and more lost sight of, as the fierce contest for national existence and territorial aggrandizement waxed from year to year more intense.

A TARTAR LOVE SONG.

Night and day
Passed away,
But my lover did not come.
Roses shroud them in their veils,
Even the love-sick nightingales
Slumber, and are dumb:
Still my dear one doth not come!
Night is going—ah! too soon!
Opposite the setting moon
See, its latest star doth stand,
With the torch of Morning in its hand!
Still, my sweet one is not come!

THE STORY OF A VALENTINE.

WHEN my friend Capt. Terrible, U.S.N., dines at my plain table, I am always a little abashed. I know that he has been accustomed always to a variety of wines and sauces, to a cigarette after each course, and to a cookery that would kill an undeveloped American. So, when the captain turns the castor round three times before selecting his condiment, and when his eyes seem to be seeking for Worcestershire sauce and Burgundy wine, I feel the poverty of the best feast I can furnish him. I am afraid veteran magazine readers will feel thus about the odd little story I have to tell. For I have observed of late that even the short stories are highly seasoned; and I cannot bear to disappoint readers. So, let me just honestly write over the gateway to this story a warning. I have no Cayenne pepper. No Worcestershire sauce. No cognac. No cigarettes. No murders. No suicides. No broken hearts. No lovers' quarrels. No angry father. No pistols and coffee. No arsenic. No laudanum. No shrewd detectives. No trial for murder. No "heartless coquette." No "deep-dyed villain with a curling mustache." Now if, after this warning, you have the courage to go on, I am not responsible.

Hubert said I might print it if I would disguise the names. It came out quite incidentally. We were discussing the woman question. I am a "woman's righter." Hubert—the Rev. Hubert Lee, I should say, pastor of the "First Church," and, indeed, the only church in Allenville—is not, though I flatter myself I have made some impression on him. But the discussion took place in Hubert's own house, and wishing to give a pleasant turn at the end, I suppose, he told me how, a year and a half before, he had "used up" one woman's rights man, who was no other than old Dr. Hood, the physician that has had charge of the physical health of Hubert and myself from the beginning. Unlike most of his profession, the doctor has always been a radical, and even the wealth that has come in upon him of late years has left him quite as much of a radical, at least in theory, as ever before. Indeed the old doctor is not very inconsistent in practice, for he has educated his only daughter, Cornelia, to his own profession, and I believe she took her M.D. with honors, though she has lately spoiled her prospects by marrying. But socially he has become a little aristocratic, seeking an exclusive association with his wealthy neighbors. And this does not look very well in one who, when he was poor, was particularly bitter on "a purse-proud aristocracy." I suppose Hubert felt this. Certainly I did, and therefore I enjoyed the conversation that he repeated to me all the more.

It seems that my friend Hubert had been away at the seminary for three years, and that having at last conquered in his great battle against poverty, and having gained an education in spite of difficulties, and having supplied a city church acceptably for some months during the absence of the pastor in Europe, he came back to our native village to rest on his laurels a few weeks, and decide which of three rather impecunious calls he would accept. When just about to leave he took it into his head for some reason, to "drop in" on old Doctor Hood. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and the doctor's partner was making morning calls while the old gentleman sat in his office to attend to any that might seek his services. This particular morning happened to be an unfortunate one, for there were no ague-shaken patients to be seen, and there was not even a case of minor surgery to relieve the tediousness of the morning office-hour. Perhaps it was for this reason, perhaps it was for the sake of old acquaintance, that he gave Hubert a most cordial reception, and launched at once into a sea of vivacious talk. Cornelia, who was in the office, excused herself on the ground that she was cramming for her final examination, and seated herself at a window with her book.

"I am afraid I take your time, doctor," said Hubert.

"O no, I am giving up practice to my partner, Dr. Beck, and shall give it all to him in a year or two."

"To him and Miss Cornelia?" queried Hubert, laughing. For it was currently reported that the young doctor and Cornelia were to form a partnership in other than professional affairs.

Either because he wished to attract her attention, or for some other reason, Hubert soon managed to turn the conversation to the subject of woman's rights, and the old doctor and the young parson were soon hurling at one another all the staple, and now somewhat stale, arguments about woman's fitness and woman's unfitness for many things. At last, perhaps because he was a little cornered, Hubert said:—

"Now, doctor, there was a queer thing happened to a student in my class in the seminary. I don't suppose, doctor, that you are much interested in a love story, but I would just like to tell you this one, because I think you dare not apply your principles to it in every part. Theories often fail when practically applied, you know."

"Go on, Hu, go on; I'd like to hear the story. And as for my principles, they'll bear applying anywhere!" and the old doctor rubbed his hands together confidently.

"This friend of mine, Henry Gilbert," said Hu, "was, like myself, poor. A long time ago, when he was a boy, the son of a poor widow, the lot on which he lived joined at the back the lot on which lived a Mr. Morton, at that time a thriving merchant, now the principal capitalist in that part of the country. As there was a back gate between the lots, my friend was the constant playmate from earliest childhood of Jennie Morton. He built her play-houses out of old boards, he moulded clay bricks for her use, and carved tiny toys out of pine blocks for her amusement. As he grew larger, and as Jennie's father grew richer, and came to live in greater style, Henry grew more shy. But by all the unspoken language of the eyes the two never failed to make their unchanging regard known to each other.

"Henry went to college early. At vacation-time the two met. But the growing difference in their social position could not but be felt. Jennie's friends were of a different race from his own. Her parents never thought of inviting him to their entertainments. And if they had, a rusty coat and a lack of money to spend on kid gloves would have effectually kept him away. He was proud. This apparent neglect stung him. It is true that Jennie Morton was all the more kind. But his quick and foolish pride made him fancy that he detected pity in her kindness. And yet all this only made him determined to place himself in a position in which he could ask her hand as her equal. But you do not understand, doctor, as I do, how irresistible is this conviction of duty in regard to the ministry. Under that pressure my friend settled it that he must preach. And now there was before him a good ten years of poverty at least. What should he do about it?

"In his extremity he took advice of a favorite theological professor. The professor advised him not to seek the hand of a rich girl. She would not be suited to the trials of a minister's life. But finding that Henry was firm in his opinion that this sound general principle did not in the least apply to this particular case, the professor proceeded to touch the tenderest chord in the young man's heart. He told him that it would be ungenerous, and in some sense dishonorable, for him to take a woman delicately brought up into the poverty and trial incident to a minister's life. If you understood, sir, how morbid his sense of honor is, you would not wonder at the impression this suggestion made upon him. To give up the ministry was in his mind to be a traitor to duty and to God. To win her, if he could, was to treat ungenerously her whose happiness was dearer to him a thousand times than his own."

"I hope he did not give her up," said the doctor.

"Yes, he gave her up, in a double spirit of mediæval self-sacrifice. Looking toward the ministry, he surrendered his love as some of the old monks sacrificed love, ambition, and all other things to conscience. Looking at her happiness, he sacrificed his hopes in a more than knightly devotion to her welfare. The knights sometimes gave their lives. He gave more.

"For three years he did not trust himself to return to his home. But having graduated

and settled himself for nine months over a church, there was no reason why he shouldn't go to see his mother again. And once in the village, the sight of the old school-house and the old church revived a thousand memories that he had been endeavoring to banish. The garden walks, and especially the apple-trees, that are the most unchangeable of landmarks, revived the old passion with undiminished power. He paced his room at night. He looked out at the new house of his rich neighbor. He chafed under the restraint of his vow not to think again of Jennie Morton. It was the old story of the monk who thinks the world subdued, but who finds it all at once about to assume the mastery of him. I do not know how the struggle might have ended, but it was all at once stopped from without.

"There reached him a rumor that Jennie was already the betrothed wife of a Colonel Pearson, who was her father's partner in business. And indeed Colonel Pearson went in and out at Mr. Morton's gate every evening, and the father was known to favor his suit.

"Jennie was not engaged to him, however. Three times she had refused him. The fourth time, in deference to her father's wishes, she had consented to 'think about it' for a week. In truth Henry had been home ten days and had not called upon her, and all the hope she had cherished in that direction, and all the weary waiting seemed in vain. When the colonel's week was nearly out she heard that Henry was to leave in two days. In a sort of desperation she determined to accept Colonel Pearson without waiting for the time appointed for her answer. But that gentleman spoiled it all by his own over-confidence.

"For when he called, after Jennie had determined on this course, he found her so full of kindness that he hardly knew how to behave with moderation. And so he fell to flattering her, and flattering himself at the same time that he knew all the ins and outs of a girl's heart, he complimented her on the many offers she had received.

"'And I tell you what,' he proceeded, 'there are plenty of others that would lay their heads at your feet, if they were only your equals. There's that young parson, Gilbert, I think they call him, that is visiting his mother, in the unpainted and threadbare-looking little house that stands behind this one. I've actually seen that fellow, in his rusty, musty coat, stop and look after you on the street, and every night, when I go home, he is sitting at the window that looks over this way. The poor fool is in love with you. Only think of it! And I chuckle to myself when I see him, and say, "Don't you wish you could reach so high!" I declare, it's funny.'

"In that one speech Colonel Pearson dashed his chances to pieces. He could not account for the sudden return of winter in Jennie Morton's manner. And all his sunshine was powerless to dispel it, or to bring back the least approach of spring.

"Poor Jennie! You can imagine, doctor, how she paced the floor all that night. She began to understand something of the courage of Henry Gilbert's heart, and something of the manliness of his motives. All night long she watched the light burning in the room in the widow's house; and all night long she debated the matter until her head ached. She could reach but one conclusion: Henry was to leave the day after to-morrow. If any communication should ever be opened between them, she must begin it. It was as if she had seen him drifting away from her forever, and must throw him a rope. I think even such a woman's-right man as yourself would hardly justify her, however, in taking any step of the kind."

"I certainly should," said the doctor.

"But she could not find a way—she had no rope to throw. Again the colonel, meaning to do anything else but that, opened the way. At the breakfast-table the next morning she received from him a magnificent valentine. All at once she saw her method. It was St. Valentine's day. The rope was in her hand. Excusing herself from breakfast she hastened to her room.

"To send a valentine to the faithful lover was the uppermost thought. But how? She dare not write her name, for, after all, she might be mistaken in counting on his love, or she might offend his prejudices or his pride by so direct an approach. She went fumbling in

a drawer for stationery. She drew out a little pine boat that Henry had whittled for her many years before. He had named it 'Hope,' but the combined wisdom of the little boy and girl could not succeed in spelling the name correctly. And here was the little old boat that he had given, saying often afterward that it was the boat they two were going to sail in some day. The misspelt name had been the subject of many a laugh between them. Now—but I mustn't be sentimental.

"It did not take Jennie long to draw an exact likeness of the little craft. And that there might be no mistake about it, she spelled the name as it was on the side of the boat:

"'HOAP.'

"There was not another word in the valentine. Sealing it up, she hurried out with it, and dropped it in the post-office. No merchant, sending all his fortune to sea in one frail bark, ever watched the departure and trembled for the result of venture as she did. Spain did not pray half so fervently when the invincible Armada sailed. It was an uttered prayer—an unutterable prayer. For heart and hope were the lading of the little picture-boat that sailed out that day, with no other wind but her wishes in its sails.

"She sat down at her window until she saw Henry Gilbert pass the next street corner on his morning walk to the post-office. Three minutes after, he went home, evidently in a great state of excitement, with her valentine open in his hand. After a while he went back again toward the post-office, and returned. Had he taken a reply?

"Jennie again sought the office. There were people all around with those hideous things that they call comic valentines open in their hands. And they actually seemed to think them funny! She had a reply. It did not take her long to find her room and to open it. There was another picture of a boat, but the name on its side read 'DESPAIR.' And these words were added:—'*Your boat is the pleasantest, but understanding that there was no vacant place upon it, I have been obliged to take passage on this.*' Slowly the meaning forced itself upon her. Henry had fears that she whom he thought engaged was coqueting with him. I think, doctor, you will hardly justify her in proceeding further with the correspondence?"

"Why not? Hasn't a woman as much right to make herself understood in such a matter as a man? And when the social advantages are on her side the burden of making the advances often falls upon her. Many women do it indirectly and are not censured."

"Well, you know, I'm conservative, doctor, but I'm glad you're consistent. She did send another valentine. I am afraid she strained this figure of speech about the boat. But when everything in the world depends on one metaphor, it will not do to be fastidious. Jennie drew again the little boat with misspelt name. And this time she added five words: '*The master's place is vacant.*'

"And quite late in the afternoon, the reply was left at the door: '*I am an applicant for the vacant place, if you will take that of master's mate.*'"

"Good," cried the doctor; "I always advocated giving women every liberty in these matters."

"But I will stump you yet, doctor, said Hubert. That evening Gough was to lecture in the village, and my friend went, not to hear Gough, but to see Miss Jennie Morton at a distance. Somehow in the stupefaction of revived hope he had not thought of going to the house to see her yet. He had postponed his departure and had thrown away his scruples. Knowing how much opposition he would have to contend with, he thought, if he thought at all, that he must proceed with caution. But some time after the lecture began he discovered the Morton family without Jennie! Slowly it all dawned upon him. She was at home waiting for him. He was near the front of the church in which the lecture was held, and every inch of aisle was full of people. To get out was not easy. But as he thought of Jennie waiting it became a matter of life and death. If the house had been on fire he would not have been more intent on making his exit. He reached the door, he passed the happiest evening of his life, only to awake to sorrow, for Jennie's father is 'dead set' against the match."

"He has no right to interfere," said the

doctor, vehemently. "You see I stand by my principles."

"But if I tell the story out I am afraid you would not," said Hubert.

"Why, isn't it done?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, for having used a little craft. I had much at stake. I have disguised this story in its details. But it is true, I am the hero——"

The doctor looked quickly towards his daughter. Her head was bent low over her book. Her long hair hung about it like a curtain, shutting out all view of the face. The doctor walked to the other window and looked out. Hubert sat like a mummy. After a minute Dr. Hood spoke.

"Cornelia!"

She lifted a face that was aflame. Tears glistened in her eyes, and I doubt not there was a prayer in her heart.

"You are a brave girl. I had other plans. You have a right to choose for yourself. God bless you both. But it's a great pity Hu is not a lawyer. He pleads well." So saying he put on his hat and walked out.

This is the conversation that Hubert repeated to me that day sitting in his own little parsonage in Allenville. A minute after his wife came in. She had been prescribing for the minor ailments of some poor neighbors. She took the baby from her crib, and bent over her till that same long hair curtained mother and child from sight.

"I think," said Hubert, "that you folks who write love stories make a great mistake in stopping at marriage. The honeymoon never truly begins until conjugal affection is enriched by this holy partnership of loving hearts in the life of a child. The climax of a love story is not the wedding. It is the baby!"

"What do you call her?" I asked.

"Hope," said the mother.

"Hope Valentine," added the father, with a significant smile.

"And you spell the Hope with an 'a,' I believe," I said.

"You naughty Hu," said Mrs. Cornelia. "You've been telling. You think that love story is interesting to others because *you* enjoy it so much!"

LAURIGER.

EASTWARD, eastward! go my Soul to-night;
Stay not, delay not in thine eager flight,
For the bright west doth lose its purple light.

Eastward, eastward! by the dark sea-shore,
Right bravely follow and fear not the roar—
Where beats the surf on ledges evermore.

Eastward, eastward! shall a mountain stand—
Black to the sea-side, sun-kissed to the land,—
Break thou thereon two laurels with thy hand.

Westward, westward hasten ere the late,
Let fall one flower where my love doth wait;
With kisses laden bring to me its mate.

SOMETHING ABOUT BALLOONS.

It is a remarkable fact that, while it is just two hundred years since the first machine for navigating the air was constructed by the Jesuit Francis Lana, we are now seemingly no nearer the solution of the difficult problem of aërostation than were the good people of the seventeenth century. The air still refuses, as it did of old, to be made a highway for other created beings than the fowls thereof. It is true that we have an account in classic mythology of a successful flight aforetime by one Dædalus, accompanied by his son Icarus, who, being a "fast young man of the period," and soaring too near the sun, came to grief by the melting of the wax which served to attach his wings; but the very name of the ancient aëronaut is suggestive of distrust, as manifestly but another form of Diddle-us, and the whole story of his escape from Crete by flying is referable to that chapter of aëronautics which treats of the rides of the arch-enemy of mankind upon the whirlwind and the sailing of the witches through the air on broomsticks.

Many years after Lana, one Retif de la Bretonne devoted himself to the investigation of the subject of flying, and proposed to achieve this result by means of wings, fitted artistically to the shoulders, and an umbrella attached to the head, as represented in the picture of "The Flying Man."

It will be seen that a basket, intended for provisions, was attached to the waist of the adventurer, to nourish if not to sustain him in the long voyages he proposed to accomplish. He is represented by the artist as in the act of launching himself into the airy element from the top of a beetling cliff as a favorable point of departure. We have no definite information whether Retif de Bretonne ever attempted to demonstrate in person the feasibility of his little scheme, but we may be well assured that, if he did, the experiment was speedily followed by a funeral. There is in the picture a pyramidal elevation of some kind, which terminates in a very sharp point, and stands conveniently near for impalement, and it is probable enough that Retif, if he did indeed make the essay at flying, with his wings and "gingham umbrella," transfixed himself upon it, and there remained until taken down for interment.

A long interval elapsed between the chimerical project of Retif de la Bretonne and the construction of balloons, and here we may remark upon another striking fact, that in the

THE FLYING MAN.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CHARLES'S BALLOON.

very city from which the first ascent was made by man in a balloon, the inhabitants now rely solely upon balloons for their communication with the outer world, from which they have been cut off by siege. It was from the gardens of La Muette, in the immediate environs of Paris, that the first aërial voyage was performed, and the daring aëronauts looked down from their dizzy elevation on many of the same towers and domes that were seen by Monsieur Gambetta when he made his recent memorable trip from the Tuileries to Tours.

Before adverting, however, to this first balloon journey, it is necessary to say something of the two remarkable men by whose skill and perseverance the practicability of rising into the higher regions of the atmosphere was at length established.

Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier were the sons of a rich paper manufacturer at Annonay, a little town in the Department of Ardèche, fifty miles from Lyons. Without the advantage of a liberal education, the brothers had paid much attention to the exact sciences, Stephen excelling in the mathematics, and Joseph, the younger, directing his studies chiefly to chemistry and natural philosophy. Joseph is spoken of by those who knew him as a man of great modesty and simplicity of character, and of engaging personal qualities; and though his name is now known mostly in association with the paper fire-balloon, which has become only a child's toy, he has many other claims to remembrance as a scientific man, and it is to him that the world is indebted for the valuable discovery of the hydraulic ram.

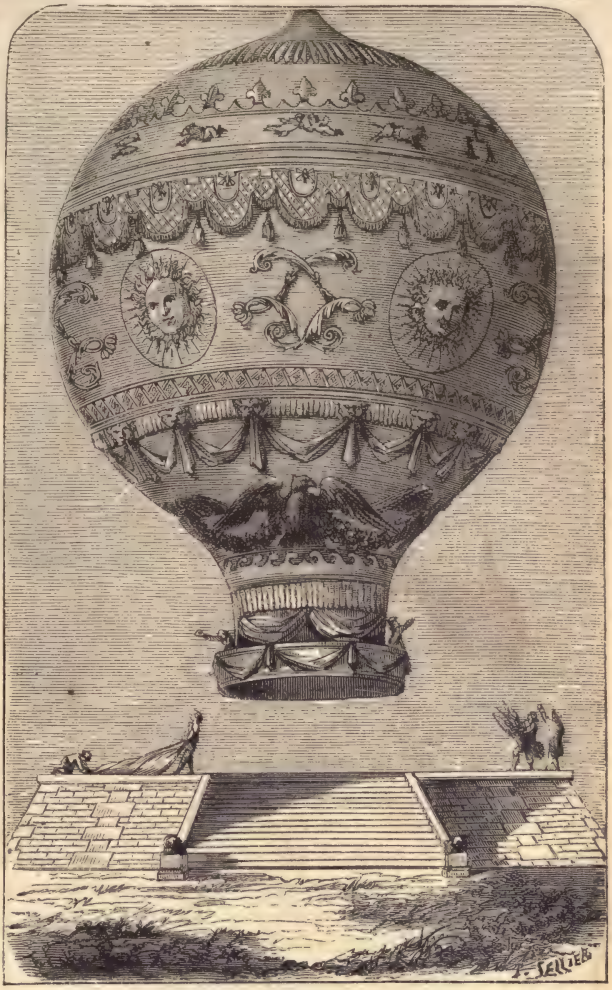
In the autumn of 1782, Joseph Montgol

THE BROTHERS MONTGOLFIER.

fier made a small paper balloon, which rose by heated air to the roof of his apartment; and in the summer of the following year, after a second and more satisfactory trial in the open air, the two brothers sent up a very large and strong balloon filled with smoke. This last rose to a considerable height, and fell without injury at the distance of a mile and a half from the spot where it ascended.

It may be readily supposed that the wonderful achievement of the brothers Montgolfier created in the little humdrum provincial town of Annonay the wildest enthusiasm, which soon spread with the fame of it to Paris. An official report had been prepared in due form and sent to the Academy of Sciences, and that learned body had appointed a commission to inquire into the facts of the case. But while the savans were discussing the new machine, many persons, eagerly desirous of rivalling Montgolfier, had set to work making balloons, and one of them, Professor Charles, proposed to employ hydrogen gas, then only recently discovered, as the lifting agent. Assisted by two practical men, the brothers Robert, he opened a subscription for the means necessary to carry out his plan. The most illustrious men in Paris subscribed liberally; the balloon, composed of strips of silk, coated with varnish, was soon made, and the process of inflation was conducted with the best results at the workshop of the brothers Robert.

The Champ de Mars had been selected by Professor Charles as the place for setting it off, and the half-inflated balloon was transported thither by night, for the better security of so frail a structure against the pressure of the excited multitude. Mounted patrols, with flaming torches, preceded it. The Champ de Mars was closely guarded by troops. Notwithstanding the inconvenient hour, the streets were crowded with people, upon whom the mysterious and theatric pomp of the removal made a wonderful impression. But the precautions were effectual, and the balloon reached the Champ de Mars in safety.



BALLOON OF THE MARQUIS D'ARLANDES.

The following day, amid the tumultuous plaudits of an immense concourse, and to the peal of artillery, it ascended to a great height, and was soon lost to view in clouds that poured a deluging rain upon the enthusiastic spectators. Before it had drifted to a considerable distance it exploded, in consequence of the expansion of the hydrogen gas, and fell to the ground.

Fortunate Professor Charles! that he was not the first venturous man to ascend into the air, for had he come down ever so softly with the burst balloon, it would have been all up with him indeed. The startled peasants,

who saw the balloon falling from the skies, collected their brethren and assailed it with pitchforks, flails, and scythes; the dogs snapped at it, the boys stoned it, a garde-champêtre fired his gun at it, a fat curé in gown and bands preached at it, which combined attack had inevitably been the death of Professor Charles, had he followed the fortunes of his balloon instead of remaining comfortably in Paris to receive the congratulations of *tout le monde*.

But the time had now come for the first aërial voyage, and this was magnificently performed by the intrepid Roziers, who had zealously taken up the subject of aërostation from the earliest announcement of Montgolfier's success,* and the Marquis d'Arlandes, a fine gentleman of the Court, who wrote an interesting account of the perilous and unprecedented trip. The balloon of the Marquis, which was inflated with heated air, and not with hydrogen gas, far exceeded our modern balloons in magnificence of decoration and elegance of equipment, and must have presented a splendid appearance as it rose above the temples and columns of Paris in the lovely October sunset. It made the entire circuit of the capital, passing over the boulevards and hovering always in sight of the vast crowds of wonder-loving Parisians, now fairly intoxicated by the brilliant spectacle. There were eyes that marked its course with other feelings than gratified curiosity or unreasoning delight. Among the faces turned upward to the sky above Paris on that 21st of October, 1783, was Benjamin Franklin's.

Henceforward for many months all France, so soon to become convulsed in revolution, went wild upon the subject of balloons. Ascensions were made in every part of the kingdom, and hundreds of people of both

THE MINERVA.

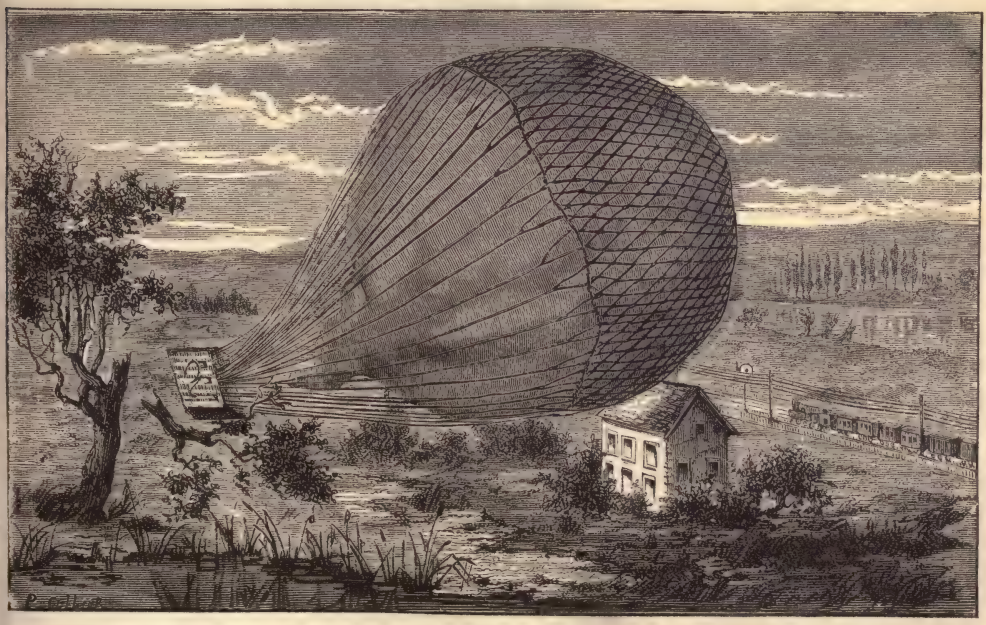
sexes earnestly begged a seat in the car. It was doubted only by the judicious few that the navigation of the air was *un fait accompli*, or that men might go where they pleased with the speed of the wind. The Duc de Chartres, afterwards Orleans and the notorious Egalité, was so unfortunate as to make a journey of one hundred and thirty-five miles in five hours without breaking his neck, thus escaping the best chance that ever happened to him of saving his name from imperishable dishonor. Great care and expense were lavished upon the construction of balloons, and no improvement has since been effected in them.

It was to be expected that among a people with so keen a sense of the ludicrous as the French, the new discovery should be made the object of pitiless burlesque and caricature. All manner of absurd flying-machines were represented in colored prints, and all sorts of ridiculous schemes were put forth in satirical prospectuses. But the irony and caricature could not exceed in the comic element the essays that were written and the plans that were set forth in sober earnest. Moralists gravely condemned the employment of bal-

* As Roziers was the pioneer of balloon ascents, so he was the first victim. In attempting to cross the Channel from France to England his balloon took fire, and he was dashed in pieces on the rocks near Boulogne.

loons, because they were manifestly contrary to the will of Divine Providence, which had not given wings to man; because they threatened to break down the barriers of virtue and morality, by permitting aëronauts to descend at night into gardens and balconies, and because they practically annulled the boundaries of empire, and thus seemed likely to involve nations in continual war. This was droll enough, but the novelties in aërial architecture sanguinely proposed to the public were more mirth-provoking still. One cannot look at an engraving of the "Minerva" without a smile. The "Minerva" was a machine for navigating the air, projected by one Robertson, of Vienna, in 1804, and dedicated to Volta, probably that it might come to be considered as a sort of "Voltaic pile." A pile it certainly appears of a balloon, a Fulton ferry-boat, a toy-shop, a ten-pin alley, a traveling circus, and a lager-bier saloon, as complex in its construction and as diverse in its aims as the new grand patent double-action cylindrical marling-spike, with holystoning watering-pot attachment, and self-adjusting reversible Kamptulicon deck Awning-Carpet. The amiable Robertson proposed to convey sixty persons in the "Minerva," which was to have a capacity of carrying 150,000 pounds, and thought it might be possible to make with it the tour of the world. In the serious description he gave of it, which is funnier than Mark Twain's explanation of his map of Paris, he refers to a gymnasium, a theatre, an observatory, a study, and other apartments not absolutely essential to aëronautic voyages, besides kitchens, closets, and store-rooms, any one of which adjuncts it would be about as easy to transport through the air as the Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto.

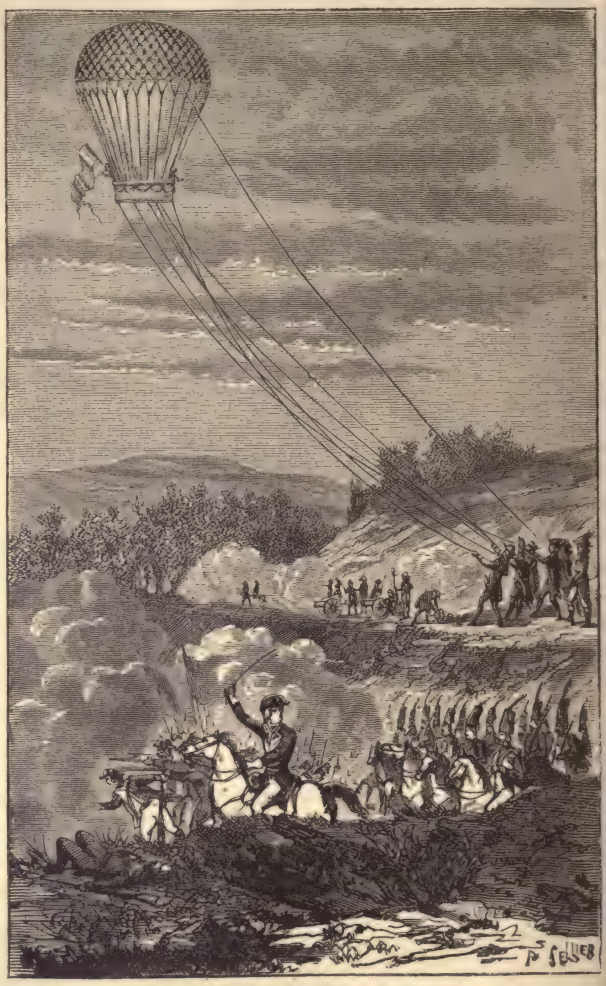
That no important advance has been made in the science of aërostation since the day of the earlier aëronauts, has been shown in the memorable voyage of the *Géant* from Paris across Northern Europe, in October, 1863. Nadar's great balloon was constructed in seeming contempt of the great forces with which it was to contend, and the fearful escape from death of himself and his companions proved that the perils of the airy deep are even greater than those of the ocean. Nine persons occupied Nadar's car, which was a two-story house of wickerwork, fitted with all appliances of comfort. For a night and a day the voyage was a reeling dream. Over the vine-clad hills of France, warm with the sunset; over the great manufacturing towns of Belgium, with their many-sprinkled lights flash-



THE WRECK OF THE GEANT.

ing like another starry firmament beneath them; over the green levels of Holland, with the shining network of its intersecting canals; over German châteaux, with the glint of sunrise on their fantastic gables, they sailed without noise or sense of motion; into dense fogs, shutting out all recognition of the world, they harmlessly entered, to emerge in the glory of the frost-rime crusting the balloon with silver, and in the exhilaration inspired by the reappearance of the wide panorama of the earth. But to this brief season of intense enjoyment there ensued the fearful time of the descent, when, having reached the surface, they were dashed about for hours against rocks and trees and houses, suffering a thousand deaths, until they were at last rescued with broken limbs and many contusions near Rethem, in Hanover.

The employment of balloons in warfare, to give intelligence of the movements and probable strength of the enemy, goes back to the battle of Fleurus, in the year 1794. On that memorable occasion the balloon was first managed as a kite, as shown in the picture here given, and with the happiest results. In the late war in the United States, balloons were constantly used by the armies on both sides, and the generals of the Army of the Potomac were thus enabled absolutely to look down upon the gardens and squares of Richmond long before that obstinate capital fell into the hands of General Grant. At the present moment in Paris the balloon is of less importance as affording a look-out upon the Prussian parallels, than as a means of postal communication and of leaving the city. Many efforts have been made to enter Paris from without *par ballon monté*, but hitherto without success, and should some daring patriot effect a safe descent from the clouds into the *Champs Elysées*, it would be only a happy accident.*



THE BALLOON AT THE BATTLE OF FLEURUS.

Were it indeed possible for General Trochu to communicate daily with the government at Tours, and with the army of the Loire, and to receive despatches from them, by balloon, with the same certainty and regularity as the trains of the Nord or the Ouest in peace time came into and departed from Paris, then the whole plan of modern warfare would be revolutionized. Then might come to pass truly the realization of the "vision of the world," beheld by Tennyson from the moorland around Locksley Hall, when he

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales:

* The latest invention designed for getting back into Paris, by M. Dupuy de l'Orme, is styled the *Pneumohélicoptère*, a name which one might suppose would be absolutely fatal to its buoyancy.

Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

It may be confidently assumed, however, that the balloon will never be directed whithersoever the voyager desires. The most skillful and intrepid of aëronauts can only seek to rise into a favorable current, which may change upon the instant, while his ship is the mere sport of the angry element, and is "blown with restless violence about this pendent world." That the navigation of the air may yet be accomplished, the demonstrations of Borelli and other men of science to the contrary notwithstanding, we can well believe, in view of the difficulties which science has already overcome; but the machine, when ready for flight, will probably be heavier than the air, and will owe its elevation not to buoyancy, but to the power by which the bird lifts itself into the higher regions of the atmosphere. Upon this principle alone can it range at will

With the strength and ample pinion
Which the *risen* eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air.

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Continued from page 276.)

III.

A good many thoughts went through little Peer's head, and one Sunday, when he had his best clothes on, he started out without saying a word about it to his mother or grandmother, not even to Miss Frandsen, who always gave him good advice, straight to the chapel-master; he thought this man was the most important one there was outside the ballet. He stepped boldly in and said:—

"I am at the dancing-school, but there is so much *chicane*, and I would much rather be a player or a singer, if you please."

"Have you a voice?" asked the chapel-master, and looked quite pleasantly at him. "Seems to me I know you. Where have I seen you before? Was it not you who was ripped down the back?" and now he laughed. But Peer grew red; he was surely no longer Lucky Peer, as his grandmother had called him. He looked down at his feet and wished himself away.

"Sing me a song!" said the chapel-master. "Nay, cheer up, my lad!" and he tapped him under the chin, and Peer looked up into his kind eyes and sang a song which he had heard at the theatre in the opera "Robert le Diable"—"*Grace à moi.*"

"That is a difficult song, but you make it go," said the chapel-master. "You have an excellent voice—when it is not ripped in the back!" and he laughed and called his wife. She also must hear Peer sing, and she nodded her head and said something in a foreign tongue. Just at that moment the singing-master of the theatre came in; it was he to whom Peer should have gone if he wanted to get among the singers; now he came of himself, quite accidentally, as it were; he heard him also sing "*Grace à moi,*" but he did not laugh, and he did not look so kindly on him as the chapel-master and his wife; still it was decided that Peer should have singing-lessons.

"Now he has got on the right track," said Miss Frandsen. "One gets along a great deal farther with a voice than with legs. If I had had a voice, I should have been a great songstress, and perhaps a baroness now."

"Or a bookbinder's lady," said mother. "Had you become rich, you would have had the bookbinder any way."

We do not understand that hint; but Miss Frandsen did.

Peer must sing for her, and sing for the merchant's family, when they heard of his new career. He was called in one evening when they had company down-stairs, and he

sang several songs—for one, "*Grace à moi.*" All the company clapped their hands, and Felix with them; he had heard him sing before; in the stable Peer had sung the entire ballet of Samson, and that was the most delightful of all.

"One cannot sing a ballet," said the lady.

"Yes, Peer could," said Felix, and so he was bidden do it. He sang and he talked, he drummed and hummed; it was child's play, but there came snatches of well-known melodies, which did not give an ill idea of what the ballet meant. All the company found it very entertaining; they laughed and praised it, one louder than another. The merchant's lady gave Peer a great piece of cake and a silver dollar.

How lucky the boy felt, till his eyes rested on a gentleman who stood somewhat back, and looked sternly at him. There was something harsh and severe in the man's black eyes; he did not laugh; he did not speak a single friendly word, and this gentleman was the theatre's singing-master.

PEER AND THE CHAPEL-MASTER.

Next morning, Peer was to go to him, and he stood there quite as severe-looking as before.

"What possessed you yesterday!" said he. "Could you not understand that they were making a fool of you? Never do that again, and don't you go running about and singing at doors, outside or in. Now you can go. I'll not have any singing with you today."

Peer was dreadfully cast down; he had fallen out of the master's good grace. Nevertheless the master was really better satisfied with him than ever before. In all the absurdity which he had scraped together, there was some meaning, something not at all common. The lad had an ear for music, and a voice clear as a bell and of great compass; if it continued like that, then the little man's fortune was made.

Now began the singing-lessons; Peer was industrious and quick. How much there was to learn! how much to know! The mother toiled and slaved that her son might go well dressed and neat, and not look too mean among the people to whose houses he now went. He was always singing and trolling; they had no need at all of a canary-bird, the mother said. Every Sunday must he sing a psalm with his grandmother. It was charming to hear his fresh voice lift itself

up with hers. "It is much more beautiful than to hear him sing wildly;" that was what she called his singing, when, like a little bird, he trolled with his voice, and gave forth tones which seemed to come of themselves, and make such music as they pleased. What tunes there were in his little throat, what sounding music in his little breast! Indeed he could imitate a whole orchestra. There were both flute and bassoon in his voice, violin and bugle. He sang as the birds sing; but man's voice is most charming, even a little man's, when he can sing like Peer.

But in the winter, just as he was to go to the priest to be prepared for confirmation, he caught cold; the little bird in his breast said pip! the voice was ripped like the vampire's back-piece.

"It is no great misfortune," thought mother and grandmother; "now he doesn't go singing tra la, and thus he can think more seriously about his Christianity."

His voice was changing, the singing-master said. Peer must now not sing at all. How long would it be? A year, perhaps two; perhaps the voice would never come again. That was a great grief.

"Think now only of the confirmation," said mother and grandmother. "Apply yourself to music," said the singing-master, "but hold your mouth!"

He thought of his "Christianity," and he studied music. There was singing and playing going on inside him; he wrote entire melodies down in notes, songs without words. Finally he wrote the words, too.

"Really, thou art a poet, little Peer," said the merchant's wife, to whom he carried his text and music. The merchant received a piece of music dedicated to him—a piece without words. Felix also got one, and so did Miss Frandsen, and that went into her album, in which were verses and music by two who were once young lieutenants, but now were old majors on half-pay. The book was given by "a friend," who had himself bound it.

And Peer "stood" at Easter, as they say. Felix presented him with a silver watch. It was the first watch Peer had owned; it seemed to him that he was a man already when he did not need to ask others what o'clock it was. Felix came up to the garret, congratulated him, and handed him the watch; he himself was not to "stand" until the autumn. They took each other by the hand, these two children of the house, both just the same age, born the same day and in the same house; and Felix ate of the cake which had been baked in the garret on occasion of the confirmation.

"It is a glad day with solemn thoughts," said grandmother.

"Yes, very solemn!" said mother. "Had father only lived to see Peer stand!"

The next Sunday they all three sat at Our Lord's table. As they came from church there came a message from the singing-master, asking Peer to come to him, and Peer went. Some good news awaited him, and yet pretty serious, too. He was to give up singing for a year altogether; his voice was to lie fallow like a field, as a peasant might say; but during that time he was to go to school, not in the capital, where every evening he would be running to the theatre, from which he could not keep away; he was to go thirty miles away from home, to board with a schoolmaster, who kept a lad or two *en pension*. There he was to learn language and science, which would one day be of service to him. The charge for a year's course was three hundred rix-dollars, and that was paid by a "benevolent man who did not wish his name given."

"It is the merchant," said mother and grandmother.

The day of departure came. A good many tears were shed and kisses and blessings given; and then Peer rode thirty miles* on the railway out into the wide world. It was Whitsuntide. The sun shone, the woods were fresh and green; the train went rushing through them. Fields and villages flitted past; gentlemen's country-seats peeped out; the cattle stood on the after-crop pastures. Soon there came a station, then another, market town after market town. At each stopping-place there was a hubbub of people, welcoming or saying good-bye; there was noisy talking outside and in the carriages. Where Peer sat there was a deal of entertainment

* Danish miles.

and chattering by a widow dressed in black. She talked about his grave, his coffin, and his corpse—meaning her child's. It had been such a poor little thing, that there could have been no happiness for it had it lived. It was a great relief for her and the little lamb when it fell asleep.

"I spared no expense in the flowers!" said she; "and you must remember that it died at a very expensive time, when you have to cut the flowers in pots! Every Sunday I went to my grave and laid a wreath on it with great white silk bows; the silk bows were immediately stolen by small girls, and used for dancing bows, they were so attractive. One Sunday when I went there, I knew that my grave was on the left of the principal path, but when I got there, there was my grave on the right. 'How is this?' says I to the grave-digger; 'isn't my grave on the left?'

"'No, it isn't any longer!' said he. 'Madam's grave lies there, to be sure, but the mound has been moved over to the right; that place belongs to another man's grave.'

"'But I will have my corpse in my grave,' says I; 'and I have a perfect right to say so. Shall I go and dress a false mound, when my corpse lies without any sign on the other side? Indeed I won't!'

"'Oh, madam must talk to the dean.'

"He is such a good man, that dean! He gave me permission to have my corpse on the right. It would cost five rix-dollars. I gave that with a kiss of my hand, and stood myself by my old grave. 'Can I now be very sure that it is my own coffin and my corpse that is moved?'

"'That madam can!' And so I gave each of the men a piece of money for the moving. But now, since it had cost so much, I thought I ought to send something to make it beautiful, and so I ordered a monument with an inscription. But, will you believe it, when I got it there was a carving of a butterfly at the top. 'Why, that means Frivolity,' said I. 'I won't have that on my grave.'

"'It is not Frivolity, madam, it is Immortality.'

"'I never heard that,' said I. Now, have any of you here in the carriage ever heard of a butterfly as a sign for anything except Frivolity? I held my peace. I have no liking for talk, and I put the monument away in my pantry. There it stood till my lodger came home. He is a student, and has ever so many books. He assured me that it stood for Immortality, and so the monument was placed on the grave."

In the midst of this chatter Peer came to the station where he was to stop, that he, too, might become student, and have ever so many books.

IV.

Herr Gabriel, the worthy man of learning with whom Peer was to live as a boarding scholar, was himself at the railway station, waiting to meet him. Herr Gabriel was a lank, bony man, with great staring eyes that stuck out so very far, one was almost afraid that when he sneezed they would start out of his head entirely. He was accompanied by three of his own little boys; one of them stumbled over his own legs, and the other two trod on Peer's toes in their eagerness to see him close to. Two larger boys besides were with them—the older about fourteen years, fair-skinned, freckled, and very pimply.

"Young Madsen, Student in about three years, if he studies! Primus, the dean's son." That was the younger, who looked like a head of wheat. "Both are boarders, studying with me," said Herr Gabriel. "Our little playthings," he called his own boys.

"Trine, take the new-comer's trunk on your wheelbarrow. The table is set for you at home."

"Stuffed turkey!" said the two young gentlemen who were boarders.

"Stuffed turkey!" said the little playthings, and the first again fell over his own legs.

"Cæsar, look after your feet!" exclaimed Herr Gabriel; and they went into the town and out of it. There stood a great half-tumbled-down timber-work house, with a jasmine covered summer-house. Here stood Madame Gabriel, with more small "playthings," two little girls.

"The new pupil," said Herr Gabriel.

"Most heartily welcome!" said Madame Gabriel, a youthful, thrifty dame, red and white, with kiss-me-if-you-dare curls, and a good deal of pomade on her hair.

"Good heavens, what a well-grown lad you are!" said she to Peer. "You are quite a gentleman already. I supposed that you were like Primus or young Madsen. Angel Gabriel, it was well that the inner door is nailed. You know what I think."

"Fudge!" said Herr Gabriel; and they stepped into the room. There was a novel on the table, lying open, and a sandwich on it. One could see that it was used for a book mark—it lay across the open page.

"Now I must be the housewife!" and with all five of the children, and the two boarders, she carried Peer through the kitchen, out by the passage-way, and into a little room, the windows of which looked out on the garden; that was to be his study and sleeping apartment; it was next to Madame Gabriel's room, where she slept with all the five children, and where the connecting-door, for decency's sake, and to prevent gossip which spares nobody, had been that very day nailed up by Herr Gabriel, at Madame's express request.

"Here you are, to live just as if you were at your parents'. We have a theatre, too, in the town. The apothecary is the director of a private company, and we have traveling players. But now you shall have your turkey;" and so she carried Peer into the dining-room, where the week's wash was drying on a line.

"That doesn't do any harm," said she. "It is only cleanliness, and you are accustomed, of course, to that."

So Peer sat down to the roast turkey, in the midst of the children, but not with the two boarders, who had squeezed themselves in behind, and were now giving a dramatic representation for the entertainment of themselves and the stranger. There had lately been strolling players in town, who had acted Schiller's "Robbers;" the two oldest boys had been immensely taken with it, and at once performed the whole piece at home—all the parts, notwithstanding they only remembered these words: "Dreams come from the stomach." But they were made use of by all the characters in different tones of voice. There stood Amelia, with heavenly eyes and dreamy look: "Dreams come from the stomach!" said she, and covered her face with both her hands. Carl Moor came forward with heroic stride and manly voice: "Dreams come from the stomach," and at that the whole flock of children, boys and girls, tumbled in; they were all robbers, and murdered one another, crying out, "Dreams come from the stomach."

That was Schiller's "Robbers." Peer had this representation and stuffed turkey for his first introduction into Herr Gabriel's house. Then he betook himself to his little chamber, whose window, into which the sun shone warmly, gave upon the garden. He sat there and looked out. Herr Gabriel was walking there, absorbed in reading a book. He came nearer, and looked in; his eyes seemed fixed upon Peer, who bowed respectfully. Herr Gabriel opened his mouth as wide as he could, thrust his tongue out, and let it wag from one side to the other right in the face of the astonished Peer, who could not understand what in the world he meant by this performance. Then off went Herr Gabriel, but turned back again before the window, and thrust his tongue out of his mouth.

What did he do that for? He was not thinking of Peer, or that the panes of glass were transparent; he only saw that one on the outside was reflected in them, and he wanted to see his tongue, as he had a stomach-ache; but Peer did not know all this.

Later in the evening Herr Gabriel went into his room, and Peer sat in his. It was quite late. He heard scolding—a woman's voice scolding in Madame Gabriel's sleeping chamber.

"I shall go up to Gabriel, and tell him what rascals you are!"

"We should also go to Gabriel and tell him what Madame is."

"I shall go into fits!" she cried out.

"Who'll see a woman in a fit! four skillings!"

Then Madame's voice sank deeper, but distinctly said: "What must the young gentleman in there think of our house at hearing all this plain talk." At that the scolding grew less, but then again rose louder and louder.

"*Finis*," cried Madame. "Go and make the punch; better peace than strife."

And then it was still. They went out of

the door; the girls and Madame knocked on the door to Peer :—

"Young man! now you have some notion what it is to be a housewife. Thank Heaven, you don't keep girls. I want peace, and so I give them punch. I would gladly give you a glass,—one sleeps so well after it,—but no one dares go through the entry after ten o'clock; my Gabriel will not allow it. But you shall have your punch, nevertheless. There is a great hole stopped up in the door; I will push the stopper out, put the nose of the pitcher in, and do you hold your tumbler under, and so I'll give you the punch. It is a secret, even from my Gabriel. You must not worry him with household affairs."

And so Peer got his punch, and there was peace in Madame Gabriel's room, peace and quiet in the whole house. Peer lay down, thought of his mother and grandmother, said his evening prayer, and fell asleep. What one dreams the first night one sleeps in a strange house has special significance, grandmother had said. Peer dreamt that he took the amber heart, which he still constantly wore, laid it in a flower-pot, and it grew into a great tree, up through the loft and the roof; it bore thousands of hearts of silver and gold; the flower-pot broke in two, and it was no longer an amber heart—it had become mould, earth to earth—gone, gone forever! Then Peer awoke; he still had the amber heart, and it was warm, warm on his own warm heart.

V.

Early in the morning the first study hours began at Herr Gabriel's. They studied French. At breakfast the only ones present were the boarders, the children, and Madame. She drank here her second cup of coffee; her first she always took in bed. "It is so wholesome, when one is liable to spasms." She asked Peer what he had studied thus far.

"French," he replied.

"It is a high cost language!" said she; "it is the diplomatic speech, and the one that is used by people of good blood. I did not study it in my childhood, but when one lives with a learned man one gets of his wisdom, quite as one gets his mother-milk. Thus I have all the necessary words. I am quite confident I should know how to compromise myself in whatever company I happened to be." *

Madame had won a foreign word, a title, by her marriage with a learned man. She was baptized Mette after a rich aunt, whose heir she was to be. She got the name, but not the inheritance. Herr Gabriel rebaptized Mette into Meta, the Latin for *measure*. When she was named, all her clothes, woolen and linen, were marked with the letters M. G., Meta Gabriel; but young Madsen had a boy's wit, and read in the letters M. G. the character "very good" (Danish *Meget godt* †), and therefore he added in ink a great interrogation point, and put it on the tablecloth, the towels, and sheets.

"Don't you like Madame?" asked Peer, when young Madsen made him privately acquainted with this piece of wit. "She is so kind, and Herr Gabriel is so learned."

"She is a bundle of lies!" said young Madsen; "and Herr Gabriel is a scoundrel. If I were only a corporal, and he a recruit, ugh! how I would give him the flat of my sword!" And there was a blood-thirsty look about young Madsen; his lips grew smaller than their wont, and his whole face seemed one great freckle.

These were dreadful words to hear spoken, and they gave Peer a shock; yet young Madsen had the clearest right to them in his mind. It was a cruel thing on the part of parents and tutor that a fellow should waste his best, most delightful youth in learning grammar, names, and dates which nobody cares anything for, instead of enjoying his liberty and spending his time going about with a gun over his shoulder, like a good shot. "No, one has no business to be shut up and sit on a bench till he falls asleep over a book; Herr Gabriel wants that, and so one gets called lazy and has the character 'passable,' ‡ yes, one's parents

* Madame Gabriel, in her anxiety to use fine words, sometimes overshot the mark.—Trans.

† The character given Meta Gabriel by young Madsen was not the highest, which is u. g., *udmærket godt*, but the next to that. It is a pity her name had not been Una.—Trans.

‡ The fifth, and next to the worst character.—Trans.

get letters about it; so I say Herr Gabriel is a scoundrel."

"He grips your hand too," added little Primus, who seemed to agree with young Madsen. It was not at all pleasant for Peer to hear them. But Peer got no "hand grips;" he was too grown up, as Madsen had said. He was not called lazy either, for that he was not; he was to have his hours alone. He was soon well ahead of Madsen and Primus.

"He has ability!" said Herr Gabriel.

"And one can see that he has been to dancing-school!" said Madame.

"We must have him in our dramatic society," said the apothecary, who lived more for the town's private theatre than for his apothecary shop. Malicious people applied the old stale witticism, that he had certainly been bitten by a mad player, for he was clean gone mad for the theatre.

"The young scholar is born for a lover," said the apothecary. "In a couple of years he could be Romeo; and I believe that if he were well painted, and had a little moustache, he could go on the stage very well this winter."

The Apothecary's daughter—"great dramatic talent," said the father; "true beauty," said the mother—was to be Juliet; Madame Gabriel must be the nurse, and the Apothecary, who was both director and stage-manager, would take the rôle of the apothecary—a slight one, but one of great importance. The whole depended on Herr Gabriel's permission for Peer to act Romeo. It was plain that it was best to work through Madame Gabriel, and the Apothecary understood that he must first win her over.

"You are born to be nurse," said he, and thought that he was flattering her exceedingly. "That is assuredly the most complete rôle in the piece," he continued. "It is the humorous rôle; without it the piece could not be tolerated for its melancholy. No one but you, Madame Gabriel, has the quickness and life that should bubble up here."

All very true, she agreed, but her husband would surely never permit his young pupil to contribute those crumbs of time which would have to be given in learning the part of Romeo. She promised, however, to "pump" him, as she called it. The Apothecary began at once to study his part, and especially to think about his make-up. He wished to be a squint-eyed, poor, miserable fellow, and yet a clever man—rather a difficult problem; but Madame Gabriel had a much harder one in "pumping" her husband to the required point. He could not, he said, answer for it to Peer's guardians, who paid for his schooling and board, if he permitted the young man to play in tragedy. We cannot conceal the fact, however, that Peer had the most intense longing to act. "But it will not do," said he.

"It's coming," said Madame; "only let me keep on pumping." She would have given punch, but Herr Gabriel did not drink it with any pleasure. Married people are sometimes different. We say this without any offence to Madame.

"One glass and no more," she said to herself. "It elevates the soul and makes one happy, and thus it behooves us to be—it is our Lord's will with us."

Peer was to be Romeo. That was pumped through by Madame. The rehearsals were held at the Apothecary's. They had chocolate and "geniuses," that is to say, small biscuits. They were sold at the bake-shop, twelve for a skilling,* and they were so exceedingly small, and so many, that it was thought a witticism to call them *geniuses*.

"It is an easy thing to make fun of one," said Herr Gabriel, and so he himself gave nicknames to one thing and another. The Apothecary's house he called "Noah's Ark with its clean and unclean beasts," and that was only because of the affection which was shown by the family toward the two and four-footed pets in the house. The young lady had her own cat, *Graciosa*—a pretty, soft-skinned creature, that lay in the window, in her lap, on her work, or ran over the table spread for dinner. The mistress had a poultry-yard, a duck-yard, a parrot, and canary-birds; and Polly could outcry them all together. Two dogs, Flick and Flock, walked about the chamber; they were not perfumery bottles by any means, and they lay on the sofa and on the matrimonial bed.

* A little more than half a cent.

The rehearsal began, and was only interrupted a moment by the dogs slobbering over Madame Gabriel's new gown; but that was out of pure friendship and it did not spot it. The cat also caused a slight disturbance: it would insist on giving its paw to Juliet, sit on her head and beat its tail. Juliet's tender speeches were divided between the cat and Romeo. Every word that Peer had to say was exactly what he wished to say to the Apothecary's daughter. How lovely and charming she was, a child of Nature, who, as Madame Gabriel expressed it, went right by the side of her part. Peer grew quite warm about it.

There surely was instinct or something even higher with the cat. It perched on Peer's shoulders and symbolized the sympathy between Romeo and Juliet; with each successive rehearsal Peer's ardor grew more manifest and stronger, the cat more confidential, the parrot and the canary-birds more noisy; Flick and Flock ran in and out. The evening of the representation came, and Peer was Romeo himself—he kissed Juliet right on her mouth.

"Quite like nature!" said Madame Gabriel.

"Disgraceful!" said the Councillor, Herr Svendsen, the richest citizen and fattest man in the town. The perspiration ran down him, the house was so warm and he himself was so heated. Peer found no favor in his eyes. "Such a puppy!" said he; "a puppy so long too that one could crack him in halves and make two puppies of him."

Great applause—and one enemy! He got off well. Indeed Peer was a Lucky Peer. Tired and overcome by the exertions of the evening and the flattery shown him, he went home to his little chamber. It was past midnight; Madame Gabriel knocked on the wall.

"Romeo! here's punch!"

And the spout was put through the door, and Peer Romeo held his glass under.

"Good-night, Madame Gabriel."

But Peer could not sleep. All that he had said, and especially what Juliet had said, buzzed in his head, and when at length he fell asleep, he dreamt of a wedding—a wedding with Miss Frandsen! What singular things one can dream!

(To be continued.)

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

In the year 1853 I was first mate of the "H.," a three-decked ship of about fifteen hundred tons burden, lying in Mobile Bay waiting for a cargo of cotton. Our sailors, twenty-four in number, were all colored men, pretty fair seamen generally, but, with four or five exceptions, wofully ignorant, and correspondingly superstitious. We had been in the bay between three and four months, so the spars and rigging had been thoroughly overhauled and put to rights. I was sitting in the cabin one evening planning out work for the ensuing day, when my second mate, a rough old seaman of the packet school, requested an audience.

"Well, Mr. K., what is the matter now?"

"The matter is, sir, that those darkeys forward there are getting so scared that unless we do something to or for them they won't be worth shucks; some of them ain't good for much now, and there's no use in having the rest of 'em spoiled."

"But what are they frightened at? I have never heard anything of it before now."

"No! they were afraid to say anything to you about it; but for the last month they have a yarn about a headless ghost going around the decks at night, groaning at an awful rate. Some of 'em say it's a darkey without a head, and others say it's a white chap with a black face; but whatever it is, there they are, afraid to come on deck after dark or stand anchor-watch alone."

"This is a strange piece of business. If there is a ghost aboard I should think it would first pay its respects to the quarter-deck. Do you think any of the rascals are playing tricks?"

"No, sir! the knowingest ones is the most scared. There's Bob and Jackson ought to

know better, but they both swear they saw it in the middle-watch last night; just told the third mate so."

"Well! suppose we go and inquire into it."

We went forward together, and came down so suddenly upon the sailors that they evidently thought two ghosts had arrived instead of one. After the alarm and confusion had subsided, I told them what I had already heard, and asked for further information, which was readily furnished by a dozen eager volunteers, who, now that their tongues were loosened by authority, seemed anxious to outrival each other in their tale of horrors. It is needless to repeat their stories; but about half of them had seen the ghost in one of its forms, and all of them had repeatedly heard the groans. Bob and Jackson, my two best men, who were acting as boatswains, positively declared that they had seen it in the forecastle on the previous night, standing up against the *bitt* where I was then leaning. This *bitt*, a timber about a foot square, coming down through from the upper to the main deck, near the middle of the forecastle, was painted black up to within a foot of the deck, and the remainder of it lead color. On either side of it, in the spar-deck, was a bull's-eye to admit light, and there were several nails on which were hanging various articles of clothing.

"You saw the ghost standing right here, did you?"

"Yes, sir! right where you are now, sir!"

"Was the moon shining last night?"

"Yes, sir! quite bright in the middle-watch!"

"Did you speak to or try to catch the ghost?"

"No, sir! wouldn't do such a thing for the world."

"If you had, you would have found out that the ghost was nothing more nor less than this bitt, with the moon shining through the bull's-eyes on it and on the clothing you see hanging there now. I never knew of a ghost that didn't dwindle into a moonbeam or a piece of linen."

There was a general look of incredulity upon the faces of the crew, and one of them mustered up courage to ask:

"But how about the groans and noises, sir?"

"O, some of you snore loud, and all the rest is imagination."

Finding that argument or persuasion were of no use in altering the opinions of my crew, I left them, after giving the following admonition:—

"Now, men! in the first place, there are no such things as ghosts; and secondly, I wish you to understand that there is no ghost aboard of *this* ship; and if you can't be made to understand it in any other way, I'll give you the fun of hunting all night for it. You know what I mean. Good-night!"

Having given the second mate his orders for the following day, I sat down to think the matter over, and "ask myself a few questions," as the sailors say. One thing that had puzzled me was now accounted for. Several of the men had come to me for permission to be transferred to other ships that were ready for sea, but this I had attributed to the characteristic restlessness of the class. My ship was considered a good one for sailors; they were well fed and kindly used so long as they behaved themselves; had plenty of work to do, so that there was no time for growling or fomenting discord.

It was the ghost that made them anxious to leave the ship. There was no fear of their running away ashore, because, in those days, if a colored man could not show his free papers in the South, he was presumably a slave, and held as such; but there were many ships in the bay that were short-handed, and it was no uncommon thing for men to be spirited away from one ship to another, when the latter was going to sea early in the morning. Mates of ships were not very scrupulous about the manner of filling up their crews in those days, as I well knew. Having pondered over all of these things carefully, and not seeing any present way out of my troubles, I turned in, trusting to fortune for the future, but at the same time I resolved to keep an extra look-out whenever any ships were about getting ready for sea.

Things progressed as usual aboard of the ship for several days, and I heard nothing more about the ghost; but my own time was coming. One evening I had given my junior

officers permission to absent themselves from the ship, and was sitting by myself alone in the cabin, awaiting their return. Being tired of my book, I sat dozing in a chair, when my reveries were disturbed by a sound like a half-smothered groan, that seemed to come from the forward part of the cabin on the starboard side. I was wide awake in an instant, though scarcely able to credit my senses. The groans were distinct enough, and were repeated in about the same interval that is required for a human breath; still, my light did not burn blue, nor did the ghost appear. As I listened the sounds came nearer, but seemed to rise up from the lower between-decks. I felt assured that the men, knowing my officers were absent, had arranged this plan to try my nerves. Without any further consideration, I slipped off my shoes, trimmed my dark lantern, armed myself with a good stick, and started in search of the ghost. Going to the main hatch, the only one open, I went down between decks, and, hauling the ladder after me, proceeded aft, where the noises could be distinctly heard; but before reaching the mizzen-mast, they came, apparently, from beneath my feet. This was not pleasant, but my pride was aroused, and if there was any trick in the matter, it would not do for me to back out without discovering it; so I went back to the main hatch again, and down to the lower deck; but this time I did not take the ladder away. Flashing the light ahead of me, I went carefully along, guarding against a surprise. This was needless, for, upon reaching the locality of the sounds, they were beneath my feet again, coming up from the lower hold. Matters were assuming an unpleasant aspect. I will not say that my hair stood on end, but certainly my feet stood still, while my confidence in the supernatural and myself began to be slightly shaken. I hesitated, doubted, and finally concluding that it would be better to wait until my officers returned before pursuing the investigation, beat a most inglorious retreat to the cabin; but there I could not rest, for now the sounds were apparently under the cabin floor, as if they had followed me up from the lower hold. Suddenly I thought of the carpenter, a stalwart Dutchman, and, hurrying to his room, roused him out.

"Chips! Do you hear that noise?"

"Yes, sir; I pese hear him many times, and I shust puts mine head unter mine planketts and says notings."

"Turn out now, and come down in the hold with me, and we will see what it is."

"Dunder unt Blitzen! I shall nicht go."

"Come along, you fool," said I, impatiently; "you are no worse off there than here. I have been down between-decks alone, and now I want you along, so that if any of the men are down in the hold we can cut them off."

This view of the case seemed to reassure him somewhat, and we soon found ourselves in the lower hold. Wending our way aft over the ballast—the sounds constantly becoming more audible—we finally reached the stern-post, and there, while the groans came mournfully from among the timbers of the stern frame, we stood still, no one visible but ourselves.

I do not know whether I was frightened, but my heart never beat so fast before; and the poor Dutchman stood trembling as if struck with palsy, the drops of perspiration starting out like beads. My own nerves were somewhat shaken, but there was the pride of rank and station; so, after listening to the unearthly sounds for a few minutes, we returned to the cabin together, for the carpenter would not turn in again until his room-mate came aboard. When my juniors returned we all went down into the hold and listened for some time to the sounds, which were apparently traveling along through the timbers. We could not satisfy ourselves regarding the cause, and finally retired, thinking that the poor darkeys might, after all, have had some foundation for their fears.

We remained some three months longer in the Bay, and as no secret was made of these occurrences the old "H." received the name of "The Haunted Ship." Many a merry party we had in the cabin, and then would go down into the hold to listen to the unearthly wailings of the tortured spirit who had chosen my ship for its abiding-place. At length our own day of sailing came. Having but little wind in the morning, the steamboat *Swan* came to tow us outside of Mobile Point. While at my

station on the forecastle I heard Captain George aboard of the *Swan* calling out for my harpoon, which was handed over to him, and in a few minutes there was a splashing in the water along side, a shouting on board the *Swan*, and then—our ghost was lying on her forward guards!

Work was temporarily suspended, so that all hands might see what form the spirit had taken. There lay an immense Jew-, or drum-fish, a well-known denizen of southern waters, which receives its name from the hollow, drum-like sound it makes when seeking for its food. This specimen was of unusual size, being nearly six feet long, and weighing over six hundred pounds. Having taken on board about two hundred pounds weight of his ghostship as an addition to our sea-stock of provisions, we tripped our anchor, made sail, and were soon out in the Gulf of Mexico, making the best of our way towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to take in a cargo of deals for London.

Notwithstanding the capture of the drum-fish, and the rational solution of the mystery, some of the crew were loath to abandon the delusion; and until the "H." was lost, two years afterwards, she bore everywhere the ill name of "The Haunted Ship."

MADALINE.

It fell when the crimson began to shine
In the round of the robin's breast,
That the feet of the maiden, Madaline,
Came not to dance with the rest.
And when the splendor shone in th' grass,
And the head of the rose was high,
She sang of love, though the song, alas!
Was only a lonesome cry.

But, ah! when th' drifts of gold in th' air
Betrayed where the broom was sweet,
She took the combs from her silken hair
And let it fall to her feet.
And in the days when th' woods grew brown
And a red haze fringed the skies,
She wound it back, and wound it down
From her poor bewildered eyes.

And by and by, when the snows were white,
And a shadow sat in the land,
She lay on her bed from morn till night,
And turned the ring on her hand.
The midnight moon was blind with storms,
But her heart with dreams was light—
For she cried, He has come! let me go to his arms!
And passed away from our sight.

We searched the valley, far and wide,
For the print of a step—but no!
And we combed her hair like th' hair of a bride,
And made her a grave in the snow.
And we took the smile with trust so sweet—
And we took the ring—for a sign,
And the name we graved at her head and feet
Was Faith—not Madaline.

WEATHER-TELEGRAMS AND STORM-FORECASTS BY THE AMERICAN SIGNAL SERVICE.

RESCUE OF THE "SAN FRANCISCO" BY THE "KILBY," DEC., 1853.

WITHIN a few months, the United States have embarked in an enterprise of vast moment.

The creation of the government Signal Service for obtaining weather-telegrams and dispatching storm-warnings to imperiled shipping on our lake shore and seaboard, will, there is reason to hope, mark a new era in American commerce.

With quiet activity, this service has been organized and equipped, and has already begun its career under auspices which promise to crown it with speedy success, and cause it to redound to the wisdom of its founders.

I purpose in this, the first of two successive papers, to inquire into the possibility of forecasting storms; to ascertain what, if any, benefits have been reaped in other countries from a system of forecasts; to determine the tracks and behavior of the cyclones that sweep over and desolate our land; in a word, to test the system in the crucible of meteorologic observation extended throughout the world.

In 1709 Athanasius Kircher, one of the most distinguished scientific men of the seventeenth century, published at Rome a startling theory of ocean currents. Delineating an open North Polar Sea, similar to that discovered in recent times by Dr. Kane, he represented the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific as pouring into the Polar Basin, and dashing round, so as to form a spiral current whose apex was the pole itself, into which, as a huge vortex, they ceaselessly entered. His description of this vortex was singular and ingenious. He argued that a ship coming within the influence of this vast eddy would be speedily engulphed and destroyed; and he went so far as to claim that the waters of the ocean, lost *in vasto gurgite*, after undergoing circulation in the interior of the earth, reissued in mighty currents from the South Pole.

Absurd and chimerical, reader, you may say. But this was the first attempt to explain the phenomena of ocean currents. However unsuccessful and inglorious may be the first effort to

unravel the mysteries of nature, it is not to be despised. It challenges the attention and provokes the reflections and researches of thinking men everywhere; and, in time, it enlists in the cause a band of successful explorers.

The hope that some such result may follow his effort, is the writer's apology for coming before the public. All that he shall advance shall be sustained by facts authenticated by quotations from the most eminent scientific observers. He feels that, in the humblest endeavor to throw light upon those terrible phenomena of nature, with which all men, but especially the seaman and the seafarer, must battle, he touches a chord of sympathy like that which thrills in the breast when, along the storm-beaten coast, the midnight gun tells a tale of distress.

To pursue the subject intelligently and interestedly, it may be necessary to take the reader into other fields of research than that merely pertaining to wind and weather; for nowhere more than in meteorological researches is nature found to be, though "distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

The task of the meteorologist is a difficult one, from the extent of the field over which he must keep a steady and sleepless eye. He is debarred that boon which is to a man of science the most inestimable—*experiment.* The natural philosopher may isolate a portion of the atmosphere in his apparatus and interrogate it; the chemist may analyze it. But the air-pump cannot detain the moving air-current. The whole aërial ocean that enshrouds our globe is a unit, whose thin masses are in inter-communication and sympathy, and whose invisible billows, in one hemisphere, quickly rise and roll, sensitive and responsive to agitations in the opposite. The very wave of atmosphere that, but a few days ago, was formed on the chilly steppes of Siberia, and but yesterday swept over the seas of China and Japan, may to-day be breaking against the Pacific shores of America or overleaping the summits of the Rocky Mountains.

But, notwithstanding all this—and we purposely give to those who despond of any good results from meteorological observations the darkest view of the subject—we must bear in mind that it is but little more than two centuries since Torricelli (1643) invented the barometer, and but little more than a century and a quarter since Fahrenheit (1714) made a thermometer that served the purposes of science.

It is true that for the present the work of the meteorologist must be largely that of faithful observation. In past ages we have been mostly shut up to the recording of facts, to use the figure of Sir William Herschel, resembling "a man who hears now and then a few fragments of a long history related, at distant intervals, by a prosy and unmethodical narrator." And yet are there not brilliant instances—as that of Niebuhr, the renowned historian of Rome—in which the scattered legends and widely disrupted parts of the record have been put together, the deficiencies supplied, and out of the whole there has been brought forth a clear, connected, and plausible story, where before all had been wrapt in mystery? Certain it is, no science can ever sustain the interest or command the labor that it needs to be bestowed upon its prosecution, if it does not aim to grapple with the practical questions which *the facts* registered suggest; if it does not seek to explain the observed phenomena of nature upon physical laws and principles.

"Indefinitely multiplied records," as the eminent meteorologist, Admiral Fitzroy, has so forcibly said, "only tend to make the work of their utilization discouraging, if not almost impossible. By less ambitious courses—by separating fields of labor, especially by treating of climates individually, and referring observations to independent centres—a prospect has been opened of immediately useful exertions. Stones may be shaped, bricks may be accumulated; but without an object in view—without an edifice to be constructed—how wearily unrewarding to the mind would be such toil, however animated by true scientific faith in future results!" It was in the spirit of these words, and against the wishes and recommendations of M. Le Verrier, of the Imperial Observatory at Paris, that Admiral Fitzroy declined to restrict himself to a mere system of telegraphing the

weather, and, as its able pioneer, boldly planned and put in operation that noble system of *forecasting* the weather which saves Great Britain annually many of her finest ships and hundreds of her most skillful seamen.

The study of meteorology, and the effort to divine atmospheric changes and utilize them, is as old as Aristotle, who discussed it in his work on *Meteors*, in which he characterized it is as "*the sublime science.*"

Cicero, Virgil, and other ancient writers discussed the subject in their works; but, in their ignorance of physical research, they threw no light upon it. Still, it has been the theme of universal interest; and its utility for both the ordinary and extraordinary affairs of life, has been recognized in every department of human activity.

The necessity for civilized nations putting forth every effort that science can suggest, to obtain, by certain and careful observations, information of the nature and tracks of storms, has long ago been conceded. If it ever needed demonstration to the most narrow-minded and skeptical, that demonstration is furnished by the long catalogue of disasters that have befallen the commerce of every nation, and the casualties that might have been diminished or largely mitigated by a forewarning of the more famous storms of history.

Could these fearful atmospheric commotions have been foreseen *only a few hours* in advance of the event, what untold calamities might have been averted!

It was failure here that led to the memorable destruction of the entire Persian army of Cambyses in the Libyan desert, about 525 B. C., in which the unlooked-for simoom buried 50,000 soldiers beneath its billows of sand. The failure of Napoleon in the Russian campaign, that terminated so fatally to his army in the retreat from Moscow, might have been avoided had that great captain duly understood the portentous yet delicate signs of that remarkable winter.* There are few more striking passages in naval history than that which relates the trying contests of Admiral Nelson, in 1805, with the French fleet under Villeneuve, and the masterly manner in which the subsequent hero of Trafalgar managed his squadron. Upon receiving the news of Villeneuve's departure from Toulon, the English commander, foreseeing a gale, before midnight was under sail, and during the night carried his vessels through the passage between Biscie and Sardinia, while his adversary, as he expected, was badly disabled and crippled. "Studying attentively the minutest precursory indications of every atmospheric disturbance," says a distinguished French officer,* "Nelson placed the highest confidence in barometrical observations, and his journal contains notes of the highest interest relative to them, which he entered daily with his own hand." The fiery Admiral afterward wrote Lord Melville that his fleet had defied the sudden and violent hurricanes of the Mediterranean for twenty-one months without losing a mast or a yard.

These are, however, but bare suggestions of the need and value of meteorological knowledge in a few of the critical occasions that now and then arise. The terrors of the tempest and the cyclone, however, are fearfully illustrated by the past records of nations. The very approach of a cyclone at sea is marked by a peculiar and ominous sound, the wind rising and falling with a moaning noise like that heard in old houses on winter nights.

* The great Prussian General, Von Moltke, is said to be distinguished by his untiring care and labor in informing himself of the physical geography and meteorology of the theatre of his recent campaigns. A late writer says of him:—"He had been convinced for some years past that war must come, sooner or later, with France, and had been preparing for it. By personal survey, and the careful explorations of his trained corps of topographical engineers, he had made himself so completely master of the topography and physical geography of the region lying between the Rhine provinces and Paris, that he might literally be said to know every foot of it. His officers, even down to lieutenants, were provided with pocket-maps, detailing all the physical features of the country, designating the fortified places, and indicating their strength. The French soldiers and officers were astounded to find that their adversaries knew France and its geography infinitely better than they did." The officers of the United States Army have long since been honored in Europe for their able contributions to the meteorology of this country, and their reports have been quoted as the highest authority by such men as Humboldt, Dove, Arago, Herschel, Le Verrier, and Fitzroy.

* M. de la Gravière, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, vol. xvii.

In the great storm of November 26th, 1703, even the ships in the Thames were all blown away from their moorings, and from Execution Dock to Limehouse Hole there were but four ships that rode it out. Such a tempest could not be supposed to be limited to this island; accordingly it appears to have spread over a great part of the north of Europe, though nowhere with equal impetuosity as with us. Over most parts of South Britain and Wales the tallest and stoutest timber-trees were uprooted or snapped off in the middle. It was computed that there were twenty-five parks in the several counties that lost a thousand trees each—the New Forest, Hants, above four thousand. Whole sheets of lead were blown away from the roofs of strong buildings; seven steeples, above four hundred wind-mills, and eight hundred dwelling-houses blown down; and barns, outhouses, and ricks in proportion, besides a great destruction of orchards. About one hundred and twenty persons lost their lives on land,—among whom were the Bishop of Bath and Wells, also the engineer of the then lighthouse at the Eddystone, who was blown into the sea along with the structure, which he had promised himself should bid defiance to the waves.

At sea there were few ships to sink—the previous terrible weather having brought them into port in unusual numbers—but in the harbors and roadsteads of England, so many vessels ran foul of each other and sank, or foundered at anchor, or were driven on the sands, or to sea where they were never heard of, that it is computed eight thousand seamen at least perished on the occasion.

The estuary of the Severn lying more particularly in the course of this storm, the parts bordering on that river suffered much from the breaking in of the sea. The country for a great extent was inundated, the vessels driven upon the pasture land, and many thousands of sheep and cattle drowned.

The spray of the sea was carried far inland in such quantities in little concretions or knobs of salt on the hedges, that at twenty-five miles from the sea, in Kent, it made the pasture so salt that the cattle for some time would not eat it. The total damage done by this great storm was considered to have exceeded that of the great fire of London!

In 1819 a hurricane ravaged the Leeward Islands from the 20th to the 22d of September, when, at the island of St. Thomas alone, one hundred and four vessels were lost. A hurricane at the Cape of Good Hope, in 1831, destroyed property of immense value. As late as the 5th of October, 1864, a terrible cyclone swept over the Bay of Bengal, which destroyed nearly one hundred ships; whole towns were reduced to shapeless masses of ruins, and 45,000 persons perished.* It was followed by a "bore," or spring-tide, in the Hoogly, which effected enormous damage, the water rising thirty feet above its usual level. The calamities that befell Lisbon in 1864, and St. Thomas in 1867, and the destruction that within a few months has strewn the Atlantic coasts of the United States with wrecks innumerable, and spread desolation and want over portions of our land, we need not stop to recount. Suffice it to say, that by the *Journal of the Statistical Society of London*,† the shipping casualties of England alone, for four periods of ten years each, sum up these figures:—To 1866, 3,443 vessels lost; to 1867, 3,457; to 1868, 3,420; to 1869, 3,343, *or nearly one vessel a day lost!* In addition, the average for stranded ships is quite as large, to say nothing of missing barks, and those which, like the ill-fated *City of Boston*, have disappeared without leaving a spar or a bucket to tell their fate.

Following close upon the track of the storm comes the storm wave. The centre of the hurricane or typhoon is supposed to be of cylindrical shape with an opening of large dimensions. Inside of the centre the barometer stands low, and the atmospheric pressure from around and outside forces the water of the sea into this hollow, forming an enormous tidal wave. As the storm moves forward over the sea the wave is propelled with it, and on many coasts bursts over the

* See this statement verified, page 267, in the able work on Meteorology, by Alexander Buchan, the Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.

† Journal for September, 1870.

land—producing more destruction on shore than the storm produces at sea.

The poetess Jean Ingelow has graphically told the tale of the fierce tide that ravaged the coast of Lincolnshire in 1571 :

> The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
> The ringers ran by two, by three;
> "Pull if ye never pulled before;
> Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he:
> "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
> Ply all your changes, all your swells,
> Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"
>
> Men say it was a stolen tyde—
> The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
> But in myne years doth still abide
> The message that the bells let fall:
> And there was nought of strange beside,
> The flights of mews and peewits pied
> By millions crouched on the old sea wall.
>
> So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
> The heart had hardly time to beat,
> Before a shallow, seething wave
> Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
> The feet had hardly time to flee
> Before it brake against the knee,
> And all the world was in the sea.

Some idea of the storm-wave may be formed from the illustration of the tidal wave at Havre. The storm-wave that broke over Turk's Island a few years ago carried off all who did not save themselves by climbing the trees. That which swept over Calcutta in 1864, as we have already seen, destroyed 45,000 human beings.

But we gladly hasten to show what provision and what deliverance modern science and research have devised for the prevention of such horrors, and is now bringing practically forward. The question forces itself upon us: IS IT POSSIBLE, IN ANY MEASURE, TO FORECAST OUR GREAT STORMS?

"It is," says Arthur Mangin, "a strange, and until recently a wholly unsuspected circumstance, that, in all their apparent tumult, these raging storms are subject to fixed laws and follow a predetermined path."* Is it, indeed, a thing incredible that man, whose lofty faculties and endowments have made him master over almost every power of nature, should learn to elude, at least occasionally, the furies of the tempest? There are but few forces in nature that he has not brought within the circle of his control. On many parts of the globe he has changed the very aspects and face of nature. He has reduced enormous forests, like those of ancient Germany, to a state of cultivation and prosperity; and again, by the planting of these very forests in arid and rainless regions, he has robbed the clouds of their moisture and made them drop down richness and verdure on the surrounding soil.* He has converted the most poisonous weeds into medicines for the healer's art. On the land he has redeemed the most pestilential spots, as the Pontine Marshes of Rome, which Arnold tells us could in early times be visited only by the hardy mountaineers when they came down to reap their harvests, daring never to inhale the nightly miasma, and returning, after a brief sojourn, forlorn and emaciated. On the ocean the agency of man has been put forth against many odds, but victoriously. There remains but a small polar territory yet to be explored and subjugated. The strong and dangerous currents of the sea, once the dread of the mariner, are now subservient to his skillful use. The very waves of the sea, as history has more than once recorded, have been successfully invoked to fight man's battles or deliver him from his enemies. Again, he has dexterously wrested and reclaimed vast regions from the empire of ocean. In the atmosphere, since the time when the great philosopher of New England, the Faraday of his age, Prometheus-like stole fire from heaven and robbed the clouds of their electric wrath, there has been a large promise of further conquests in this domain of nature.

The fierce monsoons of the Indian Ocean

* *Mysteries of the Ocean*, p. 160.

* During the French occupation of Egypt, in 1798, rain did not once fall for sixteen months. Since Mehemed Ali and Ibrahim Pacha have finished their immense plantations (the former planted more than 20 millions of olive and fig trees, cotton-wood, and many other varieties), rain is now not infrequent in the months of November, December, and January.—See Marsh's *Man and Nature*, p. 189.

"In France, there seems no doubt that the removal of the forests on the Vosges sensibly deteriorated the climate on the plains of Alsace."—Ansted's *Physical Geography*, p. 456.

AN EQUINOCTIAL TIDAL WAVE AT HAVRE.

have become the propitious gales on which many an argosy of commerce rides proudly into port. It has even been computed by the English Board of Trade, that the increase of meteorological knowledge within the past fifteen years has reduced the length of the passage of ships on the great and perilous highways of commerce at least one-third.

With such considerations before us, we are prepared to expect, even had we no facts to ponder, that the age is ripe for an invasion of the immense but splendid and tempting domain of meteorologic science. Happily these facts are at hand, and ought to be the cherished heritage of Americans.

The United States was the first of the great nations who led the way in commencing a systematic collection of observations over all the habitable world, commencing with meteorologic observations at sea.* The eminent British meteorologist already mentioned, Admiral Fitzroy, recalling the year 1853, when the views of the United States were presented to English statesmen and applications were made for co-operation by England, has feelingly spoken, "from personal knowledge, how coldly" these views and applications "were received in this country (England) prior to 1853, when they first found earnest and adequate supporters in Admiral Smyth and Lord Wrottesly." *

Previous to the great movement in America scarcely anything had been attempted. In 1853, however, a conference of the great maritime nations was held at Brussels, where a general plan for co-operation and research for investigating the phenomena of sea and air was proposed. This led to the establishment of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade in London (over which Admiral Fitzroy so ably presided), and to similar institutions in Holland, France, and elsewhere. Scarcely had these efforts of scientific men commenced when an occasion arose which crowned them with signal and unexpected glory. Close by our American shores moves the mighty current of tropical water known as the Gulf Stream. Sailors call it "*the Weather-Breeder*," and others give it the name of "*the Storm-King*." For hundreds of miles after it leaves the torrid zone—the zone of the vertical sun and of

* "The establishment of Meteorological Societies during the last twenty years," says Alexander Buchan, the celebrated Scottish meteorologist, "must also be commemorated as contributing in a high degree to the solid advancement of the science which, more than any other, depends on extensive and carefully conducted observations. In this respect the United States stand pre-eminent, the observers there numbering 800."—Buchan's *Handy-Book of Meteorology*, p. 9.

* Fitzroy's *Weather-Book*, p. 49.

volcanic fires—its course is marked by tepid vapor and fog; and lighted up from beneath by the nightly glow of myriads of phosphorescent animalcules, and from above by the glare of the electric flash, it is (as we shall presently see) the natural track and pathway of the hurricane or cyclone.

PHOSPHORESCENT SEA.

It was in the Gulf Stream, in the month of December, 1853, that the American steamer *San Francisco*, having on board a regiment of soldiers for California, was encountered by a gale which speedily reduced her to a most lamentable condition. "A single wave," if we may use the description of a disinterested and foreign penman, the French physicist, Figuier, "sweeping the deck from stem to stern, carried away the masts, destroyed the machinery, and hurried into a premature death one hundred and ninety-nine officers and soldiers. The unhappy vessel lay upon the waters a miserable wreck, drifting in whatever direction the wind and the billows carried it. On the following day it was seen in this condition by a ship bound for New York; a few days later another vessel fell in with it; but neither could lend it any assistance, for they were occupied in endeavoring to secure their own safety. As soon as news of the calamity reached New York, two steam-tugs were ordered to the assistance of the *San Francisco*. But in what direction should they steer? What part of the sea should they explore? A chart was made of the region in which the dismasted steamer would probably be carried, and the route defined to be followed by the two steam-tugs dispatched to her assistance. The crew of the *San Francisco* were saved by three ships, which had descried her in the open sea before the New York steam-tugs arrived. But the point where they saw the steamer founder was precisely that which had been laid down on the chart. Had but the tugs set out in time from New York the triumph would have been complete. We may note, however, that the bark *Kilby*, which had caught sight of the drifting ship by day, and had lost it during the night, succeeded in recovering it by a course of reasoning analogous to that used in constructing the chart, and was thus enabled, in conjunction with two other vessels, to save those on board." *

This triumph was not alone. From the year 1831, when the study of the laws which were supposed to govern the motions of storms received a fresh impulse from the writings of another great American meteorologist, Mr. William C. Redfield, of New York, the scientific world began in earnest the study of storm-meteorology. In this connection, the names of Redfield, Reid, Thom, Espy, Dové, Piddington, and Fitzroy stand pre-eminent. The knowledge of storms furnished by their labors

* See Figuier's elegant work, *Earth and Sea*, republished in London, 1870, p. 638.

suggested the possibility of inaugurating a system of weather observation, and of using the results for the benefit of commerce and navigation, both on the sea and the land. The giving effect to this idea, as Buchan remarks, constitutes the splended contribution to practical meteorology made by Admiral Fitzroy in February, 1861, by the system of *storm-warnings* or *forecasts*, which has since been adopted by almost every country in Europe."

THE FITZROY STORM-WARNING SIGNALS,

As used on the English coasts, are very simple and discernible from a great distance.

A cone, three feet high, with the point upward, shows that a gale is *probable* from the northward. NORTH CONE.

A cone, with the point downward, shows that a gale is probable from the *southward.* SOUTH CONE.

A DRUM, alone, shows that stormy winds may be expected from more than one quarter successively.

A cone *and* drum give warning of *dangerous* winds, the probable first direction being shown by the position of the cone.

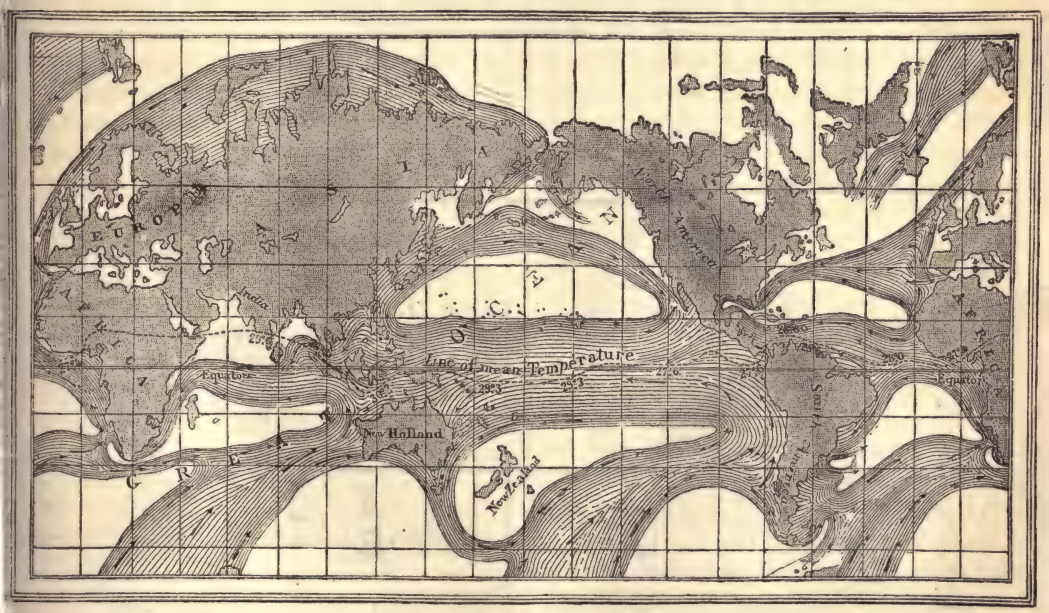
The NIGHT SIGNALS are signal lanterns intended to be hoisted with the lights in the triangle or square.

How far this system has proved a success is a question of the greatest moment.

In 1863 the Board of Trade reported a large percentage of the Storm Signals which had been placed on the English coast as correct, and through their warning many lives and vessels had been saved.

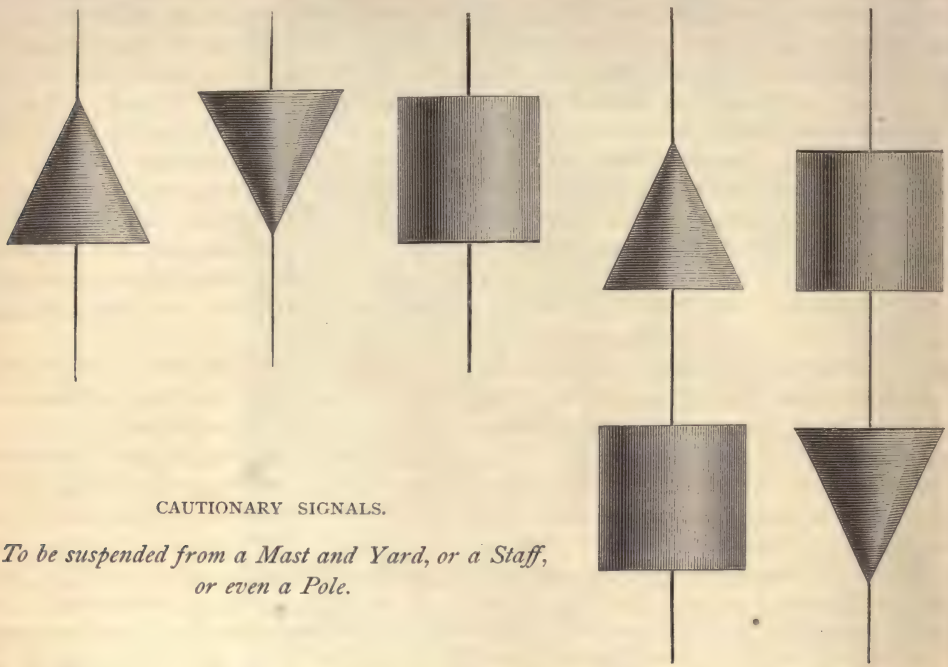
From this time the promptness and accuracy of the signals greatly increased, although the system was incomplete, and the means of communicating them to distant parts of the coast so imperfect that the storm sometimes outran the Signal.

"In his letter of the 15th of June, 1865, to the Board of Trade," says the Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, "General Sabine states that he had examined the warnings given on the British coasts during the two years ending March 31, 1865, and found that in the first year fifty per cent., and in the second year *seventy-three per cent. were right.* Captain de Rostaing, while at the head of the French Marine Meteorological Department, compared the warnings sent from the Meteorological Office, in London, with the gales which occurred in France during the two winters 1864–'65 and 1865–'66. The results were published in the *Revue Marine et Coloniale,* showing that out of 100 warnings sent to the



MAP OF MARINE CURRENTS

NORTH CONE. SOUTH CONE. DRUM. *Probable Heavy Gale or Storm.*



CAUTIONARY SIGNALS.

To be suspended from a Mast and Yard, or a Staff, or even a Pole.

Gale probably from the Northward.

Gale probably from the Southward.

Gales successively.

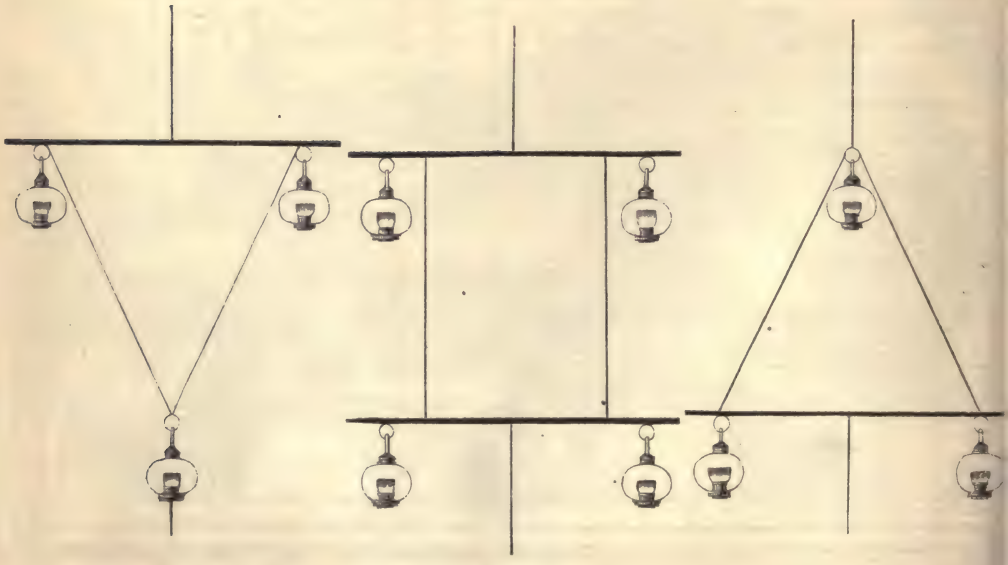
Dangerous Winds probably at first from the Northward.

Dangerous Winds probably at first from the Southward.

NIGHT SIGNALS.

(instead of the above)

Lights in triangle, or square.



FITZROY'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

north coast of France during the first of these winters, 71 were realized, and during the second winter, 76; and out of 100 storms which occurred, 89 were signalled during the first winter, and 94 during the second winter. This result is remarkable, *as showing that of the storms which occurred in the north of France during these two winters, warning of the approach of* 11 *out of* 12 *was sent!*" *

The Report of the Board of Trade of London, in 1866, says:—

"34. *Popularity and Utility of Storm-Warnings.* As regards the popularity and utility of these storm-warnings, we have no doubt that they have been favorably received by the public in general, as well as by those most interested in them. Though the replies made to inquiries by the Board of Trade, in 1862, and published in the Reports of the Meteorological Department for that year, are not unanimously or universally favorable, they undoubtedly show a general desire at that time that the experiments then commenced should be continued. And from inquiries we have made through trustworthy persons at most of the principal ports, we find that seafaring men look upon them more favorably than they did at first; that they believe them to be more correct, and rely upon them more; and that there would be great regret if they were discontinued. The same year (1866), while as yet the system of Storm-Warnings was in its infancy, the following interrogatory note was addressed by order of the Board of Trade to various mercantile bodies and officials:—

"QUESTIONS.

"An inquiry is being made into the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, and we are anxious to learn, after some years' experience, what is the real opinion of seafaring men concerning the value of the late Admiral Fitzroy's signals. Can you help us by telling me what is thought of them by the most competent judges at ( )?

"I remain, &c., &c.,
(Signed) "T. H. FARRER."

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE.

Mr. James Kellas, Secretary to the Local Marine Board.	Aberdeen.	"The utility of the Signals is generally acknowledged."
Mr. Anthony Traill, Examiner in Seamanship, Local Marine Board.	Dundee.	"The correctness of the Storm Signals at this port is a matter of common remark." They "are very generally appreciated."
Shipowners' Society, through Mr. Ingham, M.P.	South Shields.	"The exhibition of the Storm Signals is of much value, by giving timely warning of approaching storms."
Mr. John Lambton, Superintendent of the Mercantile Marine Office.	Sunderland.	"The Signals are regarded as decidedly valuable. A daily account of the weather, kept by the Dockmaster, shows that the warnings have for some time now been more correct and reliable than formerly."
Mr. J. Palmer, Receiver of Wreck.	Great Yarmouth.	"There is a general and growing admission that the Signals are correct."
Mr. J. G. Flower, Collector of Customs.	Deal.	"There is but one opinion concerning the value of these Signals. They have been the means of saving lives and property to an immense extent."
Mercantile Marine Association.	Liverpool.	"Decidedly in favor of the continuance of the Signals."
Mr. Towson, Examiner in Navigation, Local Marine Board.	Liverpool.	"There exists an universal opinion that these Signals are very valuable; that the amount of accuracy has gradually increased." *

These and several other testimonies from the highest quarters, with a single qualifying report, seem to give a strong indorsement to a system just inaugurated, and, like everything new, misunderstood and depreciated as well as imperfectly managed.

The reports of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, for the past few years, have more than sustained the happy inference to be drawn from these facts for the utility and popularity of Storm-Warnings.

The system of sending telegrams and storm-warnings to their seaports has for some years been in use in France, Holland, Austria, Sweden, and Italy. We have not spoken of them because the storms of these countries come to them mostly from England.

"On the 2d of December, 1863, during the daytime, I received two despatches stating that a severe storm was about to traverse France," writes the President of the Toulon Chamber of Commerce to M. Le Verrier; "they were published and posted up immedi-

* Alexander Buchan's *Handy-Book of Meteorology*, pp. 342, 343.

* See Report of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade of London for 1866.

STORM ON LAKE ERIE.

ately, and the merchant vessels in the roadstead had time to provide, and did provide against all risks. The maritime prefecture, on its behalf, directed all officers who were on shore to hasten on board their vessels. The storm burst forth with all its fury about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The first telegram sent on the 2d, confirming that of the day before, had therefore gained four hours' time ahead of the storm, and everything was ready to meet the emergency. *Thanks to the precautions thus taken*, there was no damage, no disaster to deplore."

The Genoese *Journal* of Dec. 3d, 1869, says that "the prediction telegraphed by the Paris Observatory to Turin, and immediately communicated to the ports on the western coast of Italy, on the 1st inst., was fully realized. The first signs of the storm were felt yesterday about 7.30 P.M. During the night it raged furiously; but there appears, nevertheless, to have been no disastrous occurrence in our neighborhood. The commandant of the port had hastened to take all proper measures, and we may be thankful for them."

The following is *the first official storm warning made in the United States.* It was bulletined at noon (Nov. 8th), in the Merchants' Exchange at Chicago, and telegraphed along the Lakes :—

"*To all observers along the Lakes.*

"*Bulletin this at once :*

"*A high wind all day yesterday at Cheyenne and Omaha.—A very high wind reported this morning at Omaha.—Barometers falling with high wind at Chicago and Milwaukee.—Barometers falling and Thermometer rising at Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and Rochester.—High winds probable along the Lakes.*

(*Signed*)

"*JAMES MACKINTOSH,*

"*Observer.*"

The foregoing bulletin was prepared by General Albert J. Myer, the Chief Signal Officer of the army, and the Chief of the Meteorological Bureau, who was in Chicago at the time. The following extract from the *Cleveland Herald* of November 10th, will show the weather that followed the warning: "The value of the storm-signal service established by the government has already been shown. On Tuesday noon (the 8th inst.) a bulletin from the Meteorological Department announced the movements of a storm that left the Rocky Mountains on the previous day and was traveling eastward. On Tuesday and Wednesday it blew heavily on the lakes, finishing up Wednesday night with

squalls, bringing a little snow. Sailors on the lakes are disposed to sneer at these weather despatches as of no practical value, just as the sailors on the English coast at first ridiculed similar bulletins put out by the English Government; but the loss of many lives and much property by a systematic disregard of these warnings, and the saving of life and property through heeding them, have changed the views of the English sailors materially, as they will those of the lake navigators. As vessel-owners are more careful of their property than sailors are of their own lives, the value of the bulletins is more quickly acknowledged by the former than by the latter."

The following appeared in the *Cleveland Leader* of the 6th of December: "THE STORM YESTERDAY.—*The Utility of the United States Signal Service Offices.*—Yesterday afternoon despatches from Chicago and Detroit were published in the *Evening News*, stating that a heavy rain-storm, traveling east, prevailed in those places, and might be expected in Cleveland in the course of the afternoon. At twenty minutes after three the storm arrived, falling at once upon our city in its utmost fury, drenching the streets with floods of water, wrenching off signs, knocking down several chimneys, and causing the wildest consternation among pedestrians who were caught without a moment's warning in a terrific gale.

"The manner in which the storm was followed in its course establishes, beyond dispute, the utility of the signal offices."

The following is an extract from the Pittsburgh *United Presbyterian* (a part of a Cleveland correspondent's* letter), dated Dec. 7th, 1870: "The path of the late storm was at least 300 miles wide, from north to south. Where it started or spent its force I do not yet know; but telegrams from Milwaukee, Chicago, and Detroit announced its coming beforehand. How dangerous these storms are on the lakes may be inferred from the fact that many of the insurance companies take no marine risks here after the 1st of November. With some others, however, the policies run till November 20th and November 30th.

"The benefit of the new signal system of the government for announcing the weather has a fine illustration in the late storm. In October last a government signal station was established here under order of the Secretary of War. By this system of telegraphy the storm on Monday was known here three hours before its arrival, and it came true to time. The system will no doubt eventually be extended to the whole country."

Such are some of the first fruits in the practical application of meteorology to the wants of commerce.

Other results may be looked for from published meteorological reports. Buchan has well said that "in this way a storehouse of information is collected by which agriculturists may arrive at a knowledge of the character of the climate they have to deal with; and by which physicians may reason with more certainty than at present regarding the spread of diseases, the rates of mortality peculiar to different countries, and the places to which invalids may be sent, so as to enjoy the greatest safety or receive the greatest advantage to be derived from a change of climate."

A former superintendent of one of the large Western railroads has informed me that by keeping an aneroid barometer and noting it carefully, it was of great service to him in preventing accidents to trains, arising from injury to the road by the furious storms of the West.

The telegrams and reports of the Signal Service might be made of great value to the Pacific Railroad Superintendent, during the winter, when their trains are liable to be "snowed up."

As we shall presently see, the more destructive American storms come from distant regions of the continent, whence by telegram we can obtain speedier and more exact information than the English meteorologist can ever expect.

"In the Lake districts and along the Atlantic seaboard such prediction of storms," says Blodget, in his invaluable *Climatology of the United States*, "if for a few hours only, would be of incalculable service to practical interests. It is now easy to indicate the advance

* Robert Audley Browne, Esq.

of one from Chicago to Buffalo and from Buffalo to Boston.

"In the vicinity of the lakes there is a greater opportunity than elsewhere to profit by the knowledge we have of these facts of exterior appearance and general movement, and from Milwaukee to Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo the communication is very direct, and the succession of events quite the same. The barometer here is of less use than at sea, though always of great value, because some of the short and violent gales are scarcely indicated by it.

"A violent north-east gale at Milwaukee is certain to be felt with some force a few hours later at Detroit, and one violent at Detroit is equally certain to be felt severely at Buffalo. North-westerly gales are always to be indicated in the line of the wind's direction, and they rarely fail to go to Buffalo from any point of the lakes westward. North-east winds recede *eastward:* in short, all the phenomena travel eastward in all cases, at a rate not less than twenty miles an hour, and usually at thirty to forty in the season of high west winds, or in winter."*

This is clearly understood from a passage we beg leave to quote from Mr. Buchan, in which he says: "It is impossible to overestimate the value of storm-warnings to the shipping interests. In the north temperate zone, observation shows that storms almost invariably come from some westerly point, and thence follow an easterly course. In the United States of America it is easy to warn seaports of the approach of storms, for as soon as a storm appears in the Western States bordering on the Rocky Mountains, it is intimated to the central office in Washington, followed in its march by the telegraph, and timely warning of its approach is sent to the coasts which it will visit. The United States of America is thus favorably circumstanced for carrying out effectually the system of storm-warnings."† Although we may not accept this statement as to the almost invariable direction of American storms, it is of great value.

* Blodget's *Climatology*, p. 374.

† *Handy Book of Meteorology*, p. 11.

In an able article published a year ago in the Chicago *Bureau*, a most stirring and reliable mercantile magazine, Prof. I. A. Lapham presented a chart of the great storm of March 13th–17th, 1859, showing its origin and progress over the country:

"The storm first struck our coast in Western Texas, about 2 P.M. of the 13th; from thence it moved to the northward and eastward, touching Lake Michigan twenty-four hours, and the Atlantic coast forty-eight hours later, thus allowing ample opportunity, with the aid of the telegraph, to prepare for its dangers, both upon the lakes and upon the sea. This storm occupied one more day in reaching Nova Scotia, and another before it finally left the continent, at St. John, Newfoundland. We have, therefore, in this case another very complete confirmation of the general deductions of Prof. Espy."

The accomplished editor of the *Bureau*, Charles W. Jenks, Esq., in commenting upon this paper and upon the storm itself, said:

"The same storm, as appears from authentic records, caused the total destruction of 2 propellers, 2 barques, 4 brigs, 19 schooners, 2 barges, and 6 scows—making an aggregate of 10,942 tons of shipping, whose value was $468,600. Sixty-two other vessels of different classes, were more or less injured. So that the total loss and damage to vessels upon the lakes, by this one storm of four days' continuance, may be set down as not less than one million of dollars; and if we add to this, as would be just, the value of the cargoes destroyed and damaged, and the minor losses not usually reported, we shall increase this sum to the fearful aggregate of over *two millions* of dollars!" *

May we not, indeed, with these facts before us, feel that the establishment of a thorough system of Meteorological observations, with a view to practical Storm-Warnings, is assured?

It is a common remark of meteorologists, that the masses gladly welcome their efforts in foretelling the weather. Indeed it is often a necessity with the poor man to foreknow the weather, and experience is his guide.

* *Bureau*, January, 1870.

"The certainty with which the lower animals," says Steinmetz, "foresee the changes of the weather; the impressions which they receive long before man himself is influenced; that solemn expectancy of all nature, which manifests itself before every shock of the elements,—all tend to show us that the forecasting of the weather is not a mere chimera."

"It is around the great lakes of America," says Margollé, the eminent French meteorologist, "where disasters are so frequent, that this system of communication was first put in play to signal the approach of storms; adopted subsequently by the principal States of Europe, it has already rendered the greatest service to navigators, and should likewise aid in diminishing the losses that unexpected bad weather so often inflicts upon agriculture."

M. Le Verrier, in his reply to the Ministry of Public Instruction in France, on the subject of the observations that it would be possible to organize in France, in order to obtain data useful to agriculture, recently said: "The reception accorded by our maritime populations of the warnings furnished them by the observatory, causes us to foresee the time at hand when our farmers will claim similar attention from the solicitude of the government."

"Your Excellency will, no doubt, remember that it was the urgent request of Prussia, on behalf of a society of agriculturists, at Mecklenberg, that gave occasion to our first despatches predicting the state of the weather, and that as early as 1854, after a storm that had devastated Provence, the Agricultural Board of Toulon addressed a long letter to the Minister of Agriculture, in order to set forth to him the advantages that would result from the pre-announcement at the right time of the approach of bad weather."

It is to be hoped that the time will come when each of our villages, as each of our seaports, may be furnished with weather warnings.

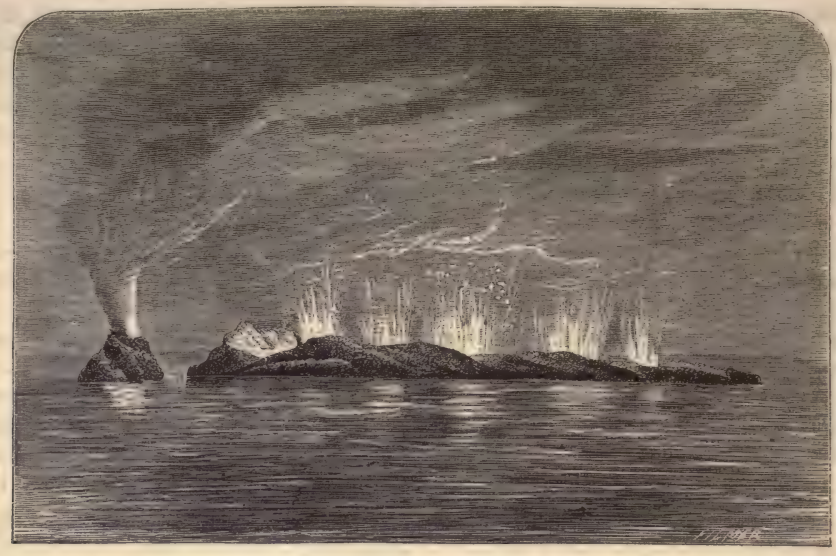
The question which arises, in the present stage of our inquiries, is an all-important one: *Are storms guided in their motion by any law? Have they any fixed tracks?*

It is evident that no results can be looked for (on an extended scale) in the use of Storm Forecasts unless this question can be answered in the affirmative. Upon whatever hypothesis different and differing meteorologists have explained the phenomena of storms, they have been nearly unanimous as regards the tracks of these violent meteors.

Rightly to understand the laws which govern the ordinary circulation of the atmosphere, we must take the ocean as the field on which the atmospheric forces perform their wonted and natural evolutions.

On the land, unless we except immense deserts, which have been, like Sahara, compared to "*a sea of sand*," the normal and regular winds are disturbed and diverted from their channels by the high mountain-walls, and even by ridges of lofty height. It has long since been observed by seamen that even small islands in the Pacific Ocean (*e.g.*, the Sandwich Islands) turn the gentle trades aside and cause them to reflow or blow backwards for a distance of some miles from the land. Now, as the laws of storms, or the extraordinary motions of our great gaseous ocean, are largely determined by the direction of the ordinary air currents, we must ascertain what the latter currents are. This interesting inquiry, extended by thousands of observers, for many centuries, over all parts of the ocean, and at every season of the year, with results carefully recorded and preserved in their log-books, furnishes us the materials for an intelligent conclusion. Columbus was one of the first of these meteorological observers, for he carefully noted, amid the terrors of his crew, that the Trade Winds within the tropics blew steadily towards the west (away from home); and the modern sailor finds them blowing to-day just where Columbus found them. Columbus also observed and recorded the great equatorial current of the Atlantic, writing, in the diary of his Third Voyage, these remarkable words: "I regard it as proved that the waters (within the tropics) move from east to west, as do the heavens (*las aguas van con los cielos*), that is to say, like the apparent motion of the sun, moon, and stars."

In the circulation of the atmosphere two mighty forces may be distinguished as the most potential agents at work. One of these



ISLE OF FERNANDINA, IN AUGUST, 1831.

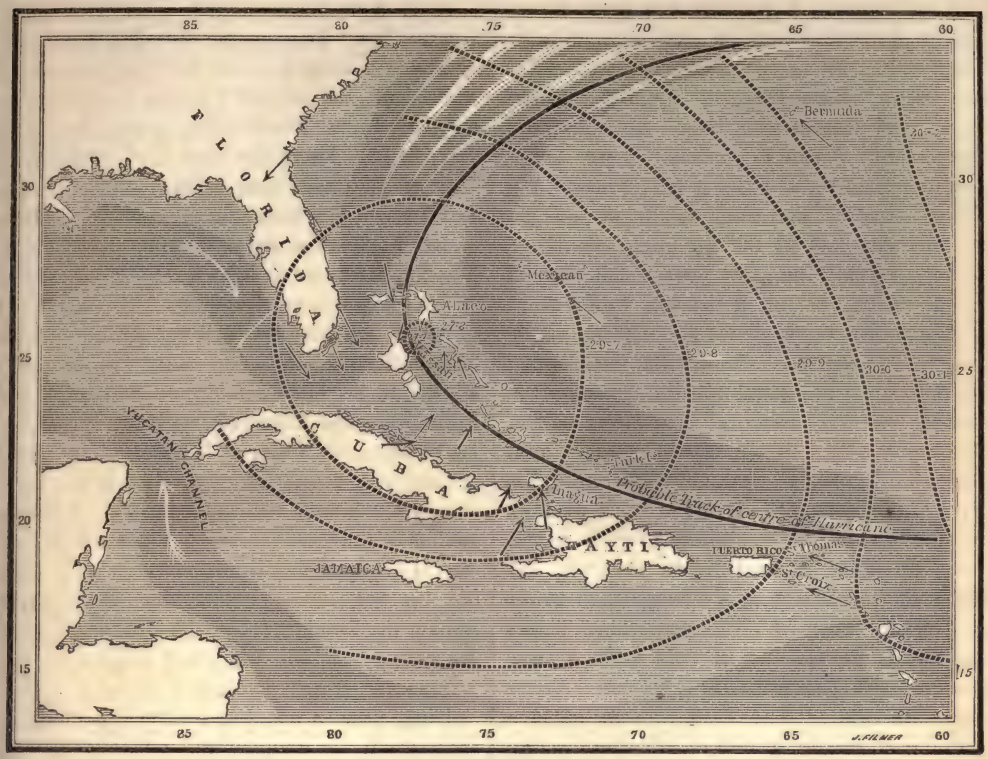
is the *sun's heat*—the reservoir of motive and mechanical power for the earth—which falls directly on the torrid zone. Here it co-operates with the submarine and volcanic furnace which, Humboldt, Ritter, Von Buch, and all physical geographers have agreed, underlies the central zone as a belt of ever-glowing fire.* To realize the mighty resources of this seething furnace, we have only to recall the history of the many islands of the sea which have sprung up in a night, and of as many others which have suddenly disappeared, as did Fernandina in the Mediterranean, maintaining itself above the water only a few weeks.

The other force, which controls the circulation of the atmosphere perhaps even more than the combined agencies of solar and subterranean heat, and which therefore demands most attention from the meteorologist, is the earth's rotation on its axis, by that mighty impulse originally received from the hand of the Almighty. Could an observer take his place on the moon, and with his telescope watch the daily revolution of the Earth, he would see it as an immense satellite, fourteen times the size of our full moon, revolving from West to East. Should his eye first rest upon the luminous land masses of America, they would for six hours move in the panorama; the Pacific Ocean would next appear, and successively Asia and Australia, Europe and Africa, and the Atlantic.* Upon the simple fact, thus disclosed, largely, if not mainly, depend the meteorologic and geographic characteristics of the whole planet, for, in the words of Sir John Herschel, "the Earth's rotation gives their peculiar character to all the great aërial currents which prevail over the globe."† To apprehend this we have but to conceive of the solid and fluid globe passing in daily and ceaseless revolution under the vast atmospheric envelope which covers its surface. As our planet rotates from West to East, and is continually slipping under the air, the effect is a broad band of wind ever moving around the globe from East to West. The winds thus created in the tropics, and depositing their loads of moisture on the soil, produce a marked contrast between the eastern and western coasts. Could the earth stop in its axial rotation, or begin to rotate from East to West, what vast revolutions would be immediately wrought! Brazi-

* How far subterranean heat affects the crust of the earth the reader will see ably set forth through five chapters of a work by Gerald Molloy, D.D., of England, lately republished by G. P. Putnam & Sons.

* For a beautiful description of the "Earth seen from the Moon," see Fay's Outline of Geography, G. P. Putnam & Son.

† Herschel's *Meteorology*, p. 57.



METEOROLOGICAL CHART OF WEST INDIES, FOR 1ST OF OCT., 1866, 8 P.M.

(Light-feathered arrows show course of currents: unfeathered arrows, winds.)

lian South America, now teeming with life and fertility dropped down upon it by the watery trade-winds, would become like the desert of Atacama and the rainless Peruvian slopes of the Andes.* The climatology of the globe and its physical aspects would be radically altered. If the earth did not revolve on its axis the trade-winds would blow from the north and the south directly towards the equator. As, however, the earth revolves from west to east, and the girth round the tropical circle where the trades begin to blow is not so great as at the equator, and consequently has less eastward velocity, the winds, as they approach the equator, find the earth revolving faster and faster and slipping from under them. They therefore lag behind and thus seem to blow from the northeast, north of the equator, and from the southeast, south of the equator.

As there is an incessant current of air poured upon the equatorial belt from both the north and south, it follows that the same quantity of atmosphere must return towards the poles, or else all the aërial ocean would be piled upon the equator. As this returning air, which moves from the equator as an *upper* current (called "*the upper trade*"), reaches the Tropic of Cancer it sinks to the earth's surface, and then moves in a northwardly and eastwardly direction. It takes this course for the same reason that the Gulf Stream, after leaving the Florida Channel, spreads itself out like a slightly-opened hand, and under the influence of the earth's diurnal rotation moves towards the British Isles in the path of a trajectory. Were the earth's axial rotation to cease, the Gulf Stream, with its warm, smoking waters, would no longer come in contact with the shores of Britain, but it would flow due north. Greenland would then be entitled to the name which was wrongfully given it, and Ireland would cease to be "Green Erin."

* See A. Keith Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, p. 119.

If we suppose it possible the great atmospheric currents could be *colored*, each with a hue of its own (as we color the Gulf Stream and other ocean currents upon a painted chart), and that at one glance we beheld the entire aërial ocean in circulation, we should instantly discover a most startling fact. We should discover that the currents of the sea and the currents of the air move nearly together, and that the great laws which control the pulsations of the liquid sea, with certain modifications, vitally affect the respirations of the gaseous ocean. There is this difference: the bottom of the aërial ocean moves approximately with the surface of the watery ocean, and conversely. If we compare for a moment the Map of Marine Currents and a diagram of the surface winds of the earth, we shall see how closely they conform to each other. Take the Gulf Stream for an example. It has been described by a distinguished writer as a mighty *river in the ocean*, whose banks and whose bottom are of cold water, as was proved by the researches of the United States Coast Survey. "The Gulf Stream plays a grand part in the system of Atlantic circulation. It carries the tepid and milk-warm water of the tropics into the frozen regions of the north;" it is an incessant preserver of the oceanic equilibrium, and, in the eloquent words of Michelet, "it flows onward to console the pole." But the Gulf Stream is a great liquid avenue, over whose blue waters roll mighty masses of atmosphere and ride in terrific triumph the fiercest cyclones.

Its track is overhung by aqueous vapor, and is thus a region of rarefied air and of a low barometer.

Here is a natural ATMOSPHERIC RIVER-BED. Its banks are of colder and heavier air and its bottom is the bosom of the sea itself. The storm, as it passes along this great highway carved out for it by an ordinance of the Almighty, may rub and fret against its bounds, as the locomotive, thundering along the curve of the road, may chafe against and batter the steel edges of the unyielding rail. It may even, like the engine, leave and leap its track and fly off in tangential fury. But it has a track, an ordained track, in which man may ordinarily expect to find it.

It is a well-known fact that the Gulf Stream, after leaving the Florida Channel, breaks into streaks of hot water, separated by streaks of cold water.* In his Coast Survey Reports, Lieut. Bache often speaks of these "bands." "There are two cold streaks outside of the (main axis of the) Gulf Stream, and a warm one between them: the position of the next warm streak is quite uncertain."† The thermometer indicates a great difference in the temperature as you cross these streaks of water, and they are well enough defined to be indicated on all good charts. (See these *streaks* in the Gulf Stream, as shown in the Meteorological Chart of the West Indies for 1st of October, 1866, at 8 P.M.) The same streaks were found by Capt. Bent in the celebrated Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan, similar to the Gulf Stream. The Gulf Stream thus appears like an open hand, the wrist resting on the Florida Pass and the Bahama Banks, the forefinger on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, and the other fingers on the Azores, the British Isles, and Norway.

I beg now to ask the reader especially to compare those courses and offshoots of the great Tropical Current with the following remark, which I have just received while I write, in a letter from Captain Silas Bent, the distinguished hydrographer, and flag-officer of Commodore Perry's Japan Expedition.

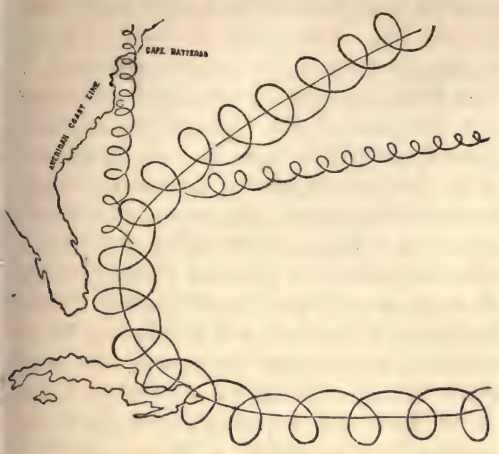
Writing with no reference whatever to the views here advanced, he says, in speaking from his twenty-five years' experience in managing vessels in storms and cyclones:—"The storm as it advances not unfrequently throws off small cyclones from its sides, but which are as perfect and symmetrical themselves as the parent storm."

Now each one of the diverging streaks of warm water in the Gulf Stream may be regarded as a little gulf stream in itself, offering a track for the offshoot, and inducing its separation from the main storm, whose centre is traveling on the central axis of the Gulf Stream.

Is it not, at any rate, perfectly clear that the general course of the heated waters of

* See Berghaus' Chart of the World.

† Coast Survey Report, p. 50. 1854.



OFFSHOOTING CYCLONES.

the Equatorial Current is the track of the cyclone?

Buchan, describing the direction in which European storms advance, says:—"About half the storms of Middle and Northern Europe travel from Southwest or W. S. W. towards N. E. or E. N. E., and nineteen out of every twenty, at least, travel toward some point in the quadrant of the compass from the northeast to the southeast. Thus the general direction from which storms come is westerly."* The reader has only to trace the Gulf Stream from its great parent, the Equatorial Current of the Atlantic, to its recurvation from the American shores toward England, to see that it may be truly regarded as the great *Storm-Bearer* of the West Indian hurricanes. This is attested by vast numbers of charts of storms arising in the Caribbean Sea and curving from a westerly to a northerly, and thence to a northeasterly course. In the work of charting these moving storms, the name of William C. Redfield, of New York, will ever be gratefully remembered by the seaman and the merchant.

"If a storm," says Prof. Loomis, "commences anywhere in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream, it naturally tends towards that stream, because here is the greatest amount of vapor to be precipitated, and when a storm has once encountered the Gulf Stream it continues to follow that stream in its progress eastward."

* P. 244, *Handy-Book of Meteorology.*

It is susceptible of demonstration that the major part of the Equatorial Current, diverted by the Windward or Lesser Antilles, and moving in obedience to physical law, does not enter the Gulf of Mexico, but flows by a curve off the northern shores of the Antilles, forming "The Northwest Branch" of the Equatorial Current.* It is the same case with what may be called the great *Aërial Equatorial Current*, which, flowing to the westward, conspires to work off most of the hurricanes into the track of the super-heated water, and causes them to follow the route indicated on the hurricane chart. Here we have then one of the

TRACKS OF AMERICAN STORMS.

Offshooting cyclones frequently strike the Atlantic coast of the United States, and move with great power into the interior. They are most frequently arrested, or their force broken, on the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, or on the Alleghanies. But they often break over the mountain barrier and pour their destruction on the western slopes of these ridges.

Had we synchronous reports from the towns visited by the fearful September storm and flood in Virginia, it is believed, we would be able to demonstrate that it was one of these offshoots from a Gulf-Stream cyclone. Its centre seems to have passed toward the mountain sources of the James River, whose bed was crowded and choked with the fatal torrent. Overleaping the Blue Ridge, it descended upon the fair valley of the Shenandoah, reaping its grand harvest of destruction and death.†

Why these cyclones should travel from the tropics toward the temperate region, is discovered from the chart of isobarometric lines, or the lines along which the barometric pressure is the same. As the atmosphere will ever move from a point of high barometer to one of low barometer, we can easily comprehend the phenomenon.‡

* See this demonstrated by the present writer in an article on "Hot Current of the Atlantic," *Harper's Monthly*, June, 1870.

† It did not reach the upper waters of the Potomac, but the loss of property and life is stated by the press to have been immense.

‡ See Buchan, p. 285.

Here, too, it may be well to remark, if meteorologists can rely upon anything they may rely upon these two facts :—First, That the atmosphere will naturally move from a point of high barometer to a point of low barometer,—just as naturally as the Mississippi river will run into the Gulf of Mexico, or as water runs down hill. Second, That the region of great aqueous vapor is always a region of low barometer. The southern hemisphere being the *water*-hemisphere, or, as Dové calls it, "*the boiler*," for which the northern hemisphere is the "condenser," is a striking illustration of the fact, the barometer always reading lower at Cape Horn and in the Antarctic regions than at any similar latitudes in the northern hemisphere.

We have but to take at random one out of the long catalogue of the charted hurricanes of the West Indies to see all that is here advanced verified, *e.g.* :—

"1827. August 17th to 27th (*Redfield*). Hurricane, August 17th, at Barbadoes; 19th, near Hayti; 24th, east of Charleston; 25th, off Cape Hatteras; 27th, east of New York; 28th, east of Halifax. This was central to the Gulf Stream through its whole track, and nearly midway between Bermuda and Charleston. Mr. Redfield gives eleven nautical miles per hour as the rate of movement of this storm."

It is the influence of the trade winds that gives the hurricane its westward motion at first. Reaching the northern limit of the trade-wind belt in latitude 30° North, it is relieved of this influence and moves to the north-east.

A second track taken by the fierce cyclone generated in the great Aërial Equatorial Current, is the track of the Gulf Stream through the Yucatan Channel. Penetrating the Gulf of Mexico through this gateway, the cyclone travels with the stream, or is projected to one side, falling sometimes with relentless fury upon the coast of Texas or Louisiana, and thence following, by a course more or less direct, the basin of the "Father of Waters." Over the bed of this mighty river—the drainage of a continent—the atmosphere is ever in a condition to offer transit to the moving storm. From the Gulf of Mexico, along the Mississippi up to its head-waters, and along its great tributary the Ohio, numbers of these fierce meteors, born in the tropics, have been traced. The reader will find one of them charted by Prof. I. A. Lapham, from materials furnished by the Smithsonian Institute, and published in the Chicago *Bureau*, the journal which has, more than any we know of in the land, been the earliest and most determined advocate of the Storm-Signal System. According to Capt. Bent, the storms from the equatorial Atlantic "emerge from the basin of the Gulf of Mexico between New Orleans and Tampico, and bend gradually to the N. E., passing over Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana to the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, requiring sometimes three or four days (or more) to travel from the Gulf to the Lakes, and ample time for information to be conveyed by telegraph in advance, so as to give warning of their approach not only to the shipping on the Lakes, but also to the railroads and farmers, who will, I am sure, in a few years learn so well to profit by such information, that the latter will consult the Meteorological Reports before sowing their grain or reaping their harvests." "To railroads," he adds, "the Reports may be made of great service—especially in the winter, as I know from experience—by lightening the trains so as to prevent being blocked by snow; and in the summer, to put the trainmen on the lookout for washed embankments or broken culverts and bridges."

The storms which strike upon the Texan coast are generally equinoctial or winter storms; for, when the sun is in his winter declination, the equatorial currents of the ocean are depressed, or drawn more into south latitude—the *thermal* equator vibrating with the sun causes all the currents of the sea and air to do the same, and thus the sweep of the hurricane is more likely to reach the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico.

A third track of American storms is from the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains over the plains in an eastwardly direction. It is difficult to explain this fact, but none have questioned it. It is, however, to be feared that meteorologists have dwelt too exclusively upon this source of our storms.

To comprehend how great disturbances are propagated from the region of the Rocky

Mountains eastwardly, we must regard three facts.

First, the general tendency of the atmosphere in the north temperate zone is from the south-west or west.

"Over a large part of British America and all the United States, except the most southerly districts, at a height ranging above seven thousand feet," says Dr. Draper, a "west wind is perpetually blowing. It moves in the middle latitudes at a rate of about twenty miles per hour, and there is reason to believe passes all around the globe. In a general manner, however, all our atmospheric disturbances move from the west to the east."

Moreover, as the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic is the natural channel for the storms which beat upon the British coast, so the Kuro-Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan, a mightier gulf stream than ours, whose recurving waters wash and warm the Pacific coasts of America,* affords a pathway for cyclones generated in the Pacific Ocean and the China seas. This latter region of the earth is near the very womb and nursery of the tempest and the typhoon. The storm engendered in its bosom finds, in the atmospheric river-bed overhanging the smoking waters of the Kuro-Siwo, a free and ready transit.

We have seen that the great majority of Atlantic storms move over the Gulf Stream to England and western Europe, and it is not hard to see how the coasts of California and the western declivities of the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains are called to receive the shocks of cyclones from the Kuro-Siwo.

"The great storms at sea off the coast (of Japan)," says Blodget, "also appear to be like those of the Gulf Stream and Atlantic coast." † "When we take into account," says Piddington, "that this warm ocean stream is found exactly on the lines which connect the greatest volcanic chain of our globe, we are struck with the analogy which this presents with the Florida Gulf Stream; and we call necessarily to mind the prevalence of cyclones within its limits and their tendency to follow its track."*

Vessels and Japanese junks, dismasted off the coast of Japan, have been drifted by the Kuro-Siwo to the coast of California, just as beans and vegetables from the West Indies have been drifted to Iceland and Spitzbergen by the Gulf Stream. Is it then strange that the Pacific storms should be propagated on the Kuro-Siwo to our continent?

Observations in the Western Pacific have been comparatively meagre; but Mr. William C. Redfield, in the second volume of Com. Perry's Japan Expedition Report, has given a chart of the cyclones off the coast of China and Japan which bears out, as far as it goes, the view here expressed of the recurvation of these storms towards the American shores of the Pacific.

Mountain systems on the Pacific coast are, it is true, to be regarded. "The effect of the mountain systems of Asia, in particular the Yablonoi or Stanovoi Mountains," according to Buchan, "in shutting in the cold, dense air within that region is to be referred to. Indeed, but for this high mountain range, the singular distribution of the pressure which is seen to obtain from Yakutsk eastward to Kamtchatka could not be maintained,† and in all probability the whole winter pressure of Central Asia would be materially reduced."

But these Asiatic mountain-walls tower up far beyond the summits of the Rocky Mountain barrier, and the air which seeks to pass the latter is not the cold, dense atmosphere of Siberia. It is not impossible, therefore, to see how the Pacific storm, after traveling to the east, overleaps the mountains, and, once over, sweeps eastward with undiminished velocity. As it rolls on over the great western plain it meets no obstacle, and reaching the valley of the Upper Mississippi naturally ascends it, or, as is often the case, makes its fiery way to the Great Lakes. The heavy atmospheric pressure on the cold regions of British America would serve as a wall against the northerly or north-easterly movement of these storms.

The storms which fall upon the north-east

* At Fort Steilacoom (Puget's Sound) the temperature is higher than at Santa Fé, 800 miles farther south.

† *Climatology of the United States*, p. 117.

* See Piddington's *Horn-Book*, p. 70.

† Meteorology, p. 51.

coast of the United States, in New England and the Middle States, have a steady movement beginning in the south or south-west, and gradually work around to a north-east point. Some of them work up along the Atlantic seaboard. They are, doubtless, originally small cyclones thrown off into and across the Gulf of Mexico from the Equatorial Current or the Gulf Steam. It is a singular fact that these storms too, like that charted by Professor Lapham, are not summer storms, but winter or equinoctial storms, thrown off from the Equatorial Current while the sun is vertically on or *below* the equator, and hence while the current itself and the trade-wind belt also are drawn down and depressed to a low latitude. At this time, of course, the hurricane track of the West Indies, instead of running north of Cuba, will run south of Cuba or along the northern coast of South America.

If the meteorological labors of the government Signal Service and Bureau of Telegrams and Reports (now under the guidance of the able and enterprising Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, who has in a few months organized a system of weather-telegraphy which will compare favorably with systems in Europe which have been the work of years) can be sufficiently extended, these and all other important American storms may be forecast, and mariners along our northern and lake coasts be forewarned at least twenty-four hours, and often two or three days. It may be well in this connection to consider the following remark of Admiral Fitzroy: "There is no discrepancy between the results of ten years' investigation, published by Dr. Lloyd in 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,' the three years inquiries published by Mr. W. Stevenson, and other investigations which have been brought together during the last few years. They all tell the same story. Gales from the south and west are followed by dangerous storms from the north and east; and those from the north and east do most damage on our coasts. By tracing the facts it is shown that storms which come from the west and south come on gradually, but that those from the north and east begin suddenly, and often with extraordinary force. The barometer, with these north-eastern storms, does not give direct warning upon this coast, because it ranges higher than the wind from the opposite quarter.

"But though the barometer does not give much indication of a north-east storm, the thermometer does; and the known average temperature of every morning in the year affords the means (from the temperature being much above or below the mean average of the time of year) of knowing, by comparisons, whether the wind will be northerly or southerly," &c.

THE VELOCITY

of these storms, and of all our cyclones, is variously estimated from five to thirty miles per hour, which is, at the maximum, not more than that of an ordinary railroad train. "On rare occasions the rate at which storms travel, according to Buchan, is as great as forty-five miles an hour." "Since the distance from the south-west of Ireland to the east of Great Britain," he adds, "is about four hundred and fifty miles, it follows that even after a storm has appeared on the west of Ireland, the eastern seaports may be generally warned of its approach twenty-four hours before the force of the gale begins to be felt, even though no warning be issued until the storm has actually made its appearance in Ireland." *

The space fails us for the present, but the most interesting phases of the subject remain. We have seen that the most furious cyclones are not wandering meteors and fitful nomads, but that they pursue their ordained and beaten tracks, observing something of that precision with which our planet describes the elliptic orbit around its central star.

The question then arises, *By what law do they move?*

[The second article on this subject in the next number of the Magazine, will present its more interesting and popular phases, *e.g.*, the nature and laws of storms; the premonitions and causes of American storms; the meteorological instruments and methods of observation adopted for the service by the Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army; the system of despatching and bulletining the telegrams and storm-warnings; and the latest results and prospects of the enterprise. The illustrations will be done with peculiar care, and by the first artists.]

* *Meteorology*, p. 248.

CONFERENCE WRONG SIDE OUT.

THE minister had gone to New York to marry his sister, the lawyer was off on circuit, the deacon was laid up at home with a sprained ankle, and the Conference was coming. What should we do?

Do? Why, there was the church to be tidied up, the vestry to be cleaned, tables to be made and spread, crockeryware to be bought, begged, borrowed, and broken, food to be cooked by the cargo, and coffee and tea to be made by the barrel. I could not get an apple gathered or a log split for a fortnight, because "I've got to work up 't' the meetin'-house. You know Conference is comin'." Yes, all the autumn, Conference darkled vaguely in the horizon, and it was when October shimmered brown and gold and glorious, and Conference bore down upon us under full sail, near and inevitable, that the minister must needs go off a-marrying, the lawyer a-courting, and the deacon a-spraining his ankle. So we laity were left to prepare the way for a Conference which was used to good eating, and which we could not let starve on our hands without incurring perpetual disgrace. "Besides," said Conference-goers among our brethren and sisters, "we have been to Conference and got great dinners, and we will give them as good as they send."

It is a praiseworthy principle. Sealed be the lips that would gainsay it!

So, as foreordained from the pulpit, we gather to the preliminary meeting in the vestry, for we are advocates of law and order. We will have organization and a moderator. No mob-rule for us. In the vestry the women are merry and many; the men are two, and forlorn. The women hold seats on the right, as is their wont; they are fired with ambition, filled with plans and enthusiasm; they talk in loud whispers, confuse each other with cross remarks, and look daggers over at the two lonesome, unhappy men who flatter themselves they are talking together, but really, with hearts of lead, are only striving to pass away the time, and wishing that Blucher or night were come, and wondering what they shall do if neither Blucher nor night appears.

"Come now," says a woman energetically "go and shut those two men up in the small vestry and let us proceed to business."

For we are all woman's rights here, every mother's son of us, and knowing, dare maintain. That is, we take our rights without more ado. We have just voted that we will vote in church, and as for our husbands, we order them around well when we feel like it, and submit to nothing but fate. Still, we do our bullying by our own hearthstones, and sit in prayer-meeting as silent and meek as any subject race, to the annoyance of the free white males, who would like to have us take the burden off their shoulders by "offering a few remarks" at the Teachers' Meeting or the Sunday-school Concert. But we won't. We prefer to sit still, and criticise their remarks after we go home.

Finally, as the cows gradually get milked, and the horses shod, and the tale of human shoes made up, the men drop in one by one; somebody proposes a moderator, and we are fairly a-going. Now as we are all "woman's rights" this would seem to be the golden opportunity to put them in practice. The entertainment of the Conference is but an enlarged hospitality, and we women must engineer it through. Moreover, the Lord has taken away our three masters from our head to-day, and what doth hinder that we should not be our own masters and say what we want, and what we will have, and what we will do, without the intervention of the tyrant man?

Wherefore, the chairman being chosen, and the machinery ready to begin, we all sit with an expectant look in our eyes, and an embarrassed smile on our lips for two minutes. The men think they will give the women a chance, and keep still; and the women think they have got their chance, and it feels like a very large elephant on their hands. Presently we fall simultaneously to nudging each other to speak.

"We want a committee," whispers Mrs. A., from one end of the long settee, to Mrs. B. at the other.

"Then you get up and say so," says

Mrs. B. sententiously, which is not encouraging.

After much skirmish in whispers, one of the men rises and comes over to us. O wretched renegades that we are, disfranchised and degraded—the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. No sooner does this man take a seat on our settee than all the settees bow down and do obeisance as servilely as if they believed the head of the woman was the man. We pounce upon him, we twist ourselves around to face him, we shriek at him in horrid whispers, none of which can he distinguish, but he manages to strike a general average and rises to move that a committee be appointed. The motion is put and carried, and immediately a lively caucus ensues on the settees as to the appointees.

"Mrs. C.," says one.

"Yes, she is beautiful: you nominate her."

"No, you!" with expressive pantomimic gesture.

The little lady clears her throat, and tries to say in stentorian tones, "Mrs. C.;" but she miscalculates her force and there is a decided case of *vox faucibus hæsit.* Then we all giggle.

"Do somebody nominate her," says the biggest coward among us. "Can't you just say Mrs. J. C.?" As if it were as easy as breathing, she herself having nearly suffocated in the attempt, whereat half a dozen voices perpetrate another attack on the good name of Mrs. C. But as each voice is on a different key, and as they all begin with a wheeze and end with a whisper, and as we have squatted in the farthest back seats, while the chairman is at the other end under the pulpit, the nominations come to his ear only as a gentle inarticulate soughing. Still he evidently thinks something is going on, and stares steadfastly and inquiringly into our corner, while we are smothering with laughter over our prowess. Presently one of us takes her life in her hands, and gathering up all her soul, hurls "Mrs. J—— M—— C——" at the moderator, in a voice ringing from desperation, twice as loud as there is any call for, and then looks back upon us with an air of triumph, evidently thinking she has made a speech, and that it is the speech of the evening. So we hitch along, canvassing as we go, and announcing the result of each canvass in a confused and wabbling chorus of squeaky, husky voices, because nobody ventures to speak alone, and no two can agree to begin at the same instant, till the committee is chosen, and we rest on our arms and query what is to be done next.

We don't think of anything, but choose more Committee, when somebody brighter than the rest starts up the impertinent question, "What is this committee for that we have already chosen?"

"Why—everything," we say blankly, looking from one to another.

"To boss the job," says the carpenter, who has joined us, not professionally, however.

"To taste the things that are brought in, and see if they are good," says the chairman of the committee, his eyes dilate with foretaste of the feast.

Here it is suggested on the slowly darkening "men's side," that no one has kept a list of the names. The moderator proposes that a secretary be appointed. Our mouthpiece has—gallantly—no doubt the ladies will remember everything; still it may be advisable to have the list written, and he will act as secretary if any one will lend him a pencil. The moderator proffers a pencil, and Mouthpiece steals a march upon us by advancing to the front. Hereupon a muffled shriek of despair proceeds from the corner. "Oh! we have lost our man!" "Oh! now our man is gone, and we can't talk!" "Oh! make him come back again!" But he smiles and smiles from afar, and is villain enough to know when he is well off and stay there, and another king arises, seeing our bereaved condition, and deigns to come over and help us.

"We must have a committee to take care of the food," whispers Mrs. D.

"Yes," says Mrs. E., "if I send a pie, I want the Conference folks to have it. I don't want it eaten up by small boys!"

"And we ought to have a committee to take care of what is left, and set the table for supper."

"Why, we are not going to give them a supper."

"Yes, we are. There will be a good many who won't go till the last train, and will want a supper."

"You have too many on committee now," says King Stork; "you don't want any more."

"And who is going to do all the work?" we demand, turning upon him severely.

"Let this committee call in as much assistance as they want, but let them be responsible. If you have so many committees there is no head and no responsibility."

We gaze upon him with pity, remembering the long line of conferences and ordinations and tea-parties that have made our village history a trail of glory, and the innumerable committees under which our fields were won; but we remember also that he is but a late-comer, who, during those eventful days, was wandering in some outer darkness, and does not know that Britons never will be slaves; and though we are quite willing to work day and night, we will do it as committee and not as the menials and minions of a committee! Assistance indeed! Thus ever is the civic mind overridden by organization, and would sacrifice the noble pride of the rural districts to the same false god.

"We ought to have a committee on carriages," suggests one of the elect ladies.

"What do you want of carriages?" asks King Log.

"Why, to bring the people to and from the station."

"Nonsense. If they are well they can walk, and if they are sick they better stay at home."

"But the ministers, we mustn't make them walk." Forever to the female eye is your clergyman baked of purest porcelain; no common earthenware is he.

"Do 'em good," rejoins Earthenware brusquely; "they will enjoy it. When we had the ordination didn't Jeremy Taylor and Jonathan Edwards walk all the way and think it was fun?"

The elect lady is silenced, but not convinced. Meanwhile there has been a vote taken, and she holds up her hand. "What are you voting for? Take down your hand," cry the imperious whispers.

"I won't; I'm going to vote."

"But you are voting contrary-minded. We've all voted for Miss Mary B."

"I don't care. I'd rather be contrary-minded than lose my vote." And men have the audacity to say that in the kingdom coming, of female suffrage, the best women will not vote!

"Take Mrs. X. Y. for the other one."

"What is that? Mrs. X. Y.? No, she is deaf, and she told me it was no use to put her on anything. Why don't you have Mrs. Q. P.?"

"Mrs. Q. P.! She can't come. You need not nominate her."

"Why can't she? She is a real good hand."

"But don't you know? She—why—she has a little baby."

"No, she hasn't. Her baby is two years old, and can stay with its grandmother."

"But she has another."

"I don't believe it!"

"It's true."

"How old is it, come?"

"Born in July."

"Well, that's news to me."

Everybody is taken aback, and the whole Conference comes to a dead halt over this problematical baby; but the definite date seems to silence doubts. If you can assert that a baby was born on a fixed day, it follows as the night that day that he was really born. So presently we return to business. Shall we have tea and coffee? No. Tea, but not coffee. Yes, tea and coffee. You can't make them both. Mrs. H. says you may have her cooking-stove. I will give the coffee rather than not have it. How much tea do we need? Oh! twenty or thirty pounds. Absurd! Six pounds is enough. Why, how many will be here? Thirty churches belong to the Conference. And they will all come. And most of 'em won't have any regular meals for two days beforehand, so as to get up an appetite. Oh! have we got a committee to go around and see what people will give? If we don't, they will all send in cake or pies and we shan't have any bread and meat. La! we haven't half committees enough. We ought to have sixteen more committees, two on each. Oh! see how Mrs. M. wants to be in office! She thinks if there are sixteen she will stand a chance. Why look. Mrs. N. and Mrs. O.

aren't on anything. They ought to be, they are so public-spirited. Well, make a committee and put them on. But we've got committees on everything you can think of. Make a general committee, then. But the first was a general committee. And this will be a general-in-chief. Make it quick. And the perplexed King Stork puts his private opinions in his pocket, and moves that Mr. N., Mr. O., Mr. P., and Mr. Q., be appointed a general committee.

"And their wives!" yell the settees in their enraged whispers.

"And their wives," echoes the mouthpiece, subdued beyond even the semblance of resistance.

And then, having formed committees enough to get ourselves all in honorable positions, we depart in peace; not fancying that we have made a brilliant stand for woman's rights, but firm in the faith that we shall come out strong on the Conference dinner. And if you win the battle, what matter whether you do it by Hardee's tactics or your own?

Conference Right Side Out is a very different and a very decorous thing. No committee, no squeaky voices, no seven women laying hold of one man, no croaking about cooking or pottering about pottery, but a dignified assembly of clergy and delegates met to report on the state and progress of their several Zions, to hear a memorial sermon, to take counsel with each other on the work of the Lord, and stir up their own pure minds by way of remembrance. Still, if you ask how the Conference was, ten to one the delighted villager will reply enthusiastically:

"Oh! everything went beautifully. There were two hundred and fifty people sat down to dinner, and enough for everybody, and plenty left. The baked beans and brown bread went like everything."

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! I wish to know if the churches are sound in the faith and alive in the spirit, and I am answered in baked beans! Yes, and I venture to say, if we could get at the core of things, good Christians as we all are, though we don't all know it, that not one of us who receive the Conference takes the least thought for the state of the churches. What we had at heart was to furnish a good dinner for the clergy and the laity.

And how they did come! It rained almost incessantly, and we all know the frantic efforts of the ministers and the religious newspapers to make people disregard the weather on Sundays, and the blank array of empty pews with which people respond whenever there is a cloud in the sky no bigger than a man's hand. So we went to church bemoaning our loaded hampers, and resolving to stay and dine ourselves rather than our viands should be lost—especially as we had no dinner at home—and lo! a great multitude had gone up to the courts of the Lord, and our pews were full in spite of the rain, and those of us who came to eat remained to serve.

"What shall we do with our loaves and fishes?" communed the villagers on their way to the tabernacle.

"What shall we do with the people that have come to eat them?" they asked, in the consternation of hospitality, when the tabernacle door flew open to the throng that gathered there.

I must confess I attempted to stir up sedition, but met with inglorious failure. Seeing the chaos and care, the tables to be made, the settees to be turned and overturned, the order to be disordered, and the disorder to be reorganized into order, I said, "It is too much work. It is fatiguing to think of." And everybody cried with one voice, not a bit of it. Indeed they were as blithe as blackbirds, and as chattering. It was fun, and society, and good cheer. The more the merrier, both of hosts and guests; so then I turned right about face, determined to pick a quarrel with the existing order of things, somehow, and said: "This shows how much we need amusements. This Conference is a sort of ecclesiastical ball and supper. They are talking instead of dancing up in the ball-room, but they don't look much more solemn than the average American going through a cotilion, and I reckon the average cotilion American does not cheat in trade, does not snub his wife, does not lose his temper much oftener than the average church American. But we churchlings have so discountenanced amusements that we are infinitely amused by

so small a change in our daily life as doing by the dozen once in seven years what we do singly at home every day. The pleasure of getting out of the narrow routine of home, of getting together with our friends and neighbors, takes the wear and tear out of the work, and instead of wearying refreshes and heartens us. Why do we not then learn a lesson from this, and invent pleasant little assemblies for and of ourselves, with or without baked beans, where young and old can meet and chat and sing and play such games as do not go against the conscience of the brethren? Why not have, that is, a little neighborhood conference every month, or as often as shall seem agreeable, to which good manners shall be the only entrance fee, and where baked beans or roasted potatoes shall be the inexpensive but sufficient entertainment, though each may bring that which seems good in his own eyes?"

This would make the church the recognized social as well as religious centre, and might somehow equalize matters. For me, I am amazed at the goodness of the world, its forgiveness, and forbearance, and general virtuousness. Here we church-folk berate the "world's people" every Sunday about their trespasses and sins, and yet no sooner do we get up a Conference, which is exclusively a church matter, and has nothing to do with the world except to burnish up the weapons wherewith we mean to attack it, and immediately the kindly, hospitable, good-natured world forgets all the hard names we have been calling it; turns to with as hearty a will as if it were in good and regular standing; knocks up tables and chairs, provides horses and carriages, spreads thick slices of bread and butter, and thin slices of ham and tongue, all one as if we had not ruled it out of the Kingdom Come. And we gladly accept. We have no intention of associating with it in the next world, but we are very glad to avail ourselves of its services in this. We make a distinct mark on the sheep of our fold, and so class them off from the goats; but so far as natural history is concerned you never could tell them apart.

There is, I regret to be obliged to say, one drop of bitterness in our sweet draught. We did not have puddings. To be sure we did not need them. Need them! I should think! Why, when Mrs. Betty came in, erect and confident, with bag, pail, and pillow-case, and succinctly inquired, "Meat cut up yet? Want the scraps;" were we not so filled with faith in our resources that, though the meeting was barely begun in the church triumphant above, and the tables not spread in the church militant below, generous hands laid hold of joints, carved out bones, and cut off gristle, leaving large margins of meat, made odds and ends where none existed, and sent Mrs. Betty away rejoicing, to feed out of her pillow-case till Thanksgiving?

No, we did not need puddings, nor even miss them till the next day, when, as ill luck would have it, they got up an installation in the neighboring village, which we all attended, and the iron entered into our souls, for they installed with puddings! In every other respect we think we held our own; but those frosted, foamy puddings gave a whiteness and delicacy to the tables which ours lacked. We like our minister too well to hope for an installation of our own, and the Conference only comes round once in seven years; but I warrant you whoever lives to see that day will see something in the way of puddings that shall make all his previous experiences of frost and foam seem but an idle dream.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 337.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LEADS.

THE moment Mrs. Wilson was gone, I expected to see Clara peep out from behind the tapestry in the corner; but as she did not appear, I lifted it and looked in. There was nothing behind but a closet almost filled with books, not upon shelves, but heaped up from floor to ceiling. There had been just room and no more for Clara to stand between the tapestry and the books. It was of no use attempting to look for her—at least I said so to myself, for as yet the attraction of an old book was equal to that of a young girl. Besides, I always enjoyed waiting—up to a certain point. Therefore I resumed my place on the floor, with the Seven Champions in one hand and my chamber-candlestick in the other.

I had for the moment forgotten Clara in the adventures of St. Andrew of Scotland, when the *silking* of her frock aroused me. She was at my side.

"Well, you've had your dinner? Did she give you any dessert?"

"This is my dessert," I said, holding up the book. "It's far more than——"

"Far more than your desert," she pursued, "if you prefer it to me."

"I looked for you first," I said defensively.

"Where?"

"In the closet there."

"You didn't think I was going to wait there, did you? Why the very spiders are hanging dead in their own webs in there. But here's some dessert for you—if you're as fond of apples as most boys," she added, taking a small rosy-cheeked beauty from her pocket.

I accepted it, but somehow did not quite relish being lumped with boys in that fashion. As I ate it, which I should have felt bound to do even had it been less acceptable in itself, she resumed—

"Wouldn't you like to see the company arrive? That's what I came for. I wasn't going to ask Goody Wilson."

"Yes, I should," I answered, "but Mrs. Wilson told me to keep here, and not get in their way."

"Oh! I'll take care of that. We shan't go near them. I know every corner of the place—a good deal better than Mrs. Wilson. Come along, Wilfrid—that's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. Am I to call you Clara?"

"Yes, if you are good—that is if you like. I don't care what you call me. Come along."

I followed. She led me into the armory. A great clang of the bell in the paved court fell upon our ears.

"Make haste," she said, and darted to the door at the foot of the little stair. "Mind how you go," she went on. "The steps are very much worn. Keep your right shoulder foremost."

I obeyed her directions, and followed her up the stair. We passed the door of a room over the armory, and ascended still, to creep out at last through a very low door on to the leads of the little square tower. Here we could on the one side look into every corner of the paved court, and on the other, across the roof of the hall, could see about half of the high court, as they called it, into which the carriages drove; and from this post of vantage we watched the arrival of a good many parties. I thought the ladies tripping across the paved court, with their gay dresses lighting up the spring twilight, and their sweet voices rippling its almost pensive silence, suited the time and the place much better than the carriages dashing into the other court, fine as they looked with their well-kept horses and their servants in gay liveries. The sun was down, and the moon was rising—near the full, but there was too much light in the sky to let her make much of herself yet. It was one of those spring evenings which you could not tell from an autumn one except for a certain something in the air appealing to an undefined sense—rather that of smell than any

other. There were green buds and not withering leaves in it—life and not death; and the voices of the gathering guests were of the season, and pleasant to the soul. Of course Nature did not then affect me so definitely as to make me give forms of thought to her influences. It is now first that I turn them into shapes and words.

As we stood, I discovered that I had been a little mistaken about the position of the Hall. I saw that, although from some points in front it seemed to stand on an isolated rock, the ground rose behind it, terrace upon terrace, the uppermost of which terraces was crowned with rows of trees. Over them the moon was now gathering her strength.

"It is rather cold; I think we had better go in," said Clara, after we had remained there for some minutes without seeing any fresh arrivals.

"Very well," I answered. "What shall we do? Shall you go home?"

"No, certainly not. We must see a good deal more of the fun first."

"How will you manage that? *You* will go to the ball-room, I suppose. You can go where you please, of course."

"Oh no! *I'm* not grand enough to be invited. Oh, dear no! At least I am not *old* enough."

"But you will be some day."

"I don't know. Perhaps. We'll see. Meantime we must make the best of it. What are *you* going to do?"

"I shall go back to the library."

"Then I'll go with you—till the music begins; and then I'll take you where you can see a little of the dancing. It's great fun."

"But how will you manage that?"

"You leave that to me."

We descended at once to the armory, where I had left my candle; and thence we returned to the library.

"Would you like me to read to you?" I asked.

"I don't mind—if it's anything worth hearing."

"Well, I'll read you a bit of the book I was reading when you came in."

"What! that musty old book! No, thank you. It's enough to give one the horrors. The very sight of it is enough. How can you like such frumpy old things?"

"Oh! you mustn't mind the look of it," I said. "It's *very* nice inside!"

"I know where there *is* a nice one," she returned. "Give me the candle."

I followed her to another of the rooms, where she searched for some time. At length —"There it is!" she said, and put into my hand *The Castle of Otranto*. The name promised well. She next led the way to a lovely little bay window, forming almost a closet, which looked out upon the park, whence, without seeing the moon, we could see her light on the landscape, and the great deep shadows cast over the park from the towers of the Hall. There we sat on the broad window sill, and I began to read. It was delightful. Does it indicate loss of power, that the grown man cannot enjoy the book in which the boy delighted? Or is it that the realities of the book, as perceived by his keener eyes, refuse to blend with what imagination would supply if it might?

No sooner, however, did the first notes of the distant violins enter the ear of my companion than she started to her feet.

"What's the matter?" I asked, looking up from the book.

"Don't you hear the music?" she said, half indignantly.

"I hear it now," I answered; "but why ——?"

"Come along," she interrupted, eagerly. "We shall just be in time to see them go across from the drawing-room to the ball-room. Come, come. Leave your candle."

I put down my book with some reluctance. She led me into the armory, and from the armory out on the gallery half-encompassing the great hall, which was lighted up, and full of servants. Opening another door in the gallery, she conducted me down a stair which led almost into the hall, but, ascending again behind it, landed us in a little lobby, on one side of which was the drawing-room, and on the other the ball-room, on another level, reached by a few high semicircular steps.

"Quick! quick!" said Clara, and turning sharply round, she opened another door, disclosing a square-built stone staircase. She

pushed the door carefully against the wall, ran up a few steps, I following in some trepidation, turned abruptly and sat down. I did as she did, questioning nothing: I had committed myself to her superior knowledge.

The quick ear of my companion had caught the first sounds of the tuning of the instruments, and here we were, before the invitation to dance, a customed observance at Moldwarp Hall, had begun to play. In a few minutes thereafter the door of the drawing-room opened; when, pair after pair, the company, to the number of over a hundred and fifty, I should guess, walked past the foot of the stair on which we were seated, and ascended the steps into the ball-room. The lobby was dimly lighted, except from the two open doors, and there was little danger of our being seen.

I interrupt my narrative to mention the odd fact, that so fully was my mind possessed with the antiquity of the place, which it had been the pride of generation after generation to keep up, that now when I recall the scene, the guests always appear dressed not as they were then, but in a far more antique style with which after-knowledge supplied my inner vision!

Last of all came Lady Brotherton, Sir Giles's wife, a pale, delicate-looking woman, leaning on the arm of a tall, long-necked, would-be-stately, yet insignificant-looking man. She gave a shiver as, up the steps from the warm drawing-room, she came at once opposite our open door.

"What a draught there is here!" she said, adjusting her rose-colored scarf about her shoulders. "It feels quite wintry. Will you oblige me, Mr. Mollet, by shutting that door? Sir Giles will not allow me to have it built up. I am sure there are plenty of ways to the leads besides that."

"This door, my lady?" asked Mr. Mollet.

I trembled least he should see us.

"Yes. Just throw it to. There's a spring lock on it. I can't think——"

The slam and echoing bang of the closing door cut off the end of the sentence. Even Clara was a little frightened, for her hand stole into mine for a moment before she burst out laughing.

"Hush! hush!" I said. "They will hear you."

"I almost wish they would," she said. "What a goose I was to be frightened, and not speak! Do you know where we are?"

"No," I answered; "how should I? Where are we?"

My fancy of knowing the place had vanished utterly by this time. All my mental charts of it had got thoroughly confused, and I do not believe I could have even found my way back to the library.

"Shut out on the leads," she answered. "Come along. We may as well go to meet our fate."

I confess to a little palpitation of the heart as she spoke, for I was not yet old enough to feel that Clara's companionship made the doom a light one. Up the stair we went—here no twisting corkscrew, but a broad flight enough, with square turnings. At the top was a door, fastened only with a bolt inside—against no worse housebreakers than the winds and rains. When we emerged, we found ourselves in the open night.

"Here we are in the moon's drawing-room!" said Clara.

The scene was lovely. The sky was all now—the earth only a background or pedestal for the heavens. The river, far below, shone here and there in answer to the moon, while the meadows and fields lay as in the oblivion of sleep, and the wooded hills were only dark formless masses. But the sky was the dwelling-place of the moon, before whose radiance, penetratingly still, the stars shrunk as if they would hide in the flowing skirts of her garments. There was scarce a cloud to be seen, and the whiteness of the moon made the blue thin. I could hardly believe in what I saw. It was as if I had come awake without getting out of the dream.

We were on the roof of the ball room. We felt the rhythmic motion of the dancing feet shake the building in time to the music. "A low melodious thunder" buried beneath—above the eternal silence of the white moon!

We passed to the roof of the drawing-room. From it, upon one side, we could peep into the great gothic window of the hall which rose

high above it. We could see the servants passing and repassing, with dishes for the supper which was being laid in the dining-room under the drawing-room, for the hall was never used for entertainment now, except on such great occasions as a coming of age, or an election feast, when all classes met.

"We mustn't stop here," said Clara. "We shall get our deaths of cold."

"What shall we do then?" I asked.

"There are plenty of doors," she answered — "only Mrs. Wilson has a foolish fancy for keeping them all bolted. We must try, though."

Over roof after roof we went; now descending, now ascending a few steps; now walking along narrow gutters, between battlement and sloping roof; now crossing awkward junctions—trying doors, many in tower and turret—all in vain! Every one was bolted on the inside. We had grown quite silent, for the case looked serious.

"This is the last door," said Clara—"the last we can reach. There are more in the towers, but they are higher up. What *shall* we do? Except we go down a chimney, I don't know what's to be done."

Still her voice did not falter, and my courage did not give way. She stood for a few moments silent. I stood regarding her, as one might listen for a doubtful oracle.

"Yes, I've got it!" she said at length. "Have you a good head, Wilfrid?"

"I don't quite know what you mean," I answered.

"Do you mind being on a narrow place, without much to hold by?"

"High up?" I asked, with a shiver.

"Yes."

For a moment I did not answer. It was a special weakness of my physical nature, one which my imagination had increased tenfold—the absolute horror I had of such a transit as she was evidently about to propose. My worst dreams—from which I would wake with my heart going like a fire-engine, were of adventures of the kind. But before a woman, how could I draw back? I would rather lie broken at the bottom of the wall. And if the fear should come to the worst, I could at least throw myself down and end it so.

"Well?" I said, as if I had only been waiting for her exposition of the case.

"Well!" she returned. — "Come along then."

I did go along—like a man to the gallows; only I would not have turned back to save my life. But I should have hailed the slightest change of purpose in her, with such pleasure as Daniel must have felt when he found the lions would rather not eat him. She retraced our steps a long way—until we reached the middle of the line of building which divided the two courts.

"There!" she said, pointing to the top of the square tower over the entrance to the hall, from which we had watched the arrival of the guests: it rose about nine feet only above where we now stood in the gutter—"I *know* I left the door open when we came down. I did it on purpose. I hate Goody Wilson. Lucky, you see! — that is if you have a head. And if you haven't, it's all the same: I have."

So saying, she pointed to a sort of flying buttress which sprung sideways, with a wide span, across the angle the tower made with the hall, from an embrasure of the battlement of the hall, to the outer corner of the tower, itself more solidly buttressed. I think it must have been made to resist the outward pressure of the roof of the hall; but it was one of those puzzling points which often occur—and oftenest in domestic architecture—where additions and consequent alterations have been made from time to time. Such will occasion sometimes as much conjecture towards their explanation, as a disputed passage in Shakspeare or Æschylus.

Could she mean me to cross that hair-like bridge? The mere thought was a terror. But I would not blench. Fear I confess—cowardice if you will:—poltroonery, not.

"I see," I answered. "I will try. If I fall, don't blame me. I will do my best."

"You don't think," she returned, "I'm going to let you go alone! I should have to wait hours before you found a door to let me down — except indeed you went and told Goody Wilson, and I had rather die where I am. No, no. Come along. I'll show you how."

With a rush and a scramble, she was up over the round back of the buttress before I had time to understand that she meant as usual to take the lead. If she could but have sent me back a portion of her skill, or lightness, or nerve, or whatever it was, just to set me off with a rush like that! But I stood preparing at once and hesitating. She turned and looked over the battlements of the tower.

"Never mind, Wilfrid," she said; "I'll fetch you presently."

"No, no;" I cried. "Wait for me. I'm coming."

I got astride of the buttress, and painfully forced my way up. It was like a dream of leap-frog, prolonged under painfully recurring difficulties. I shut my eyes, and persuaded myself that all I had to do was to go on leap-frogging. At length, after more trepidation and brain-turning than I care to dwell upon, lest even now it should bring back a too keen realization of itself, I reached the battlement, seizing which, with one shaking hand, and finding the other grasped by Clara, I tumbled on the leads of the tower.

"Come along!" she said. "You see, when the girls like, they can beat the boys—even at their own games. We're all right now."

"I did my best," I returned, mightily relieved. "*I'm* not an angel, you know. I can't fly like you."

She seemed to appreciate the compliment.

"Never mind. I've done it before. It was game of you to follow."

Her praise elated me beyond measure. And it was well.

"Come along," she added.

She seemed to be always saying *Come along*.

I obeyed, full of gratitude and relief. She skipped to the tiny turret which rose above our heads, and lifted the door-latch. But, instead of disappearing within, she turned and looked at me in white dismay. The door was bolted. Her look roused what there was of manhood in me. I felt that, as it had now come to the last gasp, it was mine to comfort her.

"We are no worse than we were," I said. "Never mind."

"I don't know that," she answered mysteriously.—"Can *you* go back as you came? *I* can't."

I looked over the edge of the battlement where I stood. There was the buttress crossing the angle of moonlight, with its shadow lying far down on the wall. I shuddered at the thought of renewing my unspeakable dismay. But what must be must. Besides, Clara had praised me for creeping where she could fly: now I might show her that I could creep where she could not fly.

"I will try," returned I, putting one leg over the battlement.

"Do take care, Wilfrid," she cried, stretching out her hands, as if to keep me from falling.

A sudden pulse of life rushed through me. All at once I became not only bold, but ambitious.

"Give me a kiss," I said, "before I go."

"Do you make so much of it?" she returned, stepping back a pace.—How much a woman she was even then!—Her words roused something in me which to this day I have not been able quite to understand. A sense of wrong had its share in the feeling; but what else I can hardly venture to say. At all events, an inroad of careless courage was the consequence. I stepped at once upon the buttress, and stood for a moment looking at her—no doubt with reproach. She sprang towards me.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

The end of the buttress was a foot or two below the level of the leads, where Clara stood. She bent over the battlement, stooped her face towards me, and kissed me on the mouth. My only answer was to turn and walk down the buttress, erect; a walk which, as the arch of the buttress became steeper, ended in a run and a leap on to the gutter of the hall. There I turned, and saw her stand like a lady in a ballad leaning after me in the moonlight. I lifted my cap and sped away, not knowing whither, but fancying that out of her sight I could make up my mind better. Nor was I mistaken. The moment I sat down, my brains began to go about, and in another moment I saw what might be attempted.

In going from roof to roof, I had seen the little gallery along which I had passed with Mrs. Wilson on my way to the library. It crossed what might be called an open shaft in the building. I thought I could manage, roofed as it was, to get in by the open side. It was some time before I could find it again; but when I did come upon it at last, I saw that it might be done. By the help of a projecting gargoyle, curiously carved in the days when the wall to which it clung formed part of the front of the building, I got my feet upon the wooden rail of the gallery, caught hold of one of the small pillars which supported the roof, and *slewed* myself in. I was almost as glad as when I had crossed the buttress, for below me was a paved bottom, between high walls, without any door, like a dry well in the midst of the building.

My recollection of the way to the armory I found, however, almost obliterated. I knew that I must pass through a bedroom at the end of the gallery, and that was all I remembered. I opened the door, and found myself face to face with a young girl with wide eyes. She stood staring and astonished, but not frightened. She was younger than Clara, and not so pretty. Her eyes were dark, and so was the hair she had been brushing. Her face would have been quite pale, but for the rosy tinge of surprise. She made no exclamation, only stared with her brush in her hand, and questions in her eyes. I felt far enough from comfortable; but with a great effort I spoke.

"I beg your pardon. I had to get off the roof, and this was the only way. Please do not tell Mrs. Wilson."

"No," she said at once, very quietly; "but you must go away."

"If I could only find the library!" I said. "I am so afraid of going into more rooms where I have no business."

"I will show you the way," she returned with a smile; and laying down her brush, took up a candle and led me from the room.

In a few moments I was safe. My conductor vanished at once. The glimmer of my own candle in a further room guided me, and I was soon at the top of the corkscrew staircase. I found the door very slightly fastened: Clara must herself have unwittingly moved the bolt when she shut it. I found her standing all eagerness, waiting me. We hurried back to the library, and there I told her how I had effected an entrance, and met with a guide.

"It must have been little Polly Osborne," she said. "Her mother is going to stay all night, I suppose. She's a good-natured little goose, and won't tell. — Now come along. We'll have a peep from the picture-gallery into the ball-room. That door is sure to be open."

"If you don't mind, Clara, I would rather stay where I am. I oughtn't to be wandering over the house when Mrs. Wilson thinks I am here."

"Oh, you little coward!" said Clara.

I thought I hardly deserved the word, and it did not make me more inclined to accompany her.

"You can go alone," I said. "You did not expect to find me when you came."

"Of course I can. Of course not. It's quite as well, too. You won't get me into any more scrapes."

"*Did* I get you into the scrape, Clara?"

"Yes, you did," she answered, laughing, and walked away.

I felt a good deal hurt, but comforted myself by saying she could not mean it, and sat down again to the *Seven Champions*.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GHOST.

I saw no more of Clara, but sat and read until I grew cold and tired, and wished very much that Mrs. Wilson would come. I thought she might have forgot me in the hurry, and there I should have to stay all night. After my recent escape, however, from a danger so much worse, I could regard the prospect with some composure. A full hour more must have passed; I was getting sleepy, and my candle had burned low, when at length Mrs. Wilson did make her appearance, and I accompanied her gladly.

"I am sure you want your tea, poor boy!" she said.

"Tea! Mrs. Wilson," I rejoined. "It's bed I want. But when I think of it, I *am* rather hungry."

"You shall have tea and bed both," she answered kindly. "I'm sorry you've had such a dull evening, but I could *not* help it."

"Indeed, I've not been dull at all," I answered, "till just the last hour or so."

I longed to tell her all I had been about, for I felt guilty; but I would not betray Clara.

"Well, here we are!" she said, opening the door of her own room. "I hope I shall have peace enough to see you make a good meal."

I did make a good meal. When I had done, Mrs. Wilson took a rush-light and led the way. I took my sword and followed her. Into what quarter of the house she conducted me I could not tell. There was a nice fire burning in the room, and my night-apparel was airing before it. She set the light on the floor, and left me with a kind good-night. I was soon undressed and in bed, with my sword beside me on the coverlid of silk patchwork.

But, from whatever cause, sleepy as I had been a little while before, I lay wide awake now, staring about the room. Like many others in the house, it was hung with tapestry, which was a good deal worn and patched—notably in one place, where limbs of warriors and horses came to an untimely end on all sides of a certain square piece quite different from the rest in color and design. I know now that it was a piece of *Gobelins*, in the midst of ancient needlework. It looked the brighter of the two, but its colors were few, with a good deal of white; whereas that which surrounded it had had many and brilliant colors, which, faded, and dull and sombre, yet kept their harmony. The guard of the rush-light cast deeper and queerer shadows, as the fire sank lower. Its holes gave eyes of light to some of the figures in the tapestry, and as the light wavered, the eyes wandered about in a ghostly manner, and the shadows changed and flickered and heaved uncomfortably.

How long I had lain thus I do not know; but at last I found myself watching the rectangular patch of newer tapestry. Could it be that it moved? It *could* be only the effect of the wavering shadows. And yet I could not convince myself that it did not move. It *did* move. It came forward. One side of it did certainly come forward. A kind of universal cramp seized me—a contraction of every fibre of my body. The patch opened like a door—wider and wider; and from behind came a great helmet, peeping. I was all one terror, but my nerves held out so far that I lay like a watching dog—watching for what horror would come next. The door opened wider. A mailed hand and arm appeared, and at length a figure, armed cap-a-pie, stepped slowly down, stood for a moment peering about, and then began to walk through the room, as if searching for something. It came nearer and nearer to the bed. I wonder now, when I think of it, that the cold horror did not reach my heart. I cannot have been so much of a coward, surely, after all! But I suspect that it was only that general paralysis prevented the extreme of terror, just as a man in the clutch of a wild beast is hardly aware of suffering. At last the figure stooped over my bed, and stretched out a long arm. I remember nothing more.

I woke in the gray of the morning. Could a faint have passed into a sleep? or was it all a dream? I lay for some time before I could recall what made me so miserable. At length my memory awoke, and I gazed fearful about the room. The white ashes of the burnt-out fire were lying in the grate; the stand of the rush-light was on the floor; the wall with its tapestry was just as it had been; the cold gray light had annihilated the fancied visions: I had been dreaming, and was now awake. But I could not lie longer in bed. I must go out. The morning air would give me life: I felt worn and weak. Vision or dream, the room was hateful to me. With a great effort I sat up, for I still feared to move, lest I should catch a glimpse of the armed figure. Terrible as it had been in the night, it would be more terrible now. I peered into every corner. Each was vacant. Then first I remembered that I had been reading the *Castle of Otranto* and the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, the night before. I jumped out of bed and dressed myself, growing braver and braver as the light of the lovely spring morning swelled in the room. Having dipped my head in cold water, I was myself again. I opened the lattice and looked out. The first breath of air was a denial to the

whole thing. I laughed at myself. Earth and sky were alive with spring. The wind was the breath of the coming summer: there were flakes of sunshine and shadow in it. Before me lay a green bank with a few trees on its top. It was crowded with primroses growing through the grass. The dew was lying all about, shining and sparkling in the first rays of the level sun, which itself I could not see. The tide of life rose in my heart and rushed through my limbs. I would take my sword, and go for a ramble through the park. I went to my bed-side, and stretched across to find it by the wall. It must have slipped down at the back of the bed. No. Where could it be? In a word, I searched everywhere, but my loved weapon had vanished. The visions of the night returned, and for a moment I believed them all. The night once more closed around me, darkened yet more with the despair of an irreparable loss. I rushed from the room and through a long passage, with the blind desire to get out. The stare of an unwashed maid, already busy with her pail and brush, brought me to my senses.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I want to get out."

She left her implements, led me down a stair close at hand, opened the door at its foot, and let me out into the high court. I gazed about me. It was as if I had escaped from a prison-cell into the chamber of torture: I stood the centre of a multitude of windows—the eyes of the house all fixed upon me. On one side was the great gate, through which, from the roof, I had seen the carriages drive the night before; but it was closed. I remembered, however, that Sir Giles had brought me in by a wicket in that gate. I hastened to it. There was but a bolt to withdraw, and I was free.

But all was gloomy within, and genial nature could no longer enter. Glittering jewels of sunlight and dew were nothing but drops of water upon blades of grass. Fresh-bursting trees were no more than the deadest of winter-bitten branches. The great eastern window of the universe, gorgeous with gold and roses, was but the weary sun making a fuss about nothing. My sole relief lay in motion. I roamed I knew not whither, nor how long.

At length I found myself on a height eastward of the Hall, overlooking its gardens, which lay in deep terraces beneath. Inside a low wall was the first of them, dark with an avenue of ancient trees, and below was the large oriel window in the end of the ball-room. I climbed over the wall, which was built of cunningly fitted stones, with mortar only in the top row; and, drawn by the gloom, strolled up and down the avenue for a long time. At length I became aware of a voice I had heard before. I could see no one; but, hearkening about, I found it must come from the next terrace. Descending by a deep flight of old mossy steps, I came upon a strip of smooth sward, with yew-trees, dark and trim, on each side of it. At the end of the walk was an arbor, in which I could see the glimmer of something white. Too miserable to be shy, I advanced and peeped in. The girl who had shown me the way to the library was talking to her mother.

"Mamma!" she said, without showing any surprise, "here is the boy who came into our room last night."

"How do you do?" said the lady kindly, making room for me on the bench beside her.

I answered as politely as I could, and felt a strange comfort glide from the sweetness of her countenance.

"What an adventure you had last night!" she said. "It was well you did not fall."

"That wouldn't have been much worse than having to stop where we were," I answered.

The conversation thus commenced went on until I had told them all my history, including my last adventure.

"You must have dreamed it," said the lady.

"So I thought, ma'am," I answered, "until I found that my sword was gone."

"Are you sure you looked everywhere?" she asked.

"Indeed, I did."

"It does not follow, however, that the ghost took it. It is more likely Mrs. Wilson came in to see you after you were asleep, and carried it off."

"Oh, yes!" I cried, rejoiced at the suggestion; "that must be it. I shall ask her."

"I am sure you will find it so. Are you going home soon?"

"Yes—as soon as I've had my breakfast. It's a good walk from here to Aldwick."

"So it is.—We are going that way too," she added, thinkingly.

"Mr. Elder is a great friend of papa's—isn't he, mamma?" said the girl.

"Yes, my dear. They were friends at college."

"I have heard Mr. Elder speak of Mr. Osborne," I said. "Do you live near us?"

"Not very far off—in the next parish, where my husband is rector," she answered. "If you could wait till the afternoon, we should be happy to take you there. The pony-carriage is coming for us."

"Thank you, ma'am," I answered; "but I ought to go immediately after breakfast. You won't mention about the roof, will you? I oughtn't to get Clara into trouble."

"She is a wild girl," said Mrs. Osborne; "but I think you are quite right."

"How lucky it was I knew the library!" said Mary, who had become quite friendly, from under her mother's wing.

"That it was! But I daresay you know all about the place," I answered.

"No, indeed!" she returned. "I know nothing about it. As we went to our room, mamma opened the door and showed me the library, else I shouldn't have been able to help you at all."

"Then you haven't been here often?"

"No; and I never shall be again.—I'm going away to school," she added; and her voice trembled.

"So am I," I said. "I'm going to Switzerland in a month or two. But then I haven't a mamma to leave behind me."

She broke down at that, and hid her head on her mother's bosom. I had unawares added to her grief, for her brother Charley was going to Switzerland too.

I found afterwards that Mr. Elder, having been consulted by Mr. Osborne, had arranged with my uncle that Charley Osborne and I should go together.

Mary Osborne—I never called her Polly as Clara did—continued so overcome by her grief, that her mother turned to me and said,

"I think you had better go, Master Cumbermede."

I bade her good morning, and made my way to Mrs. Wilson's apartment. I found she had been to my room, and was expecting me with some anxiety, fearing I had set off without my breakfast. Alas! she knew nothing about the sword, looked annoyed, and, I thought, rather mysterious; said she would have a search, make inquiries, do what she could, and such like, but begged I would say nothing about it in the house. I left her with a suspicion that she believed the ghost had carried it away, and that it was of no use to go searching after it.

Two days after, a parcel arrived for me. I concluded it was my sword; but to my grievous disappointment, found it was only a large hamper of apples and cakes, very acceptable in themselves, but too plainly indicating Mrs. Wilson's desire to console me for an irreparable loss. Mr. Elder never missed the sword. I rose high in the estimation of my schoolfellows because of the adventure, especially in that of Moberly, who did not believe in the ghost, but ineffectually tasked his poor brains to account for the disappearance of the weapon. The best light was thrown upon it by a merry boy of the name of Fisher, who declared his conviction that the steward had carried it off to add to his collection.

(To be continued.)

THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We opened in the November issue of this Magazine a criticism of the average American pulpit of the day. We charged in general that the current sermon among us was wanting in the spirit of aggression. We charged in particular that the ministerial function of public rebuke was feebly and infrequently exercised. We undertook an enumeration, more or less exhaustive, of the principal reasons for this state of the facts. The limitations of space obliged us to suspend our undertaking for a time, in mid-course of accomplishment.

Encouraged equally by the approval and by the dissent which our proffer has provoked, to believe that our criticisms were not only true, but were needed and were timely, we now resume our unfinished task, to conduct it in the present article to its purposed practical result. We proceed with our enumeration of the causes which conspire to check the normal freedom of the American pulpit in exercising its office of rebuke.

A sixth point wherein the bondage of the pulpit presses, is found in the fact that the Church will not support its ministry by legitimate courses of discipline. No man with any self-respect likes to become *vox et prætera nihil.* It is only when the minister can speak as the organ of his church with the voice of rebuke, that he will probably be much heeded by its individual members. As matters stand at present in the religious world, the ministerial office is not regarded with too much awe. The minister carries about so much weight as his personal character gives him, with a variable quantity added or subtracted, according as the average repute of his order advances or recedes. But wherever the responsibility and blame may ultimately lodge, there is no question that the laxity of ecclesiastical discipline acts powerfully to intimidate the pulpit. And, unhappily, a dauntless bravery in the pulpit would little avail without practical support from the pews. The scandalous slackness of ecclesiastical discipline, however, is a topic that would need a separate treatment.

In the seventh place, the pulpit is circumscribed in its freedom of rebuke by its unconscious circumscription in serviceable knowledge of its congregation as individual men and women. At this point the versatile worldly wisdom, of the pulpit, almost as of necessity, fails. The pastoral office has an effect to insulate the pastor from the social currents of information respecting his people, that are flowing freely everywhere around him. His relation to his congregation is a kind of artificial relation. He treats them, and they treat him, in a conventional manner. Once in a while there is a minister whose personal polarity is so positive that it overleaps insulation. But in general the minister is not to his congregation as are other men, and his congregation are not to their minister as they are to other men. Whereas the community at large know his people in a practical, worldly way, the pastor knows them in a spiritual, and, as it were, the-other-world-ly way. The parallax between Deacon Smith's pastor's views of Deacon Smith, and Deacon Smith's business acquaintances' views of Deacon Smith, is often something enormous. His pastor meets Deacon Smith at the close of the Sunday morning's sermon, at the weekly prayer-meeting, in conferences of the eldership, in the Sunday school, at the bedside of the sick, at the communion-table. Deacon Smith calls on the pastor, and the pastor calls on Deacon Smith. Their conversation is ghostly. They speak of the last Sunday's congregation, of some inquiring soul, of a backsliding brother, of a case of discipline, of the state of the church, of the cause of missions, of the spread of the gospel, of the doctrines of grace, of various heterodoxies, of the need of more faith, of the power of prayer, and a circle with infinite radius of the like topics—all of them always seasonable and always edifying, but no one of them at any time likely to make his pastor effectually acquainted with the present, not-yet-sanctified, flesh-and-blood Deacon Smith. The pastor, perhaps, is dimly conscious of the somewhat unreal character of his knowledge of Deacon

Smith, and says, "I must call and see the Deacon at his place of business." He does call. The porter knows Deacon Smith's pastor, and salutes him respectfully as he enters. The salesmen know him, and they bow. The bookkeeper knows him—and, in fine, the whole place knows him. He is announced by the spirit of the place—the *genius loci*—before he has penetrated to the inner room where the Deacon sits, talking over some neighborly scandal with Deacon Jones and Brother Robinson, who have dropped in on their way to "'Change." The scandal concerns a brother in the church. The pastor will now at least have a chance to get a world's view for once of that brother. Not at all. The conversation is respectfully dropped, and prudently not resumed. The brethren's most natural escape is to talk of church matters. They talk in a certain outward and temporal way, to be sure, but it is a week-day, and they are in a counting-room. On the whole, the pastor is cheered to see that those brethren's religion at least is not a merely Sunday religion, or sanctuary religion. So fares the pastor in his quest of acquaintance with his flock. Not that church members are all hypocrites. On the contrary, they are most of them excellent people. They sincerely respect their pastor, and they feel really reproved by his presence for their uncharitable gossip. Still, many a zealous pastor would be simply astounded to learn what the general community, that know them, think of the "Aarons and Hurs" on whom he, not knowing them, relies for sympathy and support. Fortunate, and, we had almost added, singular, the church that has not a sanctimonious deacon, whose reputation in the community is a spot on the love-feasts of his brotherhood; while the unworldly pastor, it may be, is profoundly—and shall we not say blessedly?—ignorant of the true state of the facts. How can a minister rebuke the sin of which he is as innocently ignorant as a weanling babe?

An eighth and further reason, perhaps the one most frequently acknowledged, as being the most specious of all, why the pulpit is silent in the presence of sin that demands rebuke is, that ministers are afraid of losing their influence by ill-judged fidelity. It would be instructive to know what proportion of well-reputed ministers thus, for fear of losing their influence, abstain from exerting any influence. The most abjectly pitiable minister of all, not worthy also of indignation or of contempt, is this timorous, careful economist of influence. There are plenty of his kind. They are pretty impartially distributed, but they are perhaps mostly to be found in large cities. They are foreordained pastors of wealthy and influential churches in the commercial centres of population. Capital, proverbially timid, seems to find timid pastors by a kind of elective affinity. How many a sanguine young man has come from the country, all aglow with reverent admiration beforehand of the great metropolitan divine whose praises he has seen from immemorial boyhood at home celebrated in the columns of his father's religious newspaper—a newspaper doting, very likely, in a complacent longevity that long before ceased to be life—and been perfectly appalled to hear, in place of the occasional kindling fervor and impassioned rebuke that he had fondly anticipated, forever the regulation drawl, and solemn monotony, and impressive platitude, into which over-prudent preaching so easily descends, and with which we older people are all of us but too familiar, as constituting the eloquence of the eminent doctors of divinity that often man our city pulpits. Eloquent, earnest, aggressive, faithful in rebuke is emphatically what they are not. Cautious, conservative, economical of influence they are. These are the elect pastors of the leading churches in our great cities. They are the predestinated doctors of many degrees. Rich churches do not want a really independent ministry—they will not abide it. They are fond of majestic figure-heads in their pulpits. They love to see decorous lay-figures in clerical costume in their drawing-rooms. They find it convenient to have some one at call who can intone an unexceptionable grace at a public dinner, and they are all the better pleased if he can even wind a short flight of religio-convivial eloquence after the cloth is removed. They will do everything in their power to make such a convention imposing. But he must consent to remain a convention. Bold, uncompromising rebuke of the sins which they have decided,

upon the whole, to practise, or to indulge—they will none of it. Occasionally, oftener indeed than could justly be expected, a high-born spirit in the city ministry will refuse to work in the treadmill which his church has provided for their pastor, and yet, by the felicity of some kindlier conditions, will be able to maintain his place with his fidelity. But the many are content to fulfill a ministry of great, but diminished, usefulness in bondage.

It would be idle to deny that rebuke is a power of the pulpit which demands great wisdom for its useful exercise. It is fatally easy to deal in objurgation, under the delusion that objurgation is rebuke. It is easy, too, to err in the choice of aims, and of occasions, and of methods, in rebuke. On the whole, however, in overweening endeavor to be wise, the endeavor to be faithful is sadly neglected. Often, to avoid a single mistake, a hundred chances to be faithful are thrown away. An honored minister died not long ago, of whom during his lifetime one of his deacons said to a young theological student, as pointing out a pattern perhaps: "Dr.—— has never made a mistake." But Peter made mistakes, Paul made mistakes, Luther made mistakes, Wesley made mistakes, Judson made mistakes, and, on the whole, God be thanked for ministers that have made mistakes. They probably lost a pennyweight of influence once in a while. But they gained a pound many times oftener. Good sirs, is your "influence," by exception, a talent which it is right to lay away in a napkin? Is there no increment of interest to be hoped for from putting it to use?

After all, it is but fair to admit, in favor of our economical brethren and fathers, that there is unquestionably such a thing as the frittering away, in comparatively frivolous causes, of a personal or a pastoral influence that might better be husbanded for more serious use. It is always a matter of grave deliberation for the pastor to decide on what points of practical ethics he will exert his strength. A careful study of the New Testament, however, should convince him that neither Christ nor His apostles trusted to the influence of "great doctrines," to sanctify Christians, without the aid of multiplied specific precepts and sharply pointed reproofs.

A ninth reason why the pulpit is not independent lies in the fact that it does not duly appreciate its responsibility. His sense of responsibility for souls was a large part of what made Paul the glorious apostle that he was. He was continually incited by it. It haunted him night and day. It possessed him—almost mastered him. He was raised by it to the highest possible power of himself. It was this which imparted that extraordinary momentum to the impact of his mind and heart upon the mind and heart of the church and the world—a momentum still no more spent by spending than the unwasting powers of Nature—the attraction of gravitation, the light of the sun. Paul's Christian conscience would have made an enthusiast of him, as his Pharisaic conscience made a fanatic of him, but for his "saving common sense." We incline to think that his natural common sense would hardly have been proof against the tendency of his feeling of responsibility to drive him mad indeed, had not his natural common sense been supplemented and reinforced by an inspired common sense. As it was, Paul's vast, his lavish, vicarious conscience made him the greatest merely human moral force that ever wrought on mankind. To say that the average minister is deficient in this apostolic gift, is, of course, only to say that the average minister is not an ideal minister. The very central conception of a Gospel minister is that of a man who feels responsible for others. It may be presumptuous—it may be impertinent—it may be weak-minded, but the born minister cannot help it—he feels accountable for other men. If he has a conviction, he is restless till he has imparted his conviction. His views of duty are not his to keep, but to communicate. It is not enough for him to live by his conscience himself. He must induce others to live by his conscience with him. This is of the very essence of the ministerial character. The minister's conscience is a vicarious conscience. He feels responsible for others, almost as he feels responsible for himself. There is thus but a step between the character of the apostle and the character of the

fanatic. But that step is immense. It spans the whole "diameter of being." It is the step that divides hatred from love.

The absence, or the feebleness, of this ministerial sense of universal responsibility,—this vicarious conscience, as we may call it,—is the secret of much ministerial bondage. In fact, one of the saddest signs of an unworthy moral standard among ministers, is that this trait of character is frequently held by their own order in so slight, or slighting, esteem. Ministers themselves make merry with the subject. They have their "gentle joke" at the expense of their brethren with the vicarious conscience. They pleasantly speak of them as men who feel responsible for the variation of the needle, the spots on the sun, the obliquity of the ecliptic. In fine, whatever view in turn we may take of it, the power of rebuke is a costly power. We cannot be surprised that it is so seldom possessed. The vicarious conscience is likely to make its possessor a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men. It makes him a servant—a slave to its behest. But the servant—the slave, enjoys in such bondage a glorious release from all bondage beside. The conscience-ridden minister is at least not ridden with the motley crew of mastership that lade and goad too many too meek ministers, till their knees bend almost to the ground.

A tenth reason for the bondage of the pulpit is found in its undignified abdication of that derived but paramount authority with which its office invests it. Rebuke, of all methods of address to men, needs to be accompanied with an impression of the adequate authority of the man who employs it. Without that, rebuke, if sharply delivered, degenerates into scolding; if delivered doubtfully, into mere expostulation or advice. A minister must be willing to speak as with the voice of God when he denounces sin. In order to do this, he must be conscious of authority. He must despise the fear of being thought assuming. The question for him is not whether he shall assume authority or not. The question for him is, whether he shall abdicate authority or not. His office invests him with authority. He must use it, or he abdicates it. The minister is not simply entitled to use the language of authority in rebuking sin—he is bound to use it. His instructions are peremptory and unconditional. Not to use the language of authority is not humility—it is arrant disobedience. A shuffling, indecisive, uncertain rebuke is utterly null. It is worse than null. It is hurtful. Before it was given, there was at least the deterrent vague apprehension of an imminent rebuke in reserve. Afterward there is the released feeling that the rebuke has been discharged, and that nothing now is further to be apprehended. Oh, how the strenuous listener sometimes longs to load the descending mace of ministerial rebuke with the weight of its own proper authority—authority such that, smiting once, it might have need to smite no more.

It may occur to some as a singular oversight not to include submission to a creed among the fetters that bind the pulpit. The omission is not inadvertent. A creed may, no doubt, be confessed in a craven spirit. The confession then is only a seal to the bondage of the preacher. The bondage itself is a bondage to which he was born. It is a mistake, however, to imagine, as emancipated thinkers delight to imagine, that such is the case with most preachers, or even with many. With the comparatively few who make their submission to a creed in this slavish spirit, it really does not affect their freedom in the pulpit to any appreciable extent. If they are slaves to their creed, their creed is but one among many masters—among masters so many, in fact, that the addition of another is purely indifferent.

On the other hand, ministers who have a personal belief of their own, which sends its roots down to and through the very bases of their being, are certainly not thereby made less free. Such a belief is an element of strength, and of stability which is strength, but it is not an element of bondage.

Men with a belief like this have been the fixed points of human history, when all was eddy and flux besides. If the belief of one has happened also to be the belief of many, of these brethren in power, what harm in their calling their common belief a creed? Does the change of name from Anglo-Saxon to Latin change the thing? And suppose

the creed finds adherents, or even suppose it makes adherents, according to a natural law of relative ascendency among minds, and the number of subscriptions increases — what then? Does it work some mysteriously mischievous change in the influence of a creed to group the subscribers under a general term, and style them a religious denomination? Is a creed a bondage, simply because it is reasonable enough to command the assent of a great number of minds? We have heard from of old that union is strength. It is late that we learn of union as bondage. A noteworthy fresh illustration will, perhaps, occur to many minds of the way in which, not a creed, but the monomaniac dread of a creed, may result in division and weakness not worth distinguishing from bondage.

We are far, therefore, from reckoning hearty subscription to a creed a source of bondage to the pulpit. It seems to us instead to be one of the most vital and most fruitful among the conditions of its freedom and power. There is, however, notwithstanding, a secret of pulpit bondage in very close neighborhood here.

We accordingly name, as next in order on our list of causes for the bondage of the pulpit, the affectation of a smart contempt for creeds, which the love of popularity, or, possibly, in some cases, the hope of a larger influence, induces a class of ministers to maintain. A sharp statement is a sufficient argument here. The affectation of freedom must be the reality of bondage. The "new Timothies" of the time bend their necks to the yoke of supposed obligation to be more free than their seniors of the period that is now rapidly disappearing. The right of offensive has been exchanged between the church and the world. The church took the initiative once—has resumed it occasionally since. But these strenuous moments of her history have always been brief. It cannot be long before she will remember again that attack is not only her duty but is also her best defence. At present, however, she seems to be absorbed in the hopeful attempt to foil her adversary by getting close to its side. The church according allows the world to teach her "progress." A new series of the ministry is developed by the stimulant generation of the times. This new series is self-dedicated to "progress." Its characteristic distinction is a ministerial strategy of humoring the world in order to conquer it unawares. (The unconscious victories are all in the contrary sense!) The world is drunk with conceit of progress. The "new Timothies" mend their paces to keep abreast of the world. They are rather flattered than displeased if the world calls them "fast." They at least prefer that to being called "slow."

We have chosen thus far throughout our writing to speak of American ministers in the gross, without distinguishing them into classes as conformed or not in doctrine to the New Testament standard. We may properly say, however, that under the present topic of our discussion we do not think it worth while to pay much heed to the creedless race of ministers, blown helplessly about, as they are, in the popular cross-winds, without fixity enough of position even to make good weather-cocks. We are speaking now, not of the class who despise, but of the class who affect to despise, creeds.

These young ministers—not always young in years, but always ambitiously young in spirit, or at any rate in a certain antic manner which they trust will be taken for spirit—we might style them the Young America of the American pulpit—let it be fully understood, they are not really "fast." They merely trick the world into thinking them so, in order to be on better terms with the world. They make an ostentation of despising creeds. But you commit a great mistake if you imagine that they really do despise creeds. They were good and true subscribers at their ordination, and they have never since changed their theology. Their hypocrisy, if they are guilty of hypocrisy, consists, not in professing what they do not believe, but in not professing what they do believe. They still hold the substance of orthodoxy, if you question them in private. They are only not concerned to avow this publicly. They are chiefly desirous to have it understood that in some way they are free from bondage to creeds. They expend more zeal, therefore, in fighting against the form, than they expend in fighting for the

substance, of that orthodoxy to which, nevertheless, they sincerely adhere. The world claps its hands. But not that a form of orthodoxy has been shattered. It claps its hands because in the shattering of a form of orthodoxy the substance of orthodoxy has received a wound.

This puerile affectation of individuality and independence in the pulpit will appear upon a little reflection to be unexpectedly prolific of pulpit bondage. Our free young minister sees for example a prurient excess of fashionable folly in dress. He has probably never read sundry New Testament precepts upon the subject with any thought of their unexhausted current application. But his common sense, supplemented perhaps by a sense not so common, a sense of the ludicrous, suggests to him that here is a fair aim for some lively pulpit practice. And his congregation will let him jest about the matter. They will listen to chaffing with great good nature. If it is tolerably witty they will laugh—a subdued, decorous, sanctuary laugh. They will say "Capital!" to each other as they go home—and then they will dress more absurdly, or more immodestly, than ever. But if a sudden access of insight, or of earnestness, should tempt that young man to assail the fashion with serious gravity, as a breach of New Testament regimen—the world, which to him means his congregation, has but to whisper one dreadful word—"Fogy!"—and the too daring assailant succumbs. That whisper is the brandish of the master's whip. The momentary freeman is a Helot again.

At every turn toward the exercise of a real and effective freedom in his pulpit, our "new Timothy" is encountered by the same revolving necessity of being bound, that he may appear to the world to be free. He *must* be a "live" man—he *must* be "up with the times"—he must believe in all sorts of "progress"—he must show that religion can be jolly—he must be in sympathy with what is liberal, and different, and new. These are our young minister's inexorable necessities. He is completely invested by them. He is in Metz. His sorties are all repulsed with loss. If he finally capitulates, his force then is not much more completely lost to the suffering cause than it was before he capitulated.

The truth is that the Gospel, as it is sincerely held by the preachers of this popular school, is more variously mutilated under the bondage that we have thus described than under any other form of pulpit bondage whatever. Scarcely one of the vital and distinctive doctrines of Christianity is preached by them in its absolute integrity. They dream that they are stooping to conquer. The fact is that they themselves are conquered in the very act of stooping. These preachers not seldom enjoy a considerable temporary and local reputation. A provincial public is even deluded, and they, too, are deluded with the public, into supposing that they create, or at least that they direct, the current which they ride. When it happens, however, as in the course of a lengthened career it sometimes will happen, that they adventure to stem the current, instead of being borne by it, then a truer measure of their proper power is seen. It is fairly humiliating to witness the spectacle of a popular pulpit favorite overborne by a stress of movement which he had humored till it grew too strong for him to stem. An earlier stand against it would have strengthened him, and to some degree have weakened the head of the stream. His fortune then might, perhaps, have been different. At all events, in the present state of the world's subjection to Christ, the true minister's work will oftener be found in stemming currents than in drifting upon them. He will certainly not be so "progressive," but as certainly he will be more free.

It would be just to add that the ministers of the type that we have been discriminating not unfrequently fall into a bondage to their hearers which it is almost humiliating even to name. Let the observant reader guess for himself how many popular preachers depend for support and stimulation, in meeting the weekly demands of their pulpits, on the incense of praise from their congregation, which they have learned to expect, until it makes them seriously miserable if they fail on any occasion to receive it. That preacher who weakly listens to hear himself praised by his leading brethren after every sermon, puts into

the hands of his leading brethren a rod for his own discipline which it is not in human nature that they should not use against him, if haply he stumble into a strain of homily which seems to reprove them. How discomposing, when you see a well-favored, prosperous-looking preacher, spreading himself like a green bay-tree in his pulpit, to reflect that all that luxuriant development of leaf is at the mercy of his congregation, to nip it with one killing frost of—silence—concerning the "effort" at the moment in progress!

One further reason for the bondage of the pulpit consists in a prevalent, very natural, but false sense of what delicacy requires in the treatment of a class of sins, which, however common they may be, and however well known, and however freely canvassed in social circles, male or female, where the sexes do not intermingle, are, nevertheless, so strange to allusion in the public discourse of the minister that one, judging from the tenor of the preaching alone, might easily suppose the sins themselves to have become happily obsolete. It was of this class of sins, significantly yoked with another sin still more common, that the apostle said: "Let it not be once named among you as becometh saints." Modern practice among preachers interprets this interdiction quite too literally. The saints of the period do indeed manage not to let these sins be once named among them, at least from the pulpit. But they far too frequently exhaust their continence in the successful effort to keep the pulpit vicariously silent about them. In saddest sincerity, this prudery on the part of the pulpit is cruelly misplaced. The sins of which we speak are not extinct sins. They live, they thrive, they swarm, under a public silence which seems to cherish them like secrecy. A flash of calcium light from the pulpit ought to be sent streaming through the darkness straight to the coverts where they hide. What a squirming and wriggling of the unclean things would follow a little letting in of wholesome pulpit light into their noisome lurking-places!

There are ten commandments. The SEVENTH is as frank as any. It stands in honest nakedness on the decalogue, and it is not ashamed. Let shame be theirs who break it. We have no excessive fear of the bad effect of plain dealing, here more than anywhere else. If winking adultery out of sight in the pulpit would abolish adultery, we should almost wish our ministers might do nothing but wink for a good while to come. The willful fact is, that while we shun a horrible name we virtually shelter the horrible thing. "The dreaded name of Demogorgon" stupefies us, till Demogorgon himself devours us at his leisure.

We refrain from satisfying our own sense of completeness by treating several other sources of bondage to the pulpit, which we may, nevertheless, delay barely to name.

An amiable reluctance to inflict sanatory pain unmans many a minister who is too tender to be true.

The fact of which every faithful pastor will have had frequent experience, that public rebuke is liable to be lost on the guilty and to take cruel effect on the innocent — this fact tends to create an indisposition on the part of the preacher to exercise so unwelcome an office to so doubtful a result.

The consciousness of being himself personally involved in sins which he ought to rebuke, exerts a very cogent conservative influence on the audacity of the preacher's pulpit assaults.

In many instances the dread of provoking the hostility of the secular press, or still more probably, the seductive hope of winning its notice and applause, will imperceptibly tempt the minister aside from a course of simple fidelity, to make choice of topics and of treatments more suitable for commending him as a pulpit orator to be reported in the Monday morning newspaper.

Again, a sincere obtuseness of the moral sense, in unconscious sympathy and accord with the general spirit around him, will deprive the minister of the ability to perceive a wrong, so ancient, so organic, so universal, that it fairly imposes itself upon him as a part of the inexorable, and therefore in some way justifiable, necessity of things.

The causes of pulpit bondage which we have thus far considered exert their influence to restrain the preacher's fidelity to his own convictions of duty. But there is a further cause

of pulpit bondage which exerts its influence to affect those convictions of duty themselves. This further cause, which the causes already mentioned combine to engender, and which reciprocally reacts to engender them in turn, is in itself perhaps more deeply and more widely destructive of the proper freedom and power of the Christian pulpit, than all the other causes taken together. The cause to which we now refer is a wide-spread misconception, fundamental in its character and sincerely entertained, touching the entire subject of pulpit rebuke. This misconception is not exclusively a misconception on the part of ministers themselves. It is a misconception which in great part, it is true, through default of frank pulpit instruction on the subject, affects the laical still more than it does the clerical mind. It is so general a misconception that it may be called universal, so ancient that it may be called immemorial, and so firmly established that it will very uneasily tolerate a challenge. We challenge it nevertheless. We maintain that not only are not ministers in general fairly faithful to their convictions of duty in the matter of pulpit rebuke, but their convictions of duty in the matter are not faithful to the truth. The Philistines that took the champion captive, have put out the captive champion's eyes. The bond Samson has become the blind Samson. He is not here, however, brought forth by us to make sport for his foes. Samson Desmotes is capable of being Samson Agonistes. We have had a purpose in making him feel the pillars of the house of his bondage. He can pull the house of his bondage down, and issue from the ruins not merely unharmed, but no longer either bond or blind. The conditions naturally creative of bondage, once manifestly mastered and overcome, are thereby transformed into opposite conditions of freedom and of power.

We accordingly name last on our list of causes for the bondage of the pulpit, the misconception which so widely obtains concerning the true space and place of public rebuke among the ministerial functions. The treatment of this topic of our theme will furnish us our opportunity for those positive practical suggestions which, forecast from the first in our thought, have given to our negative criticisms their reason of existence in the form of an appeal to public religious opinion.

First of all, What is pulpit rebuke? But there is a point anterior even to that question. Pulpit rebuke happens to be presented to the American public just now under the disguise of various doubles. It is needful, therefore, to make note of several things which pulpit rebuke is not. It is not personal vituperation, it is not objurgation, it is not scolding from the pulpit. Pulpit rebuke, in its proper identity, is something generically different from any one of these. There is a resemblance between it and them. The resemblance is a resemblance of form. But the difference is a difference of spirit. The resemblance of form is, however, so great that there often occurs a confusion of identity between them. The speaker vituperates, or objurgates, or scolds, and thinks he is administering rebuke. The hearer, on the other hand, receives a genuine rebuke and calls it vituperation, or objurgation, or scolding. These are the directions respectively in which the exchange is almost certain to take place. The speaker who is administering a genuine rebuke is little likely to mistake it for any one of its counterfeits. And, on the other hand, the hearer who is victim or witness of a piece of genuine vituperation, objurgation, or scolding, is in no danger of accepting it for rebuke. In both cases the direction of the error is determined by depravity. But the error in either case is equally injurious to the good name of pulpit rebuke. The error of the speaker misrepresents it. The error of the hearer misunderstands it. Between the two it fares ill in the general esteem with pulpit rebuke.

It must further be added, that there is a constant temptation on the part of the hearer to evade the application of a genuine rebuke by resenting it with a kind of unintentional slander, as vituperation, objurgation, or scolding. This temptation, too feebly resisted on the part of the hearer, corresponds to the powerful pravity on the part of the speaker, pressing him constantly toward a real substitution of counterfeit for genuine rebuke; or else, more frequently still, disposing him, under the self-deceiving pretext of avoiding vitupera-

tion, objurgation, and scolding, to escape the duty of rebuke altogether. On the whole, Isaac Taylor never exercised his insight to better purpose, than when he declared that of all pastoral functions the power of rebuke was the hardest to maintain, and the most rarely maintained, in the integrity and the purity of its spirit. The restiveness of congregations under the application of pulpit rebuke is largely responsible for the reluctance of preachers to apply it. Yet this restiveness of congregations is rather an instinctive artifice of intimidation on their part, unconsciously adopted, than any really determined intention of resistance. It usually secures its unconfessed object, for most ministers are effectually cowed by it. But when a brave man meets it with serene persistence in his aim, this mock opposition will in most cases easily succumb. In fact, congregations in the end enjoy being deservedly punished by a man who is morally capable of punishing them. What they do not enjoy, is being whipped at by a man who is afraid to whip them.

Thus much may suffice for statement of what pulpit rebuke is not. The question occurs, What is pulpit rebuke? We are ready with our answer: Pulpit rebuke is pastoral authority publicly withstanding disobedience to Christ, with blame administered in the spirit of love.

This is pulpit rebuke in its true Scriptural idea. The address of the minister may vary through a wide range of inflections, from the thunderburst of impassioned denunciation to the scarce-uttered admonition, tenderly soft as the brooding of the dove; but so long as disobedience to Christ is affectionately and authoritatively resisted by the pastor in public, with the faithful imputation of blame, the language—thunder or whisper—is genuine pulpit rebuke in its Scriptural idea.

Granted the definition, say some, it does not follow that pulpit rebuke should be often applied. There is a more excellent way. It is better to coax than to scold. (These good people cannot help calling names in the zeal of their war against calling names. Rebuke becomes scolding in their vocabulary when they rebuke rebuke.) The proverb generally quoted is, Molasses catches more flies than vinegar. We are willing to argue with the proverb, for in the proverb really lies the whole opposite alternative of the discussion. Of course, we admit the truth of the proverb. If we were trying to catch flies, we should certainly bait with molasses rather than vinegar. But are ministers of the Gospel dealing with flies? Or with men? With creatures of instinct and appetite, or with beings of reason and conscience? We reject this whole scheme of administering the Gospel with infinite nausea. It is demoralizing and not ennobling. It debases a man to teach him that he may be generous, when, in truth, he is scarce capable of being barely just. The best way is the honest way. Face a man with his duty. Tell him to do it because he ought. Don't pretend that here is chance for him to be noble. He is probably not noble, if he thinks he is noble. He certainly is not noble, if he does his simple duty for the sake of being noble. Coaxing and flattering to make men better is the sheerest illusion. No hardy Christian manhood is nourished by it. Such a diet softens the fibre of the Christian character. Rebuke is an indispensable article in the regimen which will nurture a really strong and enduring Christian life. It is an infallible touchstone, too. The Christian man that will not bear rebuke, and be the better for rebuke, is no Christian man.

What is it that Christ requires of men? It is not a dignified conformity with His instructions, as with the instructions of a teacher. That is mere morality. It is not good-natured compliance with His wishes, as with the wishes of a friend. That is pure sentimentalism. What He requires is OBEDIENCE to His commands, as to the commands of a master. That is Christianity. Not conformity—not compliance—but obedience. Morality Christ rejects when He says, He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings. Conformity to His teachings, without personal love to the Teacher, is not obedience. Sentimentalism he rejects when He defines, He that hath my commandments, and KEEPETH them, he it is that loveth me. Obedience is Christianity.

It is at precisely this point that our ministers most fail in their preaching. They do not adequately appreciate the truth that Christ's

precepts are a manual of life. They are remiss in applying these precepts and enforcing them, with perpetual insistence. If our pulpit vigorously apprehended this for its main business and duty, the necessity of rebuke, as a means of enforcing the New Testament precepts would demonstrate itself. What with dread of teaching morality, and with dread of teaching legality, as it is technically called in the evangelical phrase, the duty of teaching *obedience* is ruinously neglected. The great commission of the ascending Christ said, with one more farewell repetition of what was foreknown as so sure to be forgotten after all—Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have *commanded* you. But the forgetful pulpit teaches almost everything else about the Gospel more than it teaches that which is chief of all, namely, whatsoever has been *commanded*, or, in one word, OBEDIENCE.

Now the New Testament is full of precepts. These all are to be obeyed. They are a life. Simple, absolute, implicit obedience to Christ in these precepts enfolds the whole secret of a well-being for society, and for the individual, beyond the dream of ethical philosophy, social science, or political reform. It is not for us to accept the New Testament as a hint and a sketch of some fair ideal life which we must go on to fill up to our personal wish. The life is not simply sketched and hinted in the New Testament. It is a finished picture there, and we are to live it humbly, patiently, lovingly, line for line. This is the New Testament idea. There are more imperative moods in the New Testament than in any other equal bulk perhaps of all the world's literatures. The master thought in Christ's teachings is human OBEDIENCE to Himself. His farewell discourses to His disciples are interpreted by this thought. Read them now—lay down this magazine and read them with fresh eyes—and answer if the thought of obedience to Him on the part of His disciples is not that Mountain of Light which blazes with almost unnumbered faces of lustre from the forehead of the exquisite idyl of John. Well, every precept of the thousands upon thousands that in the New Testament weave a web which covers our life, the life within and the life without, furnishes an opportunity to obedience. If knowledge were the chief thing, then instruction would constitute the most of the minister's duty; if orthodox belief were the chief thing, then indoctrination would engage him most; if mere conformity were the chief thing, then coaxing might seem his best expedient. But since obedience is the chief thing, and since obedience is also infinitely the shortest way to all the other aims—perpetual inculcation of the commands, with accompanying rebuke of disobedience, should be the employment of the minister,—not his sole employment, but his chief employment.

Nor need it be feared that this inversion of the conventional order of preaching, will lead to any sterilizing monotony in the pulpit. It will simply set obedience in its true place, as the end to which every other end of preaching is ancillary. It will also develop the dormant energy of rebuke against the multiplied disobediences of Christians.

The necessity of rebuke is therefore constant. It never intermits for a moment. To agitate, and not to soothe, the consciences of hearers is the work of the pulpit. Consciences soothe themselves. The natural gravitation of the moral world may be trusted but too safely, for that. But there must be an angel to trouble the pool, if the waters are not to be stagnant. As obedience is set on guard to watch everywhere for the safety of Christians, so rebuke is the captain of the watch, to rouse obedience found sleeping on its post of sentinel duty.

There is, of course, no room here for illustration of this point. But a jealous abiding by the emphatic, and prophetic, and pathetic words of Christ concerning obedience, we are persuaded, enwraps the germ of all that millennial future, of which the church goes on dreaming and singing, but which she is so slow to realize, for herself and for the world, by *obeying*. Single specific precepts might be named, scrupulous obedience to which would have saved the church from whole centuries of apostasy and blight.

We know what will be said about slavery to the letter, and the superior nobleness of obedience to the spirit, of Christ's commands. But human chemistry often fails rightly to extract the true spirit from the letter. The

spirit that needs our attention most is not the spirit of the command, but the spirit of our obedience. The spirit of the command it is not ours to volatilize away from its divine fixation in the letter. The letter of the command holds the spirit of the command, better than we can hope to hold it in any form of our own contriving. Besides, it holds the authentic spirit of the command; whereas the legerdemain of the adversary is cunning to substitute something else for the authentic spirit, when we attempt to unfix it for transfer to a vessel of our own. The slavery or the freedom lies in the spirit of the obedience rendered. You can obey the letter as freely as you can obey the spirit. The kingdom of God is within you. It is more flattering to our pride to construct theological or ethical systems of our own, in supposed conformity to the New Testament teachings. But it is safer to take Christ at His simple word, and do the things which He says.

The time for rebuke begins exactly when disobedience begins, and the time for rebuke continues without cessation as long as disobedience continues. To the latter alternative of this rule, there lies an important exception. When the forehead of sin is brass, and the ear of sin is lead, and the heart of sin is flint, then rebuke must mount to the summit of its long diapason of tones, and denounce in a voice of thunder. If sin yields, well. If not, then the pulpit has uttered its testimony. There remains the alternative disused so long. Let it shake off the dust of its feet, and forsake the obstinately disobedient church. But if a whole generation of Christendom is involved in the sin, and will not yield, then it is probable that God will not accept the denunciation of the preacher for his sufficient testimony. In that case, Latimer, having denounced, must burn. Martyrdom is then the testimony.

It is therefore a very shallow philosophy which teaches that rebuke should wait for sin to become inveterate. A sin that has incorporated itself with an individual, a social, or a national life, is seldom eradicated by rebuke. Rebuke is then a duty, but it is generally a barren duty. Rebuke did not carry the great Reformation. Rebuke in season might have made the Reformation unnecessary. But when the Reformation became necessary, rebuke did not purchase it. The Reformation was purchased by RESISTANCE unto blood.

The value of pulpit rebuke is threefold. It reclaims the disobedient; more often still, it confirms the obedient, and always it vindicates and establishes the dignity and independence of the pulpit. The moral sense of a congregation is never more wholesomely cleared and braced than when a pungent and timely rebuke has been administered from the pulpit. The pulpit is never more respected, never better beloved, than then.

There is very much more that eagerly importunes to be said, but we pause. We have disregarded the convention which commonly keeps the tongue of friendly criticism silent concerning the faults of the pulpit. We have simply been true to the sincerest conviction in what we have said. But we have a further conviction, equally sincere, to which we must likewise be true. We believe that, despite their shortcomings, the ministry of the Gospel are the highest-born nobility of souls—the selectest and most living seed of a regenerate future for the church and for the world that anywhere exists among men. Actuated by this unwavering belief, we have still been free to criticize the pulpit, for an obvious reason. The causes alleged, productive to it of bondage, do most of them undeniably exist. If the bondage itself also exist, then so much the lighter the pulpit's blame. If the bondage alleged be wanting, the just praise of the pulpit will be higher, in an equal advancing degree. Since, therefore, in no case could anything but good result to the pulpit, the critic, in the confidence of rendering it yet farther a positive service, has willingly taken his risk of receiving the recoil of his blows. He will be not only content, but grateful, if, at whatever cost to himself, the American pulpit shall have been reminded, even for a little while, to study the plentiful example of Scripture, in the light of these forgotten precepts of Paul to ministers:—

"THEM THAT SIN REBUKE BEFORE ALL, that others also may fear. I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou OBSERVE these things,

without preferring one before another. Lay hands suddenly on no man, NEITHER be partaker of other men's sins."

"I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom,—preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; *reprove*, *rebuke*, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

"Wherefore rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith."

"These things speak and exhort and rebuke WITH ALL AUTHORITY. LET NO MAN DESPISE THEE."

ANGÉLIQUE ARNAULD.*

AT morn Chevreuse' green valley lay
Cradled in holy calm,
And from Port Royal's cloisters gray
Rose soft the chanted psalm.

Faintly the organ's dying swell
Through aisle and archway rolled,
And gliding silent to her cell
Each nun her chaplet told;

When down the steep and rocky way
That guards the sacred ground,
Came tramp of steed and bugle gay,
And voice of baying hound.

A proud and joyous cavalcade
Swept o'er the dewy sward—
Fair jewelled dame, and noble maid,
And many a gallant lord.

And at their head, in knightly grace,
Of camp and court the star,
The leader of the royal chase,
Rode Henry of Navarre.

No reverence hushed the courtly train,
But loud their laughter rung;
And careless jest and wit profane
Flowed free from every tongue.

To winding horn and huntsman's call
The echoing cliffs reply,
And o'er their path arch, tower, and wall
In pictured shadows lie.

Yet ere the ancient pile they gain
Its portals open wide,

* Angélique Arnauld became Abbess of the Convent of Port Royal at the age of eleven years, (see Macaulay's Essay on the Port Royalists).

And from its porch—a ghostly train—
The white-robed sisters glide.

With measured pace and downcast eyes,
And crossed hands folded meek,
They follow in obedient wise
The Abbess Angélique.

Awed at the sight, the hurrying rout
Pause in their gallop wild,
For from the Abbess' hood look out
The clear eyes of a child.

With faltering strength her little hands
Aloft the crozier hold—
A dove the eagle's flight withstands,
A lamb defends the fold!

"Back! back! presumptuous king! nor dare
With sound of revel rude
To desecrate this place of prayer,
This hallowed solitude.

"Ill suits with mirth of flippant court
Our convent's saintly round;
Seek elsewhere, then, your idle sport,
And leave this holy ground!"

A moment stayed the monarch's look
On girlish brow and cheek,
As marvelling such grave rebuke
Those rosy lips could speak.

Then light dismounting from his horse,
He owned the high behest,
And on the hand that held the cross
A reverent kiss he pressed.

"Turn! gallants, turn!" he gayly cried;
"Our chase is o'er to-day;
When Lady Abbess bars our ride,
Let loyal knight obey."

He waved his hand, his horn he wound,
He gave his steed the rein,
And slow from the forbidden ground
Followed the drooping train.

From the far hill in measured beat
Faint falls the echoing hoof,
And silence, claiming her retreat,
Broods o'er Port Royal's roof.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE TEUTON AND THE GAUL.

IT is quite impossible, in the rapid changes and shifting phases of affairs in the great contest now in progress in France, to make any comment upon current events to-day that will not be worthless and out of date to-morrow. The daily paper alone may properly deal with these, and even the daily paper is compelled to quick forgetfulness of its records and opinions by new movements and fresh complications. The struggle has, however, established some facts which it is legitimate to note, and which are of great moment to the world in this stage of its history. The superiority of the Prussian armies, in their gigantic struggle with the French, has taken the whole civilized world by surprise. The forces of the Empire have been crushed like wax in the grapple, and the most warlike nation of Europe has found its entire army destroyed in a few weeks, and all its material of war (including its Emperor) in the hands of the enemy.

Now, this is too remarkable an event to be attributed to the "chances of war," and can only be traced to the absolute inferiority of the French, as soldiers. Either they have sadly deteriorated, or the Germans have wonderfully improved. Both facts doubtless obtain to a certain extent; and the explanation lies in the ruling policies of the two nationalities. In Prussia, not only mental but physical education has been compulsory. The Prussians are a nation of intelligent and trained men. They are men who love literature—who, stern and rough as some of them may be, are fond of poetry and music, and possess an amount of culture in both these arts that would be quite incredible in France. They are thinking men—self-contained and self-dependent—unsubjected to spiritual domination. In short, they are men with good bodies well trained, and good brains well informed, and in free, active use. We cannot reproduce the exact statement, but at the time of the capture of Sedan we remember that it was found that quite a large number of the minor French officers could not write their names!

The overwhelming defeat of the French nation has been wrought out quietly in the Prussian schools and barracks. The schoolmaster for the mind, and the drill-sergeant for the body, by only a few years of thorough work, have transformed Prussia into the leading power of Europe. She has marched without the slightest effectual resistance to the capital of her bitterest enemy—an enemy that once held all Europe at bay—and swallowed his armies in her victorious progress. She will dictate, at immense advantage, the terms of peace. It is not to be wondered at that France cannot understand that she is defeated, or why she is defeated; and the great cause of fear now is that she will not learn that there is no possible way for her to re-establish her national greatness save through the universal education of her people. Universal education is for France, as well as for Spain and Italy the only means by which regeneration of power may come. Without the adoption of this policy, it will matter very little who may sit upon the throne of France, or whether France be without a throne. When the people of France become as intelligent as those of Germany, and as thoughtful and as intellectually and spiritually free and independent as they, then they may hope to stand again on an equality, as a nation, with their northern neighbor. This change cannot take place without loss of influence to the priesthood, and it is not necessary to say that the priesthood will oppose it; but it *must* take place, or France must be content to sink forever into the position of a second-class power. The world is making progress, through the spread of intelligence and culture, and France must adopt the policy of Prussia or be content to sit at her feet a defeated, humbled, and helpless state.

CANADA AND SAN DOMINGO.

THE President's annual message, loosely read, or not read at all, by most, divided among various Congressional committees, grown stale by discussion, and easily forgotten by all, was, to us, an unusually interesting document. It was a frank, free showing of the Presidential "hand." No words were used for the hiding of facts and ideas. It contained no hints, no half-statements, no diplomatic dodges. Even the long talk about Canada, which some of the political papers have regarded as a loud bark, without the slightest intention to bite, in any contingency, seems to be quite as earnest as his plea for the acquisition of San Domingo, and none can doubt his determination in regard to that. It is really refreshing to see a high official manifest earnest personal feeling upon measures which have engaged his interest and convictions, and to plead for them, in a manly way, with the people who have placed him in power. The Alabama claims, which relate to the past, get only a paragraph, while San Domingo and British America, which he associates with the future free development of his country's commerce and territorial power, absorb ten times as much space in his not over-long message.

The protest of the President against the harsh treatment which the Canadian authorities have exercised, and have proposed to exercise, toward our fishermen, and his petition to Congress for authority to bring them to terms by suspending the operation of laws which permit a free transit of their goods over our territory and allow their vessels to enter our waters, will, whatever the politicians may say, command the approval of the American people of all parties. He makes ready despatch, too, of the Canadian pretensions to a right to exclude citizens of the United States from the navigation of the St. Lawrence—a pretension so preposterous that it could only have had

its birth in hostile feeling, and could only properly be met by a demand for its immediate withdrawal. The idea that all bottoms shall have free access to our lake ports through the St. Lawrence except our own, is one which could only have originated in unfriendliness; and the quicker it is exploded the better for both parties; and we prophesy a prompt and thorough abandonment of all these Canadian schemes for harassing our commerce, as a direct consequence of this outspoken expression of the Presidential feeling, accompanied as it is by arguments and statements of fact that show that he has taken his position intelligently and knows what he is talking about. If Canada should demur, she would get a quick lesson from the home government; for England cannot afford to stand on any small point of difference with us at this time.

We prophesy, too, the acquisition of San Domingo, in accordance with the President's recommendation. Doubtless somebody will make money by it, and to the people of the country it matters but little who it may be, provided the President is wise in his estimate of the results. If it is a measure of national protection, if it will build up our merchant marine, if it will give us new markets, if it will make slavery insupportable in Cuba and Porto Rico, if it will end the conflict in Cuba, if it will help pay our national debt, and cheapen the necessaries of life to our people—and these are the motives by which the President urges his measure—then the American people must and will have San Domingo. We have paid large sums for territory that will never add materially to our wealth or power. We are invited to take San Domingo as a gift. If San Domingo shall become ours, then Cuba will follow in time; then the Sandwich Islands; and then, if Canada becomes particularly amiable, Canada; if persistently troublesome and ungracious, still Canada. For we believe with the President that "the time is probably not far distant when, in the natural course of events, the European political connection with this continent will cease." That means, and can only mean, absorption and unification, in accordance with the common interests of North America and the tendency of this political age.

THE POPE AND HIS PEOPLE.

THE people who have lived under the temporal rule of the Pope have been neither prosperous nor happy. They have been grievously oppressed in many ways, for many years. Indeed, their condition has been pitiable in a sad degree. The rule under which they have lived has been a personal despotism of the worst sort. Every aspiration for liberty has been suppressed, every plea for liberty has been punished, and every liberty-loving man has been placed under an untiring, relentless espionage, or the open or secret ban of the State. The best men of Rome have only escaped death in a prison by spending their lives in banishment. The entire prosperity of the people has been sacrificed to the feeding and decoration and aggrandizement of a great ecclesiastical establishment, with its lazy and useless thousands of priests, its expensive churches, and its multiplied religious houses of various kinds.

A man needed to live in Rome but a few weeks to learn that there was not a particle of sympathy between the Pope and his subjects. He distrusted them utterly, and they hated him, although they acknowledged him as their spiritual father. Nothing but foreign bayonets has kept the Pope upon his throne for years; and the moment they were withdrawn, and the people had an opportunity to vote, they voted the Pope of Rome out, and the King of Italy in. It is sad to think that only this shabby alternative was left to the Roman people. It is sad to reflect that the inhabitants of the Eternal City should have been ruled in such a way that they were glad to assume allegiance to so base a man and so unprincipled a potentate as Victor Emanuel. Such, however, is the undeniable fact; and the friends of the Pope are welcome to all the comfort and countenance they can find in it.

And now what is the shameful thing that we see in this country, in connection with this change of rule in Rome? A great movement among the Catholics which takes the form of a protest against the spoliation of the Pope's temporal power! Do these men pretend to be republicans, and friendly to American institutions? Do they pretend to believe that all "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed?" Can they be friends of America without sympathizing with the Roman people, who, by free choice, have elected to be the subjects of the king of Italy? Is the kingdom of Jesus Christ a kingdom of this world? Was St. Peter a civil ruler? Has not this temporal power, exercised so long in Rome, brought foul corruption to the church, and constant degradation to the people? What can these Americans be thinking about, that they, in this free land, talk about the Pope's "dominion as a sovereign prince"—as if he owned the people of the Papal States, and they had no rights and no will which he was bound to respect? Was the church established for the good of the people, or were the people born simply to serve and support the church? Is it the office of the great to rule or to serve?

If the people of Rome had had the slightest desire to retain the Pope as their civil ruler; if the troops of Victor Emanuel had been unwelcome intruders upon their peaceful loyalty to the man of the Vatican; if they were bowing their necks unwillingly to the yoke of a new despot, there would be some apology for the outcry which the American Catholics are making; but the unpopularity of the Pope, as a ruler, in his own dominions, is so obvious and so notorious that no one has the hardihood to question it. It has been so bad that the people were ready to welcome any change, and they have welcomed, by a unanimous voice, the change that has come. In

Heaven's name let them have their will! Ay, in America's unanimous approval, let them have their will!

It is going to be hard for the Catholic world to learn that the Bishop of Rome is no greater, in any essential respect, than any other Bishop; yet to this complexion, in the world's progress, it must come. If it is essential to His Holiness, in the exercise of his ghostly functions, that he rule the State in which he holds his residence, then it is equally essential for all other bishops, of whatever grade or of whatever church, to rule the realms they occupy. The Bishop of Rhode Island, Episcopal or otherwise, has just as good a right, by virtue of his office, to seize Providence, and convert Brown University into a palace and occupy it, and snub Burnside, and muzzle Sprague, and banish Anthony, and appropriate the money ordinarily spent in elections there as the revenue of the church, and rule that little commonwealth of uncommon wealth with a rod of iron, as the Pope has to rule Rome. There never was anything in his position and functions, as a bishop of the church of Jesus Christ, which gave him the shadow of a claim to any temporal power whatever. The power that he has hitherto enjoyed and employed has been disastrous to the church he has served and the people who have served him. The simplicity of Christian truth, as it came from St. Peter, has been ten thousand times sophisticated by the policies and necessities of the State; and the church, ceasing to minister, had become a tyrant.

We, as Americans and Christians, have two causes of satisfaction in the Pope's fall. The first is that the people of Rome have their wish and their right; and the second is that the church is relieved of a corrupting and misleading influence. All the marriages of Church and State, that have hitherto illustrated the history of Christendom, have been unhappy; and all advances in true progress have invariably tended to their divorce. It has made no difference in the result whether the Church has wedded the State or whether the State has wedded the Church. The Church has always been the loser in this intermingled life, and always must be, in the nature of things; while the State has received no elevation from the connection. We freely challenge a comparison of the American people, as regards their intelligence, morality, independence, happiness, and practical benevolence, with any people living under an established church of whatever name. We are aware that the Roman people have not escaped from an establishment by escaping from the rule of the Pope, but they have secured this advantage in the change—that they place the church in the position of a minister to the popular need, and remove themselves in a degree from the position of servile ministers to the need of the church. All protest against this change is a protest against popular progress in true religion and popular liberty, and comes with a bad grace from a people whose condition is a constant rebuke and condemnation of the politico-ecclesiastical despotism that during the long centuries has been busy in grinding the manhood out of Rome.

HOME AND ITS QUEEN.

THERE are not many propositions, in this captious world and questioning age, that are permitted to pass unchallenged. It used to be supposed that Adam was the first man, but there are those who doubt it now. The solid democratic faith in universal suffrage is shaken in a multitude of minds by the facility with which the demagogue appropriates a popular privilege to his own corrupt purposes. Our good old Bible, out of which has come all that is worth anything in our civilization, and in which the most of us trust, has been the butt of the skeptic for centuries, and hears strange questions in these days from the lips of those who pretend to preach its truth. Still, two and two make four, the sun is larger than the earth, and we have yet to hear any man or woman deny that in the quality of the homes of the nation abides the nation's destiny. If these homes are nurseries of manly and womanly virtue, and schools of economy and prosperity, the natural outcome and expression of them will be a government of justice and freedom, and social institutions that shall be liberal and pure.

There is probably not an unperverted man or woman living who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are very few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever of good there may be in their characters and conditions. Home, based upon Christian marriage, is so evidently an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is planted, there stands a bulwark of the State. Wherever it is pure, and true to the Christian idea, there lives an institution conservative of all the nobler interests of society. Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes its cue and its hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly,—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted,—she consciously or unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power or eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what their mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice which those men speak in the expression of their power is the voice of the women who bore and bred them. There can be no substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficently upon society and the State. Neither woman nor the nation can afford to have home demoralized, or in any way deteriorated by the loss of her presence, or the lessening of her influence there. As a nation we rise or fall as the character of our homes, presided over by woman, rises or falls; and the best gauge of our best prosperity is to be found in the measure by which these homes find

nultiplication in the land. In true marriage, and the truggle after the highest ideal of home-life, is to be ound the solution of more of the ugly problems that onfront the present generation—moral, social, and olitical—than we have space to enumerate.

Thus far few will differ with us, we imagine; and fur-her than this we do not care to go, except to say that whatever there may be in the schemes so industriously ut forward for changing the position and sphere of woman which will tend to make home better, and its ueen more modest and gentle and pure, shall have our arnest support. If an active competition with man n professional or mercantile life will fit woman for ome life, and help to endow her with those virtues whose illustration is so essential to her best influence n the family, let her by all means engage in this com-etition. If the studies and apprenticeships necessary o make such a life as this successful are those which eculiarly fit women to be wives and mothers, and pre-are them to preside over the homes of the people, let s change our educational institutions to meet the ne-essity, and do it at once. If woman's power over the allot-box, now exercised by shaping the voter, and ifting the moral tone of the nation at home, will be nade better and more unselfish by giving her a hand n political strife, and the chance for an office, let her ote by all means. If those virtues and traits of haracter which are universally recognized as womanly re nurtured by participation in public life—if woman rows more modest, sweet, truthful, and trustworthy y familiarity with political intrigues, or by engaging n public debates—if her home grows better and more nfluential for good in consequence of her absence om it, then we advocate without qualification her ntrance upon public life at once, and demand that he broadest place shall be made for her. If the umber of true marriages is to be increased by a policy hat tends to make the sexes competitors with each ther for the prizes of wealth and place, and secures o any marked degree their independence of each ther, then let that policy be adopted.

This good, thus contingently specified, is the grand esideratum of our country and our time. Our sup-ositions involve questions of vital, paramount impor-ance. They stand before and above all other ques-ons connected with woman's work, woman's rights, nd woman's future. They ought to be settled by a ise consideration and discussion; and we believe hat when they shall be settled thus, all good men and omen will find themselves upon a common platform, nd the questions which agitate us now will have van-hed.

WHERE ARE THE YOUNG MEN?

THERE are curious facts, noticeable in the Eastern tates, to which occasional allusion is made in con-ersation and the newspapers—facts which illustrate he scarcity of young men of a certain class. At every ashionable summer resort, the small number of young men and the comparative plentifulness of young women are matters of notoriety. If there should happen to be, in such a gathering as this, half a dozen young men, of unexceptionable position, to six times that number of young women in a corresponding position, the thirty-six women would account themselves peculiarly fortunate. In a hotel "hop," one will see half the girls with partners of their own sex. The ladies of a traveling party in Europe are, as a rule, in an overwhelming majority. The fact that beaux are scarce in all public places, is one with which the young women of the Eastern States are painfully familiar. There are many good reasons to be offered for this disproportion of the sexes in such places—the pressure of work or of study upon the men, at a period of life when their time is not wholly at their disposal, being the principal one.

If it were only in the resorts for summer recreation that young men are scarce, the fact would not be noteworthy particularly. They ought to have something to do, and enough to do to keep them from spending a great deal of time in the pursuit of pleasure. It is a startling fact, however, that the young men of the first class, or those regarded as belonging to the first class, are as scarce in the towns as they are at the summer hotels. The marriageable girls among Eastern families of the best position are in overwhelmingly larger numbers than are the marriageable young men in the same position. Something of this is due to the ravages made by the late war among the ranks of the young men. Something more is due to the emigration westward of great numbers of them, so that, in some of the Western States, the men outnumber the women. Whatever the causes may be, they are sufficient to establish a marked inequality in the number of the sexes in the class to which we allude. There are many social circles, in every Eastern city and considerable town, embracing great numbers of beautiful and well-educated young women, in which there cannot be found a brilliant or even particularly desirable match among the men. Two or three hackneyed beaux, whose hair remains black by reason of the barber, and whose teeth are sound by reason of the dentist, do the polite for two or three generations of beauties, and are so busy in the service that they forget to marry, and so pass away; while, shrinking into a thriftless maidenhood, with hearts unwon and charms unappropriated, the sweet life of the women dries up, and sinks to the dust from which it rose.

Now to us this is one of the most sad and serious things connected with our social condition; and it has a world to do with the uneasiness of women, manifested in various ways,—the universal seeking for something with which to fill up life, and make it significant.

But we have a practical reason for calling attention to this matter; and this we propose to present in a statement relating to a large number of young men, usually assigned to the second class in society. While

our fine girls are bemoaning the lack of young men, and the scarcity of beaux who are marriageable and who mean marriage, there is a class of young men whom they do not recognize at all, yet who will furnish to the next generation its men of enterprise, of power, of position, and of wealth. It is not the sons of the rich who will, as a rule, remain rich. The sons of the poor will get rich; and there are to-day, drudging in offices, and counting-rooms, and store-houses, and machine-shops, and printing establishments, the men who, in twenty-five years, will control the nation socially, politically, and financially. Every man of them means to be married; they will, as a rule, make excellent husbands; they are all at work trying to win success. They are men who would be easily improved by recognition, and by bringing them into good, intelligent society; yet they are as little noticed as if they were so many dogs. Virtuous young men from the country go into the city, and live for years without any society, and are regarded by the fashionable young women with indifference or contempt; but those young men have a hold upon the future; and when their success is won, in whatever field of enterprise it may be, the fashionable will be glad to claim them as belonging to their own number. We regret to say that, as a rule, the young men for whom a position has been won by virtuous and enterprising fathers amount to but little in the world; and we rejoice to say that companions chosen from those who have their fortunes to make and their position to win, are those to whom a well-bred woman can generally with safety intrust her happiness and herself.

If there is anything in all these facts, thus brought into association, which points out a duty to "our best society," and urges its performance, even by selfish motives, it will be readily perceived. The hope of the country is in this second grade of young men. They ought to have better social privileges. What better capital can a man have than youth, virtue, intelligence, health, and enterprise? What better claim than these can any man present for admission into good society? To young men of this class, now almost wholly neglected, the society of educated and accomplished women would be a rare and fruitful privilege—fruitful to themselves, and quite as fruitful to those whose courtesies they receive.

THE OLD CABINET.

If you had looked over our shoulder before it was folded and sealed, this is what you would have read:—

The clock has just struck twelve. My first letter of the New Year shall be to you. . . . . .

And instead of writing, what have I been doing these last ten minutes! Making uncanny scrawls all over the sheet. Up in one corner is a dragon with the head of a horse. In another, such a tree as never was on sea or shore, with a bell swinging from one branch and a skull from the next. Here a row of cherub heads; there a waving flight of birds; a profile, a steeple, an eye, a jagged blot, a laurel sprig, a Noah's ark, a spiral—running round and round, in and out, with manifold convolutions, like the long, lithe ribbon with which the Japanese juggler filled all the glittering air about him, at the Town Hall, the other night.

I think I see you smiling over the rude array. Yet are they to me full of spiritual significance—yes, full as the weird, wise picture reveries of Blake and Vedder.

And what do they mean?

They mean that after the noisy stroke of the clock, in that solemn hush wherein the New Year was born, there came such a rush of associations, such a flood of memories, such awe and wonder, that when I thought to write to you there were no words, only those queer scratches and outlines; those handwritings on the wall, whose interpretation you are awaiting.

They mean—The seasons as they roll, seed-time and harvest, the mystery of life, the greater mystery of death.

They mean:

What a strange thing it is, this living in cycles; this beginning every morning and every week and every year. The men of science, you know, are talking about it, nowadays,—the Law of Periodicity,—and they find it in every part; in the heavens and in the earth; in the elements, in business, in disease, in accident, in society, in religion. The sensation of having passed through certain present circumstances before—some say it is a previous existence repeating itself in this. The world, like the Genii in the fairy stories, long ago bowed down, saying: "Behold me, henceforth and forever Slave of the Ring!" The sign and seal are everywhere—the secret who shall discover? for it is the secret of the heart-beat, and lies close hidden near the impenetrable sources of life.

And another thing is strange—the growing old with the years. The debatable land between boyhood and manhood—what a queer country—full of masquerades, and surprises, and wonderings. Do you remember how unreal it all seemed? "Good sirs, if you knew what a boy it was, how quickly you would point to yon door!" After a while the line was passed. It grew—this manhood, this responsibility of age—to be an old story. But there is a new debatable land, 'twixt middle and old age. The same strange feeling comes with the gray hairs and the deeper wrinkles.

From the car window, one morning in the autumn, I saw hoar-frost on the green grass.

> "And, haply, round the Eternal Throne
> Heaven's pitying angels shall not ask
> For that last look the world hath known—
> But for the face behind the mask."

Do you remember the old times—New-Year's Eve at

he Hall?—the big, dark-cornered kitchen, and the reat "range," and the molasses bubbling and boiling in the pot! Then the pans set in a simmering ow upon the snow; and how we ran out, again and gain, and burnt our fingers in testing the sweet stuff's ardness. Do you remember how we took the dark, oft masses of candy into our buttered palms, and ulled and pulled till the brittle threads flashed golden n the candle-light? O the chasing, and the shouting, nd the fun! And do you remember how, as the midnight hour grew near, we crowded around him who eld the watch, and each "caught" all, with a ringing "Happy New Year"? And what true and loving riends we all were in those days!

Yet I know very well that if you and I wanted a olly time again, like that unforgettable night at the Hall, we would not care to bring together just the ame old, jolly crowd—even were all among the iving. There are forms and faces and voices that would have been strange to us that night—and now, they have crowded out the old—crowded out some, not all.

Alas, we say, for human friendship! How soon we change, how soon forget! The dearest and nearest in those old times—how they filled, and satisfied, and blessed us. We love them still, but it is for what they were to us, not for what they are to us now.

And are we fickle then? Are we little or false because the old friendships are not the same?

No, we are not false, we are not fickle! It is sad, yes, sad indeed, if while we have been growing, they have stood still. It would be sadder yet if through the fiery ordeal of the years we had passed with no new self-knowledge—no bettering from the errors and the anguish. The blame, if any there be, lies not with us, but in their narrower lives. No, we are not false! We are true—true to ourselves, and that is the truth that includes all.

I'm sorry, Old Fellow, you're so far off. It's mighty lonely in the big house, at this time o'night; all are asleep but myself, and I believe I'm in the dumps. Barring the sadness there is in remembering, I think it's very much the same feeling of depression that comes to us sometimes in our beds, in the early morning. How fearfully blue everything looks then—how pitilessly the labor and care and trouble of the brazen day confront us. A little while ago I was sitting by the fender, tracing in the ashes, with the brass nose of the bellows, the new date—1871. In ashes! thought I. An ill omen for the stranger! So I tried to blow the figures away—when lo! the strong breath upon them wrought a marvellous transformation—in letters of living light the new year glowed and flushed upon the hearth.

A blessed omen may it prove—for your home and for mine!

There, Old Boy—I have written you a long letter; but it would have been thrice—yes, thirty times—as long if I had interpreted all. Good-night, and a Happy New Year!

"If Charles Dickens was a heathen, then let us all be heathens—if we can"—said the woman who lectured in the "Lyceum Course" at the Town Hall last night.

Did they know what they were doing?—those men who disturbed the sacred places of sorrow by their narrow, noisy questionings. Did they know of what renown they were robbing Christianity?

For while his may not have been the perfect life—his the perfect books; while he may have lacked in many things—missed somewhat of appreciation and experience in certain directions—yet, if all the sweet humanities, all that is hearty and sympathetic and cheery; if all the fervent, effectual protest against cant and wrong and oppression; if all the good that there is in this man's writings is something foreign to Christianity, then shall we blame the world if it inquire curiously into a state of heathenism so gracious and benign?

"Was Dickens a Christian?"

What is the religion of Christ, and who shall tell the number of his disciples?

As we glanced out of the western window just now, wondering, we thought of the gate that stood, years ago, upon an invisible line of separation between the lawn and the garden. The last remaining relic of a fence long since removed—it was formed of a couple of painted wooden pillars, reaching higher than a man's head, and braced a-top by a frail cross-piece. We passed this way sometimes in reaching the garden, but there was wider entrance on either side. The posts were ancient, and worm-eaten, and rickety, and would have been taken down with the fence, had they not made friends with a honeysuckle vine that clambered up and covered them with its grace and protection.

So rickety that one morning after a gusty night we looked out of the window, and lo! the gate-posts had fallen, the honeysuckle blooms were dragged in the dust.

"Alas, alas!" said Theodosia; "how can we ever get into the garden again!"

The array of pictures at the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is rather meagre both as to extent and merit. But there are some paintings on the walls it is worth your while to know. For, after you have admired whatever is admirable in color and composition in Bouguereau's "Orestes Pursued by the Furies," you can turn your back upon its splendid conventionalities, and the unendurable horror of the bare mother-breast in which the knife is plunged; what is better—you can turn your back upon certain other things, still less to be endured by gods or men, from Fagnani and those of that ilk—and you may sit and gaze your fill into this "Landscape" by Troyon; into this still, shadowy pool; into these dim, living woods. Do you not feel the cool, damp air upon your brow; is there not the rich perfume of grass

and decaying leaves; are there not truth, and worship, and peace?

There are other pictures that you must not miss. Among these a boy "Playing on the Jews-harp," a head you will not soon forget—torn straw hat, but the soul of a musician, and the joy of one, in its sweet face.

THIS dainty little volume of *Verses*, by "H. H.," with its red edges, and old-style lettering, and crisp leaves—what hum of insects; what flutter of wings and whisper of trees; what breath of fields and flowers; what blue summer sky it brings to us, here by the winter fireside!

"Such couch, such canopy, such floor,
Such royal banquet spread;
Such music through the open door,
So little said.

So much bestowed and understood,
Such flavored courtesy,
And only kings of unmixed blood
For company.

Such rhythmic tales of ancient lores,
Of sweet and hidden things,
Rehearsed by sacred troubadours
On tireless wings."

There is a strange, delicious little story by Erckmann-Chatrian, of a blind peasant girl whose intense sympathy with all plants and insects gave her some fine new sense which more than supplied the place of that of which she had been deprived. "The Queen of the Bees" she was called—they all knew and acknowledged her—her myriad winged subjects; and she knew them every one; thrilled with their joys and suffered their sorrows. The girl knew, too, all the flowers—not only as those who have eyes may know them, but in a mysterious intimacy; for hours she would sit and talk with her wee friends.

It is a mere fancy sketch; the pretty French story—but the poet of these *Verses* has brought to the making of them just such a knowledge and fellowship:—

"'O chilly night,' I said, 'no friend thou hast
For me, and morn is far,' when lo! a shout
Of joy, and riding up as one rides late,
My friend fell on my neck just in the gate.
'You got my message then?'
'No message, sweet,
Save my own eyes' desire your eyes to meet.'
'You saw no swallow and no bee before
You came?'
'I do remember past my door
There brushed a bird and bee. O, dearer presage
Than I had dreamed! You sent by them a message?'"

"Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of 'good-night';
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie 'down to sleep.'"

And as we read on—"My House not Made with Hands," "Wooed," "Won," "My Strawberry," "Tides"—how clear it is that this poet has won the secret of the woods and of the waves; that nature has kept back nothing (that may be told) from so reverent a student and worshipper. Was there ever a delicater sense of her subtile alchemy; a tenderer sympathy; a truer interpretation?

How surely will the soul most sensitive to the "flavored courtesy" of the wilderness have deepest appreciation of the graces that transcend those. Here are locusts and wild honey; but here, too, are the better sacraments of friendship, love, religion.

WE think General Rochambeau understood something about his subject when he wrote to Lafayette that brief but comprehensive essay on the French Soldier. The hot-blooded young Marquis had been fretting at the inaction of the army in Rhode Island, in the summer of 1780.

"Permit an old father, my dear Marquis," said the gracious veteran, "to answer you as a dear son, whom he loves and esteems very highly. You must know me sufficiently to be aware that I do not need urging forward, and that at my age, when a man, controlled by circumstances, takes a position founded on good reasons, both political and military, no remonstrances possible can lead to a change without a positive order from my General. But I am happy to say that General Washington tells me in his despatches that my views agree substantially with his own, regarding all those circumstances which might allow us to take an offensive course. We differ only on a few details, where the shortest explanation—and certainly his orders—will remove every difficulty. You are mortified, as a Frenchman, my dear friend, when you see an English fleet, with a marked superiority of force, blockading here our own squadron. But console yourself; the port of Brest has been blockaded these two months past by an English fleet, which has prevented the sailing of our second division. If you had taken part in the two last wars, you would have heard of little else but these blockades. Our naval commanders will, I trust, avenge these momentary mortifications.

"It is all very well, my dear Marquis,"—and here comes the essay, so remarkable in the light of the present,—"to believe the French soldier invincible. But I am going to confide to you a great secret, the result of forty years' experience: no men are more easily beaten when they lose confidence in their leaders; and they lose that confidence immediately when they find themselves sacrificed to mere personal interest or ambition. If I have been happy in preserving this confidence myself, I owe the fact to the most scrupulous examination of my conscience. I may say that of the fifteen thousand men, or about that number, of different grades, who have been killed or wounded under my orders in the severest actions, I cannot reproach myself with having caused the death of a single one, for purposes of my own."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

FURS.

"A GREEN yule," says the old proverb, "makes a fat kirk-yard." Rarely has a greener yule been known than that through which we lately passed. From all parts of the country came reports of vegetable anachronisms: dandelions in December, apple-blossoms six months before (or after) date, and green-pea patches where never peas waved before! "Portents dire" these to ice-men and stove-men, to furnace-tinkerers and grate-setters, to dealers in wood and coal, and all the thousand and one people whose bread and butter depend upon the inclemency of the winter. But to one class of persons, usually unpleasantly affected by a pleasant season, this has most unexpectedly proved favorable and brought with it comfort instead of dismay. We refer to our friends the Furriers, who, in spite of the thermometer, have been driving a brisk trade in consequence of the popular demand for fur as a trimming for ladies' cloaks and dresses.

The most fashionable furs for this purpose are Russia sable for velvet, and seal and black marten for cloth or cashmere. The seal sets—comprising jacket, muff, boa, and cap—are also much worn, even for the deepest mourning, replacing Astrakan and Persiani. Persian lamb trimmed with seal is also brought. For muffs and boas, as well as trimmings, the long-haired furs are much in vogue. Mink and ermine are *passés*, and their prices correspondingly lessened. Ermine, "the royal fur," is now probably the cheapest in the market, if we except Astrakan and squirrel.

Black marten is the great novelty of the season. Our readers in the country will be amused to hear that this is a euphonious synonym, invented by the dealers, for that animal known to science as "*Mephitis Americana*;" to the less learned as—the skunk! Accustomed as they are to rise betimes, like Mr. Gray's young man, and "meet the sun upon the upland lawn," they are familiar with the trail left by this charming little beast upon the early gale, and will stare to think of his becoming the object of a popular *furor*. With all his faults, however, his fur, it must be confessed, is extremely handsome—long, soft, and glossy, of a tint which shades from umber brown to rich black, and is not unlike the Russian sable. The skins are sent abroad and deodorized by a German process, so as to be, if not exactly agreeable, at least not obnoxious. Dire and dreadful whispers have reached us, however, to the effect that, exposed to damp air or a very hot room, the fur—but no! we forbear.

"*Zibillon*," a rich dark fur, with a submixture of gray in its long hair, is another *nouveauté*, and comes to us Rocky-Mountainward. This fur has been for years an article of exportation to Europe, but until the setting in of the present fashion has been little known in this country. It is rather a costly fur, bearing some resemblance to Russia sable, and possesses a slight animal odor not altogether pleasant.

For school-girls the Siberian squirrel sets are suitable and inexpensive. We have lately seen muffs and tippets trimmed with wide Astrakan fringe of the same shade of gray, the effect of which was extremely pretty.

WINDOW BOXES.

WHEN Winter has taken possession of the outside world, whirled the last leaf from the vine, seared the grasses, and hidden even the ever green branches in snow, then window boxes begin their reign. It is pleasant to glance from the fire and see them basking in the sunshine—green mossy banks, simulating the vanished Summer. Nor need the plants be costly nor the boxes of expensive material. Given fresh mosses and leaves, a few trailing creepers and a spike or two of flowers, and the effect must be charming, whether framed in enamel or zinc, in ebony or deal. And for those who are ambitious only of such effect, there are a dozen cheap and feasible methods of securing it.

The box may be of tin, painted green, or of common white pine, stained and oiled, with a strip of moulding, or a few lichens and fir-cones tacked on by way of ornament. Or, prettier still, it may be turned into a rustic affair by covering it with narrow horizontal lengths of rough-barked wood. Birch boughs or laurel, or both alternating, will answer, halved lengthwise with the saw, and cut into sections to fit the box, the shelf which supports it being edged with the same. Or a gayly colored affair may be made with narrow strips of oilcloth, finished off with a wooden moulding at top and bottom, a set pattern being chosen, of bright solid colors, like the tiles which are so much in vogue for more expensive arrangements. In either case, unless the window-seat is of unusual width, a strong pine shelf must be adjusted in the recess to support the box, and the edge which fronts the room must be ornamented or stained to match.

The one essential of window gardening is *sun*. That secured, the rest is easy. A south window, with a shade which can be raised or lowered at pleasure, is best.

The box provided and the shelf set, begin operations by a bottom layer of broken charcoal.

It is well to have the larger plants in pots, both for convenience of removal and to obviate the need of *box* drainage, which is a troublesome thing in a parlor. Set the pots on top of the charcoal, arranging according to fancy, but keeping the taller plants in the middle. Free, hardy bloomers, such as fuchsias, tea-roses, geraniums,—scarlet, rose, and white,—carnations, Chinese primroses, do better in the house, as a general thing, than tropical ferns and bigonias, which are so temptingly beautiful in conservatories and perish so quickly out of them. One or two foliage plants also, a Coleus, "*Aturanthus*," or a silver-leaved myrtle, will be pretty, and two or three German and English ivies. Fill in

around the pots with light friable soil, one-fifth sand, and smooth the top over so as to cover the pots. Now, into the interstices you may tuck smaller plants —mignonette, lobelia, sweet alyssum, crocus and jonquil bulbs, ivy, geranium, moneywort. There should be a madeira vine or two to arch the window and twinkle across the upper panes. Last of all, cover the surface with mosses fresh from the woods, amid whose roots will be tangled all sorts of sweet wild things, partridge berry, tiny ferns, cranberry vine, and a dozen more. Water well and sprinkle the surface every day with a fine rose or a whisk broom. Later in the season, as some plant grows yellow or dull, you can lift it out carefully and insert a new one; a hyacinth with white or purple bells, a tall spiked heath, a baby cactus, or Jerusalem cherry with fruit of coral; and the sudden brightening of the whole, by virtue of the new addition, will startle you into fresh pleasure, like the lovely surprises of the spring.

The water used for the plants should be tempered slightly when the weather is very cold. It is a good plan to keep a wet sponge hidden somewhere about the box. All furnace-warmed houses are dry, and the more water evaporated into the air the better. Evaporizers of unglazed clay for the registers are of great assistance. They are made to hold a gallon, and will evaporate that quantity of water daily in the register of an ordinary furnace. "Inspiration," and good humor, too, are very apt to "go down through that hole in the floor," as nerves and temper give way under the strain of dry heat, and the addition of four quarts of moisture daily to the air of the sitting-room in which you live, will be found of sensible benefit to your plants, your furniture, and yourself.

STATIONERY.

THERE is no more useless thing in the world, considered *per se*, and without regard to its contents, than a note paper which has been written upon. If it holds a line from the beloved one, a promise to pay, a poem, a recipe, it may secure a brief existence; if not, it is cast aside, a disregarded thing, of no earthly use to anybody.

And yet in the production and purchase of these ephemeral luxuries large sums of money are yearly spent. Every season sees some new device in shape or style. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," the costly whim ranges. Now a square sheet, now an oblong, rules the day; of satin smoothness one month, rough as shagreen the next; with initials and monograms of every design and shade, and envelopes as multiform as Proteus. A guide is required to comprehend, and a fortune to follow, the exigence of Fashion.

The novelty this winter is "tint." The note, which when first glanced at appears white, on closer examination reveals, so to speak, a faint perfume of color; blushes inaudible pink or delicatest lilac, or shadows forth the faintest green. And the monogram which crowns the sheet is to the monogram of two years ago as the full-fledged summer to the pale spring. No longer a mere interlacement of lines—red, blue, or black—it is now a work of art,—as intricate, as rich, and as costly as an initial letter in an illuminated missal. Gold, carmine, ultramarine, umber, royal purple, blend therein in soft unison—the writing-desk, when opened, glows like a bed of jewels or a fairy flower-garden. When opened—Ah!—there's the rub! It is when the test of use is applied to these dainty creations that the question arises, "What has the modern note-writer to say which is worthy of committal to these exquisite pages?"

For paper cannot enhance thought—it is thought which embalms the paper. Shakespeare inscribed his sonnets and Sir Philip Sidney his sad melodious lays upon sheets so coarse and yellow that our very cooks would scorn them. Yet what fragrance, what priceless value now hangs about those discolored folios. And when upon the luxurious smoothness of the modern page we find only the penury of feeling and the poverty of style, the ill-punctuated, ill-arranged, inelegantly-phrased, and meaningless lines which make up the average letter, we are forced to sigh that this inheritance of the centuries should not be in the hands of worthier beings or applied to worthier uses.

A fashionable note, whose irregular scrawl has consumed two of the minikin sheets now in vogue, may be fairly computed to have cost at least three times the value of its postage stamp and ten of its contents. Glancing it over we are forced to frown as we laugh—and we recall something once said by Curtis, to the effect that it is useless to waste time in acquiring mastery over a foreign language, French for example, when the mind affords you nothing worth saying in your own. English answers as well as purest Tuscan if all you desire to express is that the evening is a warm one, or "this is a pleasant party." And so with paper. Commercial note is good enough, and too good, for the commonplace chit-chat of average correspondence. And though wit still exists in the world, and sense, and poetry, and epigram; though letters are written to-day as bright and forcible as any of Madame de Sévigné's or Walpole's, still the art of letter-writing is confessedly in its decadence, and the best examples existing among us are, as a general thing, written on plain paper, and sent forth with no waving of gorgeous flags or blowing of trumpets. "Good wine needs no bush." Let that content those whom an untoward fate compels to "seal their letters with their thumbs" and dispense with a monogram.

WEDDING CARDS.

THE newest wedding envelope retains the pocket-book flap, but is a trifle smaller and squarer than its predecessor. The outside initials are also slightly diminished in size. Multifarious cards accompany the invitation. There is, first, the Bride's card; secondly, the Bridegroom's; thirdly (if to a stranger), the card of the Bride's Mother; fourthly, the "Ceremony" card for church; fifthly, the note paper for the "Reception at the house;" sixthly, the card with the married names

in full, and the days on which they will receive in their new home; seventhly, and lastly, a card with "Please present this at the door" engraved thereon, which is designed to keep uninvited guests from crowding the church, and pickpockets from elbowing the silver. The whole might be fairly styled the "Coupon" invitation, and its weight and cost must cause the heart of the card engravers to leap for joy.

THE WORK-BASKET.

Now that the winter sewing is done and the winter hats are trimmed, industrious little fingers all over the country will be giving themselves a holiday on fancy work. Gay worsteds will replace tape and bobbins on many a work-stand, and the crochet hook fight for supremacy with the needle and oust it from its place. For the benefit of our younger readers, who, living out of town, are unable to refresh their ideas from the inventions of the embroidering shops, we propose this month and next to give a short space for description of some of the new devices in fancy work, which may furnish agreeable employment for the winter evenings.

Fire-benches are pretty adjuncts to a hearth rug. They are embroidered on canvas, and we recommend coarse canvas and the large stitch as being quite as effective, and far less troublesome. The strip should be four feet long and a foot wide. The pattern may be a Persian one or in flowers, with lilies and buds, roses, or shaded green leaves; but in either case the grounding should correspond in color with the carpet and furniture of the room. The bench can be made by any carpenter, of common wood, as a trimming of fringe or gimp tacked round the edge will conceal every part of it except the legs, which should be turned knobs of walnut. These legs on one side should be four inches high, on the other two, thus giving a comfortable inclination for the foot to rest upon while warming before the fire. The top is slightly stuffed, and the embroidery fastened firmly on it with tacks, which in their turn are hidden by the fringe or gimp. Silver or gilt tacks are prettiest for fastening on the trimming.

A JEWEL-BASKET.

The materials for this tasteful little affair are a piece of Japanese canvas, one-eighth of a yard square, three skeins of worsted, two yards and a half of inch wide satin ribbon, a bit of lining silk of the same color, and two supports of black walnut, which must be obtained from a wood carver. These are thirteen inches in height; one end is finished off with a trefoil, the other branches into two feet, and the tops are dove-tailed into each other. Embroider the canvas with a simple set pattern, line, and make into a little bag, the open end being trimmed inside and out with the satin ribbon quilled. Suspend it between the opening, finish each end with a bow of the ribbon, and twist the ribbon up either stick, finishing off at the point of junction with another bow.

Its design is to stand upon a bureau and hold earrings, cuff-buttons, studs, and other little articles of jewelry which are apt to be overlooked or lost if a place is not provided for them.

Very pretty tidies are made nowadays of coarse lace embroidered with working cotton. "Minute" cotton, No. 4, is commonly used. Run the lace with the cotton in groups of rows one inch apart, leaving a space two and a half inches wide between the groups. Embroider either edge of the stripes thus formed with a pointed or Grecian pattern, and in the intervening spaces work rows of large dots, or any other set figure which strikes your fancy. When done, edge the whole with imitation Cluny lace. Sets of pincushion, mats, and bureau-cover of this lace over colored silk or cambric are effective, and a drapery of the same arranged to fall either side the bureau-glass from a black walnut ring on top will be found extremely pretty.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

EDUCATIONAL REPORTS.

TOUCHED to the quick by the fact made manifest by the Paris Exposition of 1867, that continental nations were excelling her in fields wherein she had been supreme, England set herself promptly to investigating the cause. She had not far to look. Her successful rivals were just those nations which had taken most care to provide instruction for their industrial classes; and if she would regain and retain her former position in the markets of the world, she must follow her rivals' example. The result was an educational awakening which promises not merely a reform, but a revolution in the character and scope of popular culture in England.

It is too much to expect any such results from the tardy fruit of the United States Commission to the Exposition; still the circulation of Commissioner Hoyt's Report on Education (*Education in Europe and America: a Report on Education*, by John W. Hoyt, U. S. Commissioner to the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867. Washington: Govert. Printing Office, 1870) will go far to correct the mistaken notion so prevalent among us, that we are pre-eminently an educated people, and by showing us that as a country we are educationally a long way behind the more advanced countries of Europe, it may help to create the needed desire for something better. Even in the department of primary education, our special subject of vainglory, we are doing but a fraction of the work that needs to be done, and are doing that little not nearly so well as it is done elsewhere.

The report begins with a general survey of the educational condition of the countries represented at the Exposition, first noting the extent of their represen-

tation, then giving an outline of their school systems, the scope and spirit of their educational policy, and the general statistical results. In the fifty pages devoted to this part of the subject one may get a clearer and more comprehensive notion of the educational work of the leading civilized nations than in any other volume we know of.

In the special survey of the educational field, to which the remainder of the report is devoted, Mr. Hoyt treats separately of Popular Education, primary and secondary; Superior General Education as provided for by Schools of Letters, Science, and Art; Special Education in Industrial Schools, Schools of Applied Science, Commercial, Naval and Military Schools, Polytechnic Schools, Schools of Medicine, Law, and Theology, and Normal Schools; and finally of University Education, closing with a chapter on the leading tendencies of this department of learning. For the most part this portion of the report is composed of summary statements of the organization, scope and character of the more important institutions in each department. It contains a vast amount of information, though hardly in a shape to be generally read.

Our own educational deficiencies are nowhere more apparent than in the department of special education, —just the field which one would naturally expect to find the "practical" Yankee most zealous in cultivating. So long as our standards were low and our artistic requirements simple, the native tact and handiness of our artisans answered every purpose. But with the increasing demand for artistic workmanship, in addition to mere serviceableness in our manufactures, we must either educate our workmen for their work, or see them outstripped by men of foreign training. Among the grave errors and omissions of our educational system (as we miscall our unsystematic efforts at popular teaching) specially exposed by the report, the most prominent are the annual waste of some millions of dollars on school buildings, not one in a thousand of which has any regard for the conditions necessary to the physical, moral, and mental health of the children; the almost utter lack of proper means of ventilating school-rooms; the absence of any general regulation of the work done in the schools; the lack of oral teaching, and illustrative teaching by means of models of mechanism and the like; the absence of musical and industrial recreation; the almost exclusive devotion to *cram;* the lack of care in the selection of primary teachers, and the failure to make the profession of teaching sufficiently remunerative to enlist and retain the best quality of service; the unpractical character of our high school teaching, and the irresponsible character of the most of our private instruction; the lack of supplementary agencies, as evening schools and schools for the cultivation of art in its industrial relations; the waste of time and money on pretentious "colleges" poorly officered and equipped; the—but it is useless to enumerate. In every department of education tending to make men efficient as workmen and valuable as citizens the report shows us to be more or less grievously deficient. In the higher departments we have quite as little ground for self-gratulation. "When we confess," says Mr. Hoyt, "that the academical department of the oldest and most advanced of our American Universities is entitled to rank scarcely higher than the German Gymnasium, whose certificate is essential to admission to the central and foundation faculty of the German University; that the average graduate, fresh from some of our most noted scientific schools, could hardly pass the entrance examination at any of the European polytechnicums; and that the terms of admission to all our university professional schools, and the meagreness of the courses of study prescribed as requisite to the degrees they confer, are justly a reproach to the intelligence of our people, and a laughing-stock with those who understand them in the Old World, it should be with profound sympathy for the many self-sacrificing scholars of America who are struggling to insure to their respective institutions, and to America superior education, a more honorable career. The reproach is chiefly with the governments and the people who refuse the necessary means."

And not only are we thus falling behind other nations in intelligence, but behind ourselves. Illiteracy is increasing among us, not only from the influx of untaught foreigners, but from native growth. The paper on Illiteracy in the United States, in the report of Commissioner Eaton (*Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year* 1870. Washington: Govt. Printing Office) affords a most humiliating picture of our weakness and danger from this source. It cannot be too widely read. As a whole, this report is not so discouraging. There are indications of an increasing desire in all quarters for wider and more efficient schooling for all classes, and that is a hopeful sign. There is also a manifest disposition to see things as they are, even if not altogether agreeable, and that is another hopeful sign. The report proper occupies some eighty pages, surveying the educational work of the different States and Territories, the relations of education to the Indians and the Chinese; woman's interest in education; the relations of education and labor; half time and evening schools; higher institutions of learning, etc., etc. The remainder of the volume, some five hundred pages, is devoted to abstracts of State and municipal school reports, statistical tables, and a number of contributed articles, of varying merit, touching the work of public education at home and abroad. The value of the statistics is seriously impaired by the lack of agreement in the character of the information given in the State reports, but that is not a matter yet under the control of the Bureau. Considering the limited force of the Bureau, and the subordinate position it occupies, the report is quite creditable. Its contrast with the bulky volume, whose dead weight crushed the Department of Education, will revive the hope that the efforts of the National Government, on behalf of education, will not be fruitless of good results.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The fourth volume of Theodor Mommsen's *History of Rome* (Charles Scribner & Co.) completes one of the most important publications of the day. As an original investigator, equally at home in the classic writers and in the more obscure inscriptions which have come down to us from antiquity, Dr. Mommsen has few rivals and no superior. No historian since Niebuhr has exhibited greater independence of thought, or more courage in attacking inveterate error. Many readers will be disposed to question the soundness of the criteria according to which the current stories relating to the infant days of the city are judged and rejected. But if Mommsen's *Rome* is not the place in which to look for a recital of the fabulous marvels of Romulus and Remus, of the flames playing about the head of the infant Servius Tullius, or of the chivalric self-devotion of Regulus, the reader in search of a spirited, accurate, and consistent narrative of the authentic history of Rome will not be disappointed here. Among the Germans there are few writers that possess more of that peculiar faculty of dramatizing which constitutes one of the most fascinating qualities of a historian. Probably to a majority of readers the last volume will seem the most entertaining of all. If it treats of a degenerate community, fitted by its own inordinate luxury and wide-spread corruption for the tyranny by which it was soon to be enslaved, it is also a well-told story of thrilling incidents. The actors upon the stage are world-renowned personages, their parts important episodes in the fortunes of the most powerful nation of ancient times; and so striking are the costumes, so life-like the play, that even those who are most familiar with the action will watch with attention the progress of the drama onward to the catastrophe for which they are already prepared. The value of this American edition is greatly enhanced by an index at once exhaustive and scientific. Strange as it may seem, the English editions have nothing whatever beyond the most meagre table of contents prefixed to each volume.

The Story of a Workingman's Life (Oakley, Mason & Co.) is an autobiography of an Englishman who emigrated to this country in his youth, and following his trade, sought occupation in various places East, West, North, and South. Converted from a skeptic to a Christian believer, he resorted to a theological seminary for training that should fit him to become a missionary, when he sailed under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union and began a long career, not yet finished, of manifold labors, and, especially among the Karens, of almost miraculous success as a teacher of the Gospel to the Asiatic heathen. The crowded story is told in a style of singular clearness, directness, and simplicity, relieved with frequent touches of a quaint humor, very racy of the character of the man. It is a thoroughly noble book, full of wholesome incentive and suggestion to young men. It should command wide attention. Dr. Francis Mason is a name to be remembered with that of Adoniram Judson as a Christian missionary, and with that of Benjamin Franklin, almost, as a kind of mechanic Ulysses.

Washington Irving retains his strong and full hold upon the affections of his countrymen. Putnam & Sons have lately brought out popular abridgments by this author of the Lives of Columbus and of Washington, than which we know of no books so adapted to instruct and entertain auspiciously American boys. In conjunction with Lippincott & Co., Putnam & Sons have also issued a new and more beautiful edition of Irving's Complete Works, which forms a most desirable national gift-book, while the interest excited and the pleasure afforded by our endeared pioneer author's *Life and Letters*, as edited by his nephew, have induced the publishers to issue a three volume edition in the most attractive shape.

FICTION.

Among the novels of the season, *With Fate against Him*, by Amanda M. Douglas, from the press of Sheldon & Co., is specially praiseworthy as marking a great advance in this writer, whose previous stories have depended for their effect much upon "sensation." Discarding all adventitious methods of awakening an interest in the reader, she here constructs a work of fiction, which, without becoming didactic, powerfully impresses us with a deep underlying lesson of life, and which with comparatively few materials keeps curiosity alive from the beginning to the end. The plot is admirably contrived to withhold the secret of the drama till the unfolding of the *dénouement*. Traits of character and gifts of blood, long wandering in an Arethusa stream through succcessive generations, are made to reappear and find impersonation in the principal characters, which are drawn with a firm hand. Some of these characters are yet strangely improbable, and for a considerable time, as the narrative proceeds, we seem to be reading of English social life, a deception to which the very names they bear, and the purple tint of aristocracy in the opening chapter, lend assistance. The style is remarkably vigorous and incisive, and bears evidence everywhere of sincerity, giving assurance that the writer has at least been true to her own convictions and kept faith with her heart.

Mr. Bayard Taylor's novel of *Joseph and His Friend*, is a book of a different kind, addressed to a less numerous class of readers—those who prefer the pleasing manner in which a story is told to ingenuity of plot or extravagance in incident. It is a very quiet story, indeed, of simple country life, but it never relapses into dulness, and it will teach the ethical purpose of the writer more effectually than a highly wrought romance could do, though it were ever so exciting. Messrs. George P. Putnam & Sons have published it in an attractive form.

A sillier story than *The Vivian Romance*, by Mortimer Collins (Harper & Brothers), has rarely been

published. Mr. Collins is master of a rapid and lively style, but his incidents are in the highest degree improbable, and his heroes and heroines are absurd sublimities of fashion.

We are pleased to see a new edition of that remarkable New England story, Judd's *Margaret*, published by Roberts Bros., of Boston. The best evidence of the individuality of the tale and its dramatic power, or, at least, of its intense characterization, may be found in the fact that it inspired the best artistic illustrations which any American work has ever received from a native artist. And yet, when Darley's beautiful designs appeared, comparatively few of their admirers were acquainted with the tale of which those picturesque outlines were the appropriate complement. Mr. Judd had a psychological insight, a descriptive and sympathetic power far beyond his literary culture and his artistic descriptions. Accordingly, the force and flavor of *Margaret* is rough and wild, but intensely true and pathetic. If the finish and the style were equal to the conception, the work would be a classic local romance; as it is, it is an original, primitive, and powerful study of life and character naïvely executed.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The number of juvenile publications is, perhaps, no greater this season than usual, but the proportion of good ones in the list is gratifyingly large.

Jacob Abbott's volumes of stories and juvenile histories would make quite a little library in themselves, and yet he seems as fresh and new as ever in the two concluding numbers of the Juno Stories, *Juno on a Journey* and *Herbert* (Dodd & Mead, publishers). His stories breathe morals, and thereby teach them, in the only possible way. These, like all the others of his works, are wholesome throughout, which is far more than can be said of many of the books published for the little people. Albeit they are as absorbingly interesting as any reasonable boy or girl could wish.

Of a very different style, but scarcely less valuable, is *What She Could*, by the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, who has found at last, in the production of children's stories, the literary field for which her genius best fits her. The present story is pleasing and healthful in tone, and carries with it a sound lesson for budding intellects.

Equally valuable are the teachings of Heinrich Zschokke, in *Labor Stands on Golden Feet*, of which Dodd & Mead publish a translation. It is not a child's book particularly, and we venture the prediction that its grown-up readers will be quite as numerous as those of smaller stature. Its author traces a family history through three generations, with the sole purpose of pointing the one moral expressed in the title of his book. The interest of the story is thoroughly well maintained to the last, without the introduction of a solitary incident unworthy the general aim of the work.

Leavitt & Allen Brothers contribute three very handsome volumes, from the pen of Mrs. Frederick Field, constituting the By-and-By series, with which the little people may well be pleased. They are *By-and-By*, *I Didn't Hear*, and *I Forgot*. They are thoroughly wholesome in character, and a shade above their class in point of literary merit.

In the Drayton Hall series, which consists of three volumes, entitled, respectively, *Christy's Grandson*, *Allan Haywood*, and *Lawrence Bronson's Victory*, we have something of a very different character. There is nothing positively objectionable in the stories, but their negative faults are numerous. There is a decided want of ability to interest children, on the part of their author, and their teaching of moral and religious truth is too didactic in manner—too much in the style of clerical exhortations. We make no kind of objection to the truths so solemnly announced; we only say their expression will do no good whatever, because the children will inevitably skip them. The books will be pronounced dry by every healthy boy and girl who may read them.

Robert Carter & Brothers, who publish the Drayton Hall series, give us, also, four more volumes of *Flowerets*, which are simple, childlike, and pleasant in their style, with no particular merit or demerit in a literary sense. A more pretentious volume, from the same publishers, is *Down the Steps*, which is intended for somewhat older children, and is pretty good in its way, as is its companion volume *Conant Farm*, from the same author.

A noteworthy feature in our juvenile literature is the large number of reprints from foreign works, which seek a place among the varied progeny of our extensive corps of American writers for children. Of this class is a sweet, sad story called *Nelly's Dark Days*, by Hesba Stretton, from Dodd & Mead. *Ivan and Vasilesa*, from the Presbyterian Board of Publication, is a story of life in modern Russia. It is a simply and well written story, of small pretensions and considerable merit. *Little Folks Astray* is a mere negation. It is an insipid story, insipidly told. In the Can and Can't series, from Leavitt & Allen Brothers, pleasant little stories are pleasantly told, and good lessons are inculcated by the thoroughly practical system of indirection which marks the best books of this class—though we could wish these volumes a better literary style. In the *Springdale Stories* there is so much of the modern novel mingled with so much of fascinating cant, that children cannot well fail to be both interested and injured by their perusal. There is little in the volumes to commend, and much to censure. Of a different and more wantonly bad sort are *Pinks and Blues*, and the *Proverb Stories*, which are simply dime novels and sensational newspaper reports done over again, and seasoned with pious maxims for the benefit of the children.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

The scientific discussion so long prevalent in regard to the alleged discrepancy between geological facts

and the Scriptural theory of creation, finds, in this handsomely printed volume, by Rev. Dr. Malloy, of St. Patrick's College at Maynooth (*Geology and Revelation*, Putnam & Sons), a valuable and interesting illustration. The author, convinced that there could be no absolute contradiction between the truths of science and religion, studied geology to solve the problem for himself, and in so doing prepared an exposition of the subject more attractive and authentic than those of many writers of higher scientific pretensions. The introduction by Prof. Dana adds to the claim of the work, which embodies a large amount of geological information, and is written in a very candid and clear style, abounds with admirable woodcuts illustrating the text, and is altogether a very pleasing and suggestive addition to the popular history of modern science.

Rev. Dr. Broaddus, of South Carolina, has written one of the least conventional and one of the most entirely sensible books on Homiletics that has ever appeared. His treatise on the *Preparation and Delivery of Sermons* (Smith, English & Co.) covers the whole field of a minister's public duty.

The seventh volume of *Lange's Commentary* (Charles Scribner & Co.) is devoted to Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians, and is characterized by that German thoroughness, comprehensiveness, and exhaustiveness that have already placed the work at the head of exegetical literature.

Dr. Hanna's *Life of Christ* (Carters), now complete in five volumes, is marked by the evenness and unintermittent brilliancy of style which is characteristic of the author, and which makes his book delightful if read piece-meal, but a little tiresome if read in course.

One marked feature of theological study at the present time is the division of labor. Not bodies of divinity, but monographs. *The Theology of Christ, from His Own Words*, by Joseph P. Thompson (Charles Scribner & Co.), is a careful, able, elaborate study of the subject indicated by the title.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have reproduced, as appropriate to the time, under the title of *The Destroyer of the Second Empire*, the well-known *Napoleon le Petit* of Victor Hugo. Now that the late Emperor of France is in disgrace at Wilhelmshöhe, with none so poor to do him reverence, it seems almost cruel to taunt him, henceforth harmless, with the bitter epigrams of his brilliant assailant of twenty years ago (not quite, for it was in 1852 that *Napoleon le Petit* was first published); but it is marvellous how like prophecy seem what were thought only the rhapsodies of a political dreamer, now that we read them by the light of France in flames.

The Æneid in Modern American (*Winsted Herald* Office, Winsted, Conn.), except that it is a fragment, representing but two books of the original, is adequately described by its title. Considerable humor in conception, and very good luck here and there in expression, went to the making of this *jeu d'esprit*. If it were novel and original in its idea, it would merit higher praise, perhaps; but, as the case stands, the most that can be said of it is that, read aloud under fortunate conditions, in an appreciative circle of those familiar with Virgil, it would be, and would deserve to be, heartily laughed at for its whimsical incongruities of literary costume. The cuts are funny in just about the same way and to just about the same degree with the letter-press.

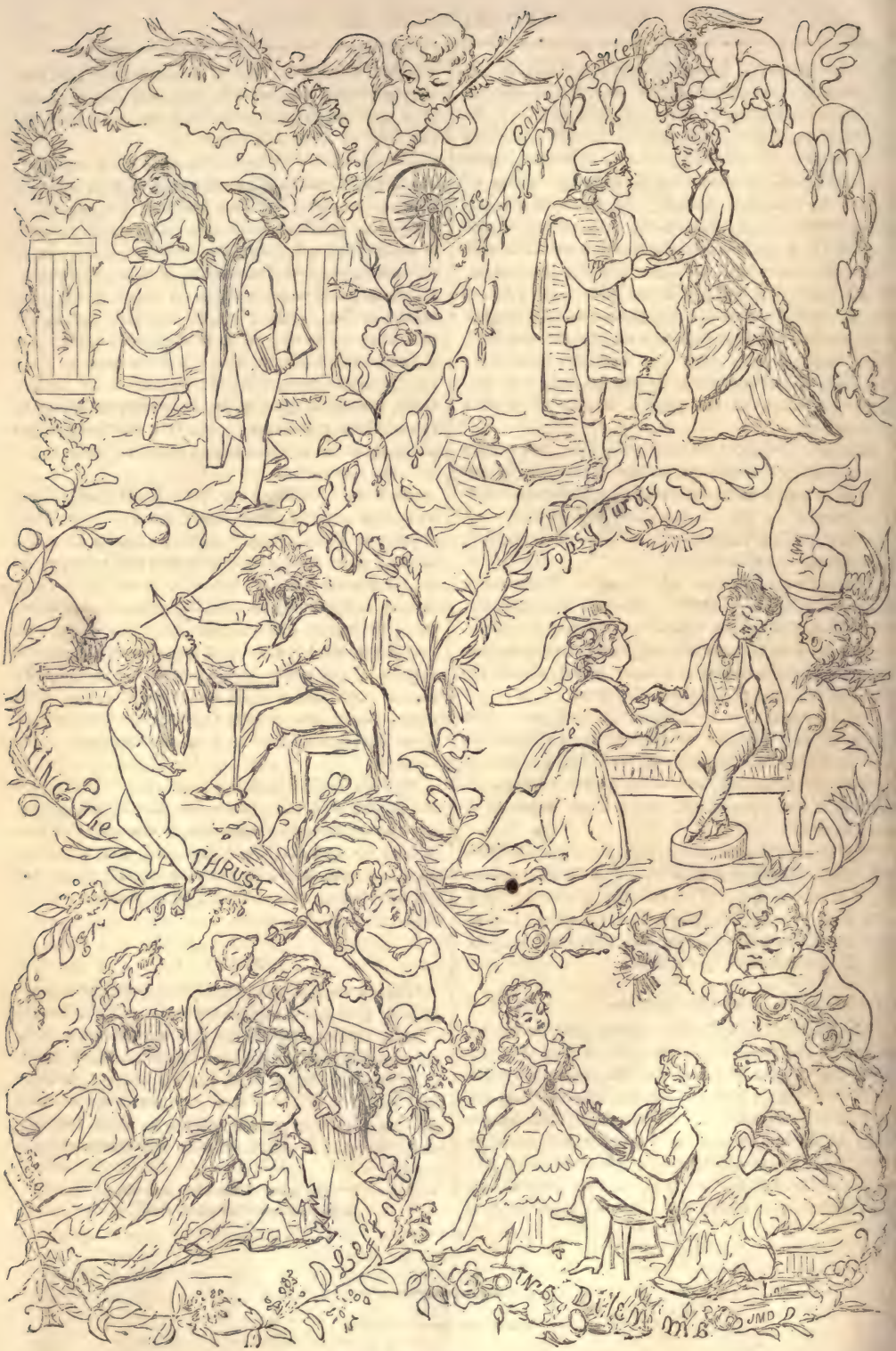
Books and Reading; or, What Books shall I Read, and How shall I Read them? by Professor Noah Porter, of Yale College (Charles Scribner & Co.), is a work of more than transient interest and value, as the author has not confined himself to a dry list of titles, or even to a running commentary upon general literature; but has occupied a large part of the volume with remarks on what it is to read, attention in reading, the relation of the reader to his author, the moral influence of books and reading, and kindred topics. The essays—there are twenty-two in all—recommend themselves by their familiar style and liberal and catholic spirit.

M. Paul du Chaillu, in his description of his reign in the jungle, with jurisdiction over the Apingi people, and the leopards, elephants, wild boars, and other *feræ naturæ* of the land (*My Apingi Kingdom*, Harper & Bros.), is more interesting than ever, and young and old will read his new volume with unqualified satisfaction.

POETRY.

It is not for us at this late day to express our appreciation of Professor Longfellow's version of *The Divine Comedy* (Fields, Osgood & Co.); but we may express our gratification that the book is now no longer sealed up in luxurious large paper and gilt edges. We can only regret that it was ever so treated, as we look admiringly on the popular edition in three neat volumes, the edition that frees from the fetters of costliness

> "—this poem of the earth and air,
> This mediæval mystery of song."



"TO-MORROW IS SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1871. No. 5.

WEATHER-TELEGRAMS AND STORM-FORECASTS BY THE AMERICAN SIGNAL SERVICE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

A STORM-SCENE ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

FOR many centuries of the world's history, a certain fiery meteor was thought to be a fierce and dreadful visitant, filling mankind with terror, as described by the poet:—

> "A pathless comet and a curse,
> The menace of the universe,
> Still rolling on with innate force,
> Without a sphere, without a course."

But since Halley's time the arrival of every comet has been foretold to within a few hours, almost as nicely as the clock tells us the revolution of the earth on its axis.

In 1831, that great meteorologist, William C. Redfield, of New York, from a large mass of observations, demonstrated *that there is a law of storms*.

It is not saying too much when we venture an assertion that a century hence the law of

CURVE OF CYCLONES IN NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

storms, as demonstrated by Redfield, and after him elaborated by Reid, Piddington, Thom, Buys-Ballot, Prof. Henry, Sir John Herschel, Dové, Fitzroy, and others equally eminent, will take its rank among the great physical discoveries of Kepler, Newton, and Halley.

Mr. Redfield showed that the storms of the American coast were of a *rotary* character; that they were *progressive* whirlwinds, moving forward on the line of an *incurving spiral* at a considerable rate, and that *they revolve, in the Northern hemisphere from east to west, against the hands of a watch, and in the Southern hemisphere from west to east, with the hands of a watch.*

The published researches of Mr. Redfield were followed by those of Major-General Reid of the British Army, in the introduction to his *Law of Storms.* Speaking of the Atlantic gales, he said:—"The Tropical Hurricane has now been traced on the west side of the Atlantic, beyond the fiftieth degree of latitude, which is the latitude of the southernmost point of England, and has been proved to be a whirlwind whilst passing over Newfoundland to Labrador. By their rotatory motion such storms neutralize or reverse the trade-winds, and by their progressive motion they cause those changes of the wind which give the name of 'Variables' to certain latitudes.

"A residence of nearly eight years in the Bermudas, on the thirty-second parallel of latitude, satisfied me that all the Bermuda gales, of whatever degree of force, *in which the wind veers and the barometer falls*, are progressive revolving gales; and I was struck when hearing the inhabitants call them 'roundabouts.'" *

The centre of the storm, it was afterwards more fully shown, is marked by a *lull* or *calm*, and by an exceedingly *low barometer.* So low and so suddenly does the mercury fall in the Torricellian tube, that in the celebrated instances of the Havana hurricane of October 12, 1846, and the Natchez tornado of 1840, mentioned by Prof. Dové, of Berlin, the windows of the houses, by the expansive force of the confined air, were blown *outwards.* The character of the cyclone is understood if we look at a carriage wheel revolving fast over a muddy turnpike. The whole wheel moves forward on the road, and the dirt on the upper rim is thrown forward and that on the lower rim backward. While the cyclone is moving with great rapidity on its exterior, perhaps 100 miles an hour or more, its centre and body may be marching so slowly that steamers, and even sailing vessels, sometimes overtake it and run into imminent danger.

Thus we see that a ship caught in a cyclone will find the wind to veer from point to point until finally it has made a complete recurvation. The brig, "Charles Heddle," so famous in the annals of cyclonology, in the Mauritius hurricane from the 22d to the 27th of February, 1845, was carried round and round the cyclone, at an average distance of 50 miles from the centre, scudding 1,300 miles in the five days, and yet found herself afterwards only 354 miles from the port from

CURVE OF CYCLONES IN SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

* Reid's *Law of Storms*, p. 2.

which she had started, as the storm had made five complete revolutions with her.

If we can further imagine an enormous disk or circular body of air hundreds of feet high, revolving *horizontally* over the surface of water, we can further see how ships on different sides of the cyclone would be affected, and how easily, if they correctly understand its motion, they may *sail around* it, or with it, instead of going into its vortex. By observing the veerings of the wind, the seaman can ascertain the direction of the dreaded centre of the storm, and, knowing the centre, can easily escape the danger.

To facilitate this calculation, Mr. Piddington, President of the Marine Court at Calcutta, prepared two Horn-Cards, one for the Northern hemisphere and one for the Southern.

PIDDINGTON'S STORM-CARD FOR NORTHERN HEMISPHERES.

Should a ship find herself in a cyclone in the northern hemisphere, her master has only to lay down the horn-card (which is transparent) on his chart, taking care to always keep the *fleur-de-lis* on the magnetic meridian, and to lay the *wind's place* on the card at the time exactly over the *ship's place* on the chart, moving the card, of course, along the known track of the storm. Thus, "suppose your ship," says Piddington, "in 16° North (lat.) and 72° West (long.), with all appearances of a cyclone, and the wind at W. N. W., and she is bound to Grenada (U. S. of Colombia). Mark off her place, and lay the W. N. W. of the horn-card over it; and you see at once that it is a storm of which the centre lies about N. N. E. from you, *i. e.*, between you and the shores of St. Domingo, which it is probably then ravaging; and you moreover see that for you it is a fair wind, by which you may safely and surely profit, hauling first a little to the southward, to be sure of a good offing from the more violent and dangerous part, and also to get room to keep away a little if the sea should be heavy on the S. Eastern quadrant of the cyclone, when the wind, as you see, will haul to the S. W."* Or, suppose a vessel from Europe bound to New York meets with a strong S. S. Easterly gale and falling barometer about the meridian of Bermuda, the seaman will discover by the tracks and by the use of his storm-card that he is on the eastern side of a cyclone, which is traveling towards him on an E. N. E. or north-easterly course, and that if he stands on he will inevitably encounter it. He has only to run off to the N. W. till he has brought the wind to at least E. N. E. or N. E. and he finds his barometer rising, and he has entirely eluded the centre of the cyclone. What is true for the northern hemisphere, if reversed, is true for the southern hemisphere, as has been expressed in the following unpoetic lines :—

"Your back to the wind will the centre define,
If you only consider the place of THE LINE.†
For North of it LEFT—or South the RIGHT hand,
Stick out like a sign-post and quietly stand;
And each points to the *Centre*, whose place you demand." ‡

* See Piddington's *Horn-Book*, p. 137.

† Sailors call the Equator the Line.

‡ See a little work of Piddington's: *Conversations About Hurricanes*, p. 29.

We began our inquiries in this paper mainly to ascertain those dreadful movements of the atmosphere that every year, nay, at every change of the earth in its orbital position, bring desolation in their pathway and strew our lake coasts and our seaboard with hundreds of wrecks.

But we have already seen that the *sea*, whose surface is a uniform level, upon which the atmospheric currents meet no obstacles to deflect them from their wonted and lawful path, is the best field on which to study the laws of all atmospheric phenomena. Next to the sea, the *desert* of the earth, "*the sea of sand*," furnishes us with the most exact notions of the normal courses of winds and storms, when they are subjected to no deviation from ridges of mountains and the deep valleys between them. If, then, "the law of storms," as established by Redfield, be demonstrated for the ocean, it is good for the land also, provided we are careful to note the features and orographical peculiarities of any section of country, and thus determine the modifications of the law. This law of storms, we do not hesitate to assert, has substantially been demonstrated by evidence which, if we set aside as insufficient, by parity of reasoning we must also set aside Newton's demonstration of the earth's spheroidal shape, from the retardation of the pendulum at the equator. Indeed, we must cast contempt upon the whole Baconian system of inductive science. The law of storms stands emphatically on a basis of facts, and is an induction of many thousands of observations.

Striking instances of its application are countless. Mr. Thom quotes the case of a ship which, in the hurricane of 1840, at Mauritius, slipped with the gale from S. E. hove to and drifted from the island, but the next day was carried back by the N. W. wind, and thrown on the reefs at the entrance of Grand River, at the place she had left. The same year, in September, three ships—the *Golconda*, a British transport, with 400 souls on board; the *Thetis* of Calcutta and the *Thetis* of London—met a double typhoon in the China seas. The *Thetis* of London, perfectly aware of her position, and her captain well acquainted with the law of storms, hove to at the right time and place and sustained no damage. The second, the *Thetis* of Calcutta, ran on, evidently in ignorance, till she could run no longer, losing her mainmast, which in falling crushed her pumps, and she barely escaped going down. The third, the *Golconda*, ran up into the meeting

A HURRICANE.

FORMATION OF MARINE WATER-SPOUTS.

place of the two cyclones and almost immediately foundered.

During the progress of a cyclone near St. Croix, which was situated in the south or left-hand side of the storm's track, the veering of the wind was recorded by Mr. Andrew Long, who for fifty years had paid much attention to the West Indian hurricanes. The results were strikingly confirmatory of the law of the rotation of storms, showing the wind blowing round and in upon the centre of least atmospheric pressure. On the morning of the 28th of September the wind was N. E. (the usual trade-wind); at 4 P.M. it was N.; on the 29th of September, at 6 A.M., it was W.; at 10 A.M., W. S. W.; on the 30th, at 6 A.M., it was S.; on the 1st of October, at 6 A.M., it was S. E. It then shifted to the east, and on the afternoon of the 2d, to E. N. E. Observations from six other places all show that the wind veered in precisely the same way, *i. e.*, from N. E. to N., W., S., E. The ship *Mexican*, whose course during the storm was 200 or 300 miles north-east of Nassau, experienced the same proofs of the rotary character of the hurricane.

The Bahama hurricane of 1866 was in some respects most extraordinary. Our chart* is borrowed from Buchan's, and exhibits the barometric pressure and the direction of the winds at different places in the West Indies at 8 P.M. on the 1st October, 1866, when the centre of the storm was at Nassau. At this instant the barometer was 27.7 inches at Nassau, while at a distance of 286 miles it was as high as 29.7 inches; at Bermuda, St. Thomas, and Barbadoes, it was at the average height; but to the east, north-east, and north of Barbadoes, it was above the average height of that part of the Atlantic. These figures show such extraordinary fluctuations of the barometer as never occur beyond the tropics. In Great Britain the fall of one-tenth of an inch of barometric pressure in an hour is reckoned a large fall, such as only accompanies great storms; but during this storm, when the barometer was falling most rapidly, it fell at Nassau 0.700 inch from 4 to 5 P.M. The fall of the barometer became more rapid as the centre of the storm approached; but at the centre the pressure remained nearly stationary for a time during the lull which there prevailed, and before the barometer began to rise. Since at Nassau the lull at the centre

WATER-SPOUTS.

* See first of these articles in *Scribner's Monthly*, Feb., 1871.

lasted from 7.20 P.M. to 8.50, we learn, from the rate at which the whole body of the hurricane was carried forward, that the calm at the centre covered an area of at least 23 miles across. This calm may be considered as bounded nearly by the isobarometric 27.800 inches, in the centre of which the pressure was only 27.700 inches. Since ordinarily, within the tropics, the barometer rises and falls so little that it may be practically regarded as stationary, such enormous changes of the barometer are the more striking; they are so sudden that the eye, in looking at the mercurial column, can plainly see it falling, and they may be regarded as registering rather than foretelling the different stages in the progress of the storm.

During a cyclone off the Malabar coast, the barometer on board ship in the centre of the storm read 28 inches, while at Ootacamund, on shore, 100 miles distant, it read 30 inches, thus showing a difference of two inches in 100 miles.

At Mauritius, Mr. Meldrum laid down the path of a storm from the Mauritius observations alone, and on afterward receiving, from captains of vessels who had encountered the storm, a note of the latitudes and longtitudes, stated to their surprise when and where they had the storm, and the direction and veerings of the wind during its continuance. "In Mr. Meldrum's Storm-warnings scarcely a failure has occurred."*

That close and sagacious observer, General Reid, further tested this cyclone theory, by examining how far the great waves raised by storms agree with the supposed movement of the storm. "Whilst sailing on the borders of the tropic in the northern Atlantic," he says, "I have frequently watched the gradual change in the direction of the swell, supposed to proceed from the distant gales of wind, and it seemed to change in conformity to the usual progressive track of storms (*cyclonic*). When living in the Bermuda Islands, I was frequently interested by observing the change of direction in the surf which beat against their shores. A coming storm would roll its undulations so as to break upon the south and south-west side of these Atlantic Islands; and as gales proceed northward, the sea was seen breaking on their northern reefs."* The cyclonic motion of storms is further verified by common water-spouts.

We have now demonstrated the law of storms for the sea. One more link in the chain of thought and it is complete.

DOES THE LAW HOLD GOOD FOR THE LAND?

We believe that meteorological observations have shown that *generally* the law does hold good for the land as well as for the sea, and that, if this be true, *we have a solid basis for a system of storm-forecasts and storm-warnings*, and, as was lately said in an editorial of one of the first commercial papers of the country, "there is no science looming up with grander prospects of future results than that of storm-telegraphy."

It is true, exact observations have not been carried very far, but enough has been done to establish the application of the law of storms to the land. If this be questioned for some parts of the earth so boldly marked as the regions of Central Asia, with its towering summits, the Alps of Switzerland, and the lofty Andean States of South America, there can be little doubt as regards the comparatively level area of America east of the Rocky Mountains.

All that we do know of the storms that sweep over the land surface of the earth bears out this theory. In our hemisphere, as Fitzroy and others have long ago observed, "bad or worse weather usually follows shifts of wind *against* watch-hands, or with them in South latitude."

Tornadoes are probably cyclonic. In the Mississippi valley the tornado makes its clean road through the forest a few hundred yards broad, twisting enormous trees off by the roots. Lewis Back, an eye-witness of the great tornado in New Brunswick, June 19, 1835, stated that it was an unmistakable whirlwind.†

* Buchan, p. 341.

* Reid's *Law of Storms*, p. 32.

† The practical application of meteorologic information may be of great utility in the preservation of our houses. Thus, General Reid says:—"When a storm

Dust whirlwinds in India and Nubia are strikingly characterized by the "vorticose" motion. In one instance, carefully observed by Mr. Piddington, "the rotation," he says, "was according to the law for the Northern Hemisphere, and the incurving of the wind most distinctly marked by the dust."*

General Reid describes the great moving pillars of sand in the Nubian desert, as seen by Bruce, who at one time counted eleven of them together, and describes them as being 200 feet high, though only 10 feet in diameter, chasing each other in a circle.

But the character of land storms more conspicuously displays itself in the general storms which sweep over large tracts of country.

On the 2d of November, 1863, a large storm visited Western Europe. A chart giving simultaneous or synoptic observations, made at one hundred and forty places scattered over that continent, was constructed. This chart shows at a glance the atmospheric pressure, the direction and force of the wind at all these points at 8 A.M. The centre of this storm was in England, where the barometer was lowest, just as in the centre of an Atlantic cyclone. The arrows on the chart, representing the winds *exactly as observed at the different stations*, show that the general direction was as follows: W. S. W. and S. W. in the north-west and middle of France, in Belgium, and in Holland; S. E. in the north of England and south-west of Norway; E. and N. E. in Scotland and Iceland; N. in the west of Scotland and the north and east of Ireland; N. W. and W. N. W. in the west of Ireland and south-west of England.

"Thus," says the distinguished Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, who compiled the observations, "the wind blew in all directions around the central patch of least pressure!"

It seems at the very time this storm was raging in Southern Europe, another prevailed in Lapland and the north of Norway, which was marked by the same cyclonic or rotary characteristics.

Mr. Buchan, again speaking of the behavior of the two storms, says: "From this it follows that in these cases the wind blew round the area of low barometer in a circular manner, and in a direction contrary to the motion of the hands of a watch, with—and be this particularly noted—a constant tendency to turn inwards towards the centre of least pressure. It will be observed that the greater the force of the wind was at any place, the more nearly was the direction here indicated approximated to; and that where the direction showed any material departure from the general law, such winds were light, and consequently more under local influences which tend to turn them out of their course. Hence in these storms the winds circulated round the region of least pressure; or, to state it more accurately, the whole atmospheric system appeared to *flow in upon the* CENTRAL *area of low pressure in an in-moving spiral course.* This peculiarity is common to all European storms I have yet examined, and it should be particularly noted that it is no mere theory or opinion, but a simple statement of what has been constantly observed."*

Professor Loomis, in his invaluable work on Meteorology, has given a similar chart of the European storm of rain and snow of December 25th, 1836, which repeats the cyclone at sea in a most striking manner,†—the wind moving against the hands of a watch and around the centre of low barometer.

He also gives the American storm of February 16th, 1842, which is even more perfectly cyclonic.

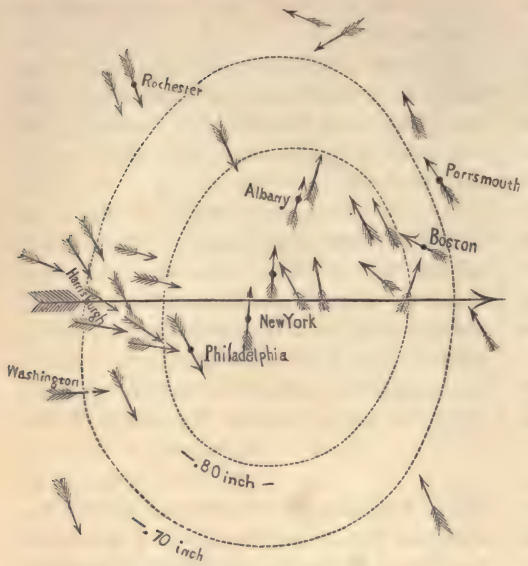
In the diagram of this storm, the smaller oval shows the area within which the barometer sunk eight-tenths of an inch below the mean, and the larger oval shows the area of seven-

comes from the East, it will set in at Barbadoes with the wind at north. When it comes from the south-east, it will set in at Barbadoes with the wind at north-east. The north-east and north sides of houses are, therefore, the sides which should be first barricaded, whilst the opposite doors and windows may be safely left open. They should be barricaded in succession, according to the way in which the wind veers round. The same rules apply to the other windward West India Islands."

* Piddington's *Horn-Book*, p. 299.

* Buchan, p. 252.

† See Loomis' *Meteorology*, pp. 141, 142.



AMERICAN STORM, FEB. 16TH, 1842.

tenths in barometric depression. The short arrows show direction of wind.

In making this statement, the intelligent reader will reflect that the axial rotation of the earth from west to east would conspire to cause the winds to flow in and round upon the centre. No doubt they assist in forming the revolving storm. But the point here aimed at is to show that there is a *rule in the behavior of our continental storms*, as in that of ocean hurricanes.

The rotation of the globe, while it may explain the *ordinary* circulation of the winds over any country, as Europe or the United States, cannot explain the *extraordinary* phenomena of the atmosphere. And we are shut up to the conclusion that the violent rotation of these continental storms proves their cyclonic origin and nature.

In an able paper read before the Board of Trade by Mr. William Stevenson, of Berwickshire, England, the well-known meteorologist, he says: "The storms which pass over the British Isles are found generally to act in strict accordance with the cyclonic theory." *

This view of the cyclone, rising in the equatorial ocean and extending with its ramifying offshoots into every corner of the temperate zones, is eminently in keeping with the apparent design of the Meteor. The storm is as much a part of the terrestrial machinery—a wheel in the atmospheric engine—as the Trade Wind or the Gulf Stream. It is necessary to supply the earth with aqueous vapor * and all those electric and hygrometric phenomena that follow in its track. It is necessary that the cyclonic movement should penetrate into the heart of the broadest continent, in order to accomplish its appointed mission and fulfil its lofty functions.

The surface of the country in England is comparatively so level that it does not destroy the cyclone. In the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, the law of storms doubtless in many instances prevails, and will continue to prevail, unless in some throe of nature a Himalayan chain of mountains be upheaved to intercept the regular winds and to divert the storm from its ordained pathway.

We may therefore conclude, that while local storms may be governed by local causes, the law laid down by Mr. Redfield holds good for general storm-warning purposes.

THE ORIGIN OF CYCLONES.

The Chinese call the island of Hainan "*The Typhoon Mother*," and we may give such a name to the Windward Antilles.

Hainan lies in the midst of a great volcanic basin, and the West Indies lie in the embrace of one of those fiery arms spread forth by the

* Report of the Meteorological Department of Board of Trade. 1862.

* "The climates of different countries," says General Reid, "may be influenced by the storm-tracks; and this is a very interesting part of meteorology to be pursued. The moist climate of the west coast of England, and more especially of the west coast of Ireland, is no doubt in part owing to the many Atlantic whirlwind gales which infringe on these coasts. The extreme dryness of other countries may likewise be in some degree owing to storms being arrested in their course by very high mountains." The Cordilleras of South America lying eastward of Peru and Chili, by arresting the whirlwind gales, cause their drought; the Abyssinian thus render Egypt dry; and the Himalayan mountains, by arresting Indian storms, render the regions north of them arid and unprofitable.

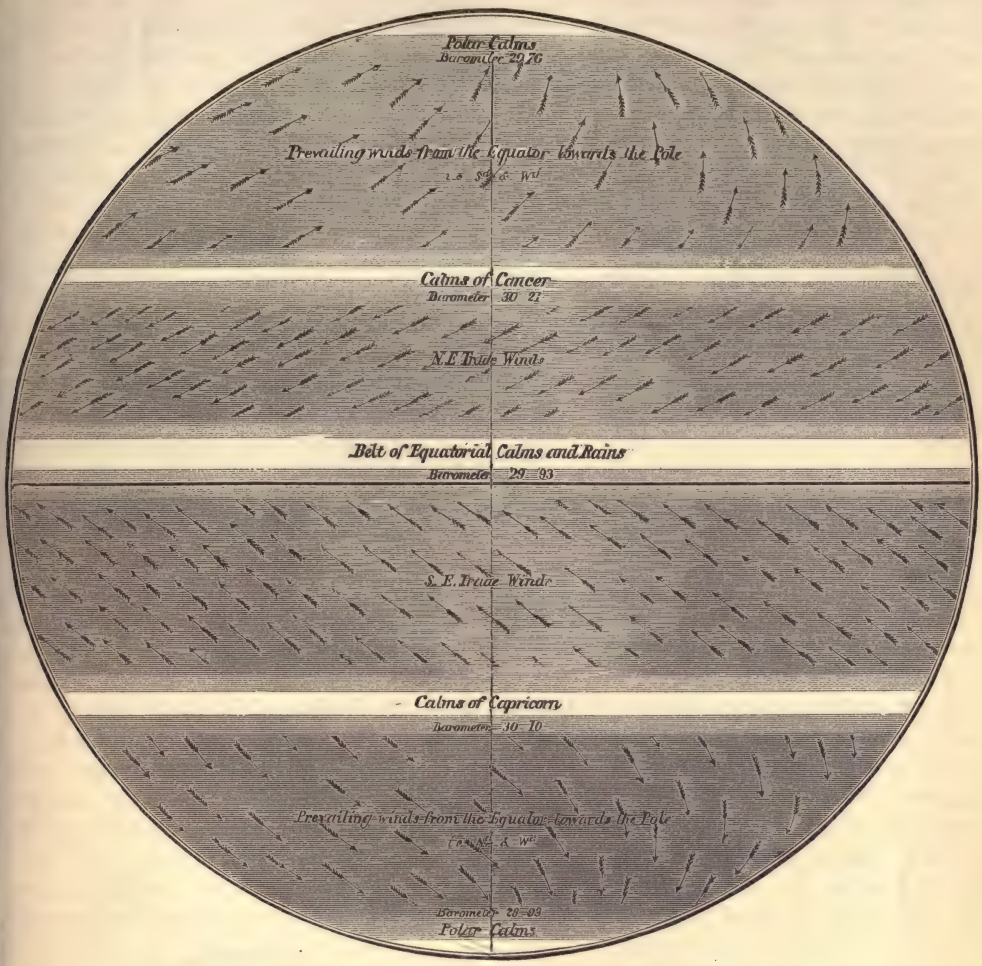


DIAGRAM OF THE WINDS. (ARROWS FLY WITH THE WIND.)

ast volcanic region described by Dr. Gerald Malloy, which stretches from Tierra del Fuego long the Andes through California, as far as he Columbia River.

To comprehend the origin of cyclones, we re forced to revert to what has been ad anced with regard to the Trade-Winds. heory points to the fact that the atmosphere rought by the Trade-Winds to the Equator ows back towards the poles (after rising to reat altitudes) *as an upper current.* The xistence of this upper or poleward current f air has more than once been distinctly roved, and the points or parallels of latitude here it passes another current *from* the pole as been distinctly observed on various parts of the earth's surface. The level at which this return Trade Wind moves in the equatorial regions is so elevated that no observer has distinctly marked it, even on the loftiest summit of the Andean Cordilleras. But the phenomenon has been distinguished by unmistakable occurrences. On the night of April 30th and May 1st, 1812, explosions as if of heavy artillery were heard at the island of Barbadoes, and the British garrison at Fort St. Anne was put under arms. At dawn on the 1st of May the eastern part of the horizon was clear, while the remainder of the sky was enveloped in a black and portentous cloud. The darkness soon became general, and of such a pitchy intensity that it was impossible to

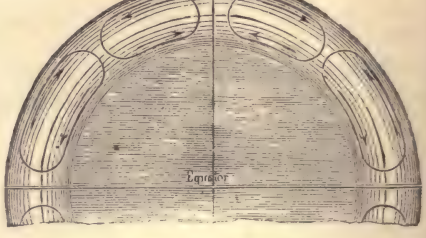
distinguish the windows in the houses, and the sugar-cane, and even some of the stoutest trees, groaned and gave way beneath the loads of ashes showered upon them from the overhanging cloud. The awe-stricken inhabitants questioned and wondered whence came these ashes. In the months of April and May, the North-East Trade-Wind in the latitude of Barbadoes is at its height, and every one supposed that the ashes had come from the volcanoes of the Azores. It was afterwards found they had not then been in eruption. The true source of the ashes was the crater of Morne Garou, in the island of St. Vincent, lying 100 miles west from Barbadoes — a point from which it is impossible for ships at this time to reach Barbadoes, except by sailing in a very circuitous route, in consequence of the direction of the Trade-Wind. The ashes of the volcano had been ejected upwards with great violence through the *under* or surface Trade-Wind, and had passed into the *upper* or return current, which took them to Barbadoes.

Again, on the 20th of January, 1835, the entire isthmus of Central America was convulsed by an earthquake which followed the eruption of the volcano of Coseguina, lying on Lake Nicaragua. So fearful was the eruption that the sounds were heard at Santa Fé de Bogota, at a distance of a thousand miles; and the cloud of ashes was so dense that Union, a seaport town on the west coast of the Bay of Conchagua, was draped in total darkness for forty-three hours. Ashes also fell at Kingston, and at other places in Jamaica, so that the inhabitants thus learned that the explosive reverberations they had heard were volcanic, and not artificial. Jamaica lies nearly 800 miles north-east of Coseguina. On the very day that this island received the volcanic shower, which could not have been borne to it except by the upper or counter Trade-Wind, the English ship *Conway*, sailing 700 miles to the *south-west* of Coseguina, and in the Pacific Ocean, received on her sails and decks a similar and thick shower of ashes, borne in the contrary direction by the regular under Trade-Wind.

The conclusion naturally drawn from these facts has often been confirmed by travelers while visiting the majestic cone of Teneriffe, rising 12,358 feet, in the Canary Islands.*

Humboldt ascended the peak on the 21st of June. When he reached the edge of the crater he could scarcely keep his feet, such was the violence of the west wind. (Relat., 1., p. 132.) George Glass, an accurate observer, says, from much experience on the peak :—"A strong westerly wind is constantly blowing at the highest points of these islands during the prevalence of the north-east wind below." Beyond all doubt it is this very wind that sailors look for and generally find on the summer voyage from Teneriffe to England, and which makes them call the voyage from New York to England sailing *down hill*, and the returning, sailing *up hill*.

Humboldt, Piazzi Smith, Tyndall, and many other visitors of the peak of Teneriffe, tell us that at its base, while the surface Trade-Wind blows from the north-east, the wind at the summit is simultaneously from the south-west. So also it has been found that on the volcano of Mauna Loa, rising over thirteen thousand feet in the Sandwich Islands, during the prevalence of the north-east Trade-Wind at the base, the summit is swept by the wet south-westerly counter trade from the equator. Indeed, as Halley long ago (1686) pointed out — "The north-east Trade-Wind below will be attended with a south-westerly above, and the south-easterly with a north-westerly



THEORY OF UPPER AND LOWER TRADES.

* Leopold von Buch, speaking from his own experience, says :—"Even throughout the summer, when the North-east Trade-Wind was blowing with the greatest violence at the sea-level, the peak of Teneriffe is high enough to reach the upper current even at midsummer. It is hard to find an account of an ascent of the peak in which the strong west wind which had been met with on the summit is not mentioned."

A CLOUD STRATUM BELOW A PEAK.

above. That this is more than a bare conjecture, the almost instantaneous change of the wind to the opposite point, which is frequently found on passing the limits of the Trade-Winds, seems to assure us." *

If we can but unravel the mystery of the West India cyclone we can then understand the American storms, which, as we saw in the first article, are born in the Antilles.

Now it is an established fact, that the West India hurricanes rise at the inner edge or on the equatorial side of the belt of north-east Trade Winds, in the so-called region of Equatorial Calms. Along this inner edge of the Trade Wind Zone, the air brought by the Trade Winds is moist and light, and hence ascends and flows away in the upper strata in a direction opposite to that of the surface Trade.

The hurricane, or cyclone, may therefore be explained in one of two ways. The two opposing Trade-Winds are not, perhaps, the only atmospheric forces that may be present within the tropical zone. According to Prof. Dové, a *third* and potential force intervenes, in the form of a *high atmospheric movement in the tropics, from east to west.* This may be accounted for, perhaps, just as we account for the *counter equatorial* drift-current in the Pacific Ocean (which runs from west to east, while the main current runs from east to west), and all those counter-currents or drifts which, as you may see by glancing at any good chart of oceanic phenomena, are always found alongside of the regular ocean streams. Or the high easterly atmospheric movement may be explained, as Prof. Dové has explained it, by the high readings of the barometer in the North Atlantic Ocean, as seen at the Canary Islands, and the high readings in the whole north-east Trade-Wind belt, compared with those in the south east Trade-Wind belt, as seen in the Diagram of the Winds.

The ashes from Coseguina, already alluded to, were carried to the *Conway*, but in a direction more decidedly westward than the surface trade-wind would have borne them. They must have received an impulse from a cross current, or one flowing nearly at right angles to the upper trade in a direction from east to west. It is well known, too, that there is in the North Atlantic a frequent and heavy fall of red dust, which is supposed to come from Africa. This dust rises to such a height that Piazzi Smith, as quoted by Dové,* found it on the Peak of Teneriffe, at a level of 10,700 feet above the sea, to obscure the sun before he sank at evening into the stratum of clouds below.

"Such a current as this," says Professor Dové, "must have a tendency to interfere with the free passage of the upper or counter trade-wind on its way to the tropic, and to force it down into the lower or direct trade wind, and the point where this intrusion takes place must advance at the same rate as the upper cross-current, which produces it, moves forward from east to west. *The interference of a current flowing from east to west, with another which is flowing from south-east to north-east, must necessarily generate a rotary motion, and in a direction opposite to that of the hands of a watch.*" According to this view, the cyclone, which advances from S.E. to

* *Philosophical Transactions*, 1686, p. 167.

* *Law of Storms*, p. 188.

N.W., in the under trade-wind, represents the advancing point of contact of two other currents in the upper strata which are moving in directions at right angles to each other. "This is the primary cause of the rotary motion, and the further progress of the cyclone will necessarily follow."

But this explanation cannot be regarded as clear and satisfactory, or, at least, as more than plausible and ingenious. Its author, the great physicist of Germany, is himself not confident of its soundness. This is not the place to discuss it. But it may be remarked the solution does not take in nor does it cover the grand and universal phenomena in question. If it explains the West India hurricanes, what light does it cast on those of the East Indies?

I believe it can be demonstrated that the origin of cyclones is found in the tendency of *the south-east trade-winds to invade the territory of the north-east trades, by sweeping over the equator into our hemisphere.* Such an

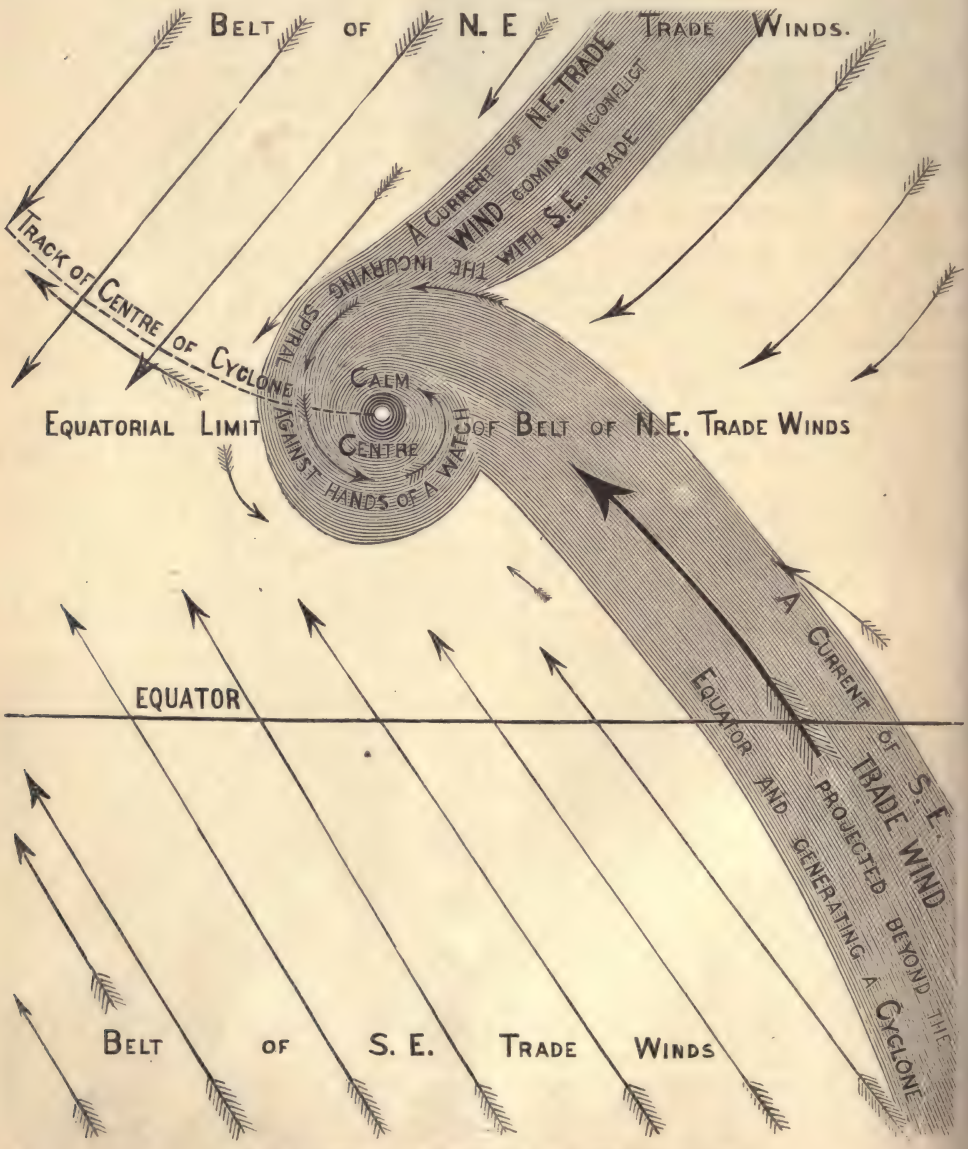

BELT OF N. E. TRADE WINDS.
A CURRENT OF N.E. TRADE WIND COMING INCONFLICT WITH S.E. TRADE
THE INCURVING SPIRAL
TRACK OF CENTRE OF CYCLONE
CALM CENTRE
AGAINST HANDS OF A WATCH
EQUATORIAL LIMIT OF BELT OF N.E. TRADE WINDS
EQUATOR
A CURRENT OF S.E. TRADE WIND PROJECTED BEYOND THE EQUATOR AND GENERATING A CYCLONE
BELT OF S. E. TRADE WINDS

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE GENERATION OF A WEST INDIA CYCLONE.

irruption will explain the phenomena of the cyclone, and explain them more naturally than does Dové's abnormal upper wind moving from east to west. It is a well-known fact that the S. E. trade-wind belt is broader than that of the N. E. trades, and that the S. E. trades blow with more freshness and vigor than the latter. (See Diagram of the Winds.) So strong and steady are these winds from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape St. Roque, the most easterly cape of South America, that sailors call the direct ship track "*The Gulf Stream in the Air.*"

This solution of the origin of cyclones is further and strongly borne out by the fact mentioned by all writers, but strongly expressed by Sir John Herschel: "Cyclones originate between the tropics, and run outwards from the equator towards the poles. But *on the equator itself they never occur.*"* (Italics his.)

As far as I am aware, there is also a feebler and rarer manifestation of cyclonic phenomena south of the equator than north of that line. Ansted distinctly states: "The southern trade-wind region is much larger than the northern in the Atlantic Ocean. In this sea the south-east trades are fresher, and blow stronger than the others, and often reach to the tenth or fifteenth parallel of north latitude; whereas the northern trade-wind seldom gets south of the equator, and usually ranges from 9° to 29° north latitude."†

Now, if we regard the average velocity of the south-east trades as compared with that of the north-east trades, we shall find, according to the laborious researches of the National Observatory, that "the velocity of the north-east trades is from 14 to 18 miles per hour, that of the south-east from 25 to 30 miles an hour." Add to this the yet more significant fact, from the same authority, that "*The force of the trade-winds* (*S.E.*), *as determined by the average speed of* 2,235 *vessels sailing through them, is greater between* 5° *and* 10° *south, than it is between* 25° *and* 30° *south,*"† and we have what amounts well-nigh to a demonstration, that the south-east trades do overleap the equator and generate cyclones.

If any further proof be needed that such is the origin of the West India hurricanes, it is found in a statement of Commodore Thornton A. Jenkins, Chief of the U. S. N. Bureau of Navigation, which agrees with all other accounts, that, "in the West Indies, the great storms called *cyclones* are almost exclusively confined to the months from July to October, being most common in the month of August; in the China Sea and Bay of Bengal they are most prevalent about the same period of the year. In southern latitudes they are most common from January to March." (See Commodore Jenkins's *Weather Guides*, p. 16.)

Commodore Jenkins also makes another statement in this connection, which is generally found in writers on the West India hurricanes, that "it has been found that the West India Islands cyclones first make their appearance completely developed at the Windward Islands." Fitzroy mentions one or two exceptions of cyclones encountered east of Barbadoes. Nearer the coast of Africa, sailors meet a monsoon blowing towards the African coast, which they call the "West Monsoon of the Line."

These facts, it need hardly be said, strikingly harmonize with the theory I have advanced, which makes *the intruding south-east trade-winds the cause of the West India cyclone.* From January to March, the trade-wind belts being depressed below the Equator, because the sun is in declination, the cyclone would of course be diverted to southern latitudes, and would move *with* the hands of a watch. In the Bay of Bengal the typhoon would follow in August, from the conflict of the two lateral currents of the south-east trade, and the north-east trade enfeebled by the counter monsoon influence. It is, doubtless, this *enfeebling* of the north-east trade that renders it an easier prey to the impact of the south-east trade; and this explains the violence of typhoons, which is greater than that of West India hurricanes.

Dové himself admits that the phenomena of the cyclone are explained, "if we assume that a portion of south-east trade-wind travels far over the Equator into the northern hemisphere." He adds: "The observations from New Mexico and California exhibit such an

* Herschel's *Meteorology*, p. 67.

† Ansted's *Physical Geography*, p. 253.

absence of rain in summer, that circumstances of relative dryness, similar to those in the deserts of the Old World, seem to exist. It is possible that this district may exert an attractive action on the south-east trade-wind, analogous to that which, on a much greater scale, gives rise to the south-west monsoon in Asia." *

The intrusion of the south-east trade-winds into the area of the north-east trade-wind satisfies all the conditions of the cyclone problem, and is, therefore, THE TRUE SOLUTION OF THE ORIGIN OF OUR CYCLONES.

It thus appears that storms are produced by the mutual lateral interference of two currents flowing in opposite directions. "If the polar atmospheric current," says Dové, "gives way in high latitudes to the equatorial current, which is nearly due *west*, the former will gradually veer round to the *east*, and we shall have in the north of Europe mild weather, with westerly winds; while in the south it will be very cold, with easterly winds;" and he cites the remarkable winter weather of January, 1855, to substantiate it. Throughout the whole of Prussia and Austria the winter set in with a high temperature, high winds from the west and northwest, and heavy falling weather. On the 1st of January the storm began. Between Siberia and Hamburg it was accompanied with thunder and lightning. Part of the island of Wangeroge was washed away by the violence, and the embankment along the north coast of Germany quivered at the furious lashing of the waves.

The storm was at its height, at Vienna, at 9 A.M.; at Berlin, at noon. In the forest of Lambach, near Kremsmünster, at 2.15 P.M., 30,000 trees were blown down in the space of about 1,000 acres. In Jaslo, on the morning of the 2d, the roof of the court-house was stripped off, and at Frankenau, men and laden wagons were blown down. In Zara there was a calm. The temperature of the latter half of January and February was unusually low. A letter written at this time from Greenland, says: "We had such fine warm days in February (which was desperately cold in Europe) and March, that we were almost tempted to ask if we were really in Greenland."

* Dové's *Law of Storms*, p. 265.

On the very day (Jan. 1st, 1855) that this cold current forced its way into the warm atmosphere of Europe, a southerly current forced its way to the northward in California. On that day, in the vicinity of New York, the barometer read 0.53 above its mean level; at Norfolk and Charleston it was 0.27 above the mean, while at San Francisco its level was unusually low (29.13 inches), and there was a hurricane from the southwest! At Benicia there was a similar storm, and the barometer stood 0.62 below its proper level.

The ablest and most accurate observers have frequently noticed that storms which have traveled over Europe have been succeeded by storms in America, or that the latter have preceded the former, and have suggested a connection between them as due to a common disturbance.

The suggestion is forcibly sustained by the statistics of rain-fall. The years 1857–'58 were so remarkably dry throughout Central Europe that the Seine in Paris was lower than it had ever before been, and portions of the bed of the Rhine were left dry as never before. During the same period the level of Lake Ontario was two feet higher than its mean level, as determined by fourteen years' observations. "It is not improbable," as Dové has suggested, "that the storms of the United States, which blow from the foot of the Rocky Mountains between November and March, and are preceded by a rise of the barometer, *equilibrate* the warm currents which advance from southwest towards northeast, accompanied by a rapid fall of the barometer, which traverse Europe at the same period." *

The irruption of the cold air of the polar current into the warm and rarefied air from the Equator is, doubtless, the fruitful source of storms. It was the violence of one of these polar currents, as it came in collision with a tropical current off the British coast, that, in October, 1859, overwhelmed the "Royal Charter," a vessel whose fate will ever be the study of the meteorologist. This irruption may be compared to the sudden and unseasonable drifting of an immense iceberg into an atmosphere comparatively mild, producing

* *Law of Storms*, p. 269.

atmospheric disturbance such as we have supposed the south-east trade, if projected into the northern hemisphere, would produce. That this is not mere theory appears from the following extract of a report of the weather at Iceland last winter, kindly sent me a few days ago by Commodore Sands, Superintendent of the National Observatory:—

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL OF SCOTTISH METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April, 1870.

"*Correspondence with the Society's Observers at Stykkisholm, Iceland.*

"The unusual arrival of Spitzbergen ice in November occasioned pretty severe frosts, which continued to about 22d December, 1869. After this date milder weather set in, particularly during February, 1870, when the snow and ice completely melted away, and the low country generally began to look green. At the close of the month strong frost set in, accompanied with a slight fall of snow. There occurred a great hurricane December 12, 1869.

"The barometer fell to the lowest point, 28.950 inches, about 6 A.M.; it began to rise at 7 A.M., and rose rapidly afterwards, as soon as the storm began to abate.

"This storm was the severest that has appeared at Stykkisholm in the memory of man."

We dare to go a step further, and to argue that the great American storms which do not come from the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf Stream cyclones, are generated by the lateral interference of a current of Polar air and a current of Equatorial air. Such an interference, when we consider the earth's rotative influence on the two currents, would evidently produce a cyclonical storm, precisely as the intrusion of the south-east trade-wind beyond the Equator, and its interference with a north-east trade (see diagram) generates the West India cyclone. Allowance of course must be made in the heart of our Continent for the *diverting* power of our mountains. The rotary storm generated by an interference of a Polar and an Equatorial current in the north-western regions of the United States would naturally be flattened and made oval by striking against the wall of the Rocky Mountains, and would thus advance towards the Lakes *side foremost, i.e.*, the storm covers a greater area in a direction north and south than in one east and west. This is exactly what Buchan, Blodget, R. Russel, Espy and others tell us takes place in the storms which reach the Lakes and the Valley of the upper Mississippi from the Rocky Mountains.*

There are no doubt severe local atmospheric disturbances which do not partake of the cyclonical character. But there can be no doubt that normally, and except as affected by the land, whether born in the Tropics *or generated by interference of polar and tropical air currents in high latitudes*, ALL GREAT STORMS ARE CYCLONICAL.

PREMONITIONS OF STORMS.

The indications of the barometer, the sympiesometer, and the other great inventions of mechanical meteorology, which we shall presently describe, are the main reliances of storm-science, but they do not afford the only premonitions of storms. The cautious meteorologist has many sources of information besides his instruments; and, if wise, he will listen to the monitions which so often rightly guide the rudest peasant or the roughest tar.

The poet Virgil saw in the bird, as his countrymen were wont to do, an augur and a prophet of the mutations of weather. "A being eminently electrical, the bird," says Michelet, not without reason, "is more *en rapport* than any other with numerous meteorological phenomena of heat and magnetism, whose secrets neither our senses nor our appreciation can arrive at. He possesses, as it were, a kind of physical prescience. What more natural than that man, whose perception is much slower, and who does not recognize them until after the event, should interrogate this instructive precursor which announces them? Meteorology especially may derive hence a great advantage. It will possess the surest means, and already it has found a guide in the foresight of birds. Would that Napoleon, in 1812, had taken note of the premature migration of the birds of the North! From the storks and cranes he might have

* See Blodget, p. 381. "A noteworthy difference which exists between the storms of the two continents (Europe and America) is that in America they appear to have an elongated form and advance towards the east *sideways*—that is, the longest diameter is at right angles to the onward course of the storm."—Buchan, p. 264.

CLOUDS.

1. Cirrus. 2. Cirro-Cumulus. 3. Cirro-Stratus. 4. Cumulo-Stratus 5. Cumulus. 6. Nimbus. 7. Stratus.
(See Figures at sides.)

secured the most trustworthy information. In their precocious departure he might have divined the imminency of a severe and terrible winter. They hastened towards the South, and he—he remained at Moscow!" * May we not heed the suggestion of the same brilliant naturalist, when he tells us that in the midst of the ocean, the weary bird which reposes for a night on the vessel's mast, on the following morning resumes his flight without hesitation, choosing on the immense and trackless abyss the exact course which will lead him whither he wishes to go.

With no chart or compass, "no landmark, no guide, the currents of the atmosphere alone, or those of the water, perhaps, also some invisible magnetic currents, pilot the hardy voyager." †

The vegetation of a country furnishes another class of dumb but credible guides in the study of its meteorology. It is said by pioneers of the forest, that, in our hemisphere, knowing that the moss delights in shady places, they borrow the custom of the Indian, and find their way at midnight through unfrequented woods by feeling the moss on the northern side of the trees. "In every country," says Fitzroy, "the bark of trees and vegetation indicate the prevalent winds." If the wind blows constantly or chiefly in one direction in any country, the windward side of it is apt to be crowned with vegetation, while on the other side there is scarcely a shrub or a flower. This is the case in Peru, Patagonia, some portions of Arabia, Africa, and on many islands. In some places, wind carrying moisture affects one side of a hill or mountain chain, and does not affect the other. England and her sister isles receive westerly and southerly winds for about three-fourths of the year, producing a contrast very marked,—Ireland, the most windward, receiving the greatest amount of tepid vapor from the Gulf Stream, and thus obtaining the name of the "Emerald Isle." Some vegetation, however, as at Madeira, avoids the salt-bearing winds. At this little island the prevailing atmospheric currents are from the north-east; but the vintage which yields the celebrated Madeira wine is found at South Point, on the south-west coast.

Since rainbows in the morning, seen in the west, foreshadow the approach of a cloud of rain from the west, and when seen in the evening show a clearing up in the west, they have given rise to the popular prognostic—

> "A rainbow in the morning—
> Sailors, take warning;
> A rainbow at night
> Is the sailor's delight."

Another premonition of an approaching gale is afforded to seaport towns by the agitation of the ocean and the disturbance of its slimy bed. "The muddy appearance of the water in the sea, in anchoring depths, during violent storms," he says, "sometimes precedes the storm, being caused by heavy undulations affecting the bottom of the sea. This effect was remarkable around the Bermuda Islands in September, 1839, a day before the actual arrival of the tempest." *

Clouds are of the utmost utility in foretelling weather, especially the *Cirrus*, *Cirro-Stratus*, and *Cumulo-Stratus*.

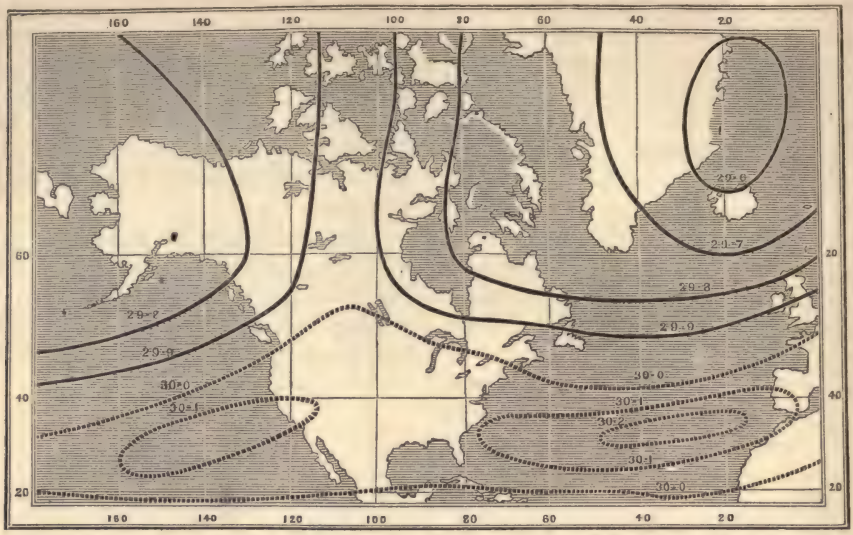
The Cirrus, called by sailors "*Cat's tail*," and sometimes by others the "*Curl cloud*," is made up of wavy parallel or diverging fibres, or slender filaments like white lines penciled on the blue sky. It is probably composed of minute snow-flakes or ice-crystals. Its movement is a fine index of the great atmospheric currents, and it is thus a valuable prognostic of stormy weather. It doubtless often reaches a height of ten miles above the earth. When the fine threads of the Cirrus appear blown or brushed backward at one end, as if by a wind prevailing in these lofty regions, the wind on the surface will sooner or later veer round to that point.

The Cirro-Stratus, partaking of the form of both the Cirrus and Stratus, Buchan says, "is markedly a precursor of storms; and from its

* Michelet's *Bird*, p. 183.

† Even the Stormy Petrel, "Mother Carey's Chickens,"—the bugbear of sailors,—if they really prognosticate stormy weather, may and probably do come up before a gale for shelter, being able, by their rapid flight, to outstrip it. Their behavior and movement might, if carefully interpreted, furnish a clue to the seaman for escaping from the approaching tempest.

* Reid's *Law of Storms*, p. 42.



ISOBAROMETRIC LINES, SHOWING, IN INCHES, THE MEAN ANNUAL ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE FOR UNITED STATES.

greater or less abundance and permanence, it gives some indication of the time when the storm may be expected."

The Cumulo-Stratus is distinctly formed just before rain begins. It is the forerunner of the lurid display of the thunder-storm, as Tennyson has painted it :—

> "The wild unrest that lives in woe
> Would dote and pore on yonder cloud,
> That rises upward always higher,
> And onward drags a laboring breast,
> And topples round the dreary west,
> A looming bastion fringed with fire."

The "pocky cloud" is an almost unerring storm-warning. If clouds be *red* and *lowering* in the morning, the red color arises from a large amount of vapor in the vesicular state, when, as Forbes has shown, the blue rays of light are absorbed and the yellow and red rays pass. This gives rise to the weather proverb—

> "The evening gray and the morning red—
> Put on your hat or you'll wet your head"—

and may sometimes prove ominous of a storm.

The approach of the "Northers" of Texas and Mexico is generally indicated, as an eminent observer tells us, by,—"First, a general humidity of the atmosphere. Secondly, the peak of Orizaba mountain visible and clear, the lower parts only being enveloped in dense, hazy clouds. Thirdly, the distant mountains, far inland to the south-east, exceedingly clear, together with excessive heat and depression in the animal kingdom."

Prof. Brocklesby has well pointed out the additional and important fact that the top of the storm always *impends* — overhangs — the track on which it is advancing, because the base of the storm is retarded by friction with the earth's surface. This is of great significance, as always enabling the close observer to give warning. This is more easily done, from the fact that the front of most storms is marked by a *moist*, warm atmosphere.

In the Northern parts of the United States, according to Prof. Espy,* the wind in great storms generally sets in from the north of east, and terminates from the north of west; while in the Southern parts it generally sets in from the south of east, and terminates from the south of west. With these facts before him, the observer is ready to understand his instruments, and no meteorologist should depend on his instruments alone. Great changes of weather or storms are usually shown by falls of barometer exceeding half an inch, and by differences of temperature exceeding fifteen degrees. *A tenth of an inch* in an hour is a fall presaging a heavy storm or rain. The more rapidly such changes occur, the more

* See Espy's invaluable *Fourth Meteorological Report*, p. 10.

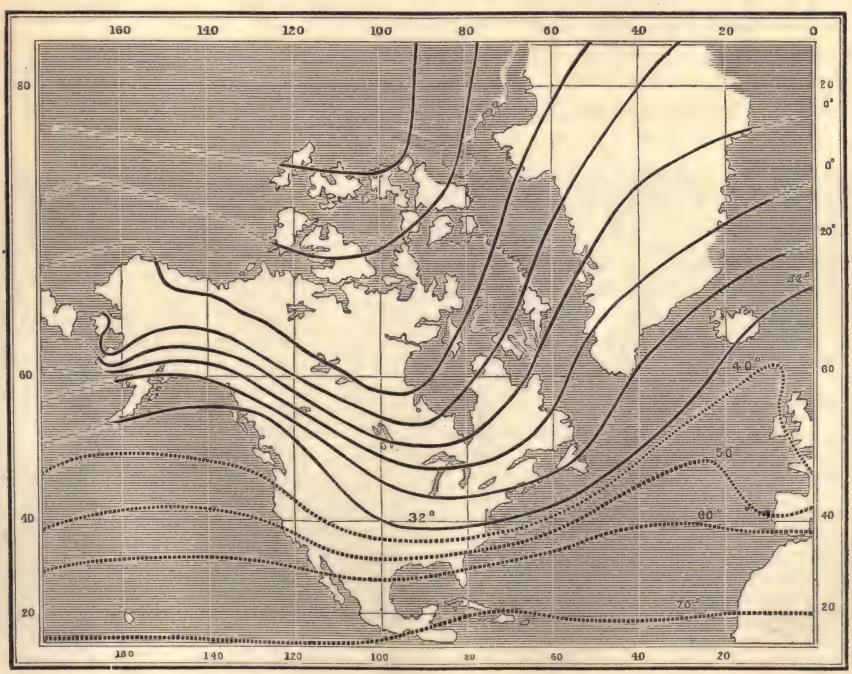
probable a violent atmospheric commotion. To understand the fluctuation of the barometer, we have only to compare it with its normal height for the time, and so with the thermometer. This may be done *generally* by examining an isobarometric chart, which gives you the lines along which the barometer ranges the same number of inches in clear weather, and the isothermal chart, showing the line of equal temperature. Barometers show the beatings—the pulsations of the atmosphere, and their diagrams express to practised observers, to use the words of Admiral Fitzroy, "what the 'indicator-card' of a steam-cylinder shows to a skillful engineer."

We have said nothing of the *electric* disturbances and *magnetic* storms which indicate the approach of the great tempests. Nor have we room to discuss the question. M. Marie Davy, Chief of the Meteorological Division in the Imperial Observatory, Paris, who has for some years made this a special study, states that "the perturbations of the magnetic needle are inseparably joined with one or more of the three following phenomena:—1. General disturbances of the telegraphic lines—due to wide-spread auroras, which mark general movements of the atmosphere in high latitudes and over the Atlantic. 2. Disturbing currents of a more local character, occurring over the telegraphic lines *some time before the storm appears* to which they owe their origin, *thus lengthening the distance and time at which the approach of the storm may be perceived!* 3. Disturbing currents, still more restricted, accompanying the electric changes when the storm itself is passing." * *Blood-red streamers* of aurora crossing the sky, and meteoric and electrical exhibitions preceded the gale in which the "Royal Charter" went down. If we could have more magnetic and meteorological observatories, as Buchan suggests, the magnetic and electric states of the atmosphere and auroras might be made our most valuable prognostics of storms.

It has also been discovered that the presence of large quantities of ozone (which can easily be ascertained by ozone test-papers) foreshadow an impending atmospheric storm.

These unbidden monitions, together with many others—as the sun setting red, a remarkably red color of the clouds; the sign almost

* *De la Prévision du Temps*, p. 493. Paris, 1866.



ISOTHERMAL LINES FOR THE UNITED STATES IN WINTER.

AN AURORAL DISPLAY.

infallible, at Mauritius, of the brick-dust haze in the horizon; a thick, muddy atmosphere, but extraordinarily clear on mountains; frequent shiftings of breezes from all points, thick fog flying fast to the south, a bright halo round the moon, stars very brilliant and unusually twinkling at low altitudes, noises in caverns and wells like a storm, moisture on walls and pavements, sea-birds coming to land, water-fowl flying about; the swell of ocean rolling in, though the hurricane may be 600 miles distant; turtles floating in the calm, *apparently in a state of stupor;* the sea peculiarly clear at great depths, tides irregular; branches of trees not bent forward as by a stream, but constantly whirled about; water rising in wells and ponds; disturbances of currents on the telegraphic wires—are some of the oft-observed presages of the "thing of evil."

So far we have only hinted at a few of the premonitory occurrences which take place in Nature to warn us of the tempest.

THE INSTRUMENTS OF METEOROLOGY

must, however, always be the chief guides of the meteorologist. Whatever mistakes we may make in the interpretation of their story, as Admiral Fitzroy well remarks, "the glasses cannot err."

The invention of the barometer, it has been said, has led to the discovery of a new world to science; and we may apply the same statement to the thermometer, the anemometer, the pluviometer, hygrometer, and other instruments. That it may be seen what vast strides, even within a few years, meteorology has made—especially by the aid of the *automatic* or *self-registering* barometer, anemometer, and similar contrivances—a few of the instruments in use by General Myer will be mentioned. Each one of these is as valuable to him as the telescope is to the astronomer, the microscope to the naturalist, or the compass to the navigator.

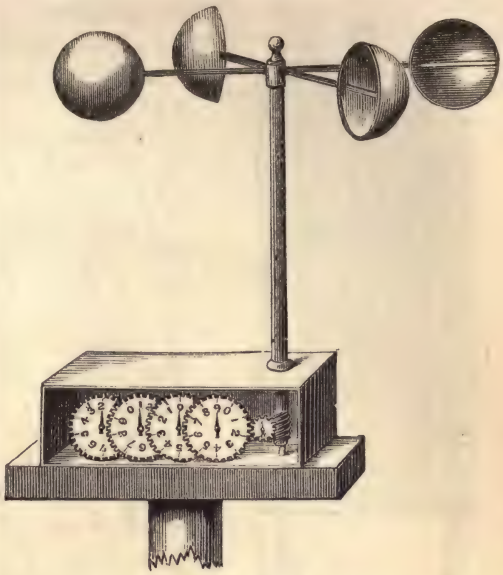
The ordinary thermometer is too well known to require notice. The maximum and minimum thermometers, however, are not generally understood. The former, when in use, is placed in a horizontal position. Inside the tube is a steel index; as the temperature rises, the mercury pushes the index before it; but as it falls, the index is left, thus registering the highest temperature. In the minimum thermometer, spirit is used and a steel index is inserted. As the temperature falls, the spirit drags the index with it, but when it rises, it does not move the index, leaving it at the lowest point to which it has been dragged. The two indications for each day are the most

important ones in meteorology. These thermometers can be set with a magnet, which brings the index to the surface of the fluid in the tube without disturbing the instrument.

To protect the thermometers from the direct and reflected rays of the sun, and at the same time to give them the benefit of a free circulation of air, they are hung in a Louvre Boarded Box Thermometer.

The *anemometer* is the instrument used for measuring the velocity and force of the wind. That in use by the Signal Service is the simplest and best, the *Hemispherical Cup Anemometer*. When placed in the wind the cups revolve; and the arms are of such a length, that when a mile of wind has passed the instrument, 500 revolutions are registered. The number of revolutions is registered by a system of index-wheels set in motion by an endless screw on the upright axis, which are read off in the same way as a gas-meter.*

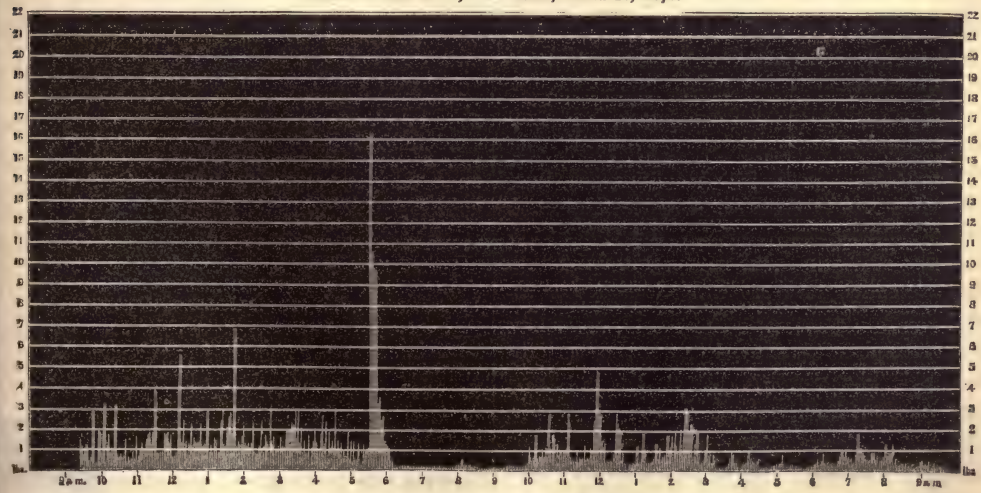
This anemometer only gives the velocity of the wind between two observations. To effect continuous registration, however, the Signal Service uses an elaborate automatic machinery, by which the results are transferred to paper by a pencil, or by photography. Similar contrivances are also used to register the force of the wind. The ordinary *wind-gauge* is a tube bent like a syphon, and half filled with water. It turns with the wind, being hung on an upright rod. One end of the tube is thus like a weather-vane, always pointing with open mouth to the wind. When the wind blows into the mouth, it drives the water up the opposite leg of the instrument, which is graduated. It may be made to register gusts of wind, by putting in



THE HEMISPHERICAL CUP ANEMOMETER.

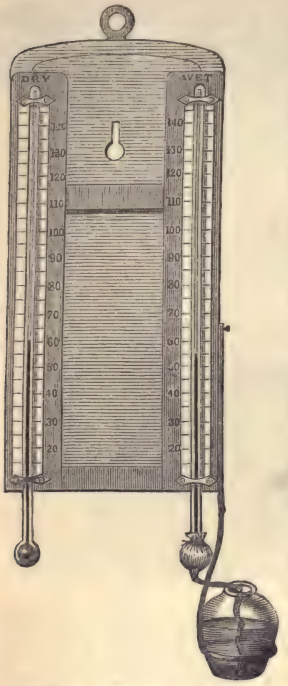
* The number of miles traveled by the wind per hour is found by multiplying the revolutions made in that time by 2, and dividing by 1,000. Thus, if 800 revolutions were made in two minutes, the velocity of the wind would be 48 miles an hour.

FORCE OF THE WIND, NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1870.



SPECIMEN RECORD OF THE SELF-REGISTERING ANEMOMETER.

(The hours are marked on the bottom line; the pounds pressure per sq. ft., by the horizontal lines.)



THE WET AND DRY BULB THERMOMETER.

the water a chemical solution which colors bits of prepared paper, placed at intervals on the inside of the scale-limb.

Rain-gauges, for ascertaining the quantity of rain that falls, are of many designs. That in use by many observers is a copper cylinder, with a funnel closing the upper end so as to prevent evaporation. The rain is collected in a second vessel placed inside the cylinder, and thence poured into a glass measure of small diameter, nicely graduated. The aperture of the gauge is 12 or 15 square inches.

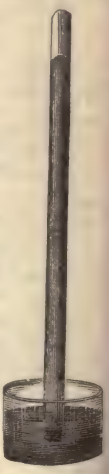
There are few things more important and indispensable, in forecasting the weather or ascertaining the approach of a storm, than to be apprised of the *humidity* of the air; for, as we have seen, the front of a storm is always moist. Steinmetz remarks that the hygrometer is almost as important a storm-indicator as the barometer.

The instrument for ascertaining the relative amount of vapor in the air is the *hygrometer*. The best form of this instrument consists of two mercurial thermometers, which, placed side by side, indicate the same temperature. When fixed together on a frame they are called the *wet and dry bulb thermometers*. The dry bulb is a common thermometer, intended to show the temperature of the air. The wet bulb is also a common thermometer, having its bulb covered with a piece of muslin, from which pass a few threads of darning cotton into a small vessel containing rain-water. The water rises by capillary attraction, thus keeping the muslin constantly wet. When the air is dry, evaporation goes on rapidly from the muslin, and on account of the heat lost by evaporation, the wet bulb indicates a lower temperature than the dry bulb.* But when the air is damp, evaporation is slower, and the difference between the two thermometers becomes smaller. When the air is completely *saturated* with moisture, evaporation ceases entirely, and the two thermometers show the same temperature. The wide variation in the humidity of different bodies of air may be understood by a fact recorded by Roscoe, that whilst the air in England is often saturated with moisture, the driest air observed on the coast of the Red Sea, during a simoom, contained only one-fifteenth of the saturating quantity.

Commodore Jenkins, speaking of the hygrometer, observes that "in showery weather its indications vary rapidly, and a person making observations, at short intervals, may predict the approach of a storm, particularly if he take simultaneous observations with the barometer."

The Charles Heddle's gale in 1845 was announced in advance by great *thickness* of atmosphere, from being highly charged with vapor.

But the great instrument of the meteorologist is the *Barometer*. The barometer is to him what the stethoscope is to the physician; for with it he can detect the very breathings and read the fell purposes of the far-off but death-dealing meteor. It was designed by Torricelli to measure the height of a column of mercury supported by the pressure of the atmosphere.* From this height the weight of the atmosphere at the place is ascertained.*


BAROMETER TUBE.

* The fundamental principle of the barometer cannot be better illustrated than by the following experiment. Take a glass tube 33 inches in length, open at one end; fill it with mercury, and, closing the open end with the finger, invert it and plunge the open end into a bowl also containing mercury. The column will fall into the tube to about 30 inches above the surface of the mercury in the bowl, if the experiment be made near the level of

At the centre of storms the mercury sometimes sinks *an inch* or two inches (as at Nassau, Oct. 1, 1866) below its mean height, and sometimes even more; and in the wake of storms it often stands an inch or more above the mean height. Buchan mentions instances of tropical tempests in which the fall has been as much as "1.693 inches in one hour and ten minutes!"*

Along the Atlantic coast of the United States, as Commodore Jenkins and many others have pointed out, the approach of a violent northeast storm is generally indicated by the barometer first rising above its mean height; at the same time the wind veers to the northeast and the air grows hazy. After the rain or snow commences, the barometer begins to fall; and when the barometer reaches its lowest point, the wind changes to north or northwest, after which the fluid in the tube begins to rise.†

Admiral Fitzroy proposed the following meteorologic rhymes for barometer scales:—

"When the glass falls low,
Prepare for a blow;
When it rises high,
Let all your kites fly.

"When rise begins after low,
Squalls expect, and clear blow.

"Long foretold—long last;
Short notice—soon past.

"First rise after low
Foretells stronger blow."

The height of the column of mercury is read by a graduated index on the side of the glass, just below the vacuum over the fluid. This scale (from 25 to 32 inches) is divided into inches and tenths of inches. For greater accuracy, the scale is read by the *vernier*.

Invaluable as is the ordinary barometer, its results are made many thousand times more valuable when, instead of being taken at intervals by human hand, they are obtained every minute in the twenty-four hours by an automatic and *self-registering* instrument.

These are but a few of many superb instruments whose silent but ceaseless and unerring monitions, so intelligible to the meteorologist, are invoked by Gen. Myer in his magnificent enterprise.

We have shown that, meteorologically, the United States is most happily and advantageously situated for maintaining a system of weather-telegraphy both for itself and the continent of the Old World, and that no storm can strike any part of the immense expanse of this continent, on which the sun scarcely sets, before every other part may be notified of the danger. More and better than all this, we have shown, from the records of the English and other foreign boards of trade and commercial societies, that, *in England, the high figure of* 73 *per cent. of storm warnings* have proved correct, and in *France, out of some* 100 *storms* signalled, *the number of those rightly signalled has, in different years, ranged from* 71 *to* 76, 89, *and even* 94!*

To this we may add the fact, stated in the Report of the North German Seewarte, that out of 30 telegrams or storm-warning signals (in which the drum was hoisted), for the benefit of the Hamburg shipping, 28 were verified.

Lest any one should challenge the import of these facts by saying that few meteorologists can be obtained who are capable of predicting the approach of tempests and hurricanes, I will answer by giving the words of the lamented Admiral Fitzroy, when asked—"If you are absent, who carries on the responsible duties of forecasting and giving cautionary notices when necessary?" The Admiral's reply was:—"An assistant is fully acquainted with the subject, and has generally executed these very duties. Besides ourselves, there *ought* to be two or three in training for these special duties,

the sea. The fluid is upheld in the tube by the air outside of it pressing on the mercury in the bowl; and since the one thus balances the other, it is evident that the mercurial column will serve as an accurate indicator of the varying pressure of air. The space in the tube above the mercury is one of the nearest approaches to a vacuum that can be made. It is called the *Torricellian vacuum*.

* *Meteorology*, p. 267.

† A great many of our nor'-easters come up from the Gulf Stream *viâ* the Chesapeake Bay. It is for this reason, among others, Gen. Myer has established a meteorologic station at Norfolk.

* See Buchan's *Handy Book of Meteorology*, pp. 342, 343, §§ 665, 666. See also the first of these articles in this Magazine for February, pp. 409-412.

now systematically established." * With the means at his command, the signal officer could train observers to be as accurate and expert as himself in forecasting the weather and preparing the bulletins to be telegraphed to exposed points on the lakes and the Atlantic seaboard.

SOME RECENT RESULTS AND FUTURE PLANS OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

To show how clearly the Signal Service is now enabled to trace some of our great storms, and anticipate their arrival on the Lakes, the following extract from the report of the Chicago *Observer* will suffice :—

* * * * * *

Dec. 11*th*. The severest storm we have yet had, and one of the highest significance to meteorologists, because of the clearness with which its course can be traced, from the time it left the Gulf till it reached Chicago. Its previous course would seem also to be indicated from the newspaper report that a violent storm was raging at Aspinwall about the 6th, causing many disasters to shipping. On the 9th, at 4 P.M. there is rain at New Orleans; at 11 P.M. at Mobile and Montgomery; at 4 P.M. on the 10th heavy rain at Augusta; at 11 P.M. snow at St. Louis. On the 11th, at 7 A.M. the storm had reached Chicago, and at 4 P.M. Milwaukee. The storm would seem to have traveled up the valley of the Mississippi in a northerly direction, and then, attracted by the moister atmosphere of the Lakes, to have turned eastward. The Alleghany mountains would seem to have intercepted a portion of the air-wave, and carried it up in the direction of Washington and New York. The two branches of the storm would then appear to have combined and remained almost stationary, covering the whole north for some days with heavy cloud.

* * * * * *

Captain H. W. Howgate, the energetic Assistant of Gen. Myer, writes :—

"The storm of December 19, of the year just expired, was announced along our sea-coast some hours in advance by Prof. Lapham, of the Signal Service, telegraphing it from Chicago. Gen. Paine, M.C., from Wisconsin, informed the chief signal officer a few days ago that he knew one instance where vessels with cargoes valued at over a million of dollars were held in the harbor of Milwaukee on the strength of the storm threatened and forecast by the Signal Service bulletin, and which actually swept the Lakes as anticipated. At the same time several vessels which sailed from port regardless of the bulletin encountered the storm, and two of them were lost. In making any estimate of the work done and good already accomplished by this Service, it should be borne in mind that the observers who do the actual work were put on duty after a hurried course of study, and without, in many cases, any previous knowledge of even ordinary military duty. No similar body of men has ever been raised, organized, and equipped. During the sixty days from November 1 to December 31, 1870, it has been clearly proved that men so raised and instructed could make the proper observations, and that, once made, these observations could be transmitted regularly and rapidly, three times daily, to the central points, and thence distributed promptly. This of itself was success enough, but in addition to this a tri-daily bulletin has been posted at several public places in every important city in the Union; weather maps similar to those you saw in our office put up in every Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade now in the same cities, by which the movements of the atmosphere could be clearly traced; and, in addition to all this, the reports which are made synchronously are published synchronously throughout the country, thus far excelling, in point of circulation, the English reports, which have been the result of ten years' experiment. In England these reports are published once each day in the London *Times*, and reach a few thousand people, while ours are printed in several hundred newspapers, and are seen and read by hundreds of thousands. On the first of January the manifold map was commenced, and will be issued daily in all the large cities as soon as we get a sufficient number from the printer."

This is another step forward, and the next one, we are assured by Gen. Myer, will be to forecast the weather for a day or two in advance. This will be done as soon as sufficient data have been obtained to do it with safety. Then will come the display of signals or storm-warnings at points along our coast, but these will not be attempted until more experience has been had in the practical workings of the system.

The Philadelphia *Press* (Dec. 30) well said: "The observations of the Signal Service, so far as they tend to establish laws and bring system out of the chaos that now surrounds the system, will be of great interest and value not only for physicists, but to every class of the community."

Do we not then behold the most terrific and refractory agent in nature as *under law?* We even find the seaman *profiting* by it, and using the very demon of the storm as his minister, to swell his canvas and to speed him towards the haven where he would be, illustrating a happy sentiment, that "we have

* *Report of London Board of Trade*, 1864, p. vi.

only to study nature in order to prevail over her."

It was skeptically said by Dr. Johnson, that, when the philosophers of the 17th century congregated into the Royal Society of London, the time was supposed to be near when "engines should turn by a perpetual motion and health be secured by a universal medicine; when learning should be facilitated by a common character, and commerce extended by ships which could reach port in defiance of the tempest." The first three of these great expectations have been well-nigh realized. Why may not the last?

If the genius of that great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, who first discovered the progressive movement of American storms, and who was ever quick to extract some immediate practical benefit from every principle of nature he discovered, had been impressed on the American mind, and had borne its fruits, what great advances might we not already have made in the science of storms? The moment Franklin ascertained that electricity and lightning were the same, he set about inventing a lightning-rod for insuring the safety of houses. He suffered no item of knowledge to lie as idle capital in his brain.

Happily for the cause of humanity, so universally and vitally interested in this science, the Signal Service of the United States Army, to whose able hands the Weather Telegrams and Storm-Forecasting system has been committed, has shown that it is wide awake and all astir with the practical spirit of the New England philosopher. The officer who has charge of it has proved that the labors of his office shall not terminate with the mere collection of meteorological statistics and the records of storms after they have done their work of destruction, laid our cities in ruins, and strewn our coasts with wrecks; but that, at the earliest possible moment the means in his possession shall suffice to obtain the requisite information, our sea-coasts and the shores of our lakes shall be duly forewarned of every impending tempest.

The combined voice of the world's civilization demands that no effort, no outlay of toil or treasure shall be spared or stinted in effecting all that can be effected in mitigating the horrors annually wrought by the furies of the storm.

Commerce is to a nation like the ancient river Pactolus, whose stream ran down on the streets of Sardis richly freighted with gold. It has been the wealth, the prosperity, the power of every people who have made much of it, from the day of the glory of Tyre to the present. The statistics of the Lake Boards of Trade show that there are nearly two thousand vessels annually engaged on these stormy inland waters, and that in consequence of the risks they run during the wintry and equinoctial gales, the increase of their tariffs is nearly doubled for the transportation of every product of the farmer, the merchant, and the mechanic.

Since the invention of the steamship, the commercial balance of power between the old and new world has been made to preponderate less heavily on the side of England than it did a century ago. The prospects for the United States of reaping at no distant day, through its inter-oceanic railways and an Isthmian canal, the advantages of its physical geography, when connected with other considerations, give deep significance to the efforts the nation is now putting forth to secure the interests of its shipping by every expedient science can offer, and to give encouragement to the growth of its commerce. Our press teems with suggestions for the promotion of the shipping interests. What better can be done to this end, than to protect the vessels already afloat by assuring navigation? A large, costly light-house system, and a fine coast survey, we have for warning ships of rocky shores and shoals upon which they may be driven. How much more do they need to be forewarned of the storm that drives them headlong upon these rocks, or enfolds and crushes them in deep water within its iron coils? Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lavished upon scientific expeditions for the observation of eclipses, for prosecuting geologic speculations, the survey of distant lands, and even for explorations in Arctic ice in search of the mysterious Pole. How insignificant are such objects when placed by the side of that now before us!

To take the lowest view of the present movement of the United States for storm sig-

nals, it will serve to quicken and fecundate all the sciences. The observations of the atmosphere at the thirty different stations scattered over the continent, under the charge of the Chief Signal Officer, will be the most important addition to the physical geography and our knowledge of the physical resources of the country.

Who can foresee the varied and golden harvests that the merchant, the seaman, the husbandman may reap from the labors of this Service in the splendid field of meteorologic research? They are not to be estimated by any pecuniary standard, or by the criterion of material value.

If any man hesitate to be the friend of such an institution as that whose mission has been inaugurated by the American Government, and here feebly set forth, let him but recall the grim vision of Clarence, as he sinks into the slimy deep :—

"Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stores, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea."

KING GAMBRINUS AND HIS SUBJECTS.

ANCIENT story tells us that King Gambrinus once ruled in the Netherlands, and found his greatest glory in his greatest shame—that of leaving to his subjects a beverage that has made them slaves, creeping into their bodies to weaken their manly vigor, and pervading their brains to blunt the delicacy of their perceptions.

This god of beer has many sins to answer for, and daily holds high revel with his subjects the wide world over, though his central court is now, and long has been, in the famous city of Munich, of rare renown in modern art, though of singular subserviency to sense. Thither we must wander if we would see what slaves men's sensual nature can make of them.

AN OLD TOPER.

The great brewery where King Beer holds his court, and presides over the excesses of his subjects, is everywhere known as the Court Brewery, where, from early morning till after midnight, the frequenters of this realm worship at the altar of their god and passion. Among these subjects we find representative characters of all phases of this worship, and the place is therefore more than all others fitted for the study of the good or evil that so controlling an influence must inevitably exert on its votaries.

"Court Brewery" bears this name, truth bids us say, not because it is frequented by the Court, but because the term "Court

beer" indicates a liquid of royal qualities, and the establishment that dispenses such becomes headquarters for all the life of the capital, and claims to bear this distinctive title.

The Court Brewery, then, is the Grand Exchange of Munich. Nearly every species of business is wholly transacted or finally settled over its mugs. The peasant who comes to the city to procure a mortgage sits there with trembling heart until the real estate agent brings him a creditor; the brewer who buys his thousand bushels of barley says to the dealer: "Come to the Court Brewery at ten o'clock, and you shall have your money." There cattle, lands, and houses are sold; there gather the dealers in silk, wool, and cotton; there money-changers from the Bourse; there the military and civil officers; and there the thousands of genial and gifted artists that have made Munich a favorite place of pilgrimage for the lovers of grace and beauty in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

THE SANCTIMONIOUS SHARPER.

Thither, then, we will repair with an artist friend, who will tell us the story of a few of the characters that we may meet, and kindly fix their features with his canny pencil, that we may have some keepsakes to bring with us from the center of public life and gayety in the Bavarian capital. As we approach the thronged entrance of this famous beer temple, he stops short to call our attention to the face of one who is here lying in wait for his prey; for the Court Brewery is also the resort of sharpers and villains on the watch to catch every verdant rustic who may promise rich spoils; and thus we present to our readers the features of the Sanctimonious Sharper.

Near the door, in the shadow of the lamp, stands an elderly man in threadbare garments, his countenance a strange mixture of obsequiousness and rudeness, of sanctimonious devotion and cunning. His eyes wander in unsteady glance, as in fear or in search of something; while on his thin lips hangs a repulsive and uneasy smile. His cheeks are yellow and sunken, and in his dry and withered hands he holds a well-worn rosary.

"Wait a moment," says the artist, "and we shall see him at his work."

Presently a genteel-looking man approaches, who is evidently the accomplice of the old sinner, and, while expressing great pleasure at thus opportunely finding him, introduces a young man from the provinces, who, by his dress and bearing, gives indication of having means.

"Glad to find you," says the new-comer; "you can give this young man a little advice. He has come into town late to-day, and wishes to make a deposit at the bank; but I tell him it is not now open, and that you can tell him how to do it privately."

"I would go with him myself," says the sanctimonious sharper, with a feigned devotion, "but it is just my hour for prayers at the chapel. Take him in with you to a mug of beer, and in an hour I will return."

A BEER-HOUSE SQUABBLE.

"No! no! Come with us this time, and let your rosary answer;" and thus the three enter the Court Brewery, one of them about to be made a prey, when the artist steps up to the young man and politely informs him that he is in the hands of sharpers, and had better deposit his money in the bank, which will be open for an hour yet. The rogues protest against this interference with their occupation, and hurry into the Brewery with their victim, but only to be greeted by the crowd with the cry of "sharper," as they listen to the dispute, which ends with the retreat of the principals and the thanks of the stranger, who makes his way to the bank to place his funds in safe keeping before he indulges in the pleasures of the Court Brewery.

As we enter the precincts of this famous resort, the buzz and hum of a thousand voices greet our ears, and as far almost as the eye can reach, it traces one apartment after another, winding and turning in labyrinthine form and confusion. These again are divided into niches and nooks, each the favorite of some special class of guests that may surely be found there at the accustomed periods of the day. The entrance hall has received the name of "Grandees' Room," because there some of the favorites linger to obtain the first draught of a newly tapped keg, which is always considered the choicest. Bavarian beer has not much cream on its surface, and at the last of a draught this almost entirely disappears. The knowing ones, therefore, watch the inclining cask, and when it is nearly out decline to call for more, waiting till the ringing of a bell or the noise of the mallet on the bung informs them that the cream of the ale is about to be dispensed.

This coveted delicacy gives rise to many a squabble for its possession, one of which, between a shoemaker's boy and an old soldier, the artist sends along for our readers.

For some time a thirsty and sensual-looking crowd has been waiting to see the uninitiated accept the last of the cask, and among these is discovered a shoemaker's apprentice, standing modestly in the corner, with a basket containing eight mugs which he is to have filled for the men of the shop, for even artisans while at their calling are so absorbed with this slavish passion, that if they cannot go to the beer the latter must come to them.

The waiter has several times bid the boy come to him, knowing that his eight mugs would exhaust the old cask and permit him to open a new one; but the youngster has always replied, "I can wait a little," remembering well his orders from the shop to bring only the cream of the ale.

At last an old soldier, impatient for the coming draught, seizes him by the ear and

drags him to the counter, much to the amusement of the crowd, growling out the imprecations: "You can wait, can you? You little scamp! I'll teach you to take your beer and begone!" Whereupon the waiter, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, fills his mugs while drawing the cask, and the poor boy goes home with his flat beer to get a drubbing there, while the guests and the old veteran smack their lips over the new tap which a great bell has announced to the distant rooms.

During the busy hours of the day or evening the throng is sometimes so great that, though the establishment may have a thousand mugs, they are frequently all engaged; and who would not wait too long must seek his own and bring it to the counter. We will follow an unlucky guest in search of a mug, and thus gain an opportunity the better to observe the characters and scenes that fill this abode of revelry or stupor, and seem to be enveloped either in the reeking vapor of the beer, or the still denser fumes of smoke. Sensitive noses and delicate lungs do not usually long linger here, and we will make a rapid journey in the interest of both of these parties.

The man in search of a mug soon perceives rising from a table a dark-blue figure in fierce moustache and slouchy cap, with mighty shade to protect his eyes, which implement clearly shows him to be an employé at court, engaged from morning till night in writing out the endless documents to be enclosed with red tape.

"Is your mug empty?" asks the stranger, blandly.

"It is; but I am sorry to say that I am going to have it filled again, and cannot accommodate you."

And thus these thirsty Bavarians drink mug after mug, in quantities that astonish the uninitiated. These mugs hold from one to two quarts, and in size resemble a small joint of stove-pipe with a handle to it. The man who stops at his first mug has simply learned the alpha of his art, and has yet to travel far before he reaches his omega. Many of them spend a night over their beer, and think it a deed worth boasting of to have emptied their mugs again and again; and thus tables and vessels are in constant demand, especially from night-fall till midnight, during which period the dense crowd of thirsty men press through the narrow doors, and push and throng in the crowded rooms, that become a Babel of voices, discussing all possible questions, and crying out for more beer.

Thus we follow the guest from room to room, vainly seeking a seat and an empty mug, when we encounter a human beer-cask that in some measure solves the question as to where all the beer goes to. He sits lazily reclining against a window, apparently to obtain a little cooling air, and has laid down pipe and mug in utter exhaustion. Here,

"IS YOUR MUG EMPTY?"

thinks the new-comer, is his chance, and politely repeats the usual question, which he has already asked scores of times, "Is your mug empty?" But the old beer-cask makes no reply. Again the question is repeated in louder tones, at which the old soaker slightly nods his head. This the stranger interprets in his favor, and hastily grasps the handle, only to be assailed with a thundering growl and impulsive start from the flabby mass. "Let that mug alone!" he bawls, and in terror the stranger starts back before this Jupiter of beer.

We have come hither to learn a lesson, and this poor miserable sot affords us one that we shall not soon forget. Bloated and diseased from a long life of sensual excess, he is but a wreck of his former self, and spends most of his days in this reeking resort, dividing his time between beer and smoke, except when in a state of torpor, from which nothing will so soon arouse him as the possibility of losing his mug, which he sadly regards as his fountain of life.

On returning through the throng and fumes of beer and smoke to headquarters, we pass a table half taken up with a lot of noisy students, who resort in numbers to this locality in the evening to discuss their adventures and their duels. The so-called corps-students, or those banded into political or national clubs, are always ready for a fray with a rival club, or, in default of this, with peaceful citizens, mainly the peasants and mechanics. Our artist, knowing their failing, resolved to get rid of them by stratagem, and thus possess a table. Slipping into a side room for a minute to find a valiant corporal who had served under him in the war of '66, and faithfully blacked his boots and smoked his best cigars, he put a flea into the soldier's ear and returned to the table.

Presently the corporal comes sauntering along, and seeing the students, tells of a fray between some corps-students and a body of peasants in another part of the town. "A rumpus with the Philistines! where?" cries the most belligerent of the band of chosen ones, who denominate all as Philistines who are outside of their charmed circle. "Boys, let's be off," says he, extending his arms in imaginary fight, as he has often done to protect his nose and the little velvet saucer on his head dignified with the name of cap.

"LET THAT MUG ALONE!"

And away they start, with the injunction to the Corporal to look after their mugs till their return.

The students of Munich are divided into two quite distinct classes: those who come to spend their time in drinking carousals, and duels with each other, and fights with outsiders, and those known as neutrals, who have nothing to do with the likes and the dislikes of these cliques. The former are generally called Corps-Students, because they are thus banded together, and are frequently the nuisance of the

"BOYS! LET'S BE OFF!"

town, here as elsewhere. They are impudent, arrogant, idle, and dissolute, and spend a far greater portion of their time in beer-houses than in the University. The noisy, belligerent, half-drunken youth whom our cut represents is a pretty fair specimen of these so-called sons of the Muses, whose most frequent pleasures are the low and sensual ones of the beer-house.

The Corporal was quite willing to look after the mugs intrusted to his care, and especially to make an intimate acquaintance with their contents. He was one of a large class of beer-house loungers recruited from the ranks of the standing army, which in Munich also furnishes a very large contingent to the beer-guzzling fraternity. The Corporal was one of those individuals with small means and ready wit, and generally made the latter keep him in beer, at the expense of his friends rather than of his own pocket. The artist had promised him an extra mug and a famous cigar if he was successful in his ruse of war, and he was now in a jolly humor at this prospect of an evening's sitting, and in just such a mood, indeed, as always reminded him of the most famous adventure of his life, that all his friends had heard and applauded a score of times. Lighting his cigar, and puffing at it like a locomotive, he began: —

"In '54 I took a notion to see a little of the world, and enlisted in the French army. I was such a savage-looking fellow that I was put in the corps of Zouaves, and finally was at the storming of the Malakoff. After that I was sent to Algiers, and, having served there till the close of my time, I went to Paris, to see the sights of that great city before returning to dear old Munich. But money goes quickly on the Boulevards, and my pockets were soon empty. One day, while looking at the portrait of the Emperor, I was reminded of the fact that his nose and mine are mates, and suggested to a comrade that, if he would help me, mine would be

THE CORPORAL'S STORY.

"HOT CHESTNUTS!"

good for a dinner. I soon laid my plan, and sent him in advance into the famous restaurant of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, to whisper to the guests on my entrance that I was the Emperor incog. The ruse took like a charm. I had hardly taken my seat at a table before the guests raised the cry of '*vive l'Empereur*,' and the proprietor came bowing and scraping up to me to know what His Majesty would have for dinner. I told him to lay himself out in that line, and when I had enjoyed an imperial feed, I borrowed fifty francs of him to get cigars with, saying that I had accidentally left my purse at home, and that he might send his bill to the Tuileries."

The Corporal was here fortunately relieved from any cross-questioning in regard to some points of his story by a lugubrious cry of "Hot Chestnuts!" proceeding from a poor, wrinkled old creature, with the most repulsive features and forlorn attire.

No one, in this miserable wreck of early beauty and attractiveness, would ever have supposed that she had been in youth the charm of Munich, and had danced like a fairy on its boards. But youth and beauty, when given to riotous dissipation, do not last always, and thus the gay dancer danced down the inclined plane of life, until at last she was obliged to gain her crust by selling hot chestnuts in the Court Brewery, and listen to the coarse jibes and jokes of those who in former days were wont to worship at her feet.

And finally we present our last character among the series of the Court Brewery as a very fitting one to close the panorama, and, alas! too true a representative of the mournful end of many of them. He goes sauntering about among the crowd of drinkers with the pitiful appeal for a penny for a "poor afflicted man." Inquire after his ailings and he will recite a score of them, which all resolve themselves into a hankering passion for that drink that had made him this miserable wreck, and to indulge in which he is willing to throw off the last remnant of his manhood and become a beggar

THE MOURNFUL END.

among those whom he has preceded in the downward path. He eagerly clutches the few pennies that are in charity thrown to him, and hastens to quench that thirst that has made him a slave to his baser nature and a tortured victim of his passions.

We wish these words to point a moral as well as to adorn a tale, and beg our readers to observe how few the lights and how many the shadows of our pictures, both in word and print. There are many who see naught but sunshine in the realm where beer is king; we see naught but clouds—bloated bodies, distorted features, trembling limbs and stammering words, as the end of those who worship the mug.

Gambrinus is represented by his votaries as a merry king to whom they love to do homage in excessive jollity and uproarious mirth; but he leads his subjects to degrading altars and ignoble ends, and, what is worse, he blinds them in their career, and teaches them to believe that corruption is purity, and failure in life is success. We have witnessed the scenes where beer is king, and have listened patiently to a recital of its virtues, but have failed to discover in them other than gilded vices.

It is a pretty fiction that King Gambrinus or Prince Hop-juice, as he is sometimes jocosely named, can afford a balm for many of the ills and trials of life; if he affords temporary pleasure it is at the expense of future comfort and happiness; and the men or the nations that are subjects of his code never rise to the full development of their power. The Bavarians are the greatest beer-drinkers of Germany, and statistics prove their land to be the most ignorant and superstitious of the Confederation, while quite recent events teach us that the Prussians easily conquered them in '66, and that they, under Von der Tann, were the first Germans to suffer defeat in presence of the French.

WILL SHE RIDE OR WALK?

I.

THE center of the city is like the palm of a hand. From it the long fingers stretch out: one over the mill-dam; another along the flats; the longest of all bridges the river, and then going on and on, the straight wide street steadily rising until it overlooks the bay suddenly bends like the crook of a finger, until its tip touches the water.

It is a ladder—a hill of difficulty—to the dwellers at this end of the town, most of whom began life at its foot, in the dingy shops and tenement-houses there, and have slowly struggled up: some to the long blocks of comfortable dwellings; others, going on still farther, have reached the most pretentious point of all—that lying close down to the water upon the other side.

There is an air of newness, a flavor of Jonah's gourd about the Italio-Chinese pagodas with French roofs here. They seem, indeed, to have sprung up in a night, the dampness of the mould still clinging to them. There is a straining after pinnacles and towers and top-knots in architecture—after effects quite disproportioned to means in landscape gardening, and, in fact, an evident attempt to crowd to their utmost capacity the present limited space and time.

This is the foundation built upon the rock—gold. Another generation will develop the fine arts, and possibly the sciences.

In the mean time, I will tell my little story.

Paul Hayes was sent here to preach the gospel, for there are churches. Some of them, even so soon, are beginning to pride themselves, not upon their sanctity, but upon the high social position of their members;—in other words, upon the distance at which they live from the foot of the street, which is their social scale.

Fortunately, Paul's church was not among these. If one has to deal with ignorant people, it is better to take them in the rough. Iron in its natural state holds wonderful possibilities. But iron—spoiled in the smelting—what can one do with it?

His church was only a mission chapel, sup-

ported by a richer society of the same denomination; his people—the men and women to whom one goes with ungloved hands. But he was young and strong, and believed himself called of God, which is the best preparation for any work. He threw aside his books and read men.

There are a few exceptions to the houses I have described in the more aristocratic part of the town. One will suffice to prove the rule. It stands away from the street, just below the staring white hotel that crowns its rise. It is square, of stone, and painted white. Upon one side is a pleasant garden. Possibly it was built in colonial times, when the salt, salt wind swept in here from the sea, unbroken by anything save these walls and the scattered remnants of forest trees. It has so far caught the spirit of modern times as to don a mansard roof, but the tall Corinthian pillars still remain, as well as the wide stone steps, with a lion *couchant* upon either side.

II.

Vesey Welles stood upon the hearth-rug in the long, low drawing-room, awaiting the coming of her guests. Ordinarily she might be a trifle pale—quiet, possibly—though with depths quickly stirred by the dropping of a careless stone. To-night she was flushed, tremulous, excited.

"By the way," said her father, pausing at the door as he passed through the hall, "I met that young minister—Hayes, you know—this morning, and asked him up to dinner."

"But I don't know," responded Vesey, as he passed on, her eyes growing wider and wider in dismay: "I don't know him at all. And to-night of all nights!" she half-sobbed, pulling at the flowers in the porcelain vase before her, until the one red rose dropped all its petals at her feet.

It was to be the last of the pleasant evenings that had brightened all the winter. Darrel Winslow and his mother were coming to dine with them once more before going home. They had been boarding at the hotel just above, two or three months. Vesey had built so many hopes upon this evening. But now—

She was fastening a bunch of daphne—sweet-scented, velvet-leafed—into her belt, when Paul entered the room. "Passing fair!" he said to himself, at a glimpse of the bent head.

"The Rev. Paul Hayes!" announced the servant. She turned quickly, not catching the name, hearing only the sound of feet and the opening of the door. But the flush upon her face was not for him. The *maladresse* with which she hesitated and then came to meet him was something strange in Vesey—graceful, self-possessed.

"I—I am Miss Welles," with rather unnecessary frankness. "My father will be down in a moment. He was unusually late from town to-night." The last words were uttered with her grandest air, in her efforts to compose herself.

"But haughty and cold," Paul added mentally, as he turned away to meet her father.

Then, at last, Mrs. Winslow and Darrel came.

"Who the —— is this man?" looked out of Darrel's eyes, as Vesey, grown suddenly shy, presented him to Paul, and Paul to Darrel's mother.

"So glad, I'm sure," murmured Mrs. Winslow, effusively. "Always delighted to meet our clergy. Hayes, did you say? And where——"

Vesey interposed. It would never do to chill the air, already frigid, with theological differences. Mrs. Winslow was a stanch churchwoman. Paul, she knew, was of another faith.

"Let me wheel your chair to the fire. There—so." She seated her in triumph. The gentlemen gathered in a knot at a little distance.

"And you really go home to-morrow?" Vesey said, sitting down beside her.

"Yes. I've done all my shopping. My mauve poplin came home to-day. There is nothing to wait for now; and Darrel does not care to stay. The opera season is over, you know."

So it was for the gayeties of the town he had lingered week after week, she thought, with a sudden sinking of the heart. Oh, how blind she had been! His careless laugh came across the room just then, as if to mock her.

"You'll not come back before another season?" She could not hide the pain that quivered in her voice. But the limp little woman crushed into the depths of the arm-chair by her side did not heed it.

"No," she replied, simply, "I suppose not."

The gentlemen joined them.

"Sit down here by me," said Mrs. Winslow to Paul, motioning to the chair at her side.

"It is of no use," whispered Vesey to Darrel, with a hysterical sound between a laugh and a sob.

"What is of no use?" He followed her away from the fire.

"Trying to avert grim fate. Your mother is determined to discuss church affairs with Mr. Hayes. What will she say to find he is not in the succession at all? That he simply cares for the souls of our butcher and baker, and——"

"Candlestick-maker," suggested Darrel.

"Yes, for aught I know. I have tried to keep them apart, but——"

"Extremes will meet. I believe there is an attraction between the poles. But what does it portend, this invasion? Are you about to assume a stuff gown and plain bonnet? Or do you propose to bring him into the true church? Not a bad addition, I should say," fixing his eyes upon Paul, who had won the respectful attention, at least, of his rather light-minded audience in the arm-chair.

"What were you saying?" Vesey asked absently. Her eyes had followed his. "How he chanced to be here? Oh! father has met him occasionally, and so asked him to dinner. I was sorry he came to-night."

"Ah?" Darrel looked down upon her with a conscious air. She had spoken truer words than she intended. She went on, as though she had not heard him—as though the color was not flaming her face.

"Because I knew you would have little in common, and thought it might be awkward for us all. It does not matter." Nothing did or ever would any more. A gray wall seemed to shut out all beyond this night.

"But I am not to be defrauded of my rights. I am to take you out to dinner, am I not? You surely won't throw me over at the last, Vesey?" He bent his head close to her face.

"I don't know; you can sit upon one side and Mr. Hayes upon the other, if he will." She moved away towards the others; leaning over his mother's chair she pretended to listen, smiling assent: to what, she never knew. She was thinking how pleasant she had hoped it would be, with only Darrel and his mother here—they four around the fire in the twilight, Darrel by her—of the words she had thought he would speak. There was a ring hanging upon his watch-chain. It fitted her finger. He had tried it once in jest.

"Vesey!" called her father. And then she knew the others were rising—that dinner was announced.

"I hope you and Mrs. Winslow have become friends," she said to Paul, as they were going out.

"One hardly gets so far as that in a half-hour's chat," he answered pleasantly.

"And just before dinner," added Darrel, from the other side. "That's the time to make enemies, Miss Vesey."

"Then do hasten to be served, gentlemen, lest you quarrel."

"And the cause?" queried Darrel in her ear.

She turned away from him to Paul. And yet what should she say? What do people say to ministers? she asked herself helplessly. And to young ministers above all? Oh if he had not come! If he would only go! If they would all go, and leave her alone with her disappointment and shame!

How she passed that long dinner hour she never knew. She talked of trivial things, as we all do, though beneath the outward calm our very souls are seething. She dared not speak of others, lest she break this crust. Paul judged her. She has found her lowest depth, he said, when she chanced to name a ribbon. Her spirits rose; buoyed by her light words and laugh perhaps. When they were back in the drawing-room, and the others fell into the quiet, desultory chat that follows a dinner, she alone could not be still. Her cold hands refused to lie quietly in her lap, as shapely white hands should. Her feet beat an impatient waltz under her gown.

She glanced at Darrel. He had thrown himself back in an easy-chair, his hands under his head. There was no feverish glitter in his eye. He looked simply bored. He yawned furtively. She pushed her chair back. "How stupid we are! It's the fire, I think. It always dulls everybody but itself. Will not some one sing or play?" And she sat down herself before the piano.

She struck a quick, sharp chord. "I could dance to-night!" She had forgotten the young minister and his probable prejudices. He caught a glimpse, just then, of the flushed, intense face. But in an instant, with the minor chord that followed, it changed. Tears rushed into her eyes. "If I hadn't lost my slippers," she breathed to herself. Her back was to the others. Only Paul saw the sudden saddening of the face, the fall of the wet eyelids.

"Such wonderful spirits!" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow. "So light-hearted Vesey always is!"

"Ah!" responded Paul. But he fell into a revery.

Darrel leaned over her. "What has come to you?"

"How? Why?" She did not pause in her playing.

"You're simply glorious now. You hardly need a crown."

Her hands went wrong. A quick clash—a discord—then she went on. She was growing strong; equal to the strife. There is nothing so deathless as a woman's pride. It had risen at last. Her hands flashed over the keys, throwing off sparks of the wildest, gayest music.

"Not that!" Darrel whispered. "Play something soft and low. Do you forget it is our last evening? You're not sorry after all, then!" for her face never changed. She laughed—a low quiet ripple in her throat.

"Sorry? Oh yes;" lingering over the last word. And still her hands toyed with the keys. "But one can't cry at bidding, you know; I dare say I may to-morrow." And again the low laugh welled up in her throat. She looked up fearlessly. It had been all husks she knew now. But at least he should not triumph in her shame. She had worn her heart upon her sleeve; but though it bled he should not know it. She might indeed cry to-morrow, but not now.

As for the man, he experienced a new sensation—of doubt, mingled with amazement. He had read her, as he thought, like an open book. He even fancied he had cut the leaves. "Poor little mouse!" he had said to himself, "I really must go away. She is certainly growing fond of me." He almost wished now he had decided to stay. It seemed there was a sequel to the book. He was tempted to fall in love with her upon the spot. "If she is acting, she's by far more clever than I thought; and if she is really indifferent, I've been a conceited fool."

"Good-night! and good-bye, it must be," he said, detaining her hand when they separated. "We shall take the early train."

The flush had died out of her face. She looked worn and tired. Upon the whole he was not sorry he had decided to go.

"Good-bye," she said quietly.

"You'll come and make us that visit in the summer, Vesey? Oh, my gloves and my veil! thank you," began Mrs. Winslow, fussily.

"I don't know. Perhaps so."

"Of course you will."

"To be sure," added Darrel. "I shall come for you myself."

They were gone at last. She turned away.

"But Mr. Hayes! Vesey!"

She had forgotten his existence.

"I'm afraid I am rude." And she put out her hand. "Good-night; but indeed I may confess now that I have a wretched headache, and—and—" That was all she said. The play was over.

III.

THE spring and early summer wore away. One letter came from Darrel. A letter such as he might have sent to any chance acquaintance, full of hints of gay doings here and there—nothing more. One little note Vesey wrote his mother, to say she could not make the promised visit. Darrel had said nothing in his letter of coming for her. "And tell Darrel"—at the close of her note—"that I am saving any amount of gossip against writing him some day." But the "some day" never

came. Absence, like a strong light, brings out hidden defects, and Vesey knew now that he was a man selfish and vain, who had played with her heart. He had held it in his hand, weighed and measured it and her, and had cast both aside as worthless. She thought of it with burning cheeks.

Among the mountains, in the summer, she gathered strength and life again; for both had seemed to fail. Perhaps it was the heat. The summer had opened like the tropics. With another winter came the Winslows. If she had dreaded it, if she had feared for herself, would it have been strange? But the spell was broken. Looking back, she wondered.

Outwardly the old intimacy was resumed. Darrel came and went as he had come and gone the year before. But to Vesey it was only a shell—a hollow, heartless thing that never had been friendship, and could never now be love. Paul, plodding along day after day in the round of his duties, saw—as though a great way off—Vesey and Darrel flying up and down the icy streets to the tinkle of silver bells.

One night, Vesey, glowing in crimson, with white chrysanthemums in her hair, passed through the hall. The outer door was open wide. Paul stood outside. The wind, raw and wet with the breath of the sea, caught at her hair—at the silken ruffles of her dress.

"Oh, is it you? But you are coming in?"

She little knew how her words tempted him—how the vision tempted him, as she paused with clasped hands under the gaslight, and with the warm, bright room beyond.

"I cannot, I am waiting for your father. There is a family at the lower end of the town starv——"

The words choked him. "Thank you, not to-night," he said. He had longed to meet her again, like this—alone and face to face. But her light manner, her dainty dress, angered him to-night. He had come from such a different scene. Only a woman of the world, after all, he thought. And yet so sweet, so bitterly sweet, he owned, when he had turned away and plunged into the cold and darkness. Darrel was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

"You're like a poem to-night, in all that ruby-red—like an Eastern song."

"Thank you," Vesey said, dreamily.

"I couldn't imagine you in gray," he went on, half to himself, "or in anything somber, or worn, or poor." He had begun to study the girl in earnest now. "Yes, you are made for the rarest and best, Vesey; to shine in satin and diamonds."

Satin and diamonds! Vesey remembered the man she had left at the door. He was out in the winter night among the hungry and naked now, she knew. She had caught his half-uttered sentence. And *she* was made for satin and diamonds!

"Is that *all?*" she asked wistfully.

"All? Is not that enough? It would satisfy most women."

But to-night it did not satisfy her.

IV.

Down at the beginning of the long street was a black, low-browed house, like many others here, with a shop in the lower story, or, more properly, two, since one window was occupied by a watchmaker, and the other displayed pins, needles, spools of cotton, and such small wares. Above were two or three rooms with slanting sides, where a deformed girl—a pitiful object to look at—lived with her mother, earning enough by sewing to put bread into their mouths and scanty covering upon their backs—no more. Vesey employed them; from pity mostly, since her work could have been better done elsewhere. She stepped out of the sleigh here at dusk one night, and ran up the stairs, a roll of work in her hand. She had to wait a moment, so she sat and talked with the girl, who was young like herself, and yet not like herself at all. It made her happier in the happy lot that had sometimes wearied her. It made her thankful for her strong, young life, which she had never named among her blessings, and it shot a gleam of pleasure through the girl's dark days.

It was a poor room, with paper torn and soiled, and of many patterns, upon the walls; with the bare boards of the floor yawning, rising and falling uneasily; with the dim light struggling through uncurtained windows that

peered from under the eaves like eyes from overhanging brows. In one of these windows, a forlorn canary in a broken cage—a brown little bird with ruffled, unkempt feathers—chirruped feebly, like a moan. A low voice in a continuous murmur fell upon Vesey's ear. It seemed to come from the next room.

"What is that?"

"That 'm?" The girl's pale face grew bright. "It's the minister, Mr. Hayes. He comes and prays with mother, now she's sick." The light died down again.

The little room became all at once like a church, solemn and still, as the low voice rolled on and on, like a river far away. The girl laid down her work. Even the bird forgot its moan.

The voice ceased. She heard his step upon the stairs. It was but a second; he could not have reached the street, when a shriek came from the room he had left. The girl sat like one paralyzed. Vesey threw open the door. A swift line of light ran all adown the bed. It burst into a flame, in the midst of which the sick woman struggled. The overturned candle at her head told the story. It was an instinct—there was no time for thought—which made Vesey drag the square of carpet from the floor and press it down upon the flames. They shot out into her face. They seemed to catch away her breath. They licked her arm. They strove and fought, and well-nigh overcame—all in an instant, that seemed hours to the girl, who threw herself upon the bed, smothering the flames with her own weight.

They were conquered at last. The silent, breathless struggle was over.

"If some one would only bring a light! Oh dear! what shall I do? Don't," to the deformed girl, who shrieked and called upon her mother. Vesey had not heard the strong step springing up the stairs—the opening of the door. Some one stood beside her in a moment, lamp in hand. It was Paul.

"Is she dead?" gasped Vesey, shrinking from the bed.

He threw back the scorched blanket that hid the motionless form. "No, not dead; but I think she has fainted. Or the flames—I must go for a doctor. Stay here, if you are not afraid. Oh hush! hush!" to the frightened girl; "it is nothing, I hope. Get some water for the lady; and sprinkle her face," he said to Vesey. Then he was gone.

She did as he had told her,—waiting, watching the blackened mass, she dared not touch. It was frightful, with that still, white face shining out of the darkness. Was it death? No; there was a faint quivering of the eyelids—that first sign of returning consciousness—a feeble moan. Then Paul came. Oh! the rush of joy, of blinding tears, of sudden faintness, that overpowered her when she heard his step. The grim-faced doctor behind him walked straight to the bed.

"There are no deep burns, I think," he said at length. "The blanket saved her. The shock has done more than the fire. A sponge—ah, that will do. Now some water, and some linen rags." There were none. Vesey quietly held out her dainty handkerchief. "Hm!" he said, and tore his own into strips.

"And now *you*?" He turned to Vesey.

"I have no burns." Indeed she felt no pain. The doctor raised her hand, and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut tight and quick together. Something sprang into his eyes—not tears alone.

Then Vesey began to tremble; and, conscious at last of the cruel pain that bit and tore her hand, she sobbed like a hurt child.

"Don't mind," she tried to say. "Don't look at me. It's only—only——" The sobs swept all her words away.

Paul bathed her hand. She remembered afterwards how tenderer than any woman's had been his touch.

"Let her cry," said the doctor, in a voice that must have been given by mistake to the grim face. "And now she'd better go home." He rose from the bed. He took the unharmed hand in his. "She's a brave girl." He looked away from her to Paul; but still he held her hand tight in his. "God bless you, child. Now go home and go to bed."

Paul lifted her into the sleigh and wrapped the robes about her.

"Shall I go with you?"

"If I can take you home."

"Oh no; I must go in here again."

"Then you need not."

It seemed suddenly as if they had known each other a lifetime—*she* and *Paul;* as if they could never be strangers to each other again.

She held out her hand. It was the one he had bound up. He took it tenderly in both his own. "The brave, strong hand!" he said, bending over it in the darkness—"the hand that saved a life to-night."

V.

THERE was to be a bazar, to raise money for the poor. It opened the next evening. The winter had been hard and cruel, and charity—somewhat exhausted—needed a spur.

Vesey had promised to tend a booth.

"You must not think of going," her father exclaimed. Darrel,—too, who foresaw a quiet hour with her alone, if she remained at home. He had something to tell—something to ask for, and a ring to give. Alas for him! He had kept his words too long. A year ago they would have been manna to her heart.

"But I am quite well," she pleaded, "except my hand; and that has ceased to pain me." Indeed her face was radiant.

So she dressed herself with quaint simplicity in something soft and gray that wrapped her like a cloud, with only the braids of her heavy hair for ornament; only her shining eyes for gems. Then she went and took her place.

The maidens from the Chinese pagodas were all there. Before them, in their gay attire, the Queen of Sheba, and even Solomon the magnificent, would have shrunk away abashed—their glory dimmed.

Vesey's nun-like dress was worse than diamonds in their envious eyes. More gay gallants than one paused to stare—to buy.

"It cools your eyes, you see, and rests you some way," vouchsafed one man by way of explanation.

The evening was half over. Darrel had been her shadow. She was tired; tired of his eyes that followed her whichever way she turned; tired of his flattering words; tired of HIM. He moved away at last. Then, and not until then, she saw Paul. All the maidens plumed their gay feathers as he walked down the hall. But he came straight to her.

"Are you well enough to be here?" without a word of greeting, as though they had not parted. "You frightened me with your white face just now."

"I was tired. I wanted to go home."

"Will you go now?" he asked quickly. "Are you strong enough to walk?"

"Oh yes."

"Then come."

It was strangely pleasant to be bidden; to follow meekly.

They had reached the stairs descending to the street when they met Darrel Winslow.

"Vesey! where are you going?" He scowled and nodded at Paul.

"Home."

"But it is beginning to rain, and you have no cloak. Go back and I'll get the carriage." He laid his hand upon the wrap over Paul's arm. Paul looked at Vesey. What did he read in her face?

"Let Miss Welles decide," he said, in a hard, strange voice. He was trying to be calm—to keep his hands from this man who had suddenly come between them. He turned to Vesey again. His face was very pale; his eyes were full of pleading. "Think a moment. Will you ride with him, or will you walk with me?"

She did not speak. She only smiled and laid her hand within his arm.

He would have been more than human to have kept back the triumph in his eyes.

Darrel stared; then wheeled and left them, with an oath upon his lips.

"But think a moment." Paul's voice grew more gentle now. "It will be a long, long road—a road that has no turn."

But still she smiled.

"A rough way perhaps, and your feet are tender."

"I will walk with you," she said.

IN A GARRET.

THIS realm is sacred to the silent past.
Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare
Of dust and dreams;—the years are long, since last
A stranger's foot-fall pressed the creaking stair.

This room no housewife's tidy hand disturbs;
And here, like some strange presence, ever clings
A homesick smell of dry, forgotten herbs—
A musty odor as of mouldering things.

Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose,
For fancied virtues prized in days of yore—
Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap by those
Whose earthly ills are healed for evermore.

Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread,
And weaves her silken tapestry unseen,
Veiling the rough-hewn timbers overhead,
And looping gossamer festoons between.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof
Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,
Like tall, fantastic ghosts which stand aloof,
Holding grim converse with the long ago.

Here lie remembrancers of childish joys—
Old fairy-stories, conned and conned again;
A cradle, and a heap of battered toys,
Beloved by babes who now are bearded men.

Here in the summer, at a broken pane,
The yellow wasps come in, and buzz and build
Among the rafters;—wind and snow and rain
All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

This mildewed chest behind the chimney holds
Old letters, stained and nibbled;—faintly show
The faded phrases on the tattered folds
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who may know?

I turn a page like one who plans a crime,
And lo, love's prophecies and sweet regrets—
A tress of chestnut hair—a love-lorn rhyme,
And fragrant dust which once was violets.

I wonder if the small, sleek mouse, that shaped
His winter nest between these rugged beams,
Was happier that his bed was lined and draped
With the bright warp and woof of youthful dreams?

Here, where the gray incessant spiders spin,
Shrouding from view the sunny world outside,
A golden bumble-bee has blundered in,
And lost the way to liberty, and died.

So the lost present drops into the past;
So the warm living heart, that loves the light,
Faints in the unresponsive darkness vast
Which hides Time's buried mysteries from sight.

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?
Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once more;
Leave the dead years to silence and to dust,
And close again the long-unopened door.

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Continued from page 398.)

VI.

"Now get that comedy out of your head!" said Herr Gabriel the next morning, "and let us squeeze in some science."

Peer had come near to thinking like young Madsen: "that one was giving up his fresh youth when he was shut up and set down with a book in his hand;" but when he sat at his book there shone from it so many noble and good thoughts that Peer found himself quite absorbed in it. He heard of the world's great men and their achievements: so many had been the children of poor people; Themistocles the hero, son of a potter; Shakespeare, a poor weaver's boy, who when a young man held horses at the door of the theatre, where afterward he was the mightiest man in poetic art of all countries and all time. He heard of the singing contest at Wartburg, where the poets vied to see who would produce the most beautiful poem—a contest like the old trial of the Grecian poets at the great public feasts. Herr Gabriel talked of these with especial delight. Sophocles had in his old age written one of his best tragedies and won the prize of victory over all the others. In this honor and fortune his heart broke with joy. Ah! how blessed to die in the midst of his joy of victory! What could be more fortunate! Thoughts and dreamings filled the soul of our little friend, but he had no one to whom he could tell them. They would not be intelligible to young Madsen or to Primus, nor to Madame Gabriel either: she was either all good humor, or the sorrowing mother, sitting dissolved in tears. Her two small girls looked with astonishment at her, nor could Peer either discover why she was so overwhelmed with sorrow and grief.

"The poor children!" said she then, "a mother is ever thinking of their future. The boys can take care of themselves. Cæsar falls, but he gets up again; the two older ones splash in the water-bowl; they want to be in the navy and make good matches. But my two little girls! what will their future be? They will reach the age when the heart feels, and then know I well that the one they each get attached to will not be at all after Gabriel's mind; he will give them one they cannot endure, and then will they be so unhappy. That is what I think of as a mother, and that is my sorrow and my grief. You poor children! you to become so unhappy!" She wept.

The little girls looked at her; Peer looked at her with a sympathetic look. He could not think of anything to answer, and so he took himself back to his little room, sat down

at the old piano, and forth came tones and fantasies which streamed through his heart.

In the early morning he went with a clear brain to his studies and performed the part assigned to him. He was a conscientious, right-minded fellow; in his diary he recorded what each day he had read and studied, how late he had sat up playing at the piano—always mutely, so as not to waken Madame Gabriel. It never read in his diary, except on Sunday, the day of rest: "Thought of Juliet," "Was at the Apothecary's," "Wrote a letter to mother and grandmother." Peer was still Romeo and a good son.

"Very industrious!" said Herr Gabriel. "Follow that example, young Madsen. You will be *reject*."

"Scoundrel!" said young Madsen to himself; Primus, the dean's son, suffered from lethargy. "It is a disease," said the dean's wife, and he was not to be treated with severity. The deanery was only two miles distant; wealth and fine society were there.

"He will die a bishop!" said Madame Gabriel. "He has good *conjugations* at the court, and the deaness is a lady of noble birth. She knows all about Haaltry—that means coats-of-arms."

It was Whitsuntide. A year had gone by since Peer came to Herr Gabriel's house. He had acquired an education, but his voice had not returned; would it ever come?

The Gabriel household was invited to the Dean's to a great dinner and a ball in the evening. A good many guests came from the town and from the manor-houses about. The apothecary's family were invited; Romeo would see Juliet, perhaps dance the first dance with her.

It was a substantial place, the deanery,—whitewashed and without any manure-heaps in the yard; with a dove-cote painted green, about which twined an ivy vine. The Deaness was a corpulent woman—*glaukopis athene*. Herr Gabriel called her the blue-eyed, not the ox-eyed, as Juno was called, thought Peer. There was a certain remarkable mildness about her, an endeavor to have an invalid took; she certainly had Primus's sickness. She was dressed in a corn-colored silk, wore great curls, caught up on the right by a large medallion portrait of her great-grandmother, a general's wife, and on the left by an equally large bunch of grapes of white porcelain.

The Dean had a ruddy, well-conditioned countenance, with shining white teeth, well suited to biting into a roast fillet. His conversation was always garnished with anecdotes. He could discourse with everybody, but no one had ever succeeded in carrying on a conversation with him.

The councillor, too, was here, and among the strangers from the manors was Felix, the merchant's son; he had been confirmed, and was now a young gentleman very elegant in clothes and manners; he was a millionaire, they said. Madame Gabriel had not courage to speak to him.

Peer was overjoyed at seeing Felix, who came forward most cordially to meet him, and said that he brought greetings from his parents, who read all the letters which Peer wrote home to his mother and grandmother.

The dancing began. The Apothecary's daughter was to dance the first dance with the councillor; that was the promise she had made at home to her mother and the councillor himself. The second dance was promised to Peer; but Felix came and took her out, only vouchsafing a good-natured nod.

"You promised that I should have one dance; the young lady will only give permission when you promise."

Peer kept a civil face and said nothing, and Felix danced with the Apothecary's daughter, the most beautiful girl at the ball. He danced the next dance also with her.

"Will you grant me the supper dance?" asked Peer, with a pale face.

"Yes, the supper dance," she answered, with her most charming smile.

"You surely will not take my partner from me?" said Felix, who stood close by. "It is not friendly. We two old friends from the town! You say that you are so very glad to see me. Then you must allow me the pleasure of taking the lady to supper!" and he put his arm round Peer and laid his forehead jestingly against his. "Granted! isn't it? granted!"

"No!" said Peer, his eyes sparkling with anger.

Felix gayly raised his arms and set his elbows akimbo, looking like a frog ready to spring :—

"You have perfect right, young gentleman! I would say the same if the supper dance were promised me, sir!" He drew back with a graceful bow to the young lady. But not long after, when Peer stood in a corner and arranged his neck-tie, Felix came, put his arm round his neck, and with the most coaxing look, said :—

"Be splendid! my mother and your mother and old grandmother—they will all say that it is just like you. I am off to-morrow, and I shall be horribly bored if I do not take the young lady to supper. My own friend! my only friend!"

At that Peer, as his only friend, could not hold out; he himself carried Felix to the young beauty.

It was bright morning when the guests the next day drove away from the Dean's. The Gabriel household was in one carriage, and the whole family went to sleep except Peer and Madame.

She talked about the young merchant, the rich man's son, who was really Peer's friend; she had heard him say: "Your health, my friend." "Mother and grandmother." There was something so "*negligent*" and *gallant* in him, she said; "one saw at once that he was the son of rich people, or else a count's child. That the rest of us can't claim. One must be able to bow!"

Peer said nothing. He was depressed all day. In the evening, at bed-time, when lying in bed sleep was chased away, and he said to himself: "How they bow and smirk!" That had he done, the rich young fellow; "because one is born poor, he is placed under the favor and condescension of these richly-born people. Are you then better than we? And why were you created better than we?"

There was something vicious rearing up in him; *something wrong;* something which his grandmother would be grieved at. "Poor grandmother! Thou also hast been appointed to poverty. God has known how to do that!" and he felt anger in his heart, and yet at the same time an apprehension that he was sinning in thought and word against the good God. He grieved to think he had lost his child's mind, and yet he possessed it just by this grief, whole and rich in nature. Happy Peer!

A week after there came a letter from grandmother. She wrote, as she could, great letters and small letters mixed up, all her heart's love in things small and great that concerned Peer :—

"My own sweet, blessed boy :—I think of thee, I long for thee, and that too does thy mother. She gets along very well with her washing. And the merchant's Felix was in to see us yesterday, with a greeting from thee. You had been at the Dean's ball, and thou wert so honorable; that wilt thou always be, and rejoice the heart of thy old grandmother and thy hard-working mother. She has something to tell you about Miss Frandsen."

And then followed a postscript from Peer's mother.

"Miss Frandsen is married, the old thing. The bookbinder Court is become court bookbinder, in accordance with his petition, with a great sign, 'Court Bookbinder Court!' And she has become Madame Court. It is an old love that does not rust, my sweet boy.

"Thy Mother."

"Second Postscript. Grandmother has knit you six pair of woollen socks, which you will get by the first opportunity. I have laid with them a pork-pie, your favorite dish. I know that you never get it at Herr Gabriel's, since the lady is so afraid of what—I don't know exactly how to spell 'trichines.' You must not believe that, but only eat.

"Thy own Mother."

Peer read the letter and read himself happy. Felix was so good; what wrong had he done him! They had separated at the Dean's without saying good-bye to each other.

"Felix is better than I," said Peer.

VII.

In a quiet life one day glides into the next, and month quickly follows month. Peer was already in the second year of his stay at

Herr Gabriel's, who with great earnestness and determination—Madame called it obstinacy—insisted that he should not again go on the stage.

Peer himself received from the singing-master, who monthly paid the stipend for his instruction and support, a serious admonition not to think of comedy-playing so long as he was placed there; and he obeyed, but his thoughts traveled often to the theatre at the capital. They had but a fancied life there, on the stage where he was to have stood as a great singer; now his voice was gone, nor did it come back, and often was he sorely oppressed thereat. Who could comfort him? neither Herr Gabriel nor Madame; but our Lord surely could. Consolation comes to us in many ways. Peer found it in sleep—he was indeed a lucky Peer.

One night he dreamed that it was Whitsunday, and he was out in the charming green forest, where the sun shone in through the boughs, and where all the ground beneath the trees was covered with anemones and cowslips. Then the cuckoo began—"Cuckoo!" How many years shall I live? asked Peer, for that people always ask the cuckoo the first time in the year that they hear its note, and the cuckoo answered: "Cuckoo!" but uttered no more and was silent.

"Shall I only live a single year?" asked Peer; "truly that is too little. Be so good as to cuckoo if it is so!" Then began the bird—"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" Aye! it went on without end, and as it went Peer cuckooed with it, and that as lively as if he too were a cuckoo; but his note was stronger and clearer; all the little birds warbled, and Peer sang after them, but far more beautifully; he had all the clear voice of his childhood, and carolled in song. He was so glad at heart, and then he awoke, but with the assurance that the sounding-board still was in him, that his voice still lived, and some bright Whitsun morning would burst forth in all its freshness; and so he slept, happy in this assurance.

But days and weeks and months passed; he perceived not that his voice came again.

Every bit of intelligence which he could get of the theatre at the capital was a true feast for his soul; it was meat and drink to him. Crumbs are really bread, and he received crumbs thankfully—the poorest little story. There was a flax-dealer's family living near the Gabriels. The mother, an estimable mistress of her household, brisk and laughing, but without any acquaintance or knowledge of the theatre, had been at the capital for the first time, and was enraptured with everything there, even with the people; they had laughed at everything she had said, she assured them—and that was very likely.

"Were you at the theatre also?" asked Peer.

"That I was," replied the flax-dealer's wife. "How I steamed! You ought to have seen me sit and steam in that hot place!"

"But what did they do? What piece did they play?"

"That will I tell you," said she. "I shall give you the whole comedy. I was there twice. The first evening it was a talking piece. Out came she, the princess: 'Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!' how she could talk. Next came the people: 'Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!' and then down came Madame. Now they began again. The prince, he: 'Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!' then down came Madame. She fell down five times that evening. The second time I was there, it was all singing: 'Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!' and then down came Madame. There was a countrywoman sitting by my side; she had never been in the theatre, and supposed that it was all over; but I, who now knew all about it, said that when I was there last, Madame was down five times. The singing evening she only did it three times. There! there you have both the comedies, as true to life as I saw them."

If it was tragedy she saw, Madame always came down. Then it flashed over Peer's mind what she meant. At the great theatre there was painted upon the curtain which fell between the acts a great female figure, a Muse with the comic and the tragic mask. This was Madame who "came" down. That had been the real comedy; what they said and sang had been to the flax-dealer's wife only "Ahbe, dahbe! abe, dabe!" but it had been a great pleasure, and so had it been also to Peer, and not less to Madame Gabriel, who

heard this recital of the pieces. She sat with an expression of astonishment and a consciousness of mental superiority, for had she not, as Nurse, been Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet," as the Apothecary said?

"Then down comes Madame," explained by Peer, became afterward a witty by-word in the house every time a child, a cup, or one or another piece of furniture fell upon the floor in the house.

"That is the way proverbs and familiar sayings arise!" said Herr Gabriel, who appropriated everything to scientific use.

New Year's eve, at the stroke of twelve, the Gabriels and their boarders stood, each with a glass of punch, the only one Herr Gabriel drank the whole year, because punch makes one's stomach ache. They drank a health to the new year, and counted the strokes of the clock, "one, two," till the twelfth stroke. "Down comes Madame!" said they.

The new year rolled up and on. At Whitsuntide Peer had been two years in the house.

VIII.

Two years were gone, but the voice had not come back. How would the future be for our little friend?

He could always be a tutor in a school—that was in Herr Gabriel's mind—there was a livelihood in that, though nothing to be married on; nor was Peer's mind quite made up as to how large a share of his heart the apothecary's daughter had.

"Be a tutor!" said Madame Gabriel; "a schoolmaster! then be the veriest humdrum on earth, just like my Gabriel. No, you are born for the theatre. Be the greatest actor in the world: that is something else than being a tutor."

An actor! ay, that was the goal.

He gave vent to his feelings in a letter to the singing-master; he told of his longing and his hope. Most earnestly did he long for the great city where his mother and grandmother lived, whom he had not seen for two years. The distance was only thirty miles;* in six hours, by the quick train, that could be passed. Why had they not seen one another? That is easily explained. Peer had, on leaving, been made to give his promise to stay where he should be placed, and not to think of a visit. His mother was busy enough with her washing and ironing. Yet, for all that, she thought a good many times of making the great journey, though it would cost a deal of money, but she never did. Grandmother had a horror of railways; she thought to go by them was to fly in the face of Providence. Nothing could induce her to travel by steam; she was, too, an old woman, and she would take no journey until she took her last one up to our Lord.

That she said in May, but in June the old thing did travel, and quite alone, too, the thirty long miles, to the strange town, to strange people, and all to go to Peer. It was a great occasion, the most sorrowful one that could occur to mother and grandmother.

The cuckoo had said "cuckoo!" without end when Peer the second time asked it, "How many years shall I live?" His health and spirits were good: the future shone brightly. He had received a delightful letter from his fatherly friend, the singing-master. Peer was to go home, and they would see what could be done for him—what course he should pursue if his voice was really gone.

"Appear as Romeo!" said Madame Gabriel; "you are old enough now for the lover's part, and have got some color in your cheeks; you don't need to paint."

"Be Romeo!" said the Apothecary and the Apothecary's daughter.

Many thoughts went sounding through his head and heart. But

"Nobody knows what to-morrow shall be."

He sat down below in the garden that stretched out to the meadow. It was evening and moonlight. His cheeks burned, his blood was on fire, the air brought a grateful coolness. There over the moor a mist hung that rose and sank and made him think of the dance of the Elfin maidens. There came into his mind the old saying of the Knight Olaf, who rode out to ask the guests to his wedding, but was stopped by the Elfin maidens, who drew him into their dance and sport, and thereby came his death. It was a piece of folk lore, an

* Danish measure.

old poem. The moonlight and the mist over the moor painted pictures for it this evening.

Peer sat and soon was in a half dreaming state, looking out upon it all. The bushes seemed to have shapes of human sort and half of beastly form. They stood motionless, while the mist rose like a great waving veil. Something like this had Peer seen in a ballet at the theatre, when Elfin maidens were represented, whirling and waving with veils of gauze; but here it was far more charming and more wonderful. So great a scene as this no theatre could show; none had so clear an air, so shining a moonlight.

Just in front, in the mist, appeared most distinctly a female shape, and it became three, and the three many; they danced hand in hand, floating girls. The air bore them along to the hedge where Peer stood. They nodded to him; they spake; it was like the cling! clang! of silver bells. They danced into the garden and about him; they enclosed him in their circle. Without thought he danced with them, but not their dance. He whirled about, as in the memorable vampire dance, but he thought not of that, he thought not at all of aught more, but was enveloped in the wondrous beauty he saw around him.

The moor was a sea, so deep and dark-blue, with water-lilies that were bright with all conceivable colors; dancing over the waves they bore him upon their veil to the opposite shore, where the giant mound has thrown aside its grassy sward and rose into a castle of clouds, but the clouds were of marble; flowering vines of gold and costly stones twined about the mighty blocks of marble; each flower was a radiant bud that sang with human voice. It was like a choir of thousands and thousands of happy children. Was it heaven, or was it the Elfin hill?

The castle walls stirred—they moved toward each other—they closed about him. He was within them and the world of men was without. Then felt he a pain, a strange yearning, as never before. No outlet could he find, but from the floor away up to the roof there smiled upon him sweet young girls; they were so loving as he looked upon them, and yet the thought came—are ye but paintings? He would speak with them, but his tongue found no words; his speech was gone; not a sound came from his lips. Then he threw himself upon the earth, with a misery he never before had known.

One of the Elfin maidens came to him; surely she meant well to him in her manner; she had taken the shape he would most like to see; it was the likeness of the Apothecary's daughter; he was almost ready to believe that it was she; but soon he saw that she was hollow in the back—a charming front view, but open behind and nothing at all inside.

"One hour here is a hundred years outside," said she; "thou hast already been here a whole hour. All whom you know and love without these walls are dead. Stay with us! Yes, stay thou must, or the walls will hold thee in a vice till the blood spirts from thy forehead."

And the walls trembled, and the air became like that of a glowing furnace. He found his voice.

"Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken me?" he cried from the depths of his soul.

Then Grandmother stood beside him. She took him in her arms, she kissed his brow, she kissed his mouth.

"My own sweet little one!" said she, "our Lord doth not let thee go; He lets none of us go, not the greatest sinner. To God be praise and honor for evermore!"

And she took out her psalmbook, the same one from which she and Peer many a Sunday had sung. How her voice rang! how full her tones! all the Elfin maidens laid their heads down to the rest they longed for. Peer sang with Grandmother, as before he had sung each Sunday; how strong and mighty all at once was his voice! the walls of the castle trembled; they became clouds and mist; Grandmother went with him out of the hill into the high grass, where the glow-worms made light and the moon shone. But his feet were so weary he could not move them; he sank down on the sward; it was the softest bed; there he rested and awoke to the sound of a psalm.

Grandmother sat beside him—sat by his bed in the little chamber in Herr Gabriel's house. The fever was over; life and reason had returned. But he had been at the door of death. Down in the garden, that evening,

they had found him in a swoon; a violent fever followed. The doctor thought that he would not get up from it again, but must die, and so they had written thus to his mother. She and Grandmother felt that they must go to him; both could not leave, and so the old grandmother went, and went by the railway.

"It was for Peer only that I did it," said she. "I did it in God's name, or I must believe that I flew with the Evil One on a broomstick on Midsummer Eve."

IX.

THE journey home was made with glad and light heart. Devoutly did grandmother thank our Lord that Peer was yet to outlive her. She had delightful neighbors in the railway carriage—the apothecary and his daughter. They talked about Peer: they loved him as if they belonged to his family. He was to become a great actor, said the apothecary; his voice had now returned, too, and there was a fortune in such a throat as his.

What a pleasure it was to the grandmother to hear such words! She lived on them; she believed them thoroughly; and so they came to the station at the capital, where the mother met her.

"God be praised for the railway!" said grandmother, "and be praised, too, that I quite forgot I was on it! I owe that to these excellent people;" and she pressed the hands of the apothecary and his daughter. "The railway is a blessed discovery when one is through with it. One is in God's hands."

Then she talked of her sweet boy, who was out of all danger and housed with people who were very well off and kept two girls and a man. Peer was like a son in the house, and on the same footing with two children of distinguished families: one of them was a Dean's son. The grandmother had lodged at the post-inn; it was dreadfully dear! but then she had been invited to Madam Gabriel's; there she had stayed five days; they were angelic people, especially the mistress; she had urged her to drink punch, excellently made, but rather strong.

In about a month would Peer, by God's help, be strong enough to come home to the capital.

"He has been flattered and has become very fine," said the mother. "He will not feel at home here in the garret. I am very glad that the singing-master has invited him to stay with him. And yet," so mourned she, "it is horribly sad that one should be so poor that one's own bairn should not find it good enough for him in his own home."

"Don't say those words to Peer," said grandmother; "you don't see into him as I do."

"But he must have meat and drink, any way, no matter how fine he has grown; and he shall not want those so long as my hands can joggle in the wash-tub. Madam Court has told me that he can dine twice a week with her, now that she is well off. She knows what prosperity is, and what rough times are, too. Has she not herself told me that one evening, in the box at the theatre where the old *danseuses* have a place, she felt sick? The whole day long she had only had water and a caraway seed cake, and she was sick from hunger, and very faint. 'Water! water!' cried the other. 'No! some tarts!' she begged; 'tarts!' She needed something nourishing, and had not the least need of water. Now she has her own pantries and a well-spread table."

Thirty miles away Peer still sat, but happy in the thought that he would soon be in the city, at the theatre, with all his old, dear friends, whom now he rightly knew how to value. Within him there was music: without there was music too. All was sunshine—the glad time of youth, the time of hope and anticipation. Every day he grew stronger, got good spirits and color. But Madam Gabriel was much depressed as his time for departure drew near.

"You are going into great society, and into the midst of many temptations, for you are handsome—that you have become in our house. You have *naïveté*, just as I have, and that will get you into temptation. One must not be fastidious, and he must not be mangy; fastidious like the Queen Dagmar, who on Sunday tied her silk sleeves and then had her mind made up about such little things. More than that, I would never have taken on so as Lucretia did. What did she stick her-

self for? She was pure and honest; everybody in the town knew that. What could she do about the misfortune which I won't talk about, but that you at your time of life understand perfectly well? So she gives a shriek and takes the dagger! There was no use in that. I would not have done it, nor you either; for we are both people of nature, and that people will be to the end of time, and that will you continue to be in your art career. How happy I shall be to read about you in the papers! Some time you will come to our little town and appear perhaps as Romeo, but I shall not be the nurse then. I shall sit in the parquet and enjoy myself."

Madam had a great washing and ironing done the week he went away, that Peer might go home with a whole, clean wardrobe, as when he came. She drew a new, strong ribbon through his amber heart; that was the only thing she wanted for a "remembrance souvenir," but she did not get it.

From Herr Gabriel he received a French lexicon, enriched with marginal notes by Herr Gabriel's own hand. Madam Gabriel gave him roses and ribbon-grass. The roses would wither, but the grass would keep all winter if it did not get into the water but was kept in a dry place, and she wrote a quotation from Goethe as a kind of album-leaf: "Umgang mit Frauen ist das Element guter Sitten." She gave it in translation: "Intercourse with women is the foundation of good manners. Goethe."

"He was a great man!" said she, "if he had only not written 'Faust,' for I don't understand it. Gabriel says so too."

Young Madsen presented Peer with a not badly-done drawing which he had made of Herr Gabriel hanging from the gallows, with a ferule in his hand, and the inscription: "A great actor's first conductor on the road of science." Primus, the Dean's son, gave him a pair of slippers, which the Deaness herself had made, but so large that Primus could not fill them for a year or two yet. Upon the soles was written in ink:—"Remember a sorrowing friend. Primus."

All of Herr Gabriel's household accompanied Peer to the train.

"They shall not say that you went off *sans adieu!*" said Madam, and she kissed him in the railway station.

"I am not concerned," said she; "when one does not do a thing secretly, one can do anything!"

The signal-whistle let off steam; young Madsen and Primus shouted hurra! the "small playthings" joined in with them; Madam dried her eyes and wiped them with her pocket handkerchief; Herr Gabriel said only the word, *Vale!*

The villages and stations flew by. Were the people in them as happy as Peer? He thought of that, praised his good fortune, and thought of the invisible golden apple which grandmother had seen lying in his hand when he was a child. He thought of his lucky find in the gutter, and, above all, of his new-found voice, and of the knowledge he had now acquired. He had become altogether another person. He sang within for gladness; it was a great restraint for him to keep from singing aloud in the cars.

Now the towers of the city appeared, and the buildings began to show themselves. The train reached the station. There stood mother and grandmother, and one other along with them, Madam Court, well bound, Court bookbinder Court's lady, born Frandsen. Neither in want nor in prosperity did she forget her friends. She must needs kiss him as his mother and grandmother had done.

"Court could not come with me," said she; "he is hard at work binding a lot of books for the King's private library. You had your good luck, and I have mine. I have my Court and my own chimney corner, with a rocking-chair. Twice a week you are to dine with us. You shall see my life at home; it is a complete ballet!"

Mother and grandmother hardly got a chance to talk to Peer, but they looked on him with eyes that shone with delight. Then he had to take a cab to drive to his new home at the singing-master's. They laughed and they cried.

"He is still so charming!" said grandmother.

"He has his own good face just as when he went away!" said mother; "and he will keep that when he is in the theatre."

The cab stopped at the singing-master's door, but the master was out. His old servant opened the door and showed Peer up to his chamber, where all about on the walls were portraits of composers, and on the stove a white plaster bust stood gleaming. The old man, a little dull, but trustworthiness itself, showed him the drawers in the bureau, and hooks for him to hang his clothes from, and said he was very willing to clean his boots; when the singing-master came in and gave Peer a hearty shake of the hand in welcome.

"Here is every convenience!" said he; "make yourself quite at home: you can use my piano in the room. To-morrow we will hear how your voice gets on. This is our warden of the castle, our director of household affairs," and he nodded to the old servant. "All is in order; Carl Maria Von Weber, on the stove there, has been whitened in honor of your coming. He was dreadfully grimy. But it is not Weber at all that is put up there, it is Mozart. How comes he there?"

"It is the old Weber," said the servant; "I took him myself to the plaster-man, and he has sent him home this morning."

"But this is a bust of Mozart, and not a bust of Weber."

"Pardon, sir," said the servant; "it is the old Weber, who has become clean. The master does not recognize him again now that he has been whitened."

He could learn how it was of the plaster-man, and then he got the answer that Weber had been broken in pieces, and so he had sent him Mozart instead, it was all the same thing on the stove.

The first day Peer was not to sing nor play, but when our young friend came into the parlor, where the piano stood, and the opera of Joseph lay open upon it, he sang "My Fourteenth Spring," and sang with a voice that was clear as a bell. There was something so charming about it, so innocent, and yet so strong and full. The singing-master's eyes were wet with tears.

"So shall it be, and better still!" exclaimed he. "Now we will shut the piano for the day; you will want to rest."

"But I must go this evening to my mother and grandmother, for I have promised it;" and he hurried away. The setting sun shone over the home of his childhood; the bits of glass in the wall sparkled; it was like a diamond castle. Mother and grandmother sat up there in the garret, a good many steps up, but he flew up three stairs at a time, and was at their door and received with kisses and embraces.

It was clean and tidy there in the little chamber. There stood the stove, the old bear, and the chest of drawers with the hidden treasure which he knew when he rode his hobby horse; on the walls hung the three familiar pictures: the King's portrait, a picture of Our Lord, and father's silhouette, cut out in black paper. It was a good side view, said mother, but it would have been more like him if the paper had been white and red, for that he was an excellent man! and Peer was the very picture of him.

There was much to talk about, much to tell. They were to have a head-cheese, and Madam Court had promised to look in upon them in the evening.

"But how is it that those two old people, Court and Miss Frandsen, ever should have got married?" asked Peer.

"It has been in their thoughts these many years," said mother. "You know he was married. Well, he did it, they say, to pique Miss Frandsen, who looked down on him when she was in her high and mighty state. He got a comfortable property with his wife, but she was dreadfully old; lively, and on crutches! She could not die; he waited for it. It would not have surprised me, if, like the man in the story, he had every Sunday put the old thing out in the open air, so that our Lord might see her and remember to send for her."

"Miss Frandsen sat still and waited," said grandmother. "I never believed she would get it. But last year Madam Court died, and so Frandsen came to be mistress in the house."

At that moment in came Madam Court.

"We were talking about you," said grandmother; "we were talking about your patience and reward."

"Yes," said Madam Court. "It did not come in my youth, but one is always young so

long as one hasn't a broken body, says my Court. He is a witty fellow. We are old, good works, he says, both in one volume, and that with gilt top. I am so happy with my Court and my chimney-corner. A porcelain stove! there the fire is made in the evening, and it keeps warm all the next day. It is such a luxury. It is as in the ballet of Circe's Island. Do you remember me as Circe?"

"Yes, you were charming!" said grandmother. "But how people do change!" That was not at all said impolitely, and was not so taken. Then came the head-cheese and the tea.

The next morning Peer paid his visit at the merchant's. The lady met him, pressed his hand, and bade him take a seat by her. In conversation with her he expressed his great gratitude; he knew that the merchant was his secret benefactor. The lady did not know it. "But it is like my husband," said she. "It is not worth talking about."

The merchant was nearly angry when Peer touched on this. "You are on the wrong track altogether," said he, and abruptly closed the conversation. Felix was a student and was to go into diplomatic life.

"My husband calls it all folly," said the lady. "I have no opinion. Providence disposes of such things."

Felix did not show himself, for he was taking a lesson at his fencing-master's. At home Peer told how he had thanked the merchant, but that he would not receive his thanks.

"Who told you that he was what you call him, your benefactor?" asked the singing-master.

"Mother and grandmother," answered Peer.

"Oh, then it must be so."

"You know about it?" said Peer.

"I know; but you will get nothing out of me. Now come, let us sing an hour here at home, this morning."

X.

Once a week there was quartette music. Ears, soul, and thought were filled with the grand musical poems of Beethoven and Mozart. For a long time Peer had heard no good and well-given music. It was as if a kiss of fire darted down his spine and shot through all his nerves. His eyes filled with tears. Every music-evening here at home was a feast to him that made a deeper impression upon him than any opera at the theatre, where there is always something that destroys pleasure or brings faults too strongly forward. The first thing one knows the words do not come out right; they are so smoothed down in the singing that they are as intelligible to a Chinaman as to a Greenlander; then the effect is weakened by faults in the dramatic expression, and by a full voice sinking down in single places to the power of a music-box, or is drawled out in false tones. Lack of truthfulness also in decoration and costume is to be observed. All this was absent from the quartette. The music poems rose in all their grandeur, costly hangings decorated the walls in the concert-room, and he was in the world of music, listening to the masters in their fascination.

In the great public music-hall was given one evening, by a well-trained orchestra, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; especially the andante movement, "the scene by the brook," stirred and excited our young friend with strange power. It carried him into the living, fresh woods; the lark and the nightingale warbled; there the cuckoo sang. What beauty of Nature, what a well-spring of refreshment was there! From this hour he knew within himself that it was the picturesque music, in which Nature was reflected, and the emotions of men's hearts were set forth, that struck deepest into his soul: Beethoven and Haydn became his favorite composers.

With the singing-master he talked frequently of this, and at every conversation they two came nearer each other. How rich in knowledge this man was, as inexhaustible as Mimer's* well. Peer listened to him, and just as when he was a little boy he heard eagerly grandmother's wonder stories and tales, now he heard those of the world of music, and knew what the forest and the sea told, what sounds in the old giant mound, what every bird sings with its bill, and what

* Mimer, in the Scandinavian mythology, is the goddess of wisdom. It was from her well that Odin drew his bucketfuls of wisdom.—Trans.

the voiceless flowers breathe forth in fragrance.

The hour for singing every morning was a real hour of delight for master and pupil; every little song was sung with a freshness, an expression, and a simplicity: most charmingly did they give Schubert's "Travel Song." The melody was true, and the words also; they blended together, they exalted and illumined one another, as is fitting. Peer was undeniably a dramatic singer. Each month showed progress in ability; every week, yes, each day by day.

Our young friend grew in a wholesome, happy way, knowing no want or sorrow. His trust in mankind was never deceived; he had a child's soul and a man's endurance, and everywhere he was received with gentle eyes and a kind welcome. Day by day the relations between him and the singing-master grew more intimate and more confidential; the two were like elder and younger brothers, and the younger had all the fervor and warmth of a young heart; that the elder understood, and gave in turn in his own wise.

The singing-master's character was marked by a southern ardor, and one saw at once that this man could hate vehemently or love passionately, and fortunately this last governed in him. He was, moreover, so placed by a fortune left him by his father, that he did not need to take any office which did not content him. He did secretly a great deal of good in a sensible way, but would not suffer people to thank him, or, indeed, to talk about it.

"Have I done anything," said he, "it is because I could and ought to do it. It was my duty."

His old serving-man, "our warden," as he called him in jest, talked only with half a voice when he gave expression to his opinion about the master of the house. "I know what he gives away 'between a year and a day,' and I don't know the half! The King ought to give him a star to wear on his breast. But he would not wear it; he would get mad as lightning, if I know him, should one notice him for his honesty. He is happy beyond the rest of us, in the faith which he has. He is just like a man out of the Bible." And at that the old fellow gave an additional emphasis, as if Peer could have some doubt.

He felt and understood well that the singing-master was a true Christian in good earnest, an example for every one. Yet the man never went to church, and when Peer one day mentioned that next Sunday he was going with his mother and grandmother to our Lord's table, and asked if the singing-master never did the same, the answer came, No. It seemed as if he would say something more, as if, indeed, he had some confidence to impart to Peer, but it was not said.

One evening he read aloud from the papers of the beneficence of two or three persons, who were mentioned, and that led him to speak of good deeds and their reward.

"When one does not think of it, it is sure to come. The reward for good deeds is like dates that are spoken of in the Talmud, they ripen late and then are sweet."

"Talmud," asked Peer, "what sort of a book is that?"

"A book," was the answer, "from which more than one seed of thought has been implanted in Christianity."

"Who wrote the book?"

"Wise men in the earliest time; wise in various nations and religions. Here is wisdom enclosed in such words as one finds in Solomon's Proverbs. What kernels of truth! One reads here that men round about the whole earth, in all the centuries, have always been the same. 'Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet in what you say,' is found here. It is a piece of wisdom for all times. 'No one can jump over his own shadow!' is here too, and, 'Wear shoes when you walk over thorns!' You ought to read this book. You will find in it the proof of culture more clearly than you will discover cultivation of the soil in layers of earth. For me, as a Jew, it is besides an inheritance from my fathers."

"Jew," said Peer, "are you a Jew?"

"Did you not know that? How strange that we two should not have spoken of it before to-day."

Mother and grandmother knew nothing about it either; they had never thought anything about it, but always had known that the

singing-master was an honorable, unexceptionable man. It was in the providence of God that Peer had come in his way; next to our Lord he owed him all his fortune. And now the mother let out a secret, which she had carried faithfully a few days only, and which, under the pledge of secrecy, had been told her by the merchant's lady. The singing-master was never to know that it was out; it was he who had paid for Peer's support and education at Herr Gabriel's. From the evening when, at the merchant's house, he heard Peer sing the ballet "Samson," he alone had been his real friend and benefactor, but in secret.

(To be continued.)

HOMEWARD.

A GALLOP through the mountain way,
With click, click, click, against the flint,—
Hard following on the flying day,
That backward flings a fiery tint.

The twilight pines stand dense and grim,
And sigh and sigh, "The day is dead;"
The virgin birches, tall and slim,
Wave shadowy arms across the red.

In brooding peace the uplands lie,
Stretched dimly in their evening rest;
As through their lifted calm I fly,
On, onward, to the happy West.

Oh West, heart-red, burn close before!
Pale, dreamy East, float far behind!
No pause, good steed,—a few miles more,
In yonder glow our rest we'll find.

Urgent, we reach the downward hill,
The village darkens far below,—
Has aught befallen her of ill?
My eager heart leaps down to know.

A swift descent along the ridge,
Through shady glooms and breaks of light;
A cheery clatter on the bridge,
Then up the street where falls the night.

Across the dark a hearth-fire's gleam,
A graceful shadow on the wall;
'Twas false, thank God, that last night's dream,
That something evil did befall.

From out the door a ruddier shine
Meets vanished daylight's golden trace;
And starry eyes turned up to mine,—
One light in heaven and home and face!

THE ANCIENT FENIANS.

In his epic of *Arthur*, Mr. Tennyson has succeeded with rare skill in revivifying a mass of ancestral legends, and rehabilitating them in the thought of the nineteenth century. Grim warriors of pre-historic times rise at his bidding from their slumber of centuries, seat themselves again at the Round Table, and give us the same old tales of knightly joust and tournament—the same recitals of marvellous adventures and chivalric deeds—which so long ago charmed the eager listeners to some garrulous minstrel in baronial halls.

To any one familiar with the legends which have thus become the basis of so grand a poem, there is an impressive difference between the rudimentary knights therein described, and those maturer characters pictured in the lines of our greatest living poet. While Mr. Tennyson has been faithful to the general outlines of those Arthurian romances, and has reproduced with an accuracy and research—only to be appreciated by studying the romances themselves—the most essential characteristics of their heroes, there has still been a wonderful transformation effected in the various personages as they have passed through the alembic of his modern imagination. They have a higher moral purpose, broader views of humanity, a keener sense of honor and justice, a truer conception of love and loyalty than belonged to that primitive age. Their coarser and more brutal features have disappeared, and they are presented to us sublimated, as it were, by the more advanced thought and culture of modern times.

Not less true, however, is the later poem to the spirit of the earlier legends. With a more masterly hand our poet has enlarged and perfected the ideal which those pioneers in our romantic literature attempted to portray. The model kingdom, in which men should be united as a common brotherhood loyally subject to a ruler pre-eminent in those noble qualities which insure obedience; the search after a spiritual perfection lost yet still attainable;—these ideas, disguised though they often seem by the pagan and brutal sentiments prevalent in those turbulent times, were really the soul of those early Arthurian legends. The Quest for the San Greal, in which Arthur and his knights play so prominent a part, expresses the popular aspiration which Christianity had excited for perfection of life and government. That aspiration Mr. Tennyson presents to us intensified by the struggles of succeeding centuries. Taking the same ideas, the same general cast of scenery and plot, he carries forward the drama to its intended consummation;—brings out the original ideal in clearer outlines and fairer proportions. In the "Holy Grail" and "Idylls of the King" we may see the transformations which the Celtic spirit has undergone in its unconscious assimilation into the structure of English life. The semi-pagan Arthur appears glorified with the additional lustre which the English mind has since acquired. The former heroes of a province and a tribe emerge from their long obscurity with a breadth of conception and thought naturally produced by the union of Celt and Teuton into a people of world-wide dominion. Tennyson's Arthur inherits the parental virtues of both those great races of whose marriage English genius is the offspring. The poetical, dreamy, impetuous Celtic spirit is still there, but inseparably united with it are Saxon will and Norman culture and Christian sentiment.

In striking contrast with this revival of ancient Celtic legends in modern poetry, is the reappearance of kindred legends in modern politics. Two names could scarcely be mentioned more widely separated in our ordinary thought, and at the same time more closely connected by a common origin, than Arthurian and Fenian. The one—immortalized by our greatest poets—at once suggests knights of lion-hearted courage and maiden purity; chivalric deeds in defence of truth and right; and all the gorgeous pageantry with which imagination has enriched that famous order of the table round. The other! —what a mingling of the ridiculous and the reprehensible; what suggestions of impotent

bluster, vainglorious boasting, petty frauds, criminal conspiracies, and all the grandiloquence of speech and imbecility of action which have marked their abortive insurrections and invasions! No such difference, however, distinguished these names in ancient times. Finn is simply an older hero than Arthur, and the prowess of the Fenians was celebrated long before the knights of the round table became famous in song. Both names represent the early struggles and aspirations of the Celtic race; alike recall the time when that race was unconsciously preparing the foundations for the grand structure which English thought and blood are rearing throughout the globe.

During the first few centuries of the Christian era these Celtic people, who led the van in the march of Aryan civilization westward, saw themselves in danger of being rapidly absorbed or conquered by their stronger Latin and Teutonic brethren in the rear. Celtic Gaul and Hispania already had been brought so completely under Latin dominion that the customs, institutions, and race of the former rulers were almost entirely forgotten. In the British Isles the remnants of this once great people maintained the longest and most successful struggle for independence. There was their last fortress and sanctuary.

It was natural, during the varying fortunes of this protracted conflict, that the imagination should take those heroes whose real virtues most fully satisfied the popular wants, and, through poem and legend, should present them to us so magnified and glorified that they became also the embodiment of the prevailing ideas and hopes. Finn and Arthur were two such heroes,—personages both historical and mythical,—doing deeds great and grand enough to give foundation to those airy structures which the imagination of bards and romancers afterwards built upon them. In their biographies the fictitious does indeed exceed the real, and yet the fiction, no less than the fact, is a record of the spiritual life of the people among whom it arose. These old heroes, be they legendary or historical, give us an epitome of Celtic history; and the different significations of their names in the past and present represent the fate which has befallen different portions of the Celtic race. While the fame of Arthur and his knights has been kept alive by many noted writers, and the legends concerning him have been assimilated so perfectly into English thought that he is no longer thought of as a Celtic hero, the memory of Finn and his ancient Fenians has passed so completely into oblivion that few have understood the real significance of the appellation as it makes its appearance once more in modern politics. Within the past few years, however, thanks to the patient researches of Celtic antiquarians and scholars, so many old Fenian legends have been exhumed from the dusty archives of European libraries, that we are able to obtain quite a vivid picture of the life of these ancient worthies. In this older literature we find Finn and the Fenians occupying a position among the Gael similar to that of Arthur and his knights among the Cymry. They exhibit the same courage, honor, patriotism—express, in fact, the same high popular aspirations.

The trustworthy facts thus far drawn from the tangle of history and legend in which their exploits have been preserved may be briefly stated.

In the early history of Scotland and Ireland, a tribe of Celtic warriors stand forth pre-eminent by their bold adventures and warlike deeds. The scenes of their exploits received names still perpetuated in the topography of both countries, and the exploits themselves became the theme of many poems and romances. Finn Mac Cumhail (pronounced Coole) was one of these warriors, and their most famous commander. According to Irish annals, he lived and died in the third century of the Christian era. So great was his renown that these Gaelic warriors, who had previously been designated by various names, barbarous to our English ears, were henceforth known as Feinne, Fiana, or Fenians; and as such were celebrated in the legendary history of Scotland and Ireland. They seem eventually to have constituted a kind of established militia, whose duty it was, in the words of an old historian, "to defend the country against foreign or domestic ene-

mies, to support the right and succession of their kings, and to be ready upon the shortest notice for any surprise or emergency of the state."

These meagre historical details give one little idea of the amount of Fenian literature which still exists in ancient Gaelic manuscripts. One of its most accurate and learned students has computed that, were all the Fenian poems and legends published, they would fill three thousand closely printed large quarto pages.

It is not our purpose in this article to attempt to separate the true from the fictitious in these legends, or to discuss the vexed question of their antiquity; although we think it can be shown that many of them are older than any other European nation possesses in its own tongue, and that legends, like words, may have, underlying their most obvious signification, the richest stores of information concerning the race. Keating, in his Irish history of the sixteenth century, says:—

"If it should be objected, that it is not to be supposed some particular transactions relating to O'Fionn and his Fiana, or Irish militia, can obtain belief, because some of the circumstances are impossible in fact, and therefore must be absolutely false, I confess indeed that the history of Ireland in some degree labors under the same misfortune with most of the old chronicles that were written in the times of idolatry and paganism, and there is scarce a country on earth, I suppose, whose primitive records are not disguised with fable and some incredible relations. . . . . But it is an unjustifiable consequence to conclude from hence that the old records and chronicles of all nations are fables and rhapsodies; as if antiquity were a sure and infallible mark of falsehood, and the ancients were a gang of cheats and impostors, who conspired together to transmit lies and to impose upon posterity."

Max Müller, in this age of historical criticism, has scarcely expressed more pointedly than this monk did three centuries ago the claim which popular legends have upon the student of a people's life. There is truth in fiction, could we only get at it; and in these Fenian legends there is at least a trustworthy picture of the sentiments and culture of the people among whom they were produced. We propose at present, however, merely to present enough of their contents to show the contrast between the Fenian of the present and his earliest prototype.

Take, then, this picture of Finn himself, as given by his son Oisin,—the Scotch Ossian, so famous last century through Macpherson's forgeries,—and compare it with the ideal of a modern Fenian commander. The manuscript from which it is taken is certainly three centuries old, and there is good evidence that it was copied from much older writings.

"'Twas yesterday week
I last saw Finn;
Ne'er did I see
A braver man;
Teige's daughter's son,
A powerful king;
Both poet and chief.
Braver than kings,
Firm chief of the Feinn,
Lord of all lands,
Leviathan at sea;
As great on land,
Hawk of the air,
Foremost always.
Generous, just,
Despised a lie,
Of vigorous deeds,
First in song,
A righteous judge.
Firm his rule,
Polished his mein,
Who knew but victory.
. . . . . .
All men's trust,
Of noble mind,
Of ready deeds,
To women mild,
A giant he,
The field's delight.
. . . . . .
With miser's mind,
From none withheld;
Anything false
His lips ne'er spoke.
He never grudged,
No! never Finn.
The sun ne'er saw king
Who him excelled.
. . . . . .
A noble house
Was that of Feinn;
No grudge nor lust,

Babbling nor sham;
No man despised,
Among the Feinn.
The first himself,
All else like him.
Finn was our chief.
Easy his praise,
Noblest of kings.
Finn ne'er refused
To any man,
Howe'er unknown;
Ne'er from his house
Sent those who came.
Good man was Finn,
Good man was he,
No gift e'er given
Like his so free."

This poem, so curious as a specimen of early Celtic composition, is still more interesting for the ideal it unfolds of an ancient Celtic hero. The idea of a man who was thus both poet and chief, generous and just, despising lies, babblings, and shams, sharing his rank and greatness with all his followers, is certainly remarkable for a people so barbarous as the ancient Gaels are usually considered.

And the qualifications which he is said to have required in his followers are no less noteworthy. Fabulous as many of them doubtless are, the idea that a true soldier, in order to be worthy of his name, should have honor, courtesy, and learning, as well as bravery and strength, was real, and must have been operating to some extent among the people in order to have thus inspired their writers.

To enter the ancient Fenian order, "every soldier must swear that without regard to fortune he would choose a wife for her virtue, her courtesy, and her good manners; that he would never offer violence to a woman; that as far as he could he would relieve the poor; and that he would not refuse to fight nine men of any other nation. Every soldier must be well acquainted with twelve books of poetry, and be able to compose verses. He must also run well, and defend himself when in flight. To try his activity, he was made to run through a wood, having a tree's breadth, and the whole of the Fenians pursuing him; if he was overtaken or wounded in the wood he was refused, as too sluggish and unskillful to fight with honor among such valiant troops.

"He must be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by standing on it; able also to leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and to stoop under a tree that was lower than his knees. Without stopping or lessening his speed, he must be able to draw a thorn out of his foot. Finally, he must take an oath of fidelity."

These are some of the qualifications given to us by an ancient historian, who naïvely adds:—"So long as these forms of admission were exactly insisted upon, the militia of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels at home and enemies abroad." What would become of our modern Fenians were such qualifications now required?

In another poem of undoubted antiquity, distinguished for its alliteration and syllabic assonance—qualities which characterize more or less much of this ancient Celtic poetry,—Fergus, another of Finn's sons, is represented as mediating in a quarrel between his father, Finn, and another redoubtable warrior, Goll McMorna. The picture which he draws of this warrior corresponds with those already given of Fenian soldiers.

"I tell thee, Finn,
His (Goll's) strength as waves
In battle's crash;
Princely his gait,
Comely his form,
Goll's skillèd fence
No play when roused.
Ready to give,
Dreadful his strength,
Manly his mould,
Soldierly great.
Ne'er could I tell
His grace and power.
Like murmuring seas,
Rushed to the fight,
A lion bold,
As great in deed.
'Tis he that wounds
The greatest foe.
His purpose firm,
A victor sure,
Desires the fight.
In history learn'd,
Warrior bold,
Sharp is his sword.
Contemptuous Goll
Plunders at will.
A fearless man,

Wrathful is he,
Dreadful in look,
Leopard in fight,
Fierce as a hound.
Of women loved.
A circle true
E'er by him stood,
He's truly great.
Liberal, just,
Does not despise,
Yet firm resolves,
Gentle, yet brisk,
Forsakes no friend."

After thus soothing Goll's wounded pride by a recital of his many noble qualities, the poem closes with this appeal to Finn and Goll to renew their friendship :—

"Noble MacCumhail,
Sooth and promise,
Give peace to Goll,
Check wrath and guile.
During my day
Whate'er it be,
I'd give without guile
A third of the chase.
Let's strive no more,
Soft do thou speak,
Finn's love to Goll.
Goll, leave thy wrath,
With us have peace,
Now without grudge,
Have of Finn's forest a third."

And Goll is represented as answering :—

"That will I take,
Fergus, dear friend.
My wrath is gone,
No more I ask."

Cheap as such epithets may seem in poetical diction, they are valuable at least in showing the workings of Celtic imagination; and there must be a truth underlying all this hyperbole and metaphor in that combination of bravery and learning, strength and courtesy, fierceness and gentleness, which we find characterizing these Fenians in so many poems and legends.

If, also, the character of a people can be judged at all from the position woman occupies in their literature, we may find still more striking illustrations of Fenian life in some legends and poems in which the other sex plays a prominent part. The following exhibits not only their respect for woman, but a unique style of courtship :—

The translator has abridged it somewhat, but has preserved as far as possible its original simplicity.

"One day Finn asked Cael,—a favorite warrior of his company,—whom he observed just returning from a journey, where he had come from. Cael answered that he had come from Brugh, in the north. 'And what was your business there?' said Finn. 'To speak to my nurse Muirn, the daughter of Derg,' said Cael. 'About what?' said Finn. 'Concerning Credé, the daughter of Cairbré, King of Kerry,' said Cael. 'Ah! do you know,' said Finn, 'that she is the greatest flirt among all the women of Erinn; there is scarcely a precious gem in all Erinn that she has not obtained as a token of love; and she has not yet accepted the hand of any of her admirers?'—'I know it,' said Cael; 'but do you know the condition upon which she would accept a husband?'—'I do,' said Finn; 'whoever is gifted enough in the art of poetry to write a poem descriptive of her mansion and its rich furniture will receive her hand.'—'Good,' said Cael; 'I have, with the aid of my nurse, composed such a poem, and, if you will accompany me, I intend to go to her court and present it.' Finn agreed to the proposal, and they started at once for the lady's court, which was at foot of the well-known mountains, the Paps of Anann, in Kerry. When they arrived the lady asked their business. Finn answered that Cael came to seek her hand in marriage. 'Has he a poem for me?' said she. 'I have,' said Cael; and he then recited a curious poem, of which these few extracts are a literal translation :—

"A journey I make on Friday;
And should I go, I shall be a true guest,
To Credé's mansion—not small the fatigue,
At the breast of the mountain on the north-east.

A bowl she has whence berry-juice flows,
By which she colors her eyebrows black.
She has clear vessels of fermenting ale;
Cups she has, and beautiful goblets.
The color of her house is the color of lime,
Within it are couches and green rushes;
Within it are silks and blue mantles;
Within it are red gold and crystal cups.
Of its sunny chamber the corner stones
Are all of silver, and of yellow gold;

Its thatch in stripes of faultless order
On wings of brown and crimson red.

Wounded men would sink in sleep,
Though ever so heavily burning with blood,
With the warblings of the fairy birds
From the eaves of her sunny chamber.

Its portico is thatched
With wings of birds, both blue and yellow;
Its lawn in front, and its well
Of crystal and of carmogal.

Here is a poem for her, no mean present,
It is not a hasty, rash composition.
To Credé now it is here presented,
May my journey be brightness to her."

The young lady, we are told, was delighted with the poem, and at once accepted the gifted author for a husband. Her dwelling doubtless lacked somewhat of the barbaric splendor with which it is here described; but the taste for gorgeous coloring, and the notion that the man of genius alone was worthy of all this material wealth, and a woman's love,—these were real possessions of those ancient Celts. What a picture also of society is this where maidens are won by poetry, and nurses assist in its composition! Nor are instances wanting of a chivalric spirit not inferior to that exhibited in the Arthurian legends. Here is one which we take from another poem:—

"Once we were a little band,
At Essaroy, of gentle streams;
Near the coast was under sail
A currach, in which sat a maid.
Fifty men stood by the king,
Brave in any fight or field;
Sad for them who faced their right arm,
For we ruled in every land.
All of us rose up in haste,
Save Finn of the Feine and Gaul,
To welcome the boat as it sped,
Cleaving the waves in its course.
It never ceased its onward way
Until it reached the wonted port.
Then, when it had touched the land,
The maid did from her seat arise,
Fairer than a sunbeam's sheen,
Of finest mould and gentlest mien.
Then before this stranger maid
We stood and showed courtesy:
'Come to the tent of Finn with us.'
With grace she all of us salutes;
'Twas Cumhail's son himself replied,
And salutes her in return.

Then did the king of noblest mien
Ask of the maid of fairest face,
'Whence is it thou hast come, fair maid?
Give us now in brief thy tale.'
'If thou be Finn, I ask defence,'
So now did speak the youthful maid,
'Thou of soft speech, and purest race,
Grant me protection; grant it now.'
Then spoke the wise and knowing king:
'Tell us now from whom thou flee'st?
Protection I thee grant, fair maid,
'Gainst every man that dares thee hurt.'"

The maiden relates her grievances; but in the midst of the recital her oppressor—"a hero of unequalled size"—appears, and endeavors to carry her away by force. After a long and fierce struggle, in which all the warriors except Finn are severely wounded, the ravisher is slain, and the maiden delivered. Such a plot may seem rather stale after it has been served up with every conceivable intellectual condiment for so many centuries, but it was fresher then, and it has a peculiar charm now, as an illustration of the spiritual culture of these Gaelic warriors. It is much for a people to have even in legendary literature their most renowned hero represented as "the generous friend of all distressed."

In another legend—and one of the most noted—we get a glimpse of Finn in his old age, where he appears in a light somewhat less heroic, but no less interesting for the revelation it makes of Fenian character and society. We give merely a brief outline of it.

"Finn, in his old age, asked the monarch Cormac MacArt for his daughter Grainné, in marriage. Cormac received the proposal with favor, and invited Finn to his palace at Tara to obtain the princess' consent, which was necessary in those days in Erin. Finn accepted the invitation, and took with him many of his warriors; his son Oisin, and Diarmid, one of his chief officers, a man of fine person and fascinating address. On their arrival a great feast was provided by the monarch for their entertainment.

"It was the custom at such feasts for the mistress of the mansion to fill her own cup with choicest liquor, and send it round by her favorite maid to the most distinguished guests. On this occasion Grainné did the honors of the table, and accordingly sent round her cup until

all had drunk from it except Oisin and Diarmid. Scarcely had they partaken of the liquor, and uttered their acknowledgments to the princess, than they all fell into a heavy sleep.

"When Grainné perceived the effect of the liquor, which she had purposely drugged, she went and sat by the side of Oisin and Diarmid, and, complaining of the folly of Finn, in expecting a maiden of her youth and accomplishments could ever consent to marry a worn-out old man, she offered to elope with Oisin; and when he refused to dishonor his father by such a proceeding, she implored Diarmid to save her from a fate worse than death by running off with her and making her his wife. After much persuasion Diarmid consented; the parties hastily fled from the palace, and succeeded in escaping to the open country.

"Finn and his companions, when they discovered the trick which had been played upon them, were, of course, greatly enraged, and started off immediately in hot pursuit. But Diarmid was such a favorite among the Fenians, and excited so much sympathy from the peculiar circumstances of the elopement, that the offenders succeeded in continually eluding their pursuers."

Did space permit, many other legends might be cited in confirmation of the statement, that, generations before Arthur, there is to be found among these ancient Fenians the same chivalric regard for women which afterwards characterized the romances of the Norman Trouvères. Scarcely inferior, indeed, in any respect to their more renowned compatriots of the round table, is the representation which these early poems and legends alike give of the noble qualities of this band of warriors. The coarse and brutal features of those barbarous times do sometimes mar the picture. We must remember that these men were either pagans, or just passing from paganism to Christianity. Numerous illustrations, in fact, might be given of the conflict between the old Fenian spirit and the monastic, as they are brought face to face. Two examples, however, which exhibit both their wit and bravery, will suffice. With a confusion of chronology common in poems which have passed orally through so many generations, St. Patrick and Ossian are represented as holding the following dialogue :—

"'Tell us, O Patrick, what honor is ours;
Do the Feine of Ireland in heaven now dwell?'

"'In truth I can tell thee, thou Ossian of fame,
That no heaven has thy father, Oscar, or Gaul.'

"'For thy love's sake, Patrick, forsake not the heroes,
Unknown to heaven's king, bring thou in the Feinn.'

"'Though little room you'd like, not one of your race,
Unknown to heaven's king, shall get beneath his roof.'

"'How different MacCumhail, the Feinn's noble king,
All men, uninvited, might enter his great house.'

"'Sad is that, old man, and thy life's close so near,
That thou shouldst so unjustly judge of my great king.'

"'Better the fierce conflict of Finn and his Feinn,
Than thy holy Master and thyself together.'

. . . . . .

"'By thy hand, Boisgne's son, not empty are my words,
Better is one angel than Finn and the Feinn.'

"'Were my men in life I'd not hear thy howling,
And I'd make thee suffer in return for thy talk.'"

In a similar strain the Fenian poet and Christian monk discuss the merits of their respective faiths in another dialogue.

"*Patrick.*—Now is Finn the Whitehanded placed by God among the devils, and, although once great his strength to rely upon, he is weak now in the country of pains."

"*Ossian.*—My affliction and my grief I own; not that myself or Finn would have any regard for devils, however hideous."

"*Patrick.*—It is better for thee to be with me and the clergy, as thou art, than to be with Finn and the Fenians, for they are in hell without order of release."

"*Oisin.*—By thy book and its meaning, by thy crozier and by thy image, better were it for me to share their torments than to be among the clergy continually talking. . . . Woe is me that I am with the clergy of the bells! For a time I lived with Caeilte, and then we were not poor."

With the rise of monasticism the Fenian order passes into obscurity. Their memory, however, continued for some time to inspire the Gaelic poets, one of whom, calling himself by the name most renowned in their lit-

erature, with a pathos and despair characteristic of later Celtic poetry, thus laments their downfall :—

"Long are the clouds this night above me,
The last was a long night to me.
Each day that comes is long to me,
Such indeed was not my wont.
Now is no fight or battle-field,
No learning noble feats of arms;
Without maiden, song, or harp;
No studious learning any more;
No hospitable heart, or board;
No soft wooing, and no chase;
In both of which I took delight.
Without the battle, march, or fight,
Alas! how sorrowful life's close.

"Long are the clouds this night above me,
In this great world none is like me,
So sad, how sad my case!
A poor old man now dragging stones.
Long are the clouds this night above me,
The last man of the Feine am I,
The great Ossian, the son of Finn,
Listening to the sound of bells.
Long are the clouds this night above me."

Thus, amid the lamentations of their bards,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,"

and the Fenians pass from history and romance to reappear, after an interval of so many centuries, in modern politics. Why is it that in their resurrection they have lost so much of their ancient glory? Imagination is very apt to magnify the virtues of the past, and to lessen its failings;—to look back to a golden age, and contrast it mournfully with the poverty of the present; but the difference between the ancient and modern Fenian is not due to the imagination alone.

There was once, if we can put any faith in historical evidence, among Irish patriots a literary taste, heroism, loyalty, which certainly do not characterize them in later years. Much of this apparent degeneracy undoubtedly may be attributed to the severe oppressions Ireland has suffered at the hands of her English rulers. She has been most unjustly and inhumanly treated. But much also must be attributed to what the French historian, Henri Martin, so felicitously styles—Celtic reaction against the despotism of fact. The modern Fenian is a type of that spirit. He remains willfully blind to the fact that it is not independence of race which Ireland needs, but incorporation into English life. The Teuton is the proper complement of the Celt, as the Celt is of the Teuton. Both gain strength by their union in one people. Saxon will and persistency, united to Celtic imagination and fire, have produced a people richer in commanding spiritual qualities than any the world has seen. Arthurian and Fenian are two words which present in miniature the two sides of Celtic history. In one we may behold the Celt passing harmoniously with other races into a larger and completer national life; in the other, losing even his ancestral renown, through his obstinate struggles for an isolated independence, as impossible as it would be injurious.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S QUEEN.

KING VICTOR is not the handsomest man in the world—not a handsome *king* even. An ordinary man is supposed to look extraordinarily well invested with royalty, but he can boast of being the ugliest of kings, if not of men. Low in stature, corpulent in person, with a head that must have been born overgrown, yet without intellectual breadth or form; a coarse, mixed skin, purple-spotted; faded eyes, often rolling unmeaningly in their sockets; nose, a shapeless lump of reddish clay; a sensual mouth, and a brutal expression altogether, make up the exterior *tout ensemble* of this *Re, Galant' Uomo!*—King, brave man—as the people call him. But ugliness has its uses: Victor Emmanuel made a strong background for the picture of his beautiful Queen! All pictures must have lights and shades. She was the light, he the shadow, in the royal portrait. Unhappily, the light vanished long since—only the shade now remains on it. A few years back the picture was a living, striking one in its contrasts.

That right-royal Queen of Sardinia, who passed away too early to share the crown of United Italy, was an Austrian princess—Adelaide, daughter of Archduke Reignier, the sometime Viceroy of Lombardy. She was the mother of the Prince of Piedmont, present heir-apparent of the Italian throne; of Amadeus, the king-elect of Spain; of Princess Clotilde, the unfortunate wife of ex-Prince Napoleon; and of Maria Pia, *Pio Nono's* godchild, and now Queen-consort of Portugal. How like the queenly, full-blown rose among ripening buds did Queen Adelaide look when she appeared on the *Grande Promenade* with her little princes and princesses! The happier mother than wife or queen, seldom drove out unaccompanied by her children, warm maternal affection having been one of her marked virtues. Glimpses of her lovely countenance were caught by those whom she honored with a royal salutation from the windows of her stately equipage, always drawn by six milk-white horses; but it was only on state occasions that the full splendor of her truly majestic beauty dazzled the beholder like the sun in his glory.

Never shall I forget the vision of loveliness—adorning rather than adorned by royal surroundings—which rose before me on the day of my own presentation to Her Majesty. There she stood, a step in advance of her six ladies of honor on the right, and her *chevaliers d'honneur* on the left, all arrayed in their brilliant court costumes, yet like twinkling stars only beside the calm, full-orbed moon, as the Queen appeared. Herself in pure white *glacé* silk, under-dress and court-train the same, embroidered around in silver, with a tiara of the largest rubies set in brilliants on her perfect head—stars against that night-black hair—a necklace and bracelets to match on neck and arms, faultless in their proportions, as belonging to a form of queenly height, which towered almost, like King Saul's, "head and shoulders above" her attendants. Her large, luminous dark eyes looked black in contrast with her skin of marble whiteness and polish, over which passed never the faintest shade of color, her only emotional sign being an increased brilliancy of the eye. Perhaps that extraordinary whiteness—not *paleness*, which indicates something lost from the complexion—made her beauty so remarkable, harmonizing completely with classic features, so that altogether she seemed a very Juno. It was a bright January day, and the noonday sun shone in at the great windows of the presentation-room. Such beauty as its rays only heightened feared not to come to the light. How different with our drawing-room beauties, who shine best in the shadow of thick curtains, which shut out the life-giving sunlight!

I had received an early morning summons to pay my court to Her Majesty at noon: little did she, in her calm grandeur, understand all the perturbation which her gracious wish to receive a simple daughter of the republic, had caused in the heart and in the home of the lady before her; nor how much courage on the stranger's part it required to answer royal questions in an unaccustomed tongue. But French is the court language all over the European continent, and a blessed thing for us was it that we were not, at that early day of our residence in Italy, addressed by queenly lips in the liquid Italian, which rolls out its vowels as over an oiled surface, and which soon became familiar to our ears and tongue. It was as much as one unused to courts could do on such an occasion to manage the sweeping train of *grande étiquette;* to sink without awkwardness into *les trois révérences*, or thrice-repeated courtesies, even to the ground, required to approach royalty; and, at the novice's best, what a contrast to the ineffable melting into beauty's curve with which the Queen responded to our salutations! I say *we*, because it devolved on *Comtesse de R.*, wife of the Prussian Ambassador, and *Doyenne* of the *corps diplomatique*, to present any lady attached to a new embassy.

How did my heart beat as the court-carriage, with the Countess, rolled under the arch of our *porte cochère* to convey me to the palace! She herself was a dazzling picture in her court robes, more showy but less tasteful than the Queen's. A train and skirt alike, of white *moire antique* embroidered in gold, formed the base of the Countess's *toilette*. The diamonds of her tiara, necklace, and arm-

lets were a blaze of light in that noonday sun; while her *au-fait* manners, trained at court; her movements, divested of all angularity, and forming the line of beauty at every turn, might alone have been the despair of her unsophisticated *protégée*, who, fortunately, though, had come from a land where the inborn lady equals the born countess of any country: this thought kept her up to the high intent of the occasion. It was one of the so-called *closet* presentations, which are observed with all the honors, and always granted to foreign ministers and their wives. Others, even distinguished strangers, are presented together, usually at court balls. To go with the multitude, or even with the few, requires little courage; in such case, self-possession is far less difficult to master; but to be the one observed of courtly observers, exposed to criticism from the highest sources, is an ordeal severe enough even for one reared in the spirit of an independent country.

Then the pomp and circumstance of a royal palace in festal array! To enter by the grand stairway, between continuous lines of bedecked and begilded officers, all obsequious to do us reverence; to pass from saloon to saloon, hung with satin draperies and glittering in gold, each door flanked right and left by resplendent ushers; finally, to reach the very anteroom of the presence-chamber, be received with all the imposing etiquette of Her Majesty's personal officers, and there to await, in silent dread, the last opening of ponderous doors (swinging as in conscious grandeur on their costly hinges), the immediate usher's command to the royal presence is, to say the least, exciting. And then to face that dazzling scene,—suddenly smitten by the vertical rays of a Queen's smile,—oh, that is enough to make a timid woman feel as if she were shrinking away to less than nothing in her first court-courtesy!

Victor Emmanuel's Queen was a true woman also, and could see, if she could not understand, how embarrassment would overcome the stranger before her, unless she herself graciously stepped forward to the rescue: thus she advanced with such majestic grace to meet the presented, as turned awe into admiration and set fear to flight. What if the usual questions which serve such occasions were more commonplace than queenly, they at least helped her who answered them to respond unabashed; yet she was startled almost from her propriety, humiliated even in her own sense, when, after a brief interview, Her Majesty stepped back as only a queen could, and dismissed us by a grand retreating *révérence!* This gracious permission to take leave necessitated courtesying backwards on our part, not easily done with an entangling court-train two and a half yards long, especially as this severe test of courtly grace had to be undergone three times, we all the while retreating towards the door, where we disappeared amid our profoundest *révérence*, the considerate usher closing it on our polite agony: the dreaded audience was over; we drew a long breath! Those brilliant officials, so imposing on our entrance, were not even noticed as we repassed them in descending the grand stairway; they had become mere motes in the sunbeam of Royal favor.

The next time I saw Queen Adelaide it was at a court ball. Their Majesties together entered the magnificent assembly-room in royal state, announced by the grand usher, and all the flower of the court circle standing to receive them. There, too, the inevitable *trois révérences* were observed in due form; there again the Queen appeared to my dazed eyes as a glorious vision or starred goddess, with that circlet of brilliants on her brow. Though not so majestical in full ball-dress as in the audience chamber with her train sweeping the tapestry carpet, yet even here she was still every inch a queen, as her imperial form curved into gracious salutation to that noble assembly, which, as one, responded in like manner, and again and again, as their Majesties, followed by the ladies and lords in waiting, truly an imposing *cortége*, advanced to the *dais* and took their chairs of state. Nor did the assembly presume even then to be seated till the Queen was pleased to manifest, through a signal from the first lady of honor, that it was her wish that we should resume our seats. King Victor beside his consort, whom he had literally to look up to, despite his blazing uniform, begemmed with decorations, despite his big head, held

erect, seemed at most but a make-b'lieve king—only a very common man in king's apparel. There was an air of sturdy manliness about him, making less repulsive the coarse grain of his absolute ugliness. His salutations and *démarche*, though destitute of grace, were not awkward, because of his entire self-assurance; on the whole, leaving off the *Re*, his appearance justified the Italian title, *Galant' Uomo*. Never did he come nearer being kingly than when in the presence of his Queen, who seemed to impart something of dignity—awe of her, perhaps—to his deportment. That great assemblage, mostly of the *noblesse* of Northern Italy, was a sight in itself: every group crowned with its precious stones, radiating like stars, formed a constellation. The heirloom jewels of the old nobility are preserved religiously, even where an inherited fortune has to be sacrificed. The very peasantry of Italy have their family pearls, which descend from generation to generation, and are always worn on holidays by the eldest daughter, who takes them from her mother as part of her marriage portion, as the mother did before her from her own mother. Unmarried daughters never wear these heirlooms.

But to return from peasant to queen: After Her Majesty had opened the ball, in what is called the Court Quadrille, dancing with the Duke of Genoa, brother to the King, who never dances himself, all the ladies—save the Queen's attendants and those of the diplomacy, who were also included in her *suite* on State occasions—were at liberty to dance, promenade, chat, or flirt at pleasure; but woe to the other *grandes dames!* whom etiquette required to keep their places, like dressed-up automatons, waiting for the special favor of a few words bestowed on each in turn by the Queen, who, during the time that she honored the ball by her presence, would descend from the *dais* and approach these distinguished ladies. Each rose to receive her, and courtesied bending to the ground, only being seated again after Her Majesty sat down, and at her bidding, by her august side. This visitation of the Queen to a free Republican, to tell the truth, was more than a bore—a veritable *supplice*. For, strange to say, that royal lady, so queenly looking and acting, had no royal road to conversational heights. After asking her honored victim how the last opera pleased her, if she liked dancing, &c., &c., repeating these stereotyped questions on every similar occasion, she would sit still, as if puzzling her poor brain for some other thing to say, till impatience was well-nigh ready to break through court proprieties, and impulsive America to prompt the conversation. When the Queen rose majestically to leave for a visit to the next lady in turn, it must be confessed that one of the party gave silent thanks. Yet not even then, nor while the Court remained, was it *comme il faut* to leave our high place of honor and mingle in the festivities of the ball-rooms.

The King's late brother, *Duc de Gênes*, was in personal appearance, bearing, and cultivation, the very opposite of his royal senior. Like their father, Charles Albert, the Duke was a refined, elegant gentleman, who would have worn the crown right royally. He was a favorite with the ladies too, though a model young husband (for a prince) to his fair-haired Duchess, a daughter of the then King of Saxony, and who survives the Duke. On him the King laid all the lighter duties of the Court, viz., those of the ball-room, drawing-room, etc. He it was who danced, in place of the King, with the Court ladies and the wives and daughters of the *diplomats*. We all admired the handsome Duke, and felt pleased, as well as honored, with his hand for the dance or his arm for the promenade.

A little incident occurred at one of the state balls, which in kind was so novel there, that I am tempted to repeat it here:—The King, one evening, sent his brother to invite an American lady present to dance with him, thus conferring a special mark of royal favor on her country and herself. Now, unluckily, it so happened that the lady had been recently ill, and was not yet able to accept the distinguished compliment; therefore, being from the land of freedom, she ventured on the unheard-of liberty of begging His Royal Highness to excuse her, which he did most graciously, yet blushing, it is true, to his very ears, thrown off his princely balance for an instant by such an unlooked-for rebuff! On return-

ing to his place by the King (less kingly) he had to meet something very like ridicule for his discomfiture. Whereupon some of the aristocratic ladies—whom possibly the Duke had never honored with his hand in the dance—began to attack the Republican lady in a horrified manner, exclaiming, "Do you know what you've done? never was Royalty insulted so before!" and so on, and so on. The lady waited till their surprise had subsided into pity, bordering on contempt, when she turned on them in this wise:—"Ladies, I am honored in having given you a practical illustration of American independence. A queen is higher than a prince, and we ladies of the noble Republic are all queens!" This had its effect, but not such as was produced by the Duke's marked attentions to the lady in question soon after, when, perceiving how she was assailed, he came and conversed with her some time, in presence of the assailants, saying, first of all, loud enough to be heard by them, "I admire your independence, Madame. You have done right, and what no other lady here *dare* do!" Alas! the noble Duke of Genoa was one of those "whom the gods love," who "die young."

He and Queen Adelaide passed away the same week, and, following fast on their steps, *La Reine Mère* (as the dowager Queen, widow of Charles Albert, was called), and the infant prince also. The King, too, came near dying at the same time of the same fever; but he was spared as the rallying name of the Italian revolution, which ere long followed. The priestly party took advantage of the consternation which death in the palace had caused, by proclaiming, even till it reached the King's ears, that judgment had begun at the royal family for the monasteries uprooted by the Government, who, they said, made liberty a pretext for license among holy orders; and the King, weakened by illness, would have yielded to superstition through the efforts of the reactionists, but for the timely influence of his truest friend as well as faithfulest servant, and Italy's noblest patriot, the late Marquis d'Azeglio, who flew to his royal master's rescue, to the rescue of his country, and being for the first time denied admittance to his presence, wrote him that masterly yet touching letter which saved the nation, and which has been already translated and read in the United States. The free party suspected foul play in the coincident deaths at the palace, which were, nevertheless, from more obvious and natural causes. In the Duke of Genoa chivalry lost a brave soldier, distinguished as a gallant officer on the field, no less than for his gallantry in court society. As for the soldier-king, none doubts his bravery: he fights *con amore* too, and loves the chase as well. Mounted on a fine charger he looks finely, though always best in the distance. But the finest feature of his *morale* was filial love and reverence for his mother, which ever yielded, against his will, to her insistance, that the rigid *etiquette* of the old *régime* should be kept up at court while she lived. Since *La Reine Mère* departed, there is less form and more freedom at Victor Emmanuel's court; while the march of liberty has gone on in the kingdom. But his queenliest of Queens no more crowns the court festivities with her regal presence.

I have seen other beautiful sovereigns, and beautiful women in many lands, but never one, take her for all in all, so handsome as Queen Adelaide. That pretty, fascinating ex-Empress of the French was only a painted doll beside her! albeit, with more beauty of wit, and able to converse with people from all countries and in every tongue.

It seemed impossible that such beauty should go to feed the common worm! Even as it did, that he who claimed it by his conjugal and kingly right, could turn from such a Queen, from the grave of *such* a wife, to contract a morganatic marriage with his long-time mistress—a drummer's daughter! For her he had years before built a house just in the rear of the palace gardens, which was a standing insult to his Queen.

Who may not presume that under the jewel on that superb Queen's bosom there was beating a sore heart, that in her premature decease she was taken from the evil to come? Yet such is the fate of queens! And who is not ready to forget the past, and join the popular cry, *Viva il Re, Galant' Uomo!* who, with all his faults, is still Victor —Victorious!

LIFE IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

PORT CHALMERS, NEW ZEALAND.

HOW I GOT THERE.

It was on the morning of the one hundred and twentieth day from New York that we sighted the first land of Australia. A fair wind was blowing, and in a few hours we were off Port Phillip Heads, waiting for a pilot to take our ship up to Melbourne, the "Empire City of the Southern Hemisphere."

My room-mate was a young Englishman—a first-rate fellow, but a thorough John Bull. Nothing was good that was not English, and everything that was English was good. After an hour's impatient waiting, we saw a small boat making for us, and, as she came alongside, we saw seated in the stern a jolly-looking individual, with a full, round face, and a color that had probably been acquired from a long residence to the leeward of a brewery. He was the pilot.

"Aha!" said my English friend, "look at that face, will you! There's a good, honest English face, with a color such as no man from Yankee Land ever has."

As the pilot stepped on board, my friend rushed up, caught him by the hand and gave it a hearty shake. "'Ow are you, pilot?" said he. "It does my 'art good to shake the 'and of a fellow-countryman once more."

Like many inhabitants of the "tight little island," my friend made sad work with his *h*'s; so there was no mistaking the land that gave him birth.

"I think, sir," said the pilot, "that you mistake my nationality. I am an American." John Bull was suddenly missing from the poop, and we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense. The pilot was an old American captain, who had formerly run between San Francisco and Melbourne.

At sunset we passed through the Heads and

dropped anchor for the night. After everything was snug, we were feasted on the news of the last four months from all parts of the world. But what particularly interested me was the account of gold fields that had lately been discovered in New Zealand. I was an old Californian, and the stories of rich diggings, and the thousands who were rushing off to the new fields, made me impatient to join the adventurers.

Upon reaching Melbourne, I found that my brother, whom I had come out to see, had already gone to New Zealand, and was in business there. I would have sailed the following day could I have done so, but I was obliged to wait nine days before I could secure a passage. Steamers and sailing vessels were leaving almost daily, and every ship was crowded with passengers.

On New Year's eve I sailed for Otago, and after a somewhat boisterous passage of six days by steamer, sighted the first land of New Zealand. First we saw two large rocks, called the Solander, which stand like sentinels to guard the entrance to Foveaux Straits. There was a heavy mist hanging over the land, and when it broke away the high hills of South New Zealand stood out boldly against the clear blue sky.

From the Solander to Otago Heads the distance is about 180 miles. As it would be impossible for us to get there before dark, we steamed along slowly, so as to run in at daylight the following morning. Passing Bluff Harbor, the most southern port of New Zealand, the steamers run along the coast, keeping so close to the land that passengers get a good view of the coast scenery, which in certain places is somewhat picturesque.

We entered Otago Heads at daylight, and, after steaming up the harbor several miles, dropped anchor off Port Chalmers. We were here transferred to a small steamer, and proceeded to Dunedin, ten miles farther up the harbor. Sailing up the bay, I was reminded of some parts of the Hudson. Hills covered with timber slope down to the water's edge, and are here and there dotted with cottages surrounded by bits of cleared land.

The first view of Dunedin gives a most favorable impression. Rounding the point of a high hill, which rises abruptly from the water, a beautiful panorama breaks upon the vision,—green hills several hundred feet in height, and at the foot of them a narrow belt of flat land parallel with the bay. On this narrow belt is the business portion of the town; but the hill-sides are also dotted with many buildings.

Our little steamer ran alongside of a small wooden jetty, and in a few minutes my feet were on the soil of New Zealand,—a land that in my younger days I had often read of but never expected to see,—where a roasted missionary was sometimes served up for a chief's dinner, or a fine, fat baby, nicely cooked, when his majesty wanted a particularly dainty dish.

American readers, I think, know but little of this interesting land. I will try to tell them something about it.

HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND.

If the reader will look at a map of the world, he will see between 37 and 47 degrees south latitude, and 166 and 179 degrees east longitude, a group of islands, three in number, and called respectively, Te Ika-a-Mani, Te Wahi Punamu, and Rakiura; by Europeans, North Island, Middle Island, and South or Stewart's Island.

It is more than 200 years since the first white men saw these islands, but it is less than half a century since they began to make their homes in the "Cannibal Islands"—the land of one of the most interesting savage nations yet discovered. How this country was first settled, or by whom, is not known. Many theories have been advanced, but all late writers believe the natives to be of the Malay race. The Maoris (natives) have their traditions of not only how the country was first inhabited, but also of its creation.

The name of the North Island means the Fish of Mani. Mani is the Hercules of their mythology, and it was he who fished up New Zealand, or rather the North Island, from the ocean, with a hook made from the jaw-bone of one of his ancestors. This, however, is not the only account of the means by which the land was brought out of the ocean; but all their traditions give the credit to Mani.

THE SOLANDER.

Of the first inhabitants they have several traditions, but all agree upon some points, and especially the place whence they came. The inhabitants of an island called Hawaiki, somewhere to the east or north-east of New Zealand, were in a state of civil war, and one of the chiefs engaged was obliged to flee from the country. After a long voyage in his canoe, he landed on the North Island of New Zealand; but finding the country not inhabited, he returned to Hawaiki, and induced many of his tribe to migrate to the new land he had discovered. This is one tradition. Another says that the island was inhabited when visited by the tribe from Hawaiki, but all were massacred by the invaders.

One writer believes the settlement of the islands by the Maoris to date as far back as 1300 B. C. The majority of writers, however, think that the country has not been inhabited more than 500 or 600 years, and one of the Sandwich Islands is supposed to be the traditionary Hawaiki.

In 1642, Tasman, the Dutch navigator, discovered New Zealand. Cook visited the country in 1769, and again in 1773. Vancouver and others also visited it soon after. The first white settlers were parties from whaling vessels, which for many years had successful cruising grounds in the waters about the New Zealand coast. Several settlements were formed on the east coast, by whalers and sealers, to facilitate their operations of "boiling down," etc. Bay of Islands was the favorite port, and even now is a great resort for whaling vessels.

In 1830 the British Government took possession of the country, and by proclamation declared that the crown only should have the right to purchase land from the natives. Previous to this, immense tracts were obtained by traders and captains who visited the islands. Thousands of acres were bought for a mere bagatelle: a cask of rum, a musket, or something else of little or no more value, would buy a good-sized farm. The captain of an American whaler claims, I believe, something over a million acres, for which he probably paid goods worth not more than fifty dollars.

The claims of these sharp individuals have been investigated by the Government, and such amounts allowed as were thought proper. In 1833 a consul was sent out for the protection of the settlers, and three years after he purchased from the native chiefs the sovereignty of the islands; but until 1845 the colony was subordinate to New South Wales. In that year it was made an independent colony, and the representative of the crown promoted to the rank of governor. In 1839 a company which had been formed in England, for the purpose of colonizing the country, sent out its first batch of colonists, and in the following year the English government formed a settlement on the site now occupied by the city of Auckland. Soon afterward settlements were formed at several places on both the North and Middle Islands. Some statistics which will be given in another chapter will show what rapid strides the country has made in a little more than a quarter of a century.

One of the most important events in the colonization of New Zealand was the massacre of twenty-two settlers by the Maoris, in the Wairoa Valley. This sad event took place in 1843, and was the forerunner of many bloody engagements between the natives and whites.

The agent of the New Zealand Company

residing at Nelson ordered a survey of the valley on the south side of Cook's Straits. The surveyors were on the ground, ready to proceed with their work, when they were ordered to desist by two chiefs from the opposite side of the Strait. These chiefs laid claim to the land, and when they saw that the surveyors were not inclined to obey their commands, they brought up their men and destroyed the tents and instruments, but offered no violence to the whites. One of the surveyors returned to Nelson and reported the affair, whereupon the company's agent and about forty volunteers went to Wairoa for the purpose of arresting the chiefs under whose orders the surveyors had been molested. A magistrate accompanied the party, armed with a warrant for the arrest. The chiefs, however, refused to give themselves up to the authorities; high words ensued, and several natives threatened fight. The Maoris numbered about ninety, and were well armed and accustomed to warfare; whereas the whites were poorly armed, and many of them knew nothing about fighting. A shot was fired, supposed to be by one of the Maoris; immediately after a volley was fired by the natives, who were sheltered behind the trees. The whites retreated, and were followed by the Maoris to a hill. The European officers tried to get their men to stand, but without effect, for several were already wounded, and to fight longer under such disadvantages was thought to be useless. Several escaped to the bush, and the others surrendered. Instead of sparing the lives of these men, who had given up their arms and were unable to defend themselves, the Maoris cruelly tomahawked them all.

The bodies were interred by a missionary, on the hill where they were found, and a monument has lately been erected on the spot to commemorate the sad fate of these early settlers. Since this unhappy event very many Europeans have been sent to their long home by the natives, and no doubt many more will follow before land disputes will become things of the past.

DUNEDIN PAST AND PRESENT.

At the head of Otago Bay stands the city of Dunedin, the commercial, though not the political capital of New Zealand. Before the discovery of gold, coasting vessels, an occasional trader from Australia, and an emigrant ship from the Old Country, were the only visitors to Otago harbor. A few months had wrought a wonderful change instead of an arrival being considered an important event, as was the case a year before the harbor was now full of vessels, and arrivals and departures were of daily occurrence. In 1860 there was an average of but little more than one entry per week, and in 1861 the average was five times that number.

Vessels cannot at all times cross the bar at the Heads, if deeply laden; but when inside the harbor, they can ride safely at anchor in any weather. Deep water reaches only as far as Port Chalmers. Large vessels are obliged to anchor there and discharge their cargoes into lighters. The water from Port Chalmers to the head of the bay is so shallow that vessels of small tonnage only can get up to Dunedin. It is said that Cook sailed in at the Dunedin end of the bay; but it is now separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of swamp and sand-hills.

The favorable impression of Dunedin that I had received from the bay was not confirmed when I found myself in the city. The streets and sidewalks were ungraded, and the mud was knee-deep. The buildings were nearly all of wood, and very few indeed could make any pretensions to architectural beauty. Many buildings were in course of erection, but the greater number of them were of the most unsubstantial character. Princes street, the business street of the town, was crowded with diggers, many of whom had their "swags" (tents, blankets, etc.) on their backs, evidently just starting for the mines.

By the time I had reached my brother's place of business I was covered with mud to the knees; so, before venturing into the streets again, I adopted the fashion of the place by putting myself into a pair of long boots. Hotels and boarding-houses were crowded, and although new ones were opening almost daily, accommodations could not be furnished for anything like the number already in the town. Not even a "shake

down" on the floor could be got in any of the hotels, and hundreds of people were obliged to get tents and camp about the suburbs of the town. There were enough tents to accommodate a good-sized army. There were at this time not more than two hotels worthy of the name. The others were more for the sale of liquor than the accommodation of guests. This state of things, however, did not last very long. Dunedin has for several years been supplied with comfortable, well-kept hotels.

Several years' residence in the diggings, in the early days of California, had prepared me for almost any style of living; but the first few weeks in Dunedin were worse than anything that I had experienced in California. For sleeping accommodation we fitted up some bunks in an out-building near the store, which had formerly been used as a stable; our meals we got wherever we could. After trying many places, we at last found one where a comparatively good meal could be had. Unfortunately, there was one disadvantage connected with even this place—there was great difficulty in getting an early breakfast. The tables were all occupied by sleepers, and, as many were not early risers, it was not an uncommon occurrence for a dozen fellows to be lying around snoring while we were at our repast. One morning the waiter pushed aside several dirty socks to make room for my plate. This was the last straw. If the filthy things had been removed from the table, I might have stood it; but to have them by the side of my plate was more than human nature could stand—even while "roughing it" in the first days of a new gold rush.

A re-arrangement of the stable was made. A floor was laid in one half of it, and this part was used for parlor and sleeping-room; four bunks were erected, two for ourselves and the two extra ones for the accommodation of any friends who might drop in upon us and could find no better quarters. Many availed themselves of our hospitality. In the other portion of our building we had an American cooking-stove, and cooked our own meals. Our quarters were not elegant, but we lived well; and as business was good and profits were large, a little roughing was not considered a great hardship. Here we lived several months, and fared as well as any one in the town. The Shamrock Hotel, erected by the Messrs. Murphy, of Portland, Maine, was our home during the rest of the time we spent in Dunedin, as it was also for nearly all the Americans who for business or pleasure visited the city.

In those good times any person in business could make money if he would exercise ordinary judgment. Nearly all the new-comers brought more or less gold with them, and the diggers were doing well and spending their money freely.

Merchants and shopkeepers were not long in following the diggers to a new "rush." Dunedin was well supplied with these sutlers to the digger army. For every store or shop there was a score of applicants, and no matter how exorbitant a rent was asked, a building did not remain vacant many hours. Allotments of land in the business portion of the town were let at an annual rental of as much per foot as the land originally cost. It was difficult to get freehold property at any price. A piece of land would be leased for five years at so much per foot, the lessee to put on buildings, which at the end of the term were to become the property of the lessor; and so anxious were people to get business premises, that in many instances the lessee got no valu-

THE SHAMROCK HOTEL, DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN—1860.

ation whatever for his buildings, even on a short lease of three years, and after paying, too, a heavy ground rent. Dunedin was not an exceptional instance of this rash style of doing business; the same thing occurs in all gold countries at the beginning of the fever. Neither was it an exception as to its results. Many of the business men came to grief soon after the reaction began. I have some experience in gold countries, and have had many opportunities of seeing the results of a lack of caution in the excitement of a gold fever. Every one thinks that the field will certainly not be worked out in three or five years, and within that time hopes to make his fortune and probably retire from business. But to get a good business connection he must be one of the first in the field, and he therefore thinks it matters but little what the cost may be to get a start. At first all is excitement, and a fortune is being rapidly made; but this state of things does not last long. It is a very good gold field where the reaction does not begin before the end of the second year. Too many go into business, and competition becomes greate every month; the diggers either do not mak so much money to spend, or they begin t save their money instead of throwing it reck lessly away, as they do invariably for the fir few months. The business men who starte with but little capital soon feel the change o the times, and as their business is not increa ing and their profits are rapidly decreasing they are soon forced to go to the wall. Fai ures and fires then come fast, and all in bus ness feel the effect of the hard times. Th man who began with caution may weather th storm, but the rash ones are almost certain t be wrecked. Dull times soon bring dow those who have high rents to pay and othe heavy expenses.

For twelve months or more the excite ment kept up, and eligible business site and premises were let at enormous prices The quiet old settlers were driven nearl crazy by the importunities of the new-comer for land and buildings. As the amoun to be paid appeared of little account owners of property soon became afrai

to name a price for fear they would not ask enough.

One old gentleman had a corner allotment which was one of the best business sites in the town, and which had probably cost him £50. As a matter of course he had any number of applicants for it, but he would not name a price for it. For a joke a person offered him £10,000. This almost took away the old gentleman's breath, and so frightened him that he ordered the man out of his place, and threatened to give him in charge of the police for having robbed a bank. It soon became known about town, and the practical jokers did not lose the opportunity to enjoy some sport at the old gentleman's expense. A dozen or more applicants a day would be sent to him, and fabulous sums would be offered for his allotment. He still holds his land, I believe. Like many others of the old settlers, he was too greedy, and lost the opportunity of getting a high price. But even now I think that property is more valuable in Dunedin than in any other place in New Zealand, except (perhaps) Auckland.

The first year cooled down the heat of the excitement; but for two years business kept up well, money was plentiful, and credit was good. Dark clouds then began to creep over the sky of our prosperity. Too many were in business, and competition was too great. Up-country store-keepers began asking accommodation, renewals of bills, etc. It was not long before the crash came, and scores of business men, large and small, had to succumb. The weak ones were, in a few months, nearly all weeded cut, and business got better again. Dunedin has several times gone through such a collapse, but is never very long in recovering herself. At the beginning of the year 1870, business was in a worse state than I had ever before seen it; but even in the present times of stagnation the city is steadily improving. The hill-sides are being covered with neat villas, the valleys filled with cottages, and in the business portion of the town splendid blocks of buildings are going up. The views of Princes street in 1860 and 1870 will show what vast improvements have been made in the last ten years.

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN—1870.

A NEW ZEALAND THEATER.

But to go back to the old times. There was not much enjoyment to be had in those days; but such amusement as we could get was made the most of. We had plenty of work to do, and after the labors of the day were over, if we were not too fatigued, we sallied out in quest of recreation. As I stated before, the streets were knee-deep in mud; and, as there were no public lamps, there was some difficulty in getting about the town on dark nights. However, with trousers tucked into boots that reached above the knees, we bade defiance to the mud, and, if we got bogged occasionally, a stalwart policeman kindly dragged us out.

A finer body of men, by the way, than the police force, I never saw; they are all Irish, and hardly a man of them is less than six feet high. They are dressed in a neat uniform, and in point of behavior and efficiency, will compare favorably with any police force in the world. It is no easy task to keep order

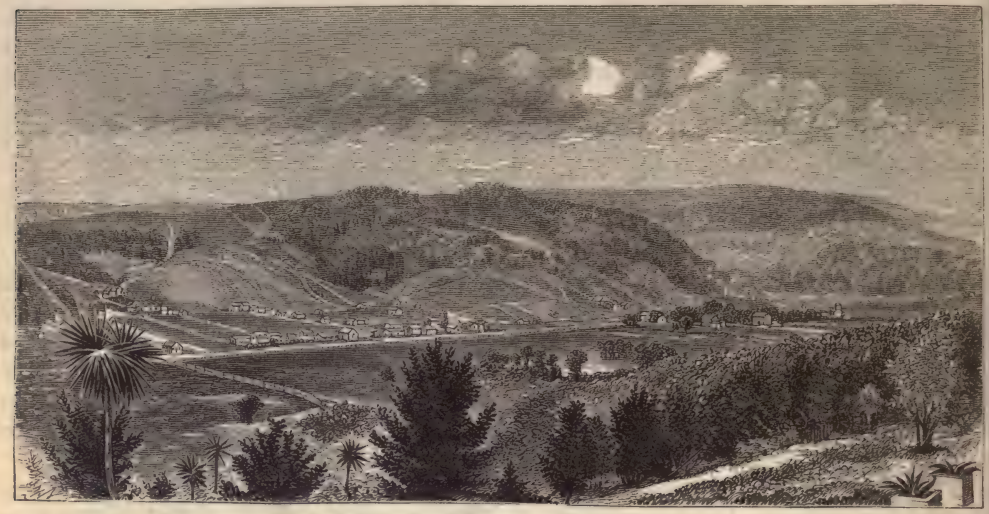
amongst several thousand diggers; but very good order was kept in Dunedin, even in the height of the excitement; and not only in Dunedin, but throughout the whole province. A few highway robberies and other crimes were committed; but I believe that, in the exciting times of a gold fever, in no other place have life and property been so safe.

Near our place of business was one of the worst places for mud in the town. There was a deep cutting in a hill, and the soil being clay, every fall of rain made this place a slough of despond. It was the main thoroughfare connecting the north and south parts of the town, and to avoid it necessitated a walk of half a mile through mud almost as deep. Cases of getting bogged in the cutting were almost of nightly occurrence. Hearing cries for help one dark night, I went out with a light and found two young ladies fast in the clay. With considerable difficulty I managed to extricate them, and place them safely on firmer ground, one minus both shoes, and the other, one. So many mishaps occurred at this place that we erected a street lamp at our end of the cutting, and kept it alight every dark night. I am certain that we received the silent thanks of many a nightly wanderer. For many months this was the only street lamp in the town; but afterwards the streets were lighted with kerosene, and still later with gas.

Dark and muddy as were the streets, they were filled every night; for, with the exception of the old settlers, very few of us had any home-ties to keep us within doors after the day's labor was finished. Then, too, there were people arriving nearly every day, and they, of course, were out to see the sights of the town at night, as well as the day; for there are in every town lions that can be seen only after nightfall.

Well, the lions of Dunedin were not very numerous in those days, and when seen were not of much account. Grog-holes, billiard saloons, cafés, concert rooms, &c., were well patronized, and the quantity of liquor consumed was enormous. In 1862 a theater was established; but before this there were several concert halls, in one of which was a company of American negro minstrels. All

THE OLD ROAD UP THE WATER OF LEITH VALLEY.



THE NORTH-EAST VALLEY, NEAR DUNEDIN.

the places were well filled by appreciative audiences. The theater was something unique; it was a large stable with stalls on each side, and canvas screens were put up at night to hide the horses from the audience. A stage was erected at one end, and deal forms were arranged on the ground floor, and divided off by rails into pit and parquette. A part of the hay-loft was used as dress circle and private boxes. The first company certainly had many difficulties to contend with; but under the most favorable circumstances I do not think that crowded houses would have been drawn to their performances at any of the principal theaters of New York. Dunedin now has a very good theater, and the audiences are difficult to please; but in the good old days the audience were not so chary of their applause; it took but little to "bring down the house," horses included. The animals would get fractious sometimes, and come in with their applause in the wrong place. The dying heroine, instead of having an accompaniment of slow music by the orchestra, would sink to rest amid the loud rattling of hoofs against the floor and sides of the stalls.

On Sunday we had the choice of three churches, two Presbyterian and one Episcopalian. If the day was fine in the afternoon, we generally went out for a long walk over the hills and through the valleys about the suburbs of the town. At the north end of the town is Water of Leith Valley, through which is one of the loveliest walks near the city. One of the finest views for many miles around is to be obtained about six miles from the town, on the road from Dunedin to Port Chalmers. Leaving the city at the north end, and passing through Northeast Valley, then up a hill of two or three miles, and for our long walk we are rewarded by a magnificent view. To the southward is a panorama of Dunedin and the hills and valleys around it, the ocean and part of the bay. A little farther on and to the north, we look down upon Port Chalmers, the Lower Harbor, the Heads, the ocean, and the rugged mountains inland.

On Sunday two or three American musical friends were in the habit of calling and spending with us several happy hours singing the old familiar anthems that we knew would on that day be sung in many churches of our "own dear native land," perhaps, too, by those dearest to us of all.

In 1863 two musical societies were organized; the following year they amalgamated and gave several "grand" concerts. The society then sank into a state of feebleness, and, after a sickly existence, died in 1868. For the size of the city there is very little prominent musical talent. Church music is very poor, except in the English church. In the

Scotch churches the singing is — well, the less said about it the better.

Connected with the churches of nearly all denominations there are held what are called tea-meetings. The first one that I attended was in the early days. I had no idea of what it was to be; but being of an inquiring turn of mind, I had paid my half-crown simply to get a note for my journal. The church was well filled when I entered; I sat down in the first vacant pew, and had hardly taken my seat when a lady gave me a cup of tea, and immediately after another lady placed in my hand a paper bag. Looking around I saw that all were engaged in drinking tea and eating. I opened my bag and found a bun, some raisins, candy, and an orange; but not feeling either hungry or thirsty, I handed over my prizes to a youngster who sat in front of me, and heard him remark to a companion that he had already had six cups of tea. The object of these meetings is to raise money for the church. The ladies of the congregation furnish the tea, etc., and attend to the tables. The proceeds from the sale of tickets, and what can be begged from the audience, goes to the church, less the cost of advertising, etc.

There are now about a dozen churches in Dunedin, some of which are very fine buildings. The First Presbyterian Church, now in course of erection, when finished will be one of the handsomest churches in the Colonies. There are also many other handsome buildings, both private and public: the post-office, hospital, Government buildings, several banks, warehouses, shops, and many private residences. The Masonic fraternity are erecting a very handsome hall. The Odd Fellows already have a hall, but a much plainer building than that of the Masons.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DUNEDIN.

Dunedin has had many destructive fires. Private individuals have suffered heavy losses; but the appearance of the town has been wonderfully improved. Wooden buildings are not allowed to be erected within the city limits, except by special permission of the authorities. But clay for bricks, and good building-stone, are plentiful, and many old wood buildings are being torn down and replaced by stone or brick.

The city now has a good supply of water, which is brought from a reservoir at the head of Water of Leith Valley. Before this supply of water was brought into the city the only effectual means of arresting a fire was by pulling down buildings; but as no one had authority to order a building to be torn down, the fire generally had its own way until stopped by a street or other gap. There certainly was a fire department; but as there was no water, the engines were of about as much use as a ship on a desert. On the morning after one of the fires, all that remained of our stock was piled up in the street, and all that was left of the store was the chimney! In a gold country fire must not dishearten a man; he must not sit down to mourn over his loss, but before the smoke has cleared away he should make arrangements to go on with his business as usual.

The friendly societies are well represented. Besides the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Lodges, there are Rechabites, Foresters, and others. There is also a Caledonian society, with extensive grounds in the lower part of the city. During the New Year's holidays, two or three days of Scotch sports are given in these grounds, and are generally well patronized by all classes of the community. There are cricket clubs, having a cricket ground at each end of the town; a jockey club, with a race-course several miles from the city; rowing clubs,

THE RESERVOIR NEAR DUNEDIN.

several companies of volunteers, a Chamber of Commerce, a Young Men's Christian Association, and a literary society. There is also a very good library—subscription, one guinea per annum. On its tables may be seen papers and magazines from all parts of Europe and America.

For places of recreation, there are the Vauxhall Gardens, on the opposite side of the bay; the Botanical Gardens, near Pelichet Bay, North Dunedin; and the grounds of the Acclimatization Society, North Dunedin. Squatters, professional men, and merchants constitute the first class in colonial society; shop-keepers, clerks, etc., the second; mechanics the third.

Dunedin is now a pleasant place to live in. Fortunes are not easily made; but if a person settles down to make his home there he can enjoy life, if he cannot get all the luxuries of an older and larger city. Balls, concerts, lectures, etc., are frequent, and people generally appear to make the most of the pleasures within their reach. European paupers are not sent to New Zealand by the ship-load, as they are to the United States. Dunedin has a benevolent asylum, but no poor-houses (or work-houses, as they are called in England). Of course there are poor in Dunedin, and filthy, poverty-stricken hovels, where wretched children and bedraggled women may be seen;

but all can earn an honest livelihood if they will.

Like all other British towns, Dunedin has many grog-shops, and, as a natural consequence, much drunkenness; for if there were few drinkers, there would be few places for the sale of the fiery fluid. In every colonial town that I have visited, I think I am safe in saying there are double the number of places for the sale of strong drink that would be found in American towns of the same size. So, too, with breweries; it must indeed be an insignificant place that cannot support a brewery. Dunedin, with a population of 13,000, has four; and also imports large quantities of English beer. The imports of wine, spirits, and beer, which will be given in another chapter, will prove that New Zealanders are hard drinkers. Dunedin, however, is a very orderly city, thanks to the police, and comparatively little drunkenness is seen in the streets. Sunday is as quiet as in a country village. Hotels and all places of business must be closed on that day, or rather the law says they must be closed; but I suppose, as in other places, every grog-shop has a private door through which thirsty mortals slip in quietly and get their drinks. Churches are well attended, and liberally supported, while the education of the young is looked after by a high school and several grammar and private schools.

GOVERNMENT.

New Zealand is divided into nine provinces and one county. On the North Island are the provinces of Auckland, Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, and Wellington; on the Middle Island, Nelson, Marlborough, Canterbury, Otago, and Southland provinces, and the county of Westland. The South Island is included in the province of Southland.

The population of the colony is about 225,000 whites, and probably about 50,000 aboriginals; and to make laws for this small number of people—the population of a second-class city—there are eleven governments, viz.: a general government, nine provincial governments, and one county government. A more expensive system it would be difficult to devise. The General Assembly consists of two Houses, viz.: a House of Representatives, and a Legislative Assembly. The members of the Upper House are appointed by the Governor, who is the representative of the Crown. The members of the Lower House are elected. The functions of the General Government are to make general laws for the colony, and to regulate the departments of customs, posts, colonial defences, telegraphs, etc. Each province has a Superintendent and Council, all elected by the local residents. The county has no superintendent, the officer who presides over the council being appointed by the Governor. The qualifications that entitle a person to vote are not exactly the same in all the provinces. In Otago they are as follows: the possession of a freehold estate of the value of £50, or a leasehold of an annual value of £10; the paying an annual rent of £10 if in town, and £5 if out of town. One person may therefore have several votes, except for Superintendent. On the gold fields, the possession of a "miner's right" entitles the holder to a vote. Elections are sometimes very exciting, and the characters, both public and private, of the candidates are very freely commented upon by the press. Ballot-box stuffing, repeating, and the other rascally accomplishments that our American city politicians are so perfect in, are unknown to the innocent politicians of the colonies. Even there, however, purity of character is not essential to political success. One of Otago's superintendents appropriated to his own use, while in office, a considerable amount of government funds, and also the money of many private individuals that had been placed in his hands for safety. He was placed under arrest until the affair could be investigated; but not liking to occupy the same quarters as the common felons, and as superintendent having power to appoint any place a jail, he declared his own house a jail, and remained comfortably at home. The charge was not proven, but there was no doubt as to his guilt. The affair was hushed up as quietly as possible, and he retired to his farm. There he remained several years, and then came forward as candidate for superintendent again, and was elected; not be-

ACCLIMATIZATION GROUNDS, NEW ZEALAND.—CABBAGE TREES IN FOREGROUND.

cause the majority of the voters thought he was an innocent man, but because he was more clever than his opponent.

The system of government in New Zealand is different from that of any other British colony, and has been established principally on account of the topographical peculiarities of the country. But allowing for all these peculiarities, there is no doubt that a much more economical form of government could be established; and I believe the day is not far distant when the Provincial Governments will be things of the past. Three of the provinces (Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, and Marlborough) have an average population of about 5,000 each, and for these 15,000 people there are three Superintendents, Councils, etc. What could be more absurd? The only advantage in this system of government that I have been able to discover is that it makes a splendid opening for office-seekers. There is now a strong party in favor of having but two governments; one for the North Island, and the other for the remainder of the colony.

The country is heavily in debt, and the taxes, for a young colony, are enormous. On the first of January, 1869, the amount of the debt, general and provincial, was over seven millions sterling—more than $150 per head for the white population. The taxes, direct and indirect, are considerably higher than in the United States.

The greater part of the debt has been incurred in prosecuting the Maori wars. All the fighting is on the North Island, and for much of the trouble with the natives the settlers are themselves to blame; and as the people of the South have to bear the greater part of the cost, they grumble, as men generally do when their pockets are affected.

Now, at first glance, this may appear somewhat selfish, but really it is not so. There were at one time more that 10,000 troops in the field, and the northern merchants had the supplying of them. It is well known that these men, who were being enriched by the wars, cared but little to have them end; and there is no doubt that some of these men supplied the Maoris with arms and ammunition.

American whalers have been accused of supplying the natives with contraband goods, and as high prices were paid for guns, powder, etc., no doubt some of the Yankee skippers availed themselves of the opportunity to make a few pounds. But I think that Auckland and Taranaki merchants made ten pounds in this contraband trade where our countrymen made one. The wars were of great pecuniary gain to very many at the North, but to no one at the South, and the Southerners felt sore at being obliged to put their money in the pockets of the northern merchants. Persons who had property destroyed by the natives received compensation from the government. I was told in Taranaki that it was known that friendly natives had been hired to burn property in the outlying districts, by the owners themselves, so that compensation might be got from the government.

There is great jealousy between the people of the North and the South, and there is no doubt that two governments would be far better than that which now exists. The Maoris of the North are a warlike race, and love fighting better than peace; whereas those of the South are as peaceable as the whites. The number, too, in the South is very small. Peace at the North does not last very long. At the beginning of last year a great part of the island was in a state of war, and fighting is still going on. In the former wars England furnished troops and several men-of-war, the New Zealand government paying, I think, £30 a year per man. There have been at times ten full regiments of regular English troops in the colony; but all these troops have been removed, and the colony is left to defend itself.

The Governor gets a salary almost equal to that of the President of the United States, and the members of the executive about the same as the cabinet officers at Washington. Judges and other public officers also receive salaries equally remunerative. Taking into consideration the number of office-holders in the colony, the expense of "running the government" can be readily imagined.

(To be continued.)

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 436.)

CHAPTER XV.

AWAY.

I WILL not linger longer over this part of my history—already, I fear, much too extended for the patience of my readers. My excuse is, that in looking back, the events I have recorded appear large and prominent, and that certainly they have a close relation with my after history.

The time arrived when I had to leave England for Switzerland. I will say nothing of my leave-taking. It was not a bitter one. Hope was strong, and rooted in present pleasure. I was capable of much happiness—keenly responsive to the smallest agreeable impulse from without or from within. I had good health, and life was happiness in itself. The blowing of the wind, the shining of the sun, or the glitter of water, was sufficient to make me glad; and I had self-consciousness enough to increase the delight by the knowledge that I was glad.

The fact is I was coming in for my share in the spiritual influences of Nature, so largely poured on the heart and mind of my generation. The prophets of the new blessing, Wordsworth and Coleridge, I knew nothing of. Keats was only beginning to write. I had read a little of Cowper, but did not care for him. Yet I was under the same spell as they all. Nature was a power upon me. I was filled with the vague recognition of a present soul in Nature—with a sense of the humanity everywhere diffused through her and operating upon ours. I was but fourteen, and had only feelings, but something lay at the heart of the feelings, which would one day blossom into thoughts.

WILFRID'S REWARD.

At the coach-office in the county-town I first met my future companion, with his father, who was to see us to our destination. My uncle accompanied me no farther, and I soon found myself on the top of the coach, with only one thing to do—make the acquaintance of Charles Osborne. His father was on the box-seat, and we two sat behind; but we were both shy, and for some time neither spoke. Charles was about my own age, rather like his sister, only that his eyes were blue, and his hair a lightish brown. A tremulousness about the mouth betrayed a nervous temperament. His skin was very fair and thin, showing the blue veins. As he did not speak, I sat for a little while watching him, without, however, the least speculation concerning him, or any effort to discover his character. I have not even yet reached the point of trying to find people out. I take what time and

acquaintance discloses, but never attempt to forestall, which may come partly from trust, partly from want of curiosity, partly from a disinclination to unnecessary mental effort. But as I watched his face, half-unconsciously, I could not help observing that now and then it would light up suddenly and darken again almost instantly. At last his father turned round, and with some severity, said:—

"You do not seem to be making any approaches to mutual acquaintance. Charles, why don't you address your companion?"

The words were uttered in the slow tone of one used to matters too serious for common speech.

The boy cast a hurried glance at me, smiled uncertainly, and moved uneasily on his seat. His father turned away and made a remark to the coachman.

Mr. Osborne was a very tall, thin, yet square-shouldered man, with a pale face, and large features of delicate form. He looked severe, pure, and irritable. The tone of his voice, although the words were measured and rather stilted, led me to this last conclusion quite as much as the expression of his face; for it was thin and a little acrid. I soon observed that Charley started slightly, as often as his father addressed him; but this might be because his father always did so with more or less of abruptness. At times there was great kindness in his manner, seeming, however, less the outcome of natural tenderness than a sense of duty. His being was evidently a weight upon his son's, and kept down the natural movements of his spirit. A number of small circumstances only led me to these conclusions; for nothing remarkable occurred to set in any strong light their mutual relation. For his side Charles was always attentive and ready, although with a promptitude that had more in it of the mechanical impulse of habit than of pleased obedience. Mr. Osborne spoke kindly to me—I think the more kindly that I was not his son, and he was therefore not so responsible for me. But he looked as if the care of the whole world lay on his shoulders; as if an awful destruction were the most likely thing to happen to every one, and to him were committed the toilsome chance of saving some. Doubtless he would not have trusted his boy so far from home, but that the clergyman to whom he was about to hand him over was an old friend, of the same religious opinions as himself.

I could well but must not linger over the details of our journey, full to me of most varied pleasure. The constant change, not so rapid as to prevent the mind from reposing a little upon the scenes which presented themselves; the passing vision of countries and peoples, manners and modes of life, so different from our own, did much to arouse and develop my nature. Those flashes of pleasure came upon Charles's pale face more and more frequently; and ere the close of the first day we had begun to talk with some degree of friendliness. But it became clear to me that with his father ever blocking up our horizon, whether he sat with his broad back in front of us on the coach-box, or paced the deck of a vessel, or perched with us under the hood on the top of a diligence, we should never arrive at any freedom of speech. I sometimes wondered, long after, whether Mr. Osborne had begun to discover that he was overlaying and smothering the young life of his boy, and had therefore adopted the plan, so little to have been expected from him, of sending his son to foreign parts to continue his education.

I have no distinct recollection of dates, or even of the exact season of the year. I believe it was the early summer, but in my memory the whole journey is now a mass of confused loveliness and pleasure. Not that we had the best of weather all the way. I well recollect pouring rains, and from the fact that I distinctly remember my first view of an Alpine height, I am certain we must have had days of mist and rain immediately before. That sight, however, to me more like an individual revelation or vision than the impact of an object upon the brain, stands in my mind altogether isolated from preceding and following impressions—alone, a thing to praise God for, if there be a God to praise. If there be not, then was the whole thing a grand and lovely illusion, worthy, for grandeur and loveliness, of a world with a God at the heart of it. But the grandeur and the loveliness spring from the operation of natural laws; the laws them-

selves are real and true—how could the false result from them? I hope yet and will hope that I am not a bubble filled with the mocking breath of a Mephistopheles, but a child whom his infinite Father will not hardly judge that he could not believe in him so much as he would. I will tell how the vision came.

Although comparatively few people visited Switzerland in those days, Mr. Osborne had been there before, and for some reason or other had determined on going round by Interlachen. At Thun we found a sail-boat which we hired to take us and our luggage. At starting, an incident happened which would not be worth mentioning, but for the impression it made upon me: a French lady accompanied by a young girl approached Mr. Osborne—doubtless perceiving he was a clergyman, for, being an *Evangelical* of the most pure, honest and narrow type, he was in every point and line of his countenance marked a priest and apart from his fellow-men—and asked him to allow her and her daughter to go in the boat with us to Interlachen. A glow of pleasure awoke in me at sight of his courtly behavior, with lifted hat and bowed head; for I had never been in the company of such a gentleman before. But the wish instantly followed that his son might have shared in his courtesy. We partook freely of his justice and benevolence, but he showed us no such grace as he showed the lady. I have since observed that sons are endlessly grateful for courtesy from their fathers.

The lady and her daughter sat down in the stern of the boat; and therefore Charley and I, not certainly to our discomfiture, had to go before the mast. The men rowed out into the lake, and then hoisted the sail. Away we went careering before a pleasant breeze. As yet it blew fog and mist, but the hope was that it would soon blow it away.

An unspoken friendship by this time bound Charley and me together, silent in its beginnings and slow in its growth—not the worst pledges of endurance. And now, for the first time in our journey, Charley was hidden from his father: the sail came between them. He glanced at me with a slight sigh, which even then I took for an involuntary sigh of relief. We lay leaning over the bows, now looking up at the mist blown in never-ending volumed sheets, now at the sail swelling in the wind before which it fled, and again down at the water through which our boat was ploughing its evanescent furrow. We could see very little. Portions of the shore would now and then appear, dim, like reflections from a tarnished mirror, and then fade back into the depths of cloudy dissolution. Still it was growing lighter, and the man who was on the outlook became less anxious in his forward gaze, and less frequent in his calls to the helmsman. I was lying half over the gunwale, looking into the strange-colored water, blue dimmed with undissolved white, when a cry from Charles made me start and look up. It was indeed a God-like vision. The mist yet rolled thick below, but away up, far away and far up, yet as if close at hand, the clouds were broken into a mighty window, through which looked in upon us a huge mountain peak, swathed in snow. One great level band of darker cloud crossed its breast, above which rose the peak, triumphant in calmness, and stood unutterably solemn and grand, in clouds as white as its own whiteness. It had been there all the time! I sank on my knees in the boat and gazed up. With a sudden sweep the clouds curtained the mighty window, and the Jungfrau withdrew into its Holy of Holies. I am painfully conscious of the helplessness of my speech. The vision vanishes from the words as it vanished from the bewildered eyes. But from the mind it glorified it has never vanished. I have *been* more ever since that sight. To have beheld a truth is an apotheosis. What the truth was I could not tell; but I had seen something which raised me above my former self and made me long to rise higher yet. It awoke worship, and a belief in the incomprehensible divine; but admitted of being analyzed no more than, in that transient vision, my intellect could—ere dawning it vanished—analyze it into the deserts of rock, the gulfs of green ice and flowing water, the savage solitudes of snow, the mysterious miles of draperied mist, that went to make up the vision, each and all essential thereto.

I had been too much given to the attempted production in myself of effects to justify

the vague theories towards which my inborn prepossessions carried me. I had felt enough to believe there was more to be felt; and such stray scraps of verse of the new order as, floating about, had reached me, had set me questioning and testing my own life and perceptions and sympathies by what these awoke in me at second-hand. I had often doubted, oppressed by the power of these, whether I could myself see, or whether my sympathy with Nature was not merely inspired by the vision of others. Ever after this, if such a doubt returned, with it arose the Jungfrau, looking into my very soul.

"Oh Charley!" was all I could say. Our hands met blindly, and clasped each other. I burst into silent tears.

When I looked up, Charley was staring into the mist again. His eyes too were full of tears, but some troubling contradiction prevented their flowing: I saw it by the expression of that mobile but now firmly closed mouth.

Often ere we left Switzerland I saw similar glories: this vision remains alone, for it was the first.

I will not linger over the tempting delight of the village near which we landed, its houses covered with quaintly notched wooden scales like those of a fish, and its river full to the brim of white-blue water, rushing from the far-off bosom of the glaciers. I had never had such a sense of exuberance and plenty as this river gave me—especially where it filled the planks and piles of wood that hemmed it in like a trough. I might agonize in words for a day and I should not express the delight. And, lest my readers should apprehend a diary of a tour, I shall say nothing more of our journey, remarking only that if Switzerland were to become as common to the mere tourist mind as Cheapside is to a Londoner, the meanest of its glories would be no whit impaired thereby. Sometimes, I confess, in these days of overcrowded cities, when, in periodical floods, the lonely places of the earth are from them inundated, I do look up to the heavens and say to myself that there at least, between the stars, even in thickest of nebulous constellations, there is yet plenty of pure, unadulterated room—not even a vapor to hang a color upon; but presently I return to my better mind and say, that any man who loves his fellow will yet find he has room enough and to spare.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ICE-CAVE.

DURING our journey Mr. Osborne had seldom talked to us, and far more seldom in speech sympathetic. If by chance I came out with anything I thought or felt, even if he did not disapprove altogether, he would yet first lay hold of something to which he could object, coming round only by degrees, and with differences, to express a little consent. Evidently with him objection was the first step in instruction. It was better in his eyes to say you were wrong than to say you were right, even if you should be much more right than wrong. He had not the smallest idea of siding with the truth in you, of digging about it and watering it, until it grew a great tree in which all your thought-birds might nestle and sing their songs; but he must be ever against the error—forgetting that the only antagonist of the false is the true. "What," I used to think in after years, "is the use of battering the walls to get at the error, when the kindly truth is holding the postern open for you to enter and pitch it out of window?"

The evening before we parted, he gave us a solemn admonishment on the danger of being led astray by what men called the beauties of Nature—for the heart was so desperately wicked, that even of the things God had made *to show his power*, it would make snares for our destruction. I will not go on with his homily, out of respect for the man; for there was much earnestness in him, and it would utterly shame me if I were supposed to hold that up to the contempt which the forms it took must bring upon it. Besides, he made such a free use of the most sacred of names, that I shrink from representing his utterance. A good man I do not doubt he was; but he did the hard parts of his duty to the neglect of the genial parts, and therefore was not a man to help others to be good. His own son revived the moment he took his leave of us—began to open up, as the little red flower called the Shepherd's

Hour-Glass opens when the cloud withdraws. It is a terrible thing when the father is the cloud and not the sun of his child's life. If Charley had been like the greater number of boys I have known, all this would only have hardened his mental and moral skin by the natural process of accommodation. But his skin would not harden, and the evil wrought the deeper. From his father he had inherited a conscience of abnormal sensibility; but he could not inherit the religious dogmas by means of which his father had partly deadened, partly distorted his; and constant pressure and irritation had already generated a great soreness of surface.

When he began to open up, it was after a sad fashion at first. To resume my simile of the pimpernel—it was to disclose a heart in which the glowing purple was blanched to a sickly violet. What happiness he had, came in fits and bursts, and passed as quickly, leaving him depressed and miserable. He was always either wishing to be happy, or trying to be sure of the grounds of the brief happiness he had. He allowed the natural blessedness of his years hardly a chance: the moment its lobes appeared above ground, he was handling them, examining them, and trying to pull them open. No wonder they crept underground again! It may seem hardly credible that such should be the case with a boy of fifteen, but I am not mistaken in my diagnosis. I will go a little further. Gifted with the keenest perceptions, and a nature unusually responsive to the feelings of others, he was born to be an artist. But he was content neither with his own suggestions, nor with understanding those of another; he must, by the force of his own will, generate his friend's feeling in himself, not perceiving the thing impossible. This was one point at which we touched, and which went far to enable me to understand him. The original in him was thus constantly repressed, and he suffered from the natural consequences of repression. He suffered also on the physical side from a tendency to disease of the lungs inherited from his mother.

Mr. Forest's house stood high on the Grindelwald side of the Wengern Alp, under a bare grassy height full of pasture both summer and winter. In front was a great space, half meadow, half common, rather poorly covered with hill-grasses. The rock was near the surface, and in places came through, when the grass was changed for lichens and mosses. Through this rocky meadow, now roamed, now rushed, now tumbled one of those Alpine streams, the very thought of whose ice-born plenitude makes me happy yet. Its banks were not abrupt but rounded gently in, and grassy down to the water's brink. The larger torrents of winter wore the channel wide, and the sinking of the water in summer let the grass grow within it. But, peaceful as the place was, and merry with the constant rush of this busy stream, it had, even in the hottest summer day, a memory of the winter about it, a look of suppressed desolation; for the only trees upon it were a score of straggling pines—all dead, as if blasted by lightning or smothered by snow. Perhaps they were the last of the forest in that part, and their roots had reached a stratum where they could not live. All I know is, that there they stood, blasted and dead every one of them.

Charley could never bear them, and even disliked the place because of them. His father was one whom a mote in his brother's eye repelled; the son suffered for this in twenty ways—one of which was, that a single spot in the landscape was to him enough to destroy the loveliness of exquisite surroundings.

A good way below lay the valley of the Grindelwald. The Eiger and the Matterhorn were both within sight. If a man has any sense of the infinite, he cannot fail to be rendered capable of higher things by such embodiments of the high. Otherwise, they are heaps of dirt, to be scrambled up and conquered, for scrambling and conquering's sake. They are but warts, Pelion and Ossa and all of them. They seemed to oppress Charley at first.

"Oh Willie," he said to me one day, "if I could but believe in those mountains, how happy I should be! But I doubt, I doubt they are but rocks and snow."

I only half understood him. I am afraid I never did understand him more than half. Later, I came to the conclusion that this was

not the fit place for him; and that if his father had understood him, he would never have sent him there.

It was some time before Mr. Forest would take us any mountain ramble. He said we must first get accustomed to the air of the place, else the precipices would turn our brains. He allowed us, however, to range within certain bounds.

One day soon after our arrival, we accompanied one of our school-fellows down to the valley of the Grindelwald, specially to see the head of the snake-glacier, which having crept thither can creep no further. Somebody had even then hollowed out a cave in it. We crossed a little brook which issued from it constantly, and entered. Charley uttered a cry of dismay, but I was too much delighted at the moment to heed him. For the whole of the white cavern was filled with blue air, so blue that I saw the air which filled it. Perfectly transparent, it had no substance, only blueness, which deepened and deepened as I went further in. All down the smooth white walls evermore was stealing a thin veil of dissolution; while here and there little runnels of the purest water were tumbling in tiny cataracts from top to bottom. It was one of the thousand birthplaces of streams, ever creeping into the day of vision from the unlike and the unknown, unrolling themselves like the fronds of a fern out of the infinite of God. Ice was all around, hard and cold and dead and white; but out of it and away went the water babbling and singing in the sunlight.

"Oh Charley!" I exclaimed, looking round in my transport for sympathy. It was now my turn to cry out, for Charley's face was that of a corpse. The brilliant blue of the cave made us look to each other most ghastly and fearful.

"Do come out, Wilfrid," he said; "I cannot bear it."

I put my arm in his, and we walked into the sunlight. He drew a deep breath of relief, and turned to me with an attempt at a smile, but his lip quivered.

"It's an awful place, Wilfrid. I don't like it. Don't go in again. I should stand waiting to see you come out in a winding sheet. I think there is something wrong with my brain. That blue seems to have got into it. I see everything horribly dead."

On the way back he started several times, and looked round as if with involuntary apprehension, but mastered himself with an effort, and joined again in the conversation. Before we reached home he was much fatigued, and complaining of headache, went to bed immediately on our arrival.

We slept in the same room. When I went up at the usual hour, he was awake.

"Can't you sleep, Charley?" I said.

"I've been asleep several times," he answered, "but I've had such a horrible dream every time! We were all corpses that couldn't get to sleep, and went about pawing the slimy walls of our marble sepulchre—so cold and wet! It was that horrible ice-cave, I suppose. But then you know that's just what it is, Wilfrid."

"I don't know what you mean," I said, instinctively turning from the subject, for the glitter of his black eyes looked bodeful. I did not then know how like he and I were, or how like my fate might have been to his, if, instead of finding at once a fit food for my fancy, and a safety-valve for its excess, in those old romances, I had had my regards turned inwards upon myself, before I could understand the phenomena there exhibited. Certainly I too should have been thus rendered miserable, and body and soul would have mutually preyed on each other.

I sought to change the subject. I could never talk to him about his father, but he had always been ready to speak of his mother and sister. Now, however, I could not rouse him. "Poor mamma!" was all the response he made to some admiring remark; and when I mentioned his sister Mary, he only said, "She's a good girl, our Mary," and turned uneasily towards the wall. I went to bed. He lay quiet, and I fell asleep.

When I woke in the morning, I found him very unwell. I suppose the illness had been coming on for some time. He was in a low fever. As the doctor declared it not infectious, I was allowed to nurse him. He was often delirious and spoke the wildest things. Especially, he would converse with the Saviour after the strangest fashion.

He lay ill for some weeks. Mr. Forest would not allow me to sit up with him at night, but I was always by his bedside early in the morning, and did what I could to amuse and comfort him through the day. When at length he began to grow better, he was more cheerful than I had known him hitherto; but he remained very weak for some time. He had grown a good deal during his illness, and indeed never looked a boy again.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

One summer morning we all got up very early, except Charley, who was unfit for the exertion, to have a ramble in the mountains, and see the sun rise. The fresh, friendly air, full of promise, greeting us the moment we crossed the threshold; the calm light which without visible source lay dream-like on the hills; the brighter space in the sky whence ere long the spring of glory would burst forth triumphant; the dull white of the snow-peaks, dwelling so awful and lonely in the mid heavens, as if nothing should ever comfort them or make them acknowledge the valleys below; the sense of adventure with which we climbed the nearer heights, as familiar to our feet on ordinary days as the stairs to our bedrooms; the gradual disappearance of the known regions behind us, and the dawning sense of the illimitable and awful, folding in its bosom the homely and familiar—combined to produce an impression which has never faded. The sun rose in splendor, as if nothing more should hide in the darkness forever; and yet with the light came a fresh sense of mystery, for now that which had appeared smooth was all broken and mottled with shadows innumerable. Again and again I found myself standing still to gaze in a rapture of delight which I can only recall, not express; again and again was I roused by the voice of the master in front, shouting to me to come on, and warning me of the danger of losing sight of the rest of the company; and again and again I obeyed, but without any perception of the peril.

The intention was to cross the hills into the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, not however by the path now so well known, but by another way, hardly a path, with which the master and some of the boys were familiar enough. It was my first experience of anything like real climbing. As we passed rapidly over a moorland space, broken with huge knolls and solitary rocks, something hurt my foot, and taking off my shoe, I found that a small chiropodical operation was necessary, which involved the use of my knife. It slipped, and cut my foot, and I bound the wound with a strip from my pocket-handkerchief. When I got up, I found that my companions had disappeared. This gave me little trouble at the moment, for I had no doubt of speedily overtaking them; and I set out briskly in the direction, as I supposed, in which we had been going. But I presume that instead of following them, I began at once to increase the distance between us. At all events, I had not gone far before a pang of fear shot through me—the first awaking doubt. I called louder—and louder yet; but there was no response, and I knew I was alone.

Invaded by sudden despair, I sat down, and for a moment did not even think. All at once I became aware of the abysses which surrounded the throne of my isolation. Behind me the broken ground rose to an unseen height, and before me it sloped gently downwards, without a break to the eye, yet I felt as if, should I make one wavering movement, I must fall down one of the frightful precipices which Mr. Forest had told me, as a warning, lay all about us. I actually clung to the stone upon which I sat, although I could not have been in more absolute safety for the moment had I been dreaming in bed. The old fear had returned upon me, with a tenfold feeling of reality behind it. I presume it is so all through life: it is not what is, but what may be, that oftenest blanches the cheek and paralyzes the limbs; and oftenest gives rise to that sense of the need of a God which we are told nowadays is a superstition, and which he whom we call the Saviour acknowledged and justified in telling us to take no thought for the morrow, inasmuch as God took thought for it. I strove to master my dismay, and forced myself to get up and run about; and in a few minutes the fear had withdrawn into the background, and I felt no longer an unseen force

dragging me towards a frightful gulf. But it was replaced by a more spiritual horror. The sense of loneliness seized upon me, and the first sense of absolute loneliness is awful. Independent as a man may fancy himself in the heart of a world of men, he has only to be convinced that there is neither voice nor hearing, to know that the face from which he most recoils is of a kind essential to his very soul. In such case the gluttonous alderman would thank God for the company of a live turtle. Space is not room; and when we complain of the overcrowding of our fellows, we are thankless for that which comforts us the most, and desire its absence in ignorance of our deepest nature.

Not even a bird broke the silence. It lay upon my soul as the sky and the sea lay upon the weary eye of the ancient mariner. It is useless to attempt to convey the impression of my misery. It was not yet the fear of death, or of hunger or thirst, for I had as yet no adequate idea of the vast lonelinesses that lie in a mountain land: it was simply the being alone, with no ear to hear and no voice to answer me—a torture to which the soul is liable in virtue of the fact that it was not made to be alone, yea, I think, I hope, never *can* be alone; for that which *could* be fact could not be such horror. Essential horror springs from an idea repugnant to the *nature* of the thinker, and which therefore in reality could not be.

My agony rose and rose with every moment of silence. But when it reached its height, and when, to save myself from bursting into tears, I threw myself on the ground, and began gnawing at the plants about me—then first came help: I had a certain *experience*, as the Puritans might have called it. I fear to build any definite conclusions upon it, from the dread of fanaticism and the danger of attributing a merely physical effect to a spiritual cause. But are matter and spirit so far asunder? It is my will moves my arm, whatever first moves my will. Besides, I do not understand how, except another influence came into operation, the extreme of misery and depression should work round into such a change as I have to record.

But I do not know how to describe the change. The silence was crushing, or rather sucking my life out of me—up into its own empty gulfs. The horror of the great stillness was growing deathly, when all at once I rose to my feet with a sense of power and confidence I had never had before. It was as if something divine within me awoke to outface the desolation. I felt that it was time to act, and that I could act. There is no cure for terror like action: in a few moments I could have approached the verge of any precipice—at least without abject fear. The silence—no longer a horrible vacancy—appeared to tremble with unuttered thinkings. The manhood within me was alive and awake. I could not recognize a single landmark, or discover the least vestige of a path. I knew upon which hand the sun was when we started; and took my way with the sun on the other side. But a cloud had already come over him.

I had not gone far before I saw in front of me, on the other side of a little hillock, something like the pale blue gray fog that broods over a mountain lake. I ascended the hillock, and started back with a cry of dismay: I was on the very verge of an awful gulf. When I think of it, I marvel yet that I did not lose my self-possession altogether. I only turned and strode in the other direction—the faster for the fear. But I dared not run, for I was haunted by precipices. Over every height, every mound, one might be lying—a trap for my destruction. I no longer looked out in the hope of recognizing some feature of the country; I could only regard the ground before me, lest at any step I might come upon an abyss.

I had not walked far before the air began to grow dark. I glanced again at the sun. The clouds had gathered thick about him. Suddenly a mountain wind blew cold in my face. I never yet can read that sonnet of Shakspeare's:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace,"

without recalling the gladness when I started from home, and the misery that so soon followed. But my new spirits did not yet give way. I trudged on. The wind increased, and in it came by and by the trailing skirts of a cloud. In a few moments more I was wrapped in mist. It was as if the gulf from which I had just escaped had sent up its indwelling demon of fog to follow and overtake me. I dared hardly go on even with the greatest circumspection. As I grew colder, my courage declined. The mist wetted my face and sank through my clothes, and I began to feel very wretched. I sat down, not merely from dread of the precipices, but to reserve my walking powers when the mist should withdraw. I began to shiver, and was getting utterly hopeless and miserable when the fog lifted a little, and I saw what seemed a great rock near me. I crept towards it. Almost suddenly it dwindled, and I found but a stone, yet one large enough to afford me some shelter. I went to the leeward side of it, and nestled at its foot. The mist again sank and the wind blew stronger, but I was in comparative comfort, partly because my imagination was wearied. I fell fast asleep.

I awoke stiff with cold. Rain was falling in torrents, and I was wet to the skin; but the mist was much thinner, and I could see a good way. For a while I was very heartless, what with the stiffness, and the fear of having to spend the night on the mountains. I was hungry too, not with the appetite of desire but of need. The worst was that I had no idea in what direction I ought to go. Downwards lay precipices—upwards lay the surer loneliness. I knelt, and prayed the God who dwelt in the silence to help me; then strode away I knew not whither—up the hill, in the faint hope of discovering some sign to direct me. As I climbed, the hill rose. When I surmounted what had seemed the highest point, away beyond rose another. But the slopes were not over steep, and I was able to get on pretty fast. The wind being behind me, I hoped for some shelter over the highest brow, but that, for anything I knew, might be miles away in the regions of ice and snow.

I had been walking I should think about an hour, when the mist broke away from around me, and the sun, in the midst of clouds of dull orange and gold, shone out upon the wet hill. It was like a promise of safety, and woke in me courage to climb the steep and crumbling slope which now lay before me. But the fear returned. People had died in the mountains of hunger, and I began to make up my mind to meet the worst. I had not learned that the approach of any fate is just the preparation for that fate. I troubled myself with the care of that which was not impending over me. I tried to contemplate the death-struggle with equanimity, but could not. Had I been wearier and fainter, it would have appeared less dreadful. Then, in the horror of the slow death of hunger, strange as it may appear, that which had been the special horror of my childish dreams returned upon me changed into a thought of comfort: I could, ere my strength failed me utterly, seek the verge of a precipice, lie down there, and when the suffering grew strong enough to give me courage, roll myself over the edge, and cut short the agony.

At length I gained the brow of the height, and at last the ground sank beyond. There was no precipice to terrify, only a somewhat steep descent into a valley large and wide. But what a vision arose on the opposite side of that valley!—an upright wilderness of rocks, slopes, precipices, snow, glaciers, avalanches! Weary and faint as I was, I was filled with a glorious awe, the terror of which was the opposite of fear, for it lifted instead of debasing the soul. Not a pine-tree softened the haggard waste; not a single stray sheep of the wind's flock drew one trail of its thin-drawn wool behind it; all was hard and bare. The glaciers lay like the skins of cruel beasts, with the green veins yet visible, nailed to the rocks to harden in the sun; and the little streams which ran down from their claws looked like the knife-blades they are, keen and hard and shining, sawing away at the bones of the old mountain. But although the mountain looked so silent, there came from it every now and then a thunderous sound. At first I could not think what it was; but gazing at its surface more steadily, upon the face of a slope I caught sight of what seemed a larger

stream than any of the rest; but it soon ceased, and then came the slow thunder of its fall: it *was* a stream, but a solid one—an avalanche. Away up in the air the huge snow-summit glittered in the light of the afternoon sun. I was gazing on the Maiden in one of her most savage moods—or, to speak prose, I was regarding one of the wildest aspects of the many-sided Jungfrau.

Half way down the hill, almost right under my feet, rose a slender column of smoke, I could not see whence. I hastened towards it, feeling as strong as when I started in the morning. I zig-zagged down the slope, for it was steep and slippery with grass, and arrived at length at a good-sized cottage, which faced the Jungfrau. It was built of great logs laid horizontally one above the other, all with notches half through near the end, by which notches, lying into each other, the sides of the house were held together at the corners. I soon saw it must be a sort of roadside inn. There was no one about the place; but passing through a dark vestibule, in which were stores of fodder and various utensils, I came to a room in which sat a mother and her daughter—the former spinning, the latter making lace on a pillow. In at the windows looked the great Jungfrau. The room was lined with planks; the floor was boarded; the ceiling too was of boards — pine-wood all around.

The women rose when I entered. I knew enough of German to make them understand my story, and had learned enough of their patois to understand them a little in return. They looked concerned, and the older woman, passing her hands over my jacket, turned to her daughter and commenced a talk much too rapid and no doubt idiomatic for me to follow. It was in the end mingled with much laughter, evidently at some proposal of the mother. Then the daughter left the room, and the mother began to heap wood on the fire. In a few minutes the daughter returned, still laughing, with some garments, which the mother took from her. I was watching everything from a corner of the hearth, where I had seated myself wearily. The mother came up to me, and without speaking, put something over my head, which I found to be a short petticoat such as the women wore; then told me I must take off my clothes and have them dried at the fire. She laid other garments on a chair beside me.

"I don't know how to put them on," I objected.

"Put on as many as you can," she said laughing—"and I will help you with the rest."

I looked about. There was a great press in the room. I went behind it and pulled off my clothes; and having managed to put on some of the girl's garments, issued from my concealment. The kindly laughter was renewed, and mother and daughter busied themselves in arranging my apparel, evidently seeking to make the best of me as a girl, an attempt favored by my pale face. When I seemed to myself completely arrayed, the girl said to her mother what I took to mean "Let us finish what we have begun;" and leaving the room, returned presently with the velvet collar embroidered with silver and the pendent chains which the women of most of the cantons wear, and put it on me, hooking the chains and leaving them festooned under my arms. The mother was spreading out my clothes before the fire to dry.

Neither was pretty, but both looked womanly and good. The daughter had the attraction of youth and bright eyes; the mother, of good-will and experience; but both were sallow, and the mother very wrinkled for what seemed her years.

"Now," I said, summoning my German, "you've not yet finished your work. Make my short hair as like your long hair as you can, and then I shall be a Swiss girl."

I was but a boy, and had no scruple concerning a bit of fun of which I might have been ashamed a few years later. The girl took a comb from her own hair and arranged mine. When she had finished,

"One girl may kiss another," I said; and doubtless she understood me, for she returned my kiss with a fresh laugh. I sat down by the fire, and as its warmth crept into my limbs, I rejoiced over comforts which yesterday had been a matter of course.

Meantime they were busy getting me something to eat. Just as they were setting it on the table, however, a loud call outside took

them both away. In a few moments two other guests entered, and then first I found myself ashamed of my costume. With them the mother re-entered, calling behind her, "There's nobody at home; you must put the horses up yourself, Annel." Then she moved the little table towards me, and proceeded to set out the meal.

"Ah! I see you have got something to eat," said one of the strangers, in a voice I fancied I had heard before.

"Will you please to share it?" returned the woman, moving the table again towards the middle of the room.

I thought with myself that, if I kept silent, no one could tell I was not a girl; and, the table being finally adjusted, I moved my seat towards it. Meantime the man was helping his companion to take off her outer garments, and put them before the fire. I saw the face of neither until they approached the table and sat down. Great was my surprise to discover that the man was the same I had met in the wood on my way to Moldwarp Hall, and that the girl was Clara—a good deal grown—in fact looking almost a woman. From after facts, the meeting became less marvellous in my eyes than it then appeared.

I felt myself in an awkward position—indeed I felt almost guilty, although any notion of having the advantage of them never entered my head. I was more than half inclined to run out and help Annel with the horses, but I was very hungry, and not at all willing to postpone my meal, simple as it was—bread and butter, eggs, cheese, milk, and a bottle of the stronger wine of the country, tasting like a coarse sherry. The two—father and daughter, evidently—talked about their journey, and hoped they should reach the Grindelwald without more rain.

"By the way," said the gentleman, "it's somewhere not far from here young Cumbermede is at school. I know Mr. Forest well enough—used to know him, at least. We may as well call upon him."

"Cumbermede"—said Clara; "who is he?"

"A nephew of Mrs. Wilson's—no, not nephew—second or third cousin—or something of the sort, I believe. Didn't somebody tell me you met him at the Hall one day?"

"Oh, that boy—Wilfrid. Yes; I told you myself. Don't you remember what a bit of fun we had the night of the ball? We were shut out on the leads, you know."

"Yes, to be sure, you did tell me. What sort of a boy is he?"

"Oh! I don't know. Much like other boys. I did think he was a coward at first, but he showed some pluck at last. I shouldn't wonder if he turns out a good sort of fellow. We *were* in a fix."

"You're a terrible madcap, Clara! If you don't settle down as you grow, you'll be getting yourself into worse scrapes."

"Not with you to look after me, papa dear," answered Clara, smiling. "It was the fun of cheating old Goody Wilson, you know!"

Her father grinned with his whole mouthful of teeth, and looked at her with amusement—almost sympathetic roguery, which she evidently appreciated, for she laughed heartily.

Meantime I was feeling very uncomfortable. Something within told me I had no right to overhear remarks about myself; and, in my slow way, I was meditating how to get out of the scrape.

"What a nice-looking girl that is!" said Clara, without lifting her eyes from her plate—"I mean for a Swiss, you know. But I do like the dress. I wish you would buy me a collar and chains like those, papa."

"Always wanting to get something out of your old dad, Clara! Just like the rest of you!—always wanting something—eh?"

"No, papa; it's you gentlemen always want to keep everything for yourselves. We only want you to share."

"Well, you shall have the collar, and I shall have the chains. Will that do?"

"Yes, thank you, papa," she returned, nodding her head. "Meantime, hadn't you better give me your diamond pin? It would fasten this troublesome collar so nicely!"

"There, child!" he answered, proceeding to take it from his shirt. "Anything else?"

"No, no, papa dear. I didn't want it. I expected you, like everybody else, to decline carrying out your professed principles."

"What a nice girl she is," I thought, "after all!"

"My love," said her father, "you will know some day that I would do more for you even than give you my pet diamond. If you are a good girl, and do as I tell you, there will be grander things than diamond pins in store for you. But you may have this if you like."

He looked fondly at her as he spoke.

"Oh, no, papa!—not now, at least. I should not know what to do with it. I should be sure to lose it."

If my clothes had been dry, I would have slipped away, put them on, and appeared in my proper guise. As it was, I was getting more and more miserable—ashamed of revealing who I was, and ashamed of hearing what the speakers supposed I did not understand. I sat on irresolute. In a little while, however, either the wine having got into my head, or the food and warmth having restored my courage, I began to contemplate the bolder stroke of suddenly revealing myself by some unexpected remark. They went on talking about the country, and the road they had come.

"But we have hardly seen anything worth calling a precipice," said Clara.

"You'll see hundreds of them if you look out of the window," said her father.

"Oh! but I don't mean that," she returned. "It's nothing to look at them like that. I mean from the top of them—to look down, you know."

"Like from the flying buttress at Moldwarp Hall, Clara?" I said.

The moment I began to speak, they began to stare. Clara's hand was arrested on its way towards the bread, and her father's wine-glass hung suspended between the table and his lips. I laughed.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Coningham—and added nothing, for amazement, but looked uneasily at his daughter, as if asking whether they had not said something awkward about me.

"It's Wilfrid!" exclaimed Clara, in the tone of one talking in her sleep. Then she laid down her knife and laughed aloud.

"What a guy you are!" she exclaimed. "Who would have thought of finding you in a Swiss girl? Really, it was too bad of you to sit there and let us go on as we did. I do believe we were talking about your precious self! At least papa was."

Again her merry laugh rang out. She could not have taken a better way of relieving us.

"I'm very sorry," I said; "but I felt so awkward in this costume that I couldn't bring myself to speak before. I tried very hard."

"Poor boy!" she returned, rather more mockingly than I liked, her violets swimming in the dews of laughter.

By this time Mr. Coningham had apparently recovered his self-possession. I say *apparently*, for I doubt if he had ever lost it. He had only, I think, been running over their talk in his mind to see if he had said anything unpleasant, and now, reassured, he stretched his hand across the table.

"I'm sure, Mr. Cumbermede," he interposed, "*we* owe *you* an apology rather. I am sure we can't have said anything we should mind you hearing; but ——."

"Oh!" I interrupted, "you have told me nothing I did not know already, except that Mrs. Wilson was a relation, of which I was quite ignorant."

"It is true enough though."

"What relation is she, then?"

"I think, when I gather my recollections of the matter—I think she was first cousin to your mother—perhaps it was only second cousin."

"Why shouldn't she have told me so, then?"

"She must explain that herself. *I* cannot account for that. It is very extraordinary."

"But how do you know so well about me, sir, if you don't mind saying?"

"Oh! I am an old friend of the family. I knew your father better than your uncle, though. Your uncle is not over friendly, you see."

"I am sorry for that."

"No occasion at all. I suppose he doesn't like me. I fancy, being a Methodist ——"

"My uncle is not a Methodist, I assure you. He goes to the parish church regularly."

"Oh! it's all one. I only meant to say that being a man of somewhat peculiar notions, I supposed he did not approve of my

profession. Your good people are just as ready, however, to call in the lawyer as others when they fancy their rights invaded. Ha! ha! But no one has a right to complain of another because he doesn't choose to like him. Besides, it brings grist to the mill. If everybody liked everybody, what would become of the lawsuits? And that would unsuit us—wouldn't it, Clara?"

"You know, papa dear, what mamma would say?"

"But she ain't here, you know."

"But *I* am, papa; and I don't like to hear you talk shop," said Clara, coaxingly.

"Very well; we won't, then. But I was only explaining to Mr. Cumbermede how I supposed it was that his uncle did not like me. There was no offence in that, I hope, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Certainly not," I answered. "I am the only offender. But I was innocent enough as far as intention goes. I came in drenched and cold, and the good people here amused themselves dressing me like a girl. It is quite time I were getting home now. Mr. Forest will be in a way about me. So will Charley Osborne."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Coningham, "I remember hearing you were at school together somewhere in this quarter. But tell us all about it. Did you lose your way?"

(To be continued.)

THE CELESTIALS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

One of the most interesting Sabbath services in New England, and very likely in the Union, is that held each Sunday afternoon in Messrs. Sampson & Co.'s shoe factory at North Adams, Massachusetts, and known as the "Chinese Sunday-school." The interest is not confined to the casual visitor, or those engaged in the school, for here, week by week, is being wrought out the solution of that problem which agitated many earnest minds when the "heathen" first landed on Puritan soil—"Can these men be Americanized?" Very many Christian men who were not alarmed by any other aspect of the Chinese question, and who cared for no other, shook their doubting heads when they spoke of the strange language, different social customs, and benighted spiritual condition of the new-comers.

But a very brief observation showed that the Celestials were willing and anxious to learn of that which pertained to their temporal welfare, and hearts inspired with true zeal at once determined that this trait of character should be made the means of their advancement in other directions, as well as in the making of shoes. A consultation between the different pastors of the village and Mr. Chase, the partner of Mr. Sampson, resulted in the opening of a Sunday school in the Chinese quarters. Mr. Chase, aided by the clergymen, and especially by Rev. T. A. Griffin, of the M. E. Church, naturally fills the place of superintendent. In the various Sunday-schools of the village a call was made for volunteer teachers, and a general response came.

It was very easy to volunteer—not so easy to teach the "heathen." Scarcely one of the Celestials, with the exception of the interpreter, Charley Sing, knew a word of English, and very surely the teachers knew nothing of Chinese. But not disheartened even by this unpromising state of affairs, the self-appointed missionaries set to work, and now, after the lapse of something like five months, we look in upon them.

A graveled walk around to the rear of the three-story brick building which Mr. Sampson converted into a shoe factory, brings us directly to the Chinese quarters—a suite of large rooms in the rear portion of the building. Passing first through the sleeping-room, with which we have nothing to do, we enter another apartment, and find ourselves at once in the midst of the school.

The school-room is some thirty feet in length by half the width, and ten tables, five

upon each side, are already surrounded by teachers and pupils. It is now half-past four, and school has just commenced. Upon one side of the room a number of gas jets give an uncertain light, while the other tables are illuminated by lamps, candles, whatever may be impressed for service.

Each table has from four to six of the yellow-skinned pupils, all dressed in their best, quite a number of them appearing in neat black suits of the latest American style. There are nearly an equal number of teachers, very few having more than one scholar, none more than two. And here the usual experience of schooling is reversed. The Celestials are all young men, of small stature, and to the stranger appear quite as much alike as so many peas. There is the greatest diversity among the teachers. At one side of a table sits a dignified, middle-aged man, judge of the district court, earnestly laboring to impress new ideas, or ideas in a new form, upon the mind of his single pupil, and laboring not in vain. Not far away is a little Miss, not yet requiring two figures to write down her age, who is now and then impatiently shaking back her golden tresses, as she labors to impress upon the mind of her pupil the strange combinations of the English alphabet, looking up into his half-pleased, half-puzzled Asiatic countenance, herself in doubt whether she has succeeded in making the point as clear to him as it is in her own mind. At the same table may be a school-boy, a year or two older, just getting conscious of his rights as "Young America," and as wild and mischievous as one often sees; but his heart is large and true, and just now he is patiently leading the mind of his charge through the rudiments of the omnipresent primer.

There are very few young men among the teachers, but the same cannot be said of the young ladies. At no gathering of equal numbers will a larger proportion of the beautiful, refined, intellectual young ladies of the village be found. From the delicate child to the middle-aged woman, and from the affluent to the poor, all classes and ages are engaged in this work of charity.

It is not a quiet place, this school-room. Fifty teachers are earnestly laboring with about an equal number of scholars, as though the fortunes of lives depended upon utilizing this Sabbath afternoon hour. Then there are fifty or more visitors or lookers-on, who must needs learn the whole history of the school, and express their individual opinions for the general benefit of those present. So that the imaginative mind receives a very good idea of that grand confusion upon the plains of Shinar.

Passing down the room, we have an opportunity to observe the individual members of the school at their studies. First of all, we are impressed with the spirit of earnestness, in many cases amounting almost to enthusiasm, which pervades the whole assembly. Here and there one, a trifle duller than his neighbor, it may be, or with a teacher less gifted to impart information, sits gazing upon the strange symbols before him, or repeats mechanically the promptings of the teacher, looking all the while like a personification of stupid patience. But generally the quick flashing eyes, the earnest nods of assent, indicating comprehension, and the general light of intelligence, shows an understanding of the subject beyond the scholar's ability to express in the yet unmastered language of his adopted country.

Each teacher follows the bent of his or her own preferences in regard to the method of instruction, but, generally, reading forms a principal part of the hour's pursuits. Here the ordinary school primer is brought into service, and, judging from the progress made by many of the pupils, nothing could be better adapted to the purpose. A few of the learners read quite readily where words of two syllables abound, while others are not yet able to master the mysteries of three-lettered words.

A great deal of object-teaching is here employed, and very advantageously. In fact, it is rendered a necessity by the want of language in common between teacher and learner, and principally upon the ability of the tutor in this direction depends the success of the student.

In connection with reading and object-teaching, writing is employed in some cases. A slate with one or two sentences written upon it lies before the Celestial. A dimly-burning candle sits upon an adjacent table. "What is that?" the teacher asks, pointing

towards it. "Candle," replies the novice. "Find the word upon your slate." The yellow finger passes slowly along, and soon rests upon the word. "Now spell it and write it yourself." A few moments' application, and the word is written in characters which would put to shame the handwriting of most men who live by the pen, and the pupil looks up with a bright sparkle of the eye for the reward he is sure to receive, the smile of approbation from his teacher.

The peculiar faculty for imitation possessed by the Chinese as a nation makes writing an easy branch of their studies. Once having learned the letters which make a given word, and recollecting their written forms, the Celestial writes the word very readily, and very neatly. Simple problems in mental arithmetic, names of days and months, as well as many object lessons which circumstances may suggest, fill up the hour. There is no lull or hush. Each moment is saved, for the time is brief, and it will be a whole week before another opportunity for such instruction and pleasure will present. But in the midst of the exercises a single stroke of the bell is heard.

What a silence ensues! Instantly every sound is hushed, unless it may be some visitors have not quite finished their conversation, in which case they will be expected to continue, giving those present the benefit of their wisdom, and the example of their good-breeding. If a clergyman is present, or a visitor who has anything to say, he can address the school through the interpreter, Charley Sing. The teachers unite in singing "There is a happy land," or some simple song of that class, and frequently the pupils, so far as able, join.

After the close of school, which is informal, a song in Chinese is sometimes given by one of the pupils, for the gratification of visitors. The air is very simple, peculiar, though not unpleasing, and the words, which appear to be monosyllables of all kinds mixed together, convey about as much sense to English ears as does a great deal of the popular singing *at* our own language.

"Come next Sunday," frequently in its abbreviated form—"Sunday," is the parting request of the scholar to his teacher. And generally the latter is quite as interested as the former in her weekly missionary hour. The attachment between the scholars and their teachers is in many cases noteworthy. Not only is this manifested in little acts of kindness, and such trifling gifts as they are able to make—fans, coins, and multitudes of little trinkets—but sometimes their feelings find expression in more substantial manner. On Thanksgiving Day a number of the teachers were astonished at the reception of fine plump turkeys as tokens of the estimation in which they were held by their disciples. Generally, a Celestial will not attend the school unless assured that his teacher will be present. From some convenient nook in the sleeping-room, or elsewhere, he watches the door until the familiar form appears, when with a glide and scramble he hurries into the accustomed seat, and is waiting with boyish eagerness for the commencement of his exercises.

Should the Chinaman fail to learn with the rapidity of his more fortunate companion, no impatience or discontent marks his conduct. The failure is all attributed to his own stupidity, and yet he does not become discouraged. The general anxiety to learn the language, written and spoken, as well as the manners and customs of the people among whom their lot is cast, strikes us at once as an omen exceedingly favorable in its nature. Although they enjoy but one hour's teaching per week, their study does not end with that hour. Evenings and spare moments are very often given to the primer, and such progress as can be made unassisted is worked out by the persevering shoemaker. It is to be hoped that ere long some means may be devised by which they shall receive two or three additional hours of instruction during the week, and if this can be done, beyond all doubt their progress towards Americanization will be very much accelerated.

We have thus attempted to describe the most interesting and important hour of the week to the Chinese in New England. From the record of that hour logical deductions may be made regarding their future. It is not our purpose to draw these conclusions, since we do not intend to discuss the Chinese question—only to draw aside the veil, that the world may have a peep in upon their

inner life. That they are highly satisfied with their situation as laborers seems very evident; that they are much pleased at the efforts being put forth to instruct them cannot be doubted. Their intention to adopt American customs may be seen in the use of our own style of clothing in place of theirs. That they are capable of thorough culture and religious impression, Charley Sing, a perfect gentleman and a member of the M. E. Church, is a living and indisputable witness. That they are naturally temperate is sufficiently proven by the fact that of the seventy-five employed by Messrs. Sampson & Co., none used strong drink in any form, not even as a medicine.

What part they are to play in our future history cannot be told; but so long as they love the school and its associations, are open to kindly Christian influences, are temperate and industrious, we see no reason why our broad territory, a haven for the oppressed of every clime, should be denied to the Celestials.

THE OUTCAST.

BLEAK winds of winter, sobbing and moaning,
Pluck not my rags with your pitiless hand;
Here in the darkness, cold and despairing,
Homeless, and friendless, and starving I stand.
Scourged by the white icy whips of the tempest,
I wander forlorn on my desolate way,
Forgotten of earth, and forsaken of heaven,
Too frozen to kneel, and too hungry to pray.

I look at the stately and palace-like dwellings
That line with their grandeur the pathway I tread,
I fancy the brightness and warmth of the hearth-stone,
The plenteous board with the wine and the bread:
I see the heads bow'd with a reverent meaning,
A blessing is breathed o'er the sumptuous fare;
Will it rise to the ear of the pitiful Father,
Or die of the cold, like the vagabond's prayer?

Hark! midnight. The chime from the church-tower above me
Drops solemnly down through the whirl of the storm:
If one could but pass through the gate to the portal,
Could sleep there, and dream it was lighted and warm.
Give way, cruel bars! let me through to a refuge!
Give way! but I rave, and the fierce winds reply:
"No room in His house for His vagabond children,
"No room in His porch for an outcast to die."

No room in the dwellings—no room in the churches,
No room in the prison—for hunger's no crime;
Is there room in the bed of the river, I wonder,
Deep down by the pier in the ooze and the slime?
Mock on, taunting wind! I can laugh back an answer,
An hour, and your bitterest breath I defy;
Since bars shut me out of God's house among mortals,
I will knock at the gate of His home in the sky!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

LECTURE-BROKERS AND LECTURE-BREAKERS.

THERE is a general complaint this year, throughout that portion of the country in which the "lecture system" has become an institution, that the usual courses of lectures and of intellectual entertainments grouped with lectures have been unremunerative. The ancient croakers who have been prophesying the downfall of the institution for years are tuning their croak to a jubilant turn, and it really seems as if something had happened to give them reason for their mournful merriment. Something *has* happened, about which we propose to discourse for a little.

A few years ago the literary associations of the Western States formed an association among themselves, for the purpose of co-operation in securing the services of prominent Eastern lecturers. The different associations communicated to their common secretary the names of those whom they wished to hear, he having already written to and received answers from the different lecturers whose services were deemed desirable, and they having stated their subjects, fees, and the amount of time they would devote to a Western trip. Thus, if there were thirty applications for the services of Mr. A., and Mr. A. could give thirty evenings, his trip was arranged for him, with the closest regard to economy of travel and fatigue; and when he had finished a week of work, Mr. B. followed over the same ground the next week, and Mr. C. the next, and so on, until the winter's courses were concluded. Not that those courses were made up as simply as this; but this statement will illustrate the working of the system. Each lecturer was informed that there were expenses attending the operation of this machinery, and that, if he saw fit to assist in paying them, he could remit to the secretary five per cent. of his receipts; otherwise, he was at liberty to throw the expense upon the association. None of the lecturers, we presume, declined to bear his portion of the burden, because it was a great convenience to him to have his time all filled, and his route conveniently arranged by one who lived upon the ground. We do not know whether this association exists to-day or not, but there certainly is no good reason why it should not. It was a good thing for the literary associations and the lecturers alike. It filled a manifest emergency, and served a legitimate purpose. Under it the lectures thrived, and the associations made money, as well as those whom they called into their service.

It is possible that this association of associations and its operations suggested to some of our enterprising fellow-citizens the idea of lecture bureaus and lecture brokerage. It was entirely a legitimate business movement. We have no fault to find with the motives of those who organized these bureaus, and who now carry them on. It is an enterprise for making money as middle-men; and the country is full of such, in all departments of business. It was probably impossible for them and the country to foresee the result of their plans upon the fortunes of the lecture field. It is quite possible that they believed they were doing that which would extend the field, and add to the prosperity of all interested in its operations. We wished them well and hoped for the best, but we never quite believed in this mode of communication between lecturers and the public. The sudden decline of the popular interest in lectures proves that some new influence is at work, and we shall look for it in vain unless we find it in the new bureaus.

Without having any personal, practical knowledge of the operations of the bureaus, it is easy to see that two bad tendencies are naturally developed by them, the first being an increase of price to the associations. A lecturer who has been accustomed to a certain fee naturally feels called upon to add to that fee when the bureau, to whose disposal he has committed his name, takes from him ten per cent. of it. If the percentage were smaller, he would have no special motive to increase his fee; but it is so out of proportion to the service rendered that he is at once moved to get a part of it back from the associations to which he is sent. We do not say that this is the case, because we do not know; but any business man knows that this would be the natural tendency. So, when fees are increased, the margin of profits to the associations is reduced, and the dangers of loss are augmented.

But this cause would of itself do little to bring about the untoward result which we are discussing, for it is not large enough to accomplish so much alone. The second and principal cause is the introduction into the lecture field of great numbers of men and women who have nothing to say,—"dead weights" all of them,—who never would have found their way to a platform but for the help of a bureau. Only a few years ago the really acceptable lecturers of the country—those men who made the platform popular and useful, and apparently indispensable—did not number more than twenty-five. Their names were on the tongues of the people; and between them and the different associations of the country there were the most friendly relations. All these men—each in his own way—had something to say that the people desired to hear. The people took their utterances home and absorbed them into their life. They shaped opinion, developed sentiment, agitated great public questions, denounced wrongs, taught, exhorted, stirred the people. Upon the rolls of the lecture bureaus will be found some of these names to-day, associated in a common column with literary jesters and mountebanks, readers, singers, etc., etc.,—men who, outside of a lecture course, would not draw auditors enough to pay for the rent of their audience rooms. We believe that it has been mainly through the pushing and the endorsement of the bureau that these people have found it for their advantage to cling to the rolls from season to

season. Some of them have been either pushed or invited into nearly every lecture course, until sensible men have become disgusted, and have given up the lecture as a thing that does not pay. The good lecturers have been cheapened by association with their inferiors in gifts and aims, and the "lecture system" has degenerated into a string of entertainments that have no earnest purpose, and minister to no manly and womanly want. The bureaus themselves can have no permanent interest in pushing this class of performers and entertainments, for the whole lecture institution will go under with such treatment; but the trouble is that it is only the second and third rate men that have any real use for the bureau. Good lecturers get all the engagements they want at their own prices, and if they need assistance they can hire a clerk to do their correspondence at half the price asked by the bureaus. We are glad to see that a few of the better class of lecturers have refused to commit themselves to the brokers. If those who are in their hands like the association, they will remain; but we are sure it would be better for them to withdraw, and go back to their old direct relations with the literary societies of the country. A bureau is established to do the business of other people for a consideration, and every man who wishes to enter the lecture field, and every man who has entered it and holds a low place in it, is sure to adopt the machinery and invoke the aid of a bureau to secure engagements. Practically, then, without any intentional mischief on the part of the bureaus, the effect of their operations has been to crowd upon the lecture associations of the country a class of inferior men, who are unconsciously bringing the system to which they have looked for their support into contempt and ruin.

We close with the expression of a wish that lecturers and lecture associations would communicate to us their impressions and opinions upon this subject. It is really one of very great importance. We are not among those who believe that the lecture has outlived its usefulness. Indeed, we do not believe it ever will. There is nothing so pleasant, so inspiring, and so instructive as a first-class man with something to say; and so long as such a man can be induced to "stand and deliver," the lecture will live. What we desire is, to find out exactly what the present obstacles to the success of the lecture are, and to get them out of the way with as little delay as possible. If the bureaus are helpful to the system we shall be glad to learn the fact. If they are not, they must go under.

A GROWING VICE OF BUSINESS.

TWO suggestive incidents will introduce to our readers a vice of business which ought to be reformed before it assumes the magnitude and universality which it is sure to achieve, unless efficient steps are taken to arrest its progress.

INCIDENT NO. 1.—A builder of furnaces was called upon recently to name a price for heating a large structure in a large city. He offered to put in his apparatus for $30,000. After repeated conversations with sundry persons interested in the contracts, he was told that the man who should secure the job would be obliged to pay a percentage to them—in this case amounting to $3,000—the bill, of course, to be rendered in such a form as to make him a party to the fraud upon the owners of the building. He told them that he wanted the job, but that as he also had a desire to go to heaven when he died, he was afraid he should be obliged to decline their conditions. He also suggested that he should like to bid for the job with others, and was informed that not a single contract on the building had been given to the lowest bidder. Then he was politely bowed out of the presence of the gentlemen who could not use him. He went home, and as an experiment, sent them a proposal to put in his apparatus for $25,000. From this he never heard; and some man with a more convenient conscience got the contract and gave the percentage.

INCIDENT NO. 2.—A piano-forte manufacturer sold an instrument, at his regular retail price, to a gentleman of New York. Within forty-eight hours he was called upon by three musicians, every one of whom demanded his percentage upon the sale of the piano, claiming that it was bought upon his recommendation. The purchaser, to make sure of getting the best instrument, had separately consulted all these men, and they had happened to agree upon this maker. The result was, that the maker paid each man the amount of his claim, and said nothing, though he parted with considerably more than his profits on the piano-forte. When asked by the friend to whom he told the story, why he submitted to such an imposition, he replied that he did not dare to do otherwise; that if he had refused to respond to these exactions, the musicians would have turned against him, and transferred their recommendations to other makers.

The way in which corporations are bled by the leeches that fasten upon them is notorious. The men in respectable society, who regard a corporation as the legitimate subject of plunder, are too many to be counted. Tax-payers and stockholders part annually with untold millions to fill the purses of these dishonest men, and the mouths of their mendacious servants and tools. There are States in the Union in which the public conscience has become utterly demoralized with relation to this particular matter,—where every corporation, including Mutual Life Insurance Companies and Savings Banks, is in some way "sweated" by those who have the management of its concerns. In most instances this result is achieved under cover of the law; but, in some, gigantic robberies are effected by the purchase not only of the officers, but of the makers of the law.

This process cannot long go on, of course, without such a sophistication of the popular conscience that private trusts will be as little regarded as those which are corporate and public. Indeed, it has already produced its proper fruit, as the incidents we have cited

show. Men are everywhere seeking for money which they do not earn. It is quite likely that the piano-dealer is as much to blame for his bondage to the musicians as they are. He may have invited their patronage, indeed, and promised them their pay; but it is all wrong, and the money all comes out of the consumer in the long run. The price of everything must be raised that tribute may be paid to those who are in a position to exact or steal it. If we go on at the present rate, we shall soon be no whit behind our European neighbors, whose servants are bribed by butchers and grocers and bakers, and who demand their "drink money" for every service, in addition to their legitimate wages. Every man who connives at this mode of doing business is not only a voluntary but a meanly mercenary corrupter of the people.

There is no question that in this matter of personal honesty America has retrograded within the last ten years. The rich corporation and the rich man are come to be regarded by tradesmen and laborers alike as sources of money which they may draw upon to the extent of their ability, without rendering an equivalent. An honest day's work is a much harder thing to get to-day than it was ten years ago; and unless a reformation take place, the good old standard of personal honesty among the laboring poor, and of business integrity among the prosperous, will become a thing of remembrance only. If it were necessary, whole branches of business might be mentioned which pay a regular tax to what is called "influence," to men who have thrust themselves between the seller and the buyer for the simple purpose of fleecing one or both. Many a product of ingenuity and toil is obliged to buy every inch of its way to the consumer; and a thousand improvements which affect the public convenience and comfort fail of adoption unless their profits are shared with the influence and power to which they appeal. Congress and the legislatures do not monopolize the lobby, for the lobby is everywhere. Black-mail, commissions, bonuses, gifts, the feathering of private nests among the recesses of great corporate interests, positions sought, won, and used for purposes of theft—all these things are so common that they have ceased to be remarkable; and they argue sadly against our boasted progress in Christian civilization.

We do not expect to rid the world of thieves; but the danger is, that honest men will not be able to do business at all without the adoption of their corrupt machinery, the prostitution of integrity, and the sacrifice of self-respect. How far are multitudes of our good houses from this position now?

THE OLD CABINET.

"If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs. JARLEY's Wax-work Show,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him?
Oh no, no!
Then run to Jarley's."

So we ran to Jarley's.

On both sides of the Town-Hall stage the rude, big-lettered show-bills glared: "The Only stuPendous Collection of Real Wax-Work in the World," "Jarley is the deLight of the Nobility and Gentry," "Over the Water to jarley." The Jarley hand-organ, in one corner, impatient of the slow turns of the grinder, was trying to drown the ominous sounds of shuffling and rolling behind the scenes, when suddenly—in the liveliest part of the Carnival of Venice—it gulped and choked at an invisible signal. Every one leaned forward—a "breeze of stillness" swept across the house.

The tinkling of a bell,—up rolls the long curtain,—and—shade of Dickens defend us—there, in the midst of a glittering array of waxen figures, she stands, in all her pomp confessed, the pride of the nobility and gentry, and the peculiar pet of the Royal Family, the world-renowned, "the genuine and only Jarley!"

A bonnet of mighty dimensions, all a-tremble with bows and ribbons, a figured chintz gown, a gay shawl pinned across the breast, old-fashioned high-heeled shoes, a turkey-feather fan, gloves reaching far up the arm, big, round spectacles—a pompous, self-contained, stout, fluffy little middle-aged Englishwoman, who steps towards the foot-lights, and makes her solemn courtesy in the midst of loudest applause.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Mrs. Jarley's Wax-work show; *I* am Mrs. Jarley"—with a stately little toss of the head, that sets the bows a-shaking again. "Over two hundred figgers packed in refrigerators to cross the sea for the States; but here I am without accident, not counting Lord Wensleydale, which fell off a pier. Fancy my feelinks in the Tropics—'twas like going on a picnic with one's friends in metallic coffins; for, as Mr. Slum—my poet—would say, before me was a home in the briny deep, with porpoises and the sea-sarpint, and behind me the crowned heads of Europe, sitting on the wax-work show, shaking their crowned heads against my confiding my unrivalled collection to a steamship with a boiler. 'I saw thy show in youthful prime,' says the Duke of Cambridge to me, with his head under my bonnet,—the very one I wear now,—when Hannah More lost her balance and fell over the foot-lights into a hinfant school, and Prince Arthur was took out roaring, his long ostrich feather dangling behind. Hannah More could never go on view again as Hannah More, so I had her melted over with a Corsair, to make a Wild Man of the Woods; but there wasn't enough Corsair, and so I sold her to a cathedral for candles. This is the exhibition that elevates the mind, cultivates the taste, and enlarges the sphere of the human understanding. It's Jarley's Wax-work, remember;—calm and critical. No low beatings and knockings about; no jokings and squeakings, like your precious Punches; but always the same, with a constantly unchanging hair of

coldness and gentility, and so like life that if wax-work only spoke and walked about, you'd hardly know the difference. I won't go so far as to say, that, as it is, I've seen wax-work quite like life, but I've certainly seen some life that was exactly like wax-work. No open-air wagrancy; no tarpaulin' and saw-dust. Hevery hexpectation set forth in the 'and-bills is realized to the utmost, and the whole forms an effect of imposing brilliancy hitherto unrivalled in this republic. The price of admission is only sixpence, and this is an opportunity which may never occur again! Hinfant schools, orphan asylums, and the press half-price. The old gentleman will wind up the figgers, and Mrs. Jarley will explain 'em."

And the wonderful wax work itself—the figures standing there in that gorgeous row—how can it be fitly described without the fan, and the trembling bows, and the proud accent of Jarley! There is Queen Elizabeth, grand in her ruffles and waxen glory, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who, when out walking one day, in a beautiful new plush cloak which he had borrowed from another favorite, selected a very nasty puddle, and spread the cloak carefully in it, that his queen might pass over without soiling her royal feet, returning the cloak next day to his friend. When "wound up" Sir Walter outspreads the cloak in a highly mechanical sort of a way, and Elizabeth steps stiffly up and down with one foot, regardless of cloak or puddle, and with eyes firmly fixed on vacancy. There is Dr. Kane discovering the open Polar Sea. "Bring in the Open Polar Sea," says Mrs. Jarley, and a large wash-tub is rolled upon the stage and set up for that purpose, while Dr. Kane rises on tip-toe and distinctly sees an iceless area of four thousand and two hundred miles. There is the old lady who died dancing at the advanced age of 132; very famous for her minuet step and her elasticity, as well as for her arch and bewitching expression, which is wonderfully imitated in wax.

And after certain other figures are explained and put through their motions, the curtain falls on the Historical Chamber, only to rise again on the Chamber of Horrors, where are displayed the unfortunate Maid of Honor, which died of pricking her finger in consequence of sewing on Sunday,—observe the gold-eyed needle of the period, also the blood of the period which drips from her finger; the frightful figure of Captain Kidd, as he sailed, as he sailed, with pistols in belt and a human thigh-bone in one hand, and bent legs, and neck awry, as if lately removed from the gallows; Mrs. Day, mother of Sandford and Merton, a woman of great presence of mind and unblemished reputation, which walking one day in a jungle in India, and meeting an unusual tiger deprived of her cubs, with characteristic presence of mind and unblemished reputation opened her umbrella and so scared the beast that he fled away howling.—"It requires a great deal of presence of mind," says Mrs. Jarley, "to be the mother of Sandford and Merton;"—Lindley Murray composing his celebrated Grammar—wind him up and let him compose—who is placed in this Chamber of Horrors because he occasioned more misery than any dragon or Roman emperor, and indeed if Mrs. Jarley were describing Nero she could not show such indignation and disgust; Jasper Packlemerton, of atrocious memory, who courted and married fourteen wives and destroyed them all by tickling the soles of their feet when they were sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue,—observe that his fingers are curled, as if in the act of tickling, and that his face is represented with a wink, as he appeared when committing his barbarous murders; the Elderly Naval Man, sitting on a rock with a doleful countenance, having been shipwrecked and forced to eat his companions:—

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark or play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

After more horrors comes the Chamber of Beauties, wherein is the Beautiful Girl pursued by an Indian, the former having been the first to step upon Plymouth Rock, when she was chased by a wild Indian who sprang from an ambush that grew near by. In the same chamber is the most celebrated Prima Donna of any age, whose name was Jugugmicantabellaroarescesplitto, and who was fed upon a decoction of grasshoppers and skylarks' tongues from her earliest infancy; the musical world was prostrate at her feet; the crowned heads of Europe bickered about her low notes; science quailed before her high. At the zenith of her fame, when monarchs hung upon her trill, and the birds of the forest claimed her for their own, suddenly her voice cracked. Here, too, is the Maid of Athens, who returned Lord Byron his heart when requested—the said heart being touchingly represented in red flannel, with a hole conveniently arranged to fit the thumb of the returning hand. Here is the Mermaid, not a wax figure, but a real mermaid, stuffed, from the aquarium of the Duke of Edinboro, which he took off Gravesend in his 'Ighness's yacht; and she a sitting on a rock combing her golden locks and singin':—"Don't leave me, my lone one, to pine on thy stem." Mrs. Jarley kept her in a tank—a flopsy-slopsy thing which she was glad when it was dead. Here is the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, and the widow of his sole surviving descendant, Cusu, son of Payu; the widow of Cusu, when wound up, eats rice with chop-sticks, while Confucius, with uplifted finger and solemn gesture, is supposed to be enlarging upon that excellent mediocrity which must be observed between the too much and the too little, saying (if wax-work could only speak), "Lu, Vu, Su," with no other intent than to dissipate the mists of the mind. His last words were:—"O great mountain, O great mountain!" Childish, I fancy, says Mrs. Jarley, in a knowing way.

And in the Classic Chamber we have Cornelia, Frivolous Friend, and jewels, with a marvellous expression of scorn on the face of the Frivolous Friend; Æneas heroically bearing his father from the flames of Troy; Ajax defying the lightning; "wind up Ajax and wind up the lightning, and don't let Ajax defy in Pætus's face;" and Curius Dentatus refusing the magnificent gift of the Samnite ambassador, namely a tin teapot, somewhat the worse for wear—since which time no man has ever been known to receive a bribe,—and various other moral and instructive effigies.

And even now we have not told how the wild Indian ran down in the middle of the stage, while diligently pursuing the Beautiful Girl, and was only started again after his machinery had been well oiled; nor how, in turning them around, the porters made a mistake, and let the Beautiful Girl pursue the Indian, in the most idiotic manner; nor how Captain Kidd, who was very weak in the legs, fell prone with a crash when one of the porters jostled against him, in lifting out King Richard, and had to be leaned back against the wall, with his right eye cocked up at the ceiling and his left covered over with court-plaster to keep it in; nor how the Elderly Naval Man's works—which seemed to be unusually delicate and touchy—went off with a buzz and a whir a second time without being wound up, and while Mrs. Jarley was expressing her emotions in relation to Lindley Murray, and how the "Elderly Naval" had to be carried out, and he a-kicking, and a-croaking, and a-jerking off his wig, in a frightfully rapid manner, unbecoming the decorousness of the occasion, and much to Mrs. Jarley's consternation and chagrin.

And we have not told about the final grand tableau in which all the figures appeared; nor how very funny they looked standing more or less unsteadily upon their legs, with their eyes very wide open, and, as Dickens described them, with "all their countenances expressing great surprise;" nor how they were all wound up at once and went through their motions together in a bewildering maze,—the "properties" and positions having become so strangely mixed in the confusion that the Calabrian Bandit was seen consulting *not* the miniature of his lady-love, but a wax doll representing Lord Byron's Favorite Child, Harold,—and Sir Walter Raleigh unnecessarily offered the borrowed cloak for the convenience of the Woman who poisoned Fourteen Families with Pickled Walnuts.

Funny—yes, consumedly funny—but not funny at all to Mrs. Jarley. Ah! that grand air of proprietorship; that dignified, delighted appropriation of all the applause to herself; those trembling ribbons! With *her*—though the audience roar and scream with the overpowering ludicrousness of the thing—it is ever the exhibition that elevates the taste, and enlarges the sphere of the human understanding. It's Jarley's wax-work, remember!

And now, dear mystified reader, you who have been attending your first "Jarley," instead of passing out with the crowd, come with us behind the curtain and see what it all means. Behold, now, that dazzling display of wax transformed into living flesh and blood. Behold the Indian in amicable conversation—in very good American—with the Beautiful Girl, while Confucius gallantly assists the Mermaid out of her tail; Queen Elizabeth unpins Anchises's nightcap; Diogenes crawls out of his tub, and stretches his legs; Fair Rosamond rubs the paint off of Queen Eleanor's cheek, Lindley Murray cuts an ecstatic pigeon-wing, and Charlotte Corday and the Awful Appearance of the Shade of Remus indulge in a startling galop across the stage.

In fine, forty good people of this very town have been making bogus wax figures—that is, everlasting geese—of themselves, to-night, after the model of the Jarley show in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and in the potent name of charity. But the surpassing charm of it all is the exquisite humor embodied in the principal personation, that of the "genuine and only" herself; a wit of such "tender grace" as to impress us with we know not what subtile quality of pathos. How it rings in the memory like the minor refrain of some quaint, sad song—her last words announcing the next entertainment—another rare and royal opportunity—"Be in time! Be in time! Be in time!"

But where is Mrs. Jarley?

Shall we follow her away from this flummery and fun and nonsense?

No loud bursts of applause now. All is very quiet, save the murmur of some little child in pain. And—

> "Lo! in that house of misery
> A lady with a lamp I see
> Pass through the glimmering gloom,
> And flit from room to room.
>
> "And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
> The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
> Her shadow, as it falls
> Upon the darkening walls."

We have read your scrap-book of verses, Dear Ned, with very great enjoyment. There are lines, here and there, that we should consider worthy of anybody who writes verses in these days; and there are two or three entire poems of which we might say the same. Your talent must make for you many moments of what we take to be almost the supreme pleasure; and you have enough discrimination and good sense to lead you to an appreciation of your capabilities and their present limitations, and to keep your talent from becoming a delusion and a snare. If your time should ever be less engrossed by the literary routine to which your tastes have led you, and to which your necessities chain you—perhaps you will yet rhyme us rhymes that will ring in the world's memory many a day. Remember this: that a ground-work—such as you are now laying—of firm, clear-cut, sincere, conscientious, purposeful prose is a good foundation for whatever superstructure of poetry you may yet rear in earthly or heavenly places. We, at least, have this hope concerning you—

that you may never attain the fatal facility that will give currency to your mediocrities, or induce you to earn a precarious livelihood by hawking your wares about, with clamor.

But will you forgive us if we utter one word of precaution? It is against a certain tendency that we notice in your verses, and which they have in common with those of other young poets—a tendency toward a flippant use of the element and experience of religious doubt. Now do not understand us to mean that you are insincere in the expressions to which we allude,—that you are conscious of any unworthy purpose whatever. But analyze your motives—trace carefully your mental processes, and we think you will arouse, on your own part, a lurking suspicion of what is, in some instances at least, a mere trick of effect.

There are not many who have traveled the way that Christian traveled, and have escaped capture by Giant Despair. You yourself have spent more than one night in that dismal dungeon of his; have felt the grievous crab-tree cudgel, and been very sore with the stripes. And you have come out into the light, at last, a little better, we ween, for the drubbing. You have passed through the dark waters and have reached the firm land; at the least, you have "touched bottom;" your feet are not far from the shore.

So we think you ought to know enough about it not to want to hurry any other soul prematurely into the same perplexities which you have nearly, if not quite, emerged from. Is there not darkness enough in the world, that you should go about knocking men's hats down over their eyes? If there is a mountain in the way, don't forever be harping upon its unscalable heights—magnifying its dangers by day, its nightly terrors. If you know the way over, or around, or under, get up and say so, like a man and a brother. Above all, beware that you fling no stumbling-block in the way of those who climb for their lives. For it must needs be that offences come—but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.

BEYOND THE SEAS.

BESIDES our monthly reviews of many of the topics of the hour that for the moment command attention in the various spheres of public interest at home, we appreciate the fact that "Beyond the Seas" there is a busy world, to which we cannot afford to remain strangers, and thither we propose, monthly, to turn our eyes, to review the mighty movements of humanity in its efforts to develop all that can conduce to the elevation and culture of the race.

A judicious blending of the Old and the New seems to be the demand of the hour—and it is a wise one; for only where the salient points of youth are taught and tempered by the discreet wisdom and experience of age, can they impart to their possessor the full value of their strength. Since electric cords, below the seas, are hourly flashing to us the busy doings beyond them, the ties that bind us have been more closely welded, and our aims have become more harmonious. The nations of the earth are constantly approaching a solidarity of interests in government and religion, art, literature, and science; and we propose to scan these fields abroad, and gather such sheaves of intelligence as can most interest our readers on this side of the water.

Everything in Europe is still absorbed by the war, as it has been for months. In this respect we have been disappointed on both sides of the water. Remembering the seven weeks' campaign of Prussia in '66, everybody prophesied a short, sharp war; and literature, especially, took refuge in the journals and periodicals, to the utter abandonment of its usual fields. In many instances publishers declined to send out editions of works that were just ready to make their *début*, being unwilling to risk the chances of notice and success in the wild excitement and confusion that followed the opening of hostilities. And nearly all the literary men of the Continent were seized with the same mania that induced a celebrated German professor in Berlin to announce a suspension of his lectures, in view of more important matters to engage his attention.

Thus, for the last six or seven months, journalism has been the ruling power in the literary world. In Germany, especially, the demand has been for news from the seat of war, or for a literature regarding some question excited by the war, to the almost total exclusion of all else. And the press has risen in importance in obedience to this call, and has met the great responsibility with an earnestness and efficiency that have astonished the country. So great an outlay of means and labor, so high a grade of skill in delineation, and talent in description, coupled with the deepest genius in seeing and illuminating the moral, political, and national aims of the war, have never before been thought of in Continental journalism, and their influence will be felt after the conflict has ceased, and will give to the periodical press increased importance and a broadened career hereafter.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM has also celebrated its greatest triumphs; there never was a period when the pen and pencil thus labored in unity under the guidance of acknowledged masters in both fields. Some of the first artists of Germany, among them well-known delineators from the schools of Dresden, Munich, and Düsseldorf, have followed the armies and been on hand to perpetuate events with the accuracy of the camera. Some of these have proved themselves as skilful with the pen as with the pencil, and not unfrequently the same hand has depicted the scene with both. In all instances, however, there has been a conscientious en-

deavor after truth, and we have good reason to believe the assertions of the German publishers, that such labor has never been so faithfully done before. Nearly all the illustrations given have been sketched on the spot, and in several instances artists and journalists have sacrificed their lives in their eagerness to be in the front of the conflict and at the centre of their work.

The result has been a very harvest of illustration, and a page would scarcely suffice to enumerate the works that have appeared in the wake of the war. The standard illustrated periodicals have all added "war supplements" to their usual issues, besides giving up their main sheets to this subject almost entirely, and a new crop of publications has appeared, issued for the hour, in numbers not to exceed ten or twelve, according to the original announcement, showing that the Germans expected that about this many weeks would settle the conflict. Many of these issues are well worthy a special notice, but for want of space we allude simply to the great veteran in the field, the Leipsic *Illustrirte Zeitung*. This old favorite of the nation and the world has done good service in holding the mirror up to nature these thirty years, and in the present crisis has outdone itself, not only in its standard sheet but in an extra issue for the war, entitled *Illustrated Chronicle of the War*. These two publications are a panorama and history combined, and have become so popular with the people that a proposition is now on foot to have them republished in book form in immense editions for gratuitous distribution to the families of the soldiers in the field.

HUMOROUS LITERATURE has followed closely in the wake of these, for a people that has much occasion to weep needs also to laugh. Tons of funny and witty sheets have been sent to the army to keep up their spirits, and the surgeons order them for the hospitals, and send out their patients the sooner for having something to incite the hearty laugh. A capital issue of this kind is a French song entitled "On to Berlin," which was very popular with the Imperial army on its way to the Rhine. On the very first defeat of that army the Germans captured several copies, and, thinking them too good to be lost, sent them home. There the Frenchman's song of bravado was set to music, and is now a popular refrain in all circles where the French is understood. It exhorts the sons of France to go and punish the insolence of the Teutons, and bids Charlemagne turn in his coffin when he sees his children on their way to Germany to repeat the classic combat of the giants. The French army is soon to encamp at its ease on both sides of the Rhine, and dye its flood with the blood of the enemy; it will teach the world that its conquerors died not at Waterloo; and the song then closes with the following grandiloquent chorus:—

> "From Paris to Berlin,
> Forward, without delay!
> Fulfill our fathers' dream!
> Follow the glorious way!"

As the French for a very forcible reason ceased to sing this glory-chant, the Germans took it up, and, as may be supposed, are having rare fun over it. Indeed the Germans have sung their way over France, while to the French this has been virtually a songless war. In the line of humor we see also announced a *Humorous War Album*, with original etchings, of which 40,000 were sold in one month, and also a highly original French army bulletin, with a key to the solution of its enigmas. Four large editions of these were sold in fourteen days. In short, in the line of humor the Germans have decidedly the best of it, and they seem to be making capital use of it, considering that their reputation in that sphere is none of the best.

AMERICAN SONG-WRITERS of German proclivities are receiving very flattering attentions in the German press. None of these has warmer friends in Germany than Bayard Taylor. A recent allusion to this gentleman in a literary weekly of Berlin speaks of his German wife and his frequent visits to the Fatherland, and calls special attention to his capital translation of the German national melody of the epoch—"The Watch on the Rhine," and also to a very creditable original little poem in German, published in this country just after the marvellous victories of the Teuton hosts. The song is reprinted with Taylor's signature, and some very kindly criticisms on the zeal that could thus produce poetic success in a foreign language.

Philadelphia's poet, George H. Boker, comes in also for some very grateful words for his song sung to "German Unity" in the commencement of this struggle, and it is declared worthy to be placed beside the best that has appeared on the other side of the water in commemoration of the same great object. It is printed in full in the columns of the *Magazine for Foreign Literature*. Hans Breitmann also receives a fair share of attention. He is praised for his geniality and humor, and especially for his skill in producing his odd medley of German and English.

THE NATIVE POETS are so overwhelming the land and the press with their effusions that the journals have long since declared their inability even to open and read a tithe of them; and a poetical effort, to receive the least attention, must bear some charmed name, like Fritz Reuter or Ferdinand Freiligrath. But the national song of the period was made for it long ago, because the national aspirations of which the present harmony among the German nations is an outburst, have long been smouldering in every German heart. Arndt's "Fatherland's Song," Becker's "Rhine Song," and Schneckenburger's "Watch on the Rhine," touched the chords of German hearts too deeply and tenderly to admit of any modern rivals. The only living hero of all these is Carl Wilhelm, whose melody for the last one has suddenly called him from obscurity in a way that seems utterly to astonish and bewilder him. A few weeks ago he was dragged from his insignificant and prosaic village, and brought to Berlin to receive a public ovation, over which he rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and, like the old woman in Mother Goose, seriously asked the question

if this could be he. The serenades, torch-light processions, gifts, and even royal decorations, and popular addresses, were too much for him; he hesitated, and stammered, and stumbled, and finally gathered up what he could carry of the various bounties loaded on him, and begged them to let him go home in peace.

AUERBACH, the story-teller of the nation, is just now the most popular of living authors. His quaint and genial narratives seem to be a welcome relief from the horrors of the battle-field and the sufferings of the hospital. For the first time his works are now published in one series of sixteen volumes, and this is running into many editions, so that hundreds of thousands of copies of his books have been published,—an unheard-of event in Germany, where editions and circulation of popular works are by no means so large as they would be were it not for the circulating libraries, which everywhere allow one copy to do the work of hundreds. Auerbach himself is now with the troops, caring for the sick and wounded soldiers. His pen is busy in patriotic appeals to his countrymen, who expect that his experience in this national uprising will afford him the text of many genial tales in furtherance of the harmony and new birth of the nation.

POOR FRANCE, that formerly occupied so large a space in the eyes of the world in literary and artistic fields, is now a blank in this regard, while her rival seems to absorb all the attention. Indeed in looking Beyond the Seas it is difficult just now to see aught else than Germany, and therefore so large a portion of our review has been unconsciously devoted to that country. Every interest that has been specially cultivated in France is now laid low; and most of the dramatic, literary, and artistic periodicals are entirely suspended. The *Journal of the Beaux Arts* thus ceased to appear some time ago, as did also the *Revue Critique*, one of the most valuable of the critical periodicals of France, whose literature is comparatively poor in this department. Indeed, so far as we can learn from a city still besieged as we write these lines, nothing appears in print except the official and political journals of the day, and these, of course, in very reduced and imperfect form. The literary magnates of the country are scattered, and no one seems to know where they are, or in what they are engaged, else than in weeping over the fortunes of their country. Occasionally we hear Laboulaye, Chevalier, Renan, or Guizot defending the French cause, or appealing to their countrymen in regard to the thrilling questions that agitate them. Now and then we learn of the death of some noted author, and when the conflict ceases we shall probably be made acquainted with much of the mental and physical suffering through which many of them have passed. The elder Dumas recently died almost in penury, and abandoned by all save his immediate family. A thousand pities for his fame that he did not die a score or more of years ago, before he had filled the world with his corrupting novels, and disgusted even France with his extravagant displays of coarse luxury and open licentiousness. The longer he lived the more base and foul he seemed to grow, and he leaves little behind from his long career but a noisome stench.

A real loss to France was the well-known novelist and historian, Prosper Merrimée, who recently died of consumption in Cannes. He had paid very special attention to the Spanish language and literature, and for this study he had spent some years in Spain, where he had become intimate with the family of the Empress. Shortly after Miss Montijo became Empress, Merrimée was made Senator of the Empire, a post which he never dishonored by base sycophancy, for he was the intimate friend of Prevost-Paradol, who paid him a visit before leaving on his eventful journey to this country, little dreaming that he would fall by his own hand before his friend would succumb to the insidious disease that was then preying on his vitals. Merrimée was a remarkable linguist for a Frenchman; he translated some of Tourgenieff's novels from the Russian, a feat such as few Gauls can boast of.

Without the drama it would seem that Paris could not exist. The theatres were closed for a time after the siege began, and were then opened for the representation of the legitimate drama, mainly tragedy, as more appropriate to the times. But the actors, instead of appearing in character, were to be dressed in black, with colored kid gloves,—marvellous that a people could indulge in such childishness in the presence of a besieging army large enough to annihilate them. The French did one good thing in driving the Germans out of Paris: they rid themselves of Offenbach, the author of the licentious opera that has done so much towards corrupting the operatic stage throughout the civilized world. They imagined he was a German from his name, although naturalized in France and resident there from his childhood. It is said that he has taken his abode in Vienna, a capital that he counts on as most fitting for the display of his indecent propensities in operatic ballet. Paris is fortunate in getting rid of him, and Vienna is by no means the gainer by his presence.

HOLLAND has been greatly agitated during these boisterous months of the war, for its position would make it a prize for either of the nations engaged in the conflict, and had the French been fully successful in their raid on Germany, Holland would have stood a poor chance, for these Gauls are the authors of the proverb that the appetite comes by eating, and as the Rhine flows right through Holland, and there finds the sea, the French would have soon convinced themselves that the Rhine ought to be theirs to the sea.

The first cry of war, therefore, stirred up the ancestors of our Knickerbockers in an unusual degree, and the excitement reached the great University of Leyden, of ancient renown. The most celebrated historical teacher in this institution announced a course of lectures on the age of Napoleon, and as it was easy to see that this was directed to the great question of

the hour, an immense crowd overwhelmed the Professor on his appearance, and he evidently gave them just such intellectual food as they were famishing for. He took his text from Voltaire, who says in his *Mahomet* that each nation has its turn—*Chaque peuple a son tour*. The Spaniards had their turn in ruling the world, and then the French, and now the time has come for the Latin races to step into the background and let the Germanic stock in Europe and America have their turn. His critique on the French downfall was sharp and intelligible. The Gauls have neglected the solid supports of a nation, and have made a great mistake in treating all their neighbors with contempt, in literature, art, and science, while they were really falling behind them. The French romance and drama of the day seem to have no other aim than to gloss over the crimes of adultery and harlotry. Modern French literature is a restless chasing after effect, which has rendered it bombastic in the extreme, while it is filled with newly-coined words that Molière and Bossuet would not comprehend. Such a literature is the sure precursor of decadence, as were the productions of the later authors in ancient Rome, and the inflated style of the Spaniards under the last Hapsburgs, etc. Enough said, we opine, to let us know where the Dutch are in the intellectual arena of this mighty struggle between the Latins and the Teutons.

RUSSIA is also having her internal troubles regarding this modern contest of the giants. The ruling house evidently sympathizes with the Germans; and well it may, for it is so closely intermarried with them as to be far more German than Russian; indeed, there is scarcely any Russian blood on the throne of the Muscovites, and this is what the latter do not fancy. The Germans have virtually made Russia what it is in industrial development, and have been its teachers in what literature and art it possesses. But the Russians are rather renowned for throwing away the lemon when it has been squeezed, and now they would like, as a nation, to cast out the Germans and embrace the French, although the latter have humiliated them time and again in history. The Russians have a lively taste for the latest phases of French civilization, and the wealthy stay in Paris for years at a time, and pay more attention to the French language and speak it more correctly than their own. So great has become among them the mania for French polish, that of late the middling classes have assumed to aspire to it, to which the nobles now respond in a proverb more forcible than refined: "Go to Paris as a pig, and come back as a hog." Now, the feature of the moment is that this war has entered the journals of the capitals—St. Petersburg and Moscow—and they have taken sides pro and con, and are now waging a war that is making it more important for us to know a little of the proclivities of the respective organs.

The official organ is published in French—*Journal de St. Petersbourg*—and is the source whence we obtain most of our Russian news. It tries to hold a neutral position, so as not to compromise the government, or too much offend the feelings of the French sympathizers. The *St. Petersburg Gazette* is actually owned by the Academy of Sciences, but is farmed out to some one who will run it with their tendency and in accordance with their policy, which is, as scientists, to learn all they can from other nations. It is the only journal distinguished for good reviews in literature and art, and of course favors the Germans. All the other large sheets are regular fire-eaters towards the Germans; they are headed by the *Golos* of St. Petersburg, and the *Gazette* of Moscow. These journals fight the Germans with most caustic bitterness, and would drive them out of the army, the civil service, the schools, and the state; and, on the contrary, they favor Panslavism, which would bring under Russian rule all the Sclavonic tribes now scattered about in the neighboring nations. The intense significance of this discussion has of late made these journals of much more importance to Russia and the outside world.

SWITZERLAND is about the only quiet country in central Europe, and here we find still a little attention paid to the arts of peace. The Romanic languages and literature seem to have taken their last refuge in some of her deep and hidden valleys, and a recent work on this most interesting theme has lately appeared. Its author counts four hundred different works, and about one hundred and forty authors in this dialect—a wealth of which the literary men of Europe seem hitherto to have had no conception. Switzerland is crowded with refugees from France, but seems to maintain her neutral position well.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA is, as far as we can see, the only monarch who is now enjoying himself. He has just been seized with a passion for traveling, and at the request of his mother is now making a pilgrimage to a shrine in Turkey. To do honor to the Sultan, the Shah travels regardless of expense. He has a suite of 2,000 persons, among whom are all the ministers of state, and to these may be added a *cortége* of 8,000. The Persian monarch foots the bill, and carries out everything in regal style. We thank him for this ray of sunshine over a sea of troubles.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

LITTLE DINNERS.

THERE is no great art required, nowadays, for the giving of dinner parties on a large scale. Formerly they were an accepted test for knowledge, for taste, for a certain sort of genius. Great men did not disdain to consult over the coming banquet with their *Udes* and *Carêmes*, and to place the laurels thus acquired beside the trophies of sterner battle-fields. Now it is merely an affair between Aladdin and his Lamp. It is but to rub Mr. Delmonico, or some other gastronomic light, judiciously, and lo! the thing is done! Up starts the Genie, the presiding Afrite (or African) who comprehends the whole matter and has the secrets of the universe at his fingers' ends. With him appear his satellites, Slaves of the Lamp. They all speak French or French-Irish; they bear upon their heads trays of massive silver—marked "Meriden, Conn."—and these are heaped with every delicatest dainty known to man.

Peacocks' brains are there and nightingales' tongues, dates and pomegranates, lampreys from Imperial tanks, cream tarts of Damascus duly peppered, the wine of Shiraz and the apples of the Hesperides. From table-cloth to tooth-picks all is made easy. The entire *menu* is provided, even to guests and conversation if desired, and happy Amphitryon, spared all pains and trouble, has but to dismiss responsibility, take the head of his table, and pay with a good grace the long bill which, just before leaving, the head Afrite presents with a low bow. For despite the convenience of him, our Slave of the Lamp, like Aladdin's, demands a *quid pro quo*, and is only to be kept in order by dint of perpetual checks.

But these gorgeous banquets have their laws and routine definitely settled; they admit of little variation or play of fancy; and it is small dinners, after all, which are the true test of social tact and the true arena of social ability. What can be cosier than a small dinner perfectly conducted?

The size of the party is a matter of consequence. Party is a noun of most indefinite multitude. Some numbers arrange well at table—some ill. Six, ten, fourteen are favorite numbers. They balance symmetrically and give a proper alternation of sex. But as a general rule it should be set down that the "little dinner party" shall not comprise more than ten. It taxes the powers of the parlor-maid too heavily, and a hired waiter converts the affair at once into a "spread." But given six or ten well-selected, judiciously grouped people, a round table, a moderate temperature, sufficient light, and a good dinner, and what further provocation does mortal man need to make him agreeable?—if agreeability within him lies.

The dinner need by no means be elaborate. Soup, fish, a joint or poultry, and a pretty dessert, with bright conversation by way of sauce, is sufficient for any small party. And these dinners, those of us who are not Aladdins, can afford to give not infrequently. And a dozen such in the course of a year do more toward cementing friendliness and extending our hospitable influence than any number of "swell" repasts from a confectioner's, or even than a bi-annual jam of the most recherché kind, presided over by Brown or furnished by Iauch.

Every table should have a centre—and that centre should not stand too high. Be it fruit, flowers, or confectionery, its top should be below the level of the eye. Nothing interferes with talk so much as to be forced to dodge this way and that to catch a glimpse of one's opposite neighbor. There should not be too much on the table at a time. A crowded look destroys elegance. The eye demands space as well as the elbow. Two vegetables with each course are sufficient.

Hot plates, iced water. Blessed duo! Temperature should be studied by every housekeeper. It is all-important and within the reach of all. A cold plate makes a good dinner bad and a bad one horrible. A hot plate (which costs nothing) improves everything. A hot room dulls and stupefies. Conversation wilts with the flowers.

To give coloring to the table is a difficult art now that white china is so generally used. Much may be said in favor of this china. It is neat and pure-looking, it conflicts with nothing, it can always be matched. On the other hand it defaces easily, and gives a colorless effect which is difficult to overcome. Our own preference is for the English china, which is cheap, extremely strong, remarkably convenient in shape and size, quaintly and beautifully decorated, and not difficult of replacement if broken. This, however, is a matter of taste. If the dinner service be white it can be enlivened by various little touches. The napkins may boast a scarlet initial or monogram. Folded napkins with similar letters in the centre may be laid to receive the dishes in lieu of table-mats. Finger-bowls may be arranged to form groups of prettily contrasted tint. Flowers in the centre, or beside the plate of each guest, are prettiest of all. Nothing lends such grace to food as flowers.

A delicate finish should characterize each detail, and a certain amount of ornament. Every dish is susceptible of being made pretty as well as eatable. A bunch of parsley, a circle of sliced lemon, vegetables cut into pretty forms, potato, rice, bread-crumbs, quilled paper, adjuncts neither troublesome nor expensive, may be made to give a look of elegance to simple fare. Above all things, perfect and dainty neatness, best ornament of all, and that cordial home-atmosphere which confers savor even upon a dry crust.

All this is so much trouble, some one says, and makes no show, and confers no particular credit. But anybody can give a ball or a big reception nowadays with the existing facilities, and be pretty sure of having it as fine and as dull as the Browns in the next street or the Joneses over the way. But to arrange a smaller

party, or one out of the common way, and make it live and sparkle, requires personal talent. And the people who come to your ball and perspire in corners, and get *mayonaise* on their gowns, go away without caring a button for you, while the select few who enjoy your little dinner carry off an impression of pleasantness and taste which raises your house in social importance. And last, though not least, many of us who possess the hospitable instinct can afford to give the one and can by no means afford to give the other. Wherefore, long live little dinners!—and to every one who essays them "*Guten Appetit!*"

ENGLISH IVIES.

Of all house-plants the English ivy is easiest to rear and most rewarding. Its beautiful and glossy green, its grace, cleanliness, and ability to dispense with sunlight, make it of inestimable value in city homes with limited window-privileges, or in dull, narrow parlors, where space must be economized.

It will grow almost anywhere and any how. Its modest demands are but three: earth for its roots, light enough to climb by, and water. Not too much water: it will not thrive with its feet in a perpetual mud-bath (who would?), nor can it flourish if the room in which it lives is kept at 70° or upward. But then neither can we, and the ivy teaches us a lesson.

Light, earth, and water given, a weekly draught of soap-suds and an occasional sponging to its pretty green face, and the contented ivy will go on its way rejoicing, "without haste, without rest," and never stop till it has made our bare walls a marvel of verdure and beauty.

Its capabilities are many. A single root has been known to wreathe a bow-window with thick garlands, and then strike off into lovely, independent paths, along picture-cords and above cornices, till the room seemed all a-bud, like Aaron's rod. It will cover a screen of wire, curtain a curtainless window, festoon a pillar, frame a favorite picture (and what more graceful or delicate frame could be devised?), arch a door, climb and twist about a window-sill, and swing in long, looped tendrils from a bracket. There is no end to its beautiful uses.

In German homes the ivy becomes as one of the family. Sometimes the whole side of a parlor is covered with it, and the portraits of father, mother, and cherished friend look forth smiling from the leafy environment. Small articles of *virtu* gleam here and there, bronze, bisque, alabaster medallions, saints' heads on backgrounds of gold; and to all the lovely sprays add increased beauty. It pervades in-door life with something of the charm of out-door Nature, and makes a green, perpetual summer wherever it goes.

Tickle it with a little guano, and how it frolics. Nip off the terminal shoots, and lo, two bright, persistent tendrils shoot forth and curl and twine about your very fingers. Wash its dusty leaves, and no child could look more gratefully into your face. It harbors no vermin, encourages no blight, but steadily and sweetly keeps its daily course. It is a decorative artist of high ability, a companion, a friend!

This sounds like poetry, but it is honest prose, or rather that delightful mixture of both which the happy things of nature find so easy, and we—poor human puzzle-heads—so difficult. But if any one is inclined to doubt or to call it romancing, he may test the question personally. Let him buy a large ivy, for two years make it the object of his care, allow it to take its graceful will about his home, and at the end of that time, if it lives and he is honest, he will confess that the half was not told him; that every word said here is true, and ten times more.

THE WORK-BASKET.

Mantel-piece lambrequins are pretty and graceful additions to a room. They are embroidered on canvas with worsted and silk floss. The strip of canvas must be of the length of the mantel (measured from the wall), and from one to two feet in width, according to the pattern selected. The patterns are various. We have seen one in Gothic points, richly colored; another in deep graduated scallops, each holding a medallion filled in with small flowers; and a third, which was a double chain of rose-buds on a dark ground, with an embroidered edge simulating a fringe. Whatever the pattern, the grounding should agree with the general tint of carpet and furniture in the room.

The top of the mantel-piece is covered with plush, cloth, or reps, of corresponding color. If the mantel is of marble, or too narrow to look well, a pine shelf of suitable width can be fastened on above it, and the drapery attached to that. The lambrequin must be lined with something thick and substantial, finished on the edge with a cord or fringe, and then tacked on to the shelf with gilt-headed nails. A pattern which curves into a point at the centre and corners is more graceful than a long unbroken strip.

Certain convenient little shields for the backs of chairs are known in England by the name of "Anti-Macassars," but as Macassar's oil is little used among us, and it would take quite too long to say "Anti-zylobalsamun" or "Anti-Tricopherous," we substitute the simple, easy, and familiar word, "Tidy." They are made of various materials, those that wash having the advantage over those that do not. Some of the prettiest we have lately seen were made of Swiss muslin. One was oblong in shape, and trimmed with Cluny insertion and edging; a large initial being embroidered in the centre of the muslin. Another was circular, finished off with a fluted ruffle edged with lace footing and four inches deep, in the middle a large bow-knot of footing was laid on, and button-holed on both edges, the muslin being afterward cut out underneath. In the two bows were embroidered initial letters. A third tidy, also made of muslin, was ornamented with a pattern of ferns and ivy-leaves in "spatter-work," lined with colored silk, and trimmed round the edge with quilled ribbon of the same shade. Of course this cannot be washed.

A pretty and useful tidy is also made of white Java canvas, embroidered in centre and corners with cherry or blue wool, and trimmed with a fringe of similar color. But on the whole tidies of lawn or muslin are preferable, because of the ease with which their prettiness can be renewed by clear-starching and fluting, and the air of trim freshness they give to a room.

Crocheted mouchoir-cases are a novelty, done in the "Affghan stitch," white single-zephyr worsted being used. Set up fifty-nine stitches and do one hundred and twenty rows. Line with quilted silk or satin of any color you like, with a little sachet-powder sprinkled in. Then crochet and line two squares of the same width for pockets, and fasten them on, leaving the open ends toward the middle. Edge the whole, and across the pockets with a border of shells in colored worsted to match the lining, and finish off with bunches of tiny balls at each corner. These are extremely pretty and convenient, and not too difficult to be attempted by any young girl who is on friendly terms with her crochet hook.

Though a baby's Affghan, made of fur, does not, strictly speaking, come under the head of fancy-work, we give it, as a new and pretty idea, for the benefit of young mothers. The white fur known to the furriers as "Russian cony" is used. It comes in strips, and the quantity required costs from $1.50 to $2.00. Sew the strips together neatly on the wrong side, and tuft the whole at regular intervals with small clippings of black Astrakan. These hide the joins and keep the white fur from looking soiled so soon. Line with scarlet or blue flannel, and leave a narrow pinked edge visible all round. These Affghans are too warm for the house, and are meant to be used exclusively for perambulators when Baby goes out on a cold day.

A beautiful new worsted has just been introduced under the name of "Angora wool." It is woven full of minute silky hairs (pulled from the tails of the Angora kittens, we are told), and when knit the surface presents a mysterious, glistening fuzz, as delicate as swan's down and as fine as gossamer. We have seen small three-cornered head-pieces of this wool, done in garter-stitch and edged with quilled ribbon, which were indescribably pretty, and we foresee any number of tasteful applications for it as soon as it is commonly known and recognized in the shops.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

POETRY.

BELOVED WHITTIER! Whereunto shall we liken the song of this brave, sweet old man, singing on in the last gate of Life? We think of blue-bells growing out of glistening clefts in hard granite, of spicy sturdy juniper, of unpolished garnet crystals in moss-rimmed rocks on hill-tops; of all lonely, resolute tender things which New England cherishes under her frosts. But perhaps we love him too much to "liken him," or to criticise him justly. Englishmen of culture who come here, say, "We do not understand the position which Whittier has taken in America. You certainly overrate him." Possibly we do. But we are glad that the nation's ear is yet young enough and sensitive enough to be led into doing it. Doubtless if Jenny Lind sang here to-morrow, we should "overrate" her as an artist. We always did. She made us love her! There is a kinship, a subtlety, underlying these things of triumph, which there is not room to analyze here. The best poems in the present volume (*Miriam and other Poems*, Fields & Osgood), are "My Triumph," "The Prayer Seeker," and "In School Days." The last of these is perhaps the most perfect thing, artistically, which Whittier has written. It is simple as simplicity's self; but it is rounded and full of color. Some day some other artist will paint it: the school-house, sitting by the road, "A ragged beggar sunning;" the little girl with "Brown eyes full of grieving," who stands on the door-step, whispering to the half-sullen boy—

> "I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
> I hate to go above you,
> Because"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
> "Because, you see, I love you."

"My Triumph" is a poem for poets: on reading it in the *Atlantic*, months ago, we said, "This is the farewell of one upon whose face shines light from beyond the confines of Beulah." We know of no other poem of Whittier's which has the peculiar charm of this. It has a calm serenity which fits the heart of a hero, a tender lovingness like the heart of a woman, and a clear-eyed prophecy of good, like the open vision of one near dying.

> "I feel the earth move sunward,
> I join the great march onward,
> And take by faith while living
> My freehold of thanksgiving."

The "Prayer Seeker" has a dramatic quality very uncommon in Whittier's verse. It has also the pathos and solemnity of a litany: no heart but answers to these words:—

> "Pass on! The type of all thou art,
> Sad witness to the common heart!
> With face in veil and seal on lip,
> In mute and strange companionship,
> Like thee we wander to and fro,
> Dumbly imploring as we go:
> Pray for us!"

Beloved Whittier! Critics may sharpen their pens, and point out his rhymes which rhyme not, his frequent disregard of all laws of versification: we see them. But there are poets whose rhymes rhyme always, whose metre and accent are faultless, and whose culture is rich to a marvel, who will die and be forgotten, while Whittier's best verses live on in the heart of a nation.

To the two magnificent works of translation by American poets—Mr. Longfellow's *Dante*, and Mr.

Bryant's *Homer*—published by the well-known Boston publishing firm of Fields, Osgood & Co., their successors, James R. Osgood & Co., have lately added an English rendering of *Faust*, by Bayard Taylor. The appearance of a new metrical version of the immortal poem of Goethe is always an important literary event; but the significance of it is greatly increased when the translator is a man of original power and acknowledged poetic ability. Criticism of Mr. Taylor's *Faust*, to be of any value whatever, should be thorough; and the critic should be quite as familiar as the translator with the German language and the German master, with the movement, melody, and meaning of the original, to prepare an intelligent and conscientious review of the translation. Such literary labor more properly belongs to the Quarterlies. It may be permitted us, however, upon a less careful and competent examination of the work, to say that Goethe has never before been so satisfactorily presented to the English reader. It was said of Coleridge's translation of *Wallenstein*, that it was in all respects as good as the German drama itself. To say this of Mr. Taylor's *Faust* were fulsome and unmeaning praise; but to declare that he has conferred an inestimable benefit upon all American and English lovers of poetry who do not read German, by enabling them to comprehend and to enjoy the purpose and the movement of this masterpiece, would be strictly within the limits of the truth. Mr. Taylor's aim has been to preserve the rhyme, the measure, and the proportions of the drama, where this was possible—a task of immense difficulty; and there are very few passages in which he has been compelled by the unbending limitations of art to sacrifice either the metrical structure or the rhyming syllable, or to expand very greatly the exact bulk of a stanza. For the minor beauties of the poem, the felicities of language, and the graceful turns of expression on almost every page, the reader is referred to the work itself. We cannot forbear quoting, however, one of the most popular of the songs in *Faust*, in translating which Mr. Taylor has departed from the original in leaving unrhymed the first and third lines of each stanza, with greater effect than would have been attained by adhering strictly to the rhyme:—

"There was a King in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave,—
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

"Naught was to him more precious;
He drained it at every bout:
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

"When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

"He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

"There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

"He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea:
Then fell his eyelids forever,
And never more drank he!"

Voices of Nature, by L. V. Hall, comes from the press of Benton and Andrews, Rochester, New York. When a man who has printed a volume of his own verses tells us, in the preface to it, that he was born blind, he has disarmed our condemnation of his poetry, however bad we may find it. But when he adds that his book "contains the elements of a new philosophy" he makes us less patient with such lines as—

"This world is like a dinner-pot,
Filled with water boiling hot;
Each atom near the heated sides
Expands and to the surface glides;"

and compels us to reply that neither his poetry nor his philosophy has any value beyond the comfort which they may have given to his own lonely and darkened hours; and that it is a pity to have forced them on the notice of an unsympathizing world.

Dr. Bonar's Hymns have won their own place in the hearts of good Christians who like to sing their faith and hope and sorrow. There is something almost marvellous in the apparently inexhaustible flow of his gentle, graceful verse: never very strong; never strikingly original; but always clear, and always brimful of love to God, and always fit to be set to tune. We notice two poems in these volumes (*Hymns of Faith and Hope*, by Horatius Bonar, D.D.; three series), however, which have a quaint run of simplicity much distinguishing them from the rest: "The Sweet Cup of Sorrow" and "The Lord Needeth Thee." His versifications of the Psalms, at the end of the third volume, seem much inferior to the Hymns. It is a dangerous thing to attempt to rewrite David.

A reprint of Lucretia Davidson's *Poems* (Hurd and Houghton), is "a tribute of affection from an only surviving brother to the memory of a beloved sister." The volume also contains her memoir, written by Miss Sedgwick many years ago. In this memoir we find the following quotation from a notice of Miss Davidson's poems, written by Southey in the London *Quarterly Review*: "In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons and the friends and parents of the deceased could have formed." The illustrations in this book will not add to Mr. Darley's reputation.

FICTION.

IT is unspeakable comfort in these days to come upon a novel whose title is without an antithesis, and whose story is not sensational! *Aspendale* (by H. W. Preston: Roberts Bros.) is a gentlewoman's work;

and when we say this we mean no shallow praise of a surface trick or show. We mean the greatest praise which can be given to the manner of doing or saying a thing. Just at present "views" seem to be getting so ahead of "behavior;" there is so much elbowing and jostling and loud talking in what are called "arenas," that to find a woman who has leisure enough to write a book like *Aspendale*, boldness enough to be honest champion for the true germ of true morality underlying George Sand's words, and education enough to write two hundred and nineteen pages of absolutely good and graceful English, is, as we say, unspeakable comfort. Story-wrights, and the great body of those who deal at their shops, will pronounce this book "heavy," no doubt. People who like Arthur Helps and Miss Mitford will enjoy it.

Every Day, a novel by Mrs. Pike, the author of *Catherine Morris*, is based upon the daily life of two young girls from infancy to womanhood, both pleasing and pretty, but placed in contrast for the moral—the one leading a languid and luxurious existence as the idol of indulgent parents, the other educated to the true and beautiful life of the "perfect woman nobly planned." Mrs. Pike's purpose is so praiseworthy in the working out of this parallel in womanly development, that we could wish the story itself were not so dull.

Shiloh, or Without and Within, by W. M. L. Jay, and *By The Sea*, by Mrs. Sophronia Currier (E. P. Dutton & Co.), are books for whose existence there is not the least excuse. But then that is true of so many books that it is perhaps a waste of words to say it. *By The Sea* has considerably more plot than *Shiloh*, but the plot is very bad. *Shiloh* has much more conversation than *By The Sea*, but the conversation is insupportable. Neither book has enough individuality about it to make one distinctly remember, half an hour after reading them, which book had the murderer in, and which had the good young lady;—which had the death-bed scene in which a whippoorwill sang in a lilac-bush under the window;—and which had the fisherman's daughter who dug clams for a living and painted fine pictures in oils!

Mrs. Austin comes very near being a good story-writer. She knows what she means to make of her characters: she is vivacious; she has true sentiment; and she has considerable descriptive power. But for all that, she commits the mistake of making the whole plot of *Moloch Mountain* (Sheldon & Co.) hinge and turn upon two improbable, preposterously improbable incidents; and in her Mr. Chappelleford she introduces a creature as unlike any known species of man as was the ichthyosaurus under which the poor old gentleman was crushed to death. Mrs. Austin's lively descriptive sketches in the *Atlantic* are far better than anything she has ever done, or is likely to do in the way of story writing.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

THE theological writings of the greatest interest at the present time are those which bear upon the character and mission of Jesus Christ. The religious world is beginning to understand that around Christ, as the central point, the decisive battle between conflicting theologies must be fought. Rénan, Strauss, Young, Liddon, and a host of other writers, more or less recent, on either side, have perceived this, and the controversy is fast becoming narrowed down to the simple question of Christ's veracity. *The Scripture Doctrine of the Person of Christ* (Andover: W. F. Draper), translated from the German of W. F. Gess, by Prof. Reubelt, of Indiana University, is a treatise on Christology for the people. The translator has dealt freely with the language of the author, while preserving the integrity of his system, and expressing his own differences of opinion in foot-notes and in an appendix. He advocates the conservative or evangelical view of the subject, and his book will be valuable, both for general reading and reference, to those who believe in the Divinity of our Lord.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians; A Revised Text, with Introduction, Notes, and Dissertations, by J. B. Lightfoot, D.D. (2d Edition, Andover: W. F. Draper), is perhaps the most important religious book on our list for this month. The reputation of the learned commentator will secure the attention of scholars to his work; while the Dissertations on the Brethren of the Lord, and St. Paul and the Three, are of interest also to less instructed readers. *Sermons Preached in Memorial Church, Baltimore*, by Rev. Octavius Perinchief (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is the title of a volume of discourses on practical and doctrinal subjects which the affection of his late parishioners has caused to be preserved and given to the public. They are earnest and evangelical, though not specially eloquent, and permit no doubt of the Christian fidelity with which Mr. Perinchief fulfilled his ministry during the few months of his Baltimore pastorate, from which he was compelled to retire on account of impaired health. *Work-day Christianity; or, the Gospel in the Trades* (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), is the title of a book by Alexander Clark, in which good gospel doctrine is inculcated in a style of very questionable taste.

In Sunday-school literature we have, among other works, a comprehensive and excellent manual for the formation and management of Sunday-schools, by that well-known teacher and writer, John S. Hart. It is entitled *The Sunday-School Idea*, and is published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philadelphia. Superintendents and teachers will find it an invaluable guide and assistant; and there are few schools which would not be improved by adopting some of its suggestions.

"MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

CONNECTICUT has a new patch of historical ground. Waterloo is Waterloo, and had its Wellington; but Nook Farm had its Warner; and night and "Pusley" were too much for him. There will be pilgrims to that battle-field; next summer's travelers who pass

through Hartford will stop over a train, and summon "wandering hackmen" to carry them thither. At least we know one who will; and can there be any doubt about our recognizing the cat Calvin? Even if we meet him a mile from home we shall know him by his "gravity, morality, and uprightness." Who can measure the obligation the world is under to the man who makes it laugh? Even the mere humorist is a benefactor; though his fagots may crackle and snap, and we get no great warmth from the fire they make. But mirthfulness is better than humor; there is tenderness underlying it,—tenderness and passion too: and the laughs which it gives us and shares with us, warm like open wood-fires with blessed inexhaustible back-logs. Charles Lamb was a mirthful man; and the race of them who love him, and have tears in their eyes when they laugh at his wit, will never die out. Charles Dudley Warner is a mirthful man, and there must be hundreds of people to-day, who, without suspecting it, perhaps, have begun to love him since reading the story of his nineteen weeks in a garden (*My Summer in a Garden*, by Charles Dudley Warner. Fields, Osgood & Co.). It is useless to try in a few paragraphs to justify this praise by extracts, or to explain analytically the peculiar sweetness and delicacy of Mr. Warner's humor. We have read and re-read the book in search of transferable sentences, and have shut it up in despair. There is the exquisite tribute to "Polly," in the dedication;—the description of the inherited raspberry patch, whose stalks were "biennial institutions;"—the "striped bug," "the saddest of the year," "a moral double-ender, iron-clad at that;"—the conception of an ideal plan for hoeing, "to have four persons of foreign birth carry a sort of canopy over you as you hoed," and "a person at each end of the row with some cool and refreshing drink;"—the patient, plaintive pages on the mole; the uselessness of a scarecrow in a garden where "the birds are too much accustomed to seeing a person in poor clothes;" "the serenity of plumbers working by the hour;"—"it is a great pleasure to meet such men; one only wishes there was some work he could do for them by the hour;"—the disquisition on the onion;—on "the domestic cow, whose feet were a little large for the size of her body;"—on the celery-worm, "a big green-and-black worm called, I believe, the celery-worm, but I don't know who called him; I am sure I did not." This is one of the September sentences:—"To muse is to sit in the sun and not think of anything. I am not sure but goodness comes out of people who bask in the sun, as it does out of a sweet apple roasted before the fire." And this in October, in the last days of the garden:—"The Callas about the fountain will be in flower by Christmas; the plant appears to keep that holiday in her secret heart all summer." "Secret heart," that is the secret of all deliciousness, and of the deliciousness of Mr. Warner's words, whether grave or gay. But another secret of their deliciousness and their success is that they are few. The humorous man who can set his fancy in shortest phrase, can have intermissions of fun, and periods of silence,—he is the man whose humor does not grow threadbare, and whose name, if he will, may become an immortal "sesame" of laughs and smiles!

KONEWKA'S SILHOUETTES.

In the first half of the 18th century all Paris laughed at Monsieur Silhouette. Minister of Finance he was, to be sure, but he was so stingy and so ingenious, that his makeshifts for economy's sake became a proverb in people's mouths. All sorts of cheap articles were sold, were advertised as "Silhouettes," simply by reason of their cheapness. But Monsieur Silhouette was not to be disheartened or deterred. He kept on inventing economies, until at last, in his eagerness to cut down the royal expenditures, he drew the string too tight, cut off his own political head, and disappeared from history. But we are sorry for his misfortune, because except for him we might never have had Paul Konewka. He it was, this stingy Minister of Finance, who invented the kind of picture which to-day is called by his name. Perhaps he made the first ones of Madame Silhouette's old black silk gowns. Who knows? This, however, is only our surmise. But the rest is history.

Who can say just where the charm lies of these fantastic, weird things of Konewka's? They sometimes seem half uncanny, like magic photographs of live imps; but they are graceful and subtile, and even tender by turns, until one's admiration is almost lost in perplexed wonder how so much expression can be given to a simple profile, or outline of a solid black figure. It is easy to see how the grotesque and comic should be well set forth in this way; but when the same shadowless simplicity, sharp outline, and fantastic black and white are made to suggest and show deep emotion in a face, aërial grace of motion in a figure, the result seems almost magical. A year ago Messrs. Roberts Brothers gave us the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, illustrated by these silhouettes. We still remember their Oberon and Titania, Robin Good-Fellow, and Puck. But lately the Puck has come back to us again, more charming than ever, in a little fifty-cent book translated from the German of Ludwig Bund, by Charles T. Brooks: "*Puck's Nightly Pranks.*" Graceful as a child at seven, that lithe point of age where plumpness has left off and leanness has not begun, he floats and hovers and poises in these pictures, a delightful mixture of small boy and fairy.

We have from the same publishers another beautiful gift volume with Konewka's illustrations: "Faust," the text being taken from Bayard Taylor's translations. This was a harder test both of the silhouette and of Konewka: single figures, or groupings of two or three, to be stamped with the impress of subtlest shades of intensest feeling. It was impossible in the nature of things that this should be so perfect as the Midsummer-Night's Dream. But some of the figures are marvellously full of expression; the

Mephistopheles, for instance, wearing from first to last an evil sneer which is incredible on a profile, and the poor Margaret looking up into her lover's face, and afterward down on her chains, with unutterable pathos.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, the author of *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*, has made another valuable and graceful contribution to American literature in his *Suburban Sketches*, which Hurd & Houghton have published in a handsome volume. All lovers of pure English and genuine sentiment will welcome it heartily. There are nine sketches in the volume, written upon sufficiently commonplace topics, yet so full of grace and humor, so poetic in fancy and expression, so wholly free from all narrow or morbid views of life, and so compact of thought, that we could wish for many more. Mr. Howells has been compared to Washington Irving for the exquisite purity of his style, and to Hawthorne for a certain subtile recognition of a hidden meaning in familiar things. A more thoroughly genial writer, certainly, we have not, nor one more conscientious in the practice of his art. Everywhere in the book we find passages that suggest the eminent qualifications of Mr. Howells to write, if he would, a series of truthful novels of American life. He betrays dramatic power of no mean kind, with a talent for minute description that recalls the Flemish school of painting. Nor is he wanting in satiric touches that are quite delightful. The sketch "By Horse-Car to Boston" is not, by any means, the most striking of the series; but who can read it without admiring the good-nature of the philosophic passenger, or without thanking him for his protest against that modern daily exhibition of man's inhumanity to man which makes countless thousands of men and horses mourn!

Historic Americans is the title of a work from the press of Horace B. Fuller, embracing four biographies by the late Theodore Parker. The subjects are: Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, and the biographies were originally prepared for delivery as Lectures for the Fraternity Course in Boston, in 1858. Three of them were so offered to the Boston public in the Tremont Temple; but the failing health of the author rendering it impossible to give the fourth, he determined to publish the whole in a connected form, and partially rewrote them for that purpose. Mr. Parker's views of these four great men were very honestly and plainly set forth, and no one can fail to see in the portraitures the strength of the hand that limned them. It was manifestly impossible that the religious opinions of a theologian so individual as Theodore Parker should not appear in efforts of this kind, but they proved no intellectual disqualification for a skillful analysis of the characters under discussion.

Fifteen Years, a Picture of the Last Century, by Talvi, has a pathetic interest as being the last work of the gifted Mrs. Therese Robinson. It is brought before the American public by the daughter of the lamented author, who explains, in a Preface, that as it was originally intended for the German reader, there are many passages that may seem obscure, and that would doubtless have received the author's revision had she been spared to prepare it for the press of this country herself. The story refers to the middle of the last century in Sweden, when Frederick the Great had just begun to waken Germany from its long sleep, and the Empress Elizabeth of Russia was at the height of her despotic excesses; and the narrative has the advantage, which is wanting to the popular novels of Miss Muhlbach, of historical accuracy.

Some travelers come home and tell where they went, what they did, how they fared, and what they saw,—which latter is apt to be but a small part of what they might have seen. If their experience happens to be unusual, and their story is well told; or if the reader happens to have a personal interest in the traveler or his journey, the narrative has a certain value, more or less according to circumstances. Other travelers take their readers with them. Alfred Wallace is a type of this class. When his books are finished the reader has not so much a story as an experience of the traveler's life, with a marvelous apprehension of the nature and character of the scenes passed through. He has seen the land and its inhabitants with the naturalist's intelligent eyes, and comprehended them with his generalizing mind. The Messrs. Myers are fair examples of the former class, with the disadvantage of inexperience in writing, and a tendency toward a sophomoric abuse of the English language. The title of their book, *Life and Nature under the Tropics* (D. Appleton & Co.), is consequently a misnomer. The sub-title, "Sketches of Travel among the Andes, and on the Orinoco, Rio Negro, and Amazon," is more truthful. In these sketches the authors have given, in a boyish way, a narrative of the double expedition to the tropical regions of South America, sent out from Williams College in 1867. To the friends of the writers, and those directly interested in the expedition, the book will doubtless be acceptable. Others will prefer to study the regions visited through the eyes of better trained and more experienced observers.

Roberts Bros. have added to their series of Arthur Helps's writings his latest volume, *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business*. A Boston reviewer makes a happy blunder, and gravely announces the essays as written in the interests of business. So indeed they are, in the highest sense of the word. They are rich in wisdom that the busiest business man would find profit in absorbing and putting into practice. The essay on "Organization in Daily Life" is particularly valuable for its suggestiveness.

To their rapidly augmenting "Library of Wonders," Charles Scribner & Co. have just added a new illustrated work of popular science, namely, *The Wonders of the Heavens*. This valuable series, which now numbers some twenty volumes, is fast finding its way into school, as well as private libraries.

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Violoncellist extraordinary.

The renowned Flutist.

The event of the evening.

The distinguished Critic, and the Old Party who detests music.

The Infant Prodigy shown up on all occasions.

The young lady who is "*so*" fond of music (talks the whole evening through).

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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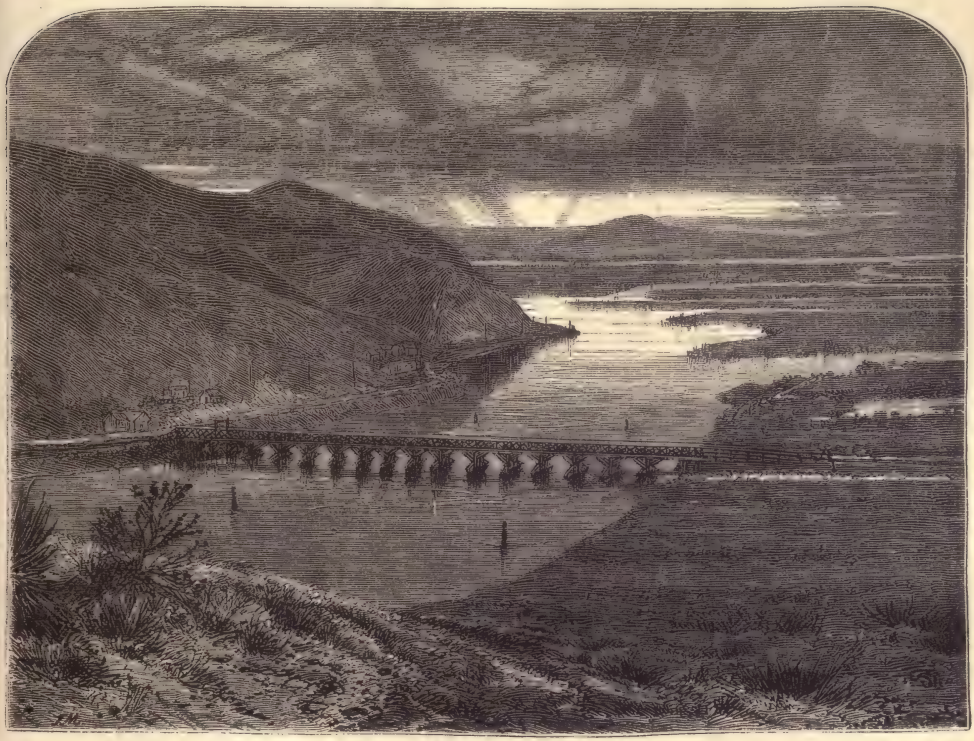
LIFE IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.



BRIDGE OVER THE EAST TAEIRI RIVER, NEW ZEALAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

THESE two provinces were originally one; but the inhabitants of the southern part of the province thought they were too far from the seat of government, and petitioned for separation. The petition was granted, and in 1861 the province was divided. The result of this division was not so satisfactory to Southland as had been hoped for. Business of all kinds is in a depressed state, and the province is in debt to such an amount that it can never hope to free itself. In this hopeless state of affairs the Southlanders have petitioned to be reunited to Otago. The principal town of the province is Invercargill, situated on New River, a stream navigable for small vessels only. The only port for larger vessels is Bluff Harbor, about twenty miles distant from Invercargill. These two points are connected by a railroad, the building of which was one of the principal causes of placing the province so hopelessly in debt. I have traveled over many railway lines, but never met with such accommodation as on this road. On the way from Melbourne to Dunedin, when the steamer stopped at Bluff Harbor, several of us passengers

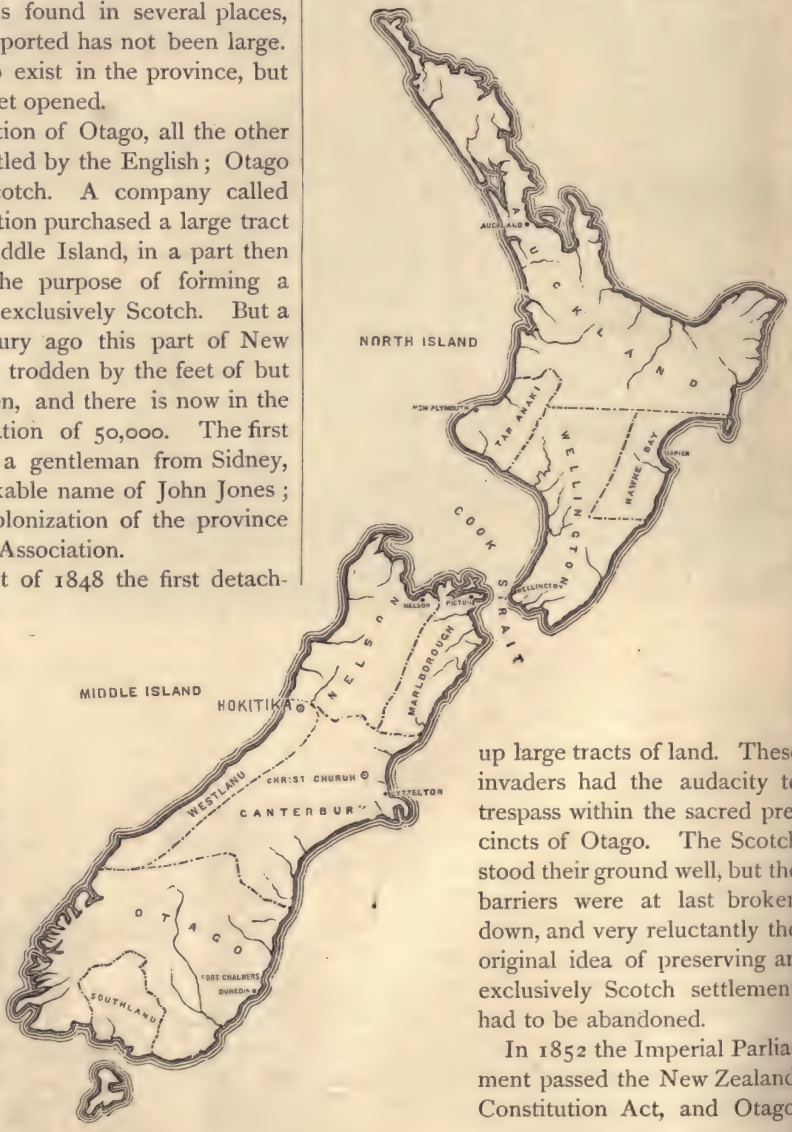
wished to go to Invercargill; but having business to do that would detain us several hours, we desired to leave town at three o'clock. The regular time for the train to start was one; but when we represented our case to the agent he gave orders for the train to be detained two hours!

The climate of Southland is not agreeable. Wind and cold rains prevail the year round; but the winter is particularly miserable. There is a considerable quantity of good agricultural and pastoral land in the province, and on Stewart's Island there is a large amount of timber. Gold is found in several places, but the amount exported has not been large. Coal is also said to exist in the province, but the fields are not yet opened.

With the exception of Otago, all the other provinces were settled by the English; Otago was settled by Scotch. A company called the Otago Association purchased a large tract of land on the Middle Island, in a part then unoccupied, for the purpose of forming a settlement to be exclusively Scotch. But a quarter of a century ago this part of New Zealand had been trodden by the feet of but very few white men, and there is now in the province a population of 50,000. The first actual settler was a gentleman from Sidney, bearing the remarkable name of John Jones; but the regular colonization of the province was by the Otago Association.

In the early part of 1848 the first detachment of colonists, ninety in number, under the leadership of Capt. Cargill, arrived in Otago Harbor, and put up their huts where now stands the city of Dunedin; 200 more immigrants arrived a few weeks later. These pioneers were all of the Scotch Free Church, and, like the Japanese, they thought that in this far-off land they could separate themselves from the rest of the world, and not be contaminated by outside barbarians. These fond hopes were not realized. For several years any person not from haggis-land received a very cold reception in Otago. Not only were English, Irish, and others coldly received, but even Scotch, if they belonged to any other denomination than the Presbyterian.

Squatters from the neighboring colonies, in search of fresh fields and pastures new, came to New Zealand, and finding that the country was well adapted for pastoral purposes, took



up large tracts of land. These invaders had the audacity to trespass within the sacred precincts of Otago. The Scotch stood their ground well, but the barriers were at last broken down, and very reluctantly the original idea of preserving an exclusively Scotch settlement had to be abandoned.

In 1852 the Imperial Parliament passed the New Zealand Constitution Act, and Otago

was made a province. The population at the beginning of this year was about 13,000. Dunedin had become a good-sized village, and there were several other smaller towns in the province.

A large majority of the population was still Scotch; and although the province was steadily progressing, and would, no doubt, have become in a few years one of the most important in the colony, the discovery of gold in 1861 did more in a few months towards bringing the province into prominent notice, not only in the colonies of Australia, but also in Great Britain, than many years of sheep-farming and agriculture could have done.

Before the discovery of gold the greater part of the pastoral lands were occupied, and large quantities of wool were being exported. Up to 1861 the squatters were the great men of the country, and were making fortunes rapidly. Much of the land held by them was unfit for agricultural purposes, and they therefore felt secure in holding their runs as long as they wished. It is said that the existence of gold in Otago was known to many of the squatters long before the discovery was made public. But they much preferred having their runs occupied by sheep than gold-diggers.

In 1861 a man named Gabriel Reid went out on a prospecting tour, and discovered the precious metal in a gully about 80 miles from Dunedin. His discovery was made known to the government, and through the press to the public.

Dunedin had never before been in such a state of excitement; hundreds rushed off to the gold-field, and not many days elapsed before "Gabriel's Gully" was dotted with the tents of many anxious men, who had left their quiet homes to make their fortunes by gold-digging.

Government furnished a mounted escort to secure the safe transit of the gold from the diggings to Dunedin. The first escort brought down over 5,000 ounces. This news extended the excitement not only to the neighboring provinces, but also to Australia. It was not long before vessels filled with intrepid gold-seekers were arriving in Otago harbor nearly every day. The ground in Gabriel's Gully was very soon all occupied, and those who were unable to get claims there were obliged to seek for new diggings. Prospecting parties went out in all directions, and new fields were soon opened.

The church people (and nearly all the Scotch are church people) looked with horror upon the introduction of the class of men who were landing upon their shores. Preachers warned their flocks to keep far from "these men who had no fear of God or man." This I heard myself the first Sunday that I was in Dunedin. That many of the gold-seekers were "bad ones," there is no denying; but to speak of them as being all fit subjects for prison was going rather too far, and caused a bitterness of feeling between the "Old Identities" and the "New Iniquities," as the old settlers and new-comers were respectively dubbed, which lasted for a considerable time.

For two or three years there was little in common between the two parties; now, however, there is no distinct line drawn, but all work in harmony for the common good of the province which they have chosen for their home. The result has been to advance Otago, commercially at least, to the rank of first province in the colony.

Certainly, at the present time, business of all kinds is in a very depressed state; but not more so than in the other provinces, and also throughout the whole of Australia. All classes are feeling the pressure of the dull times, but all feel that there is a glorious future for Otago. I think they are much more sanguine than circumstances will warrant; but I do believe that whatever position New Zealand

MONUMENT TO CARGILL, DUNEDIN.

PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, DUNEDIN.

may reach in the future, Otago will retain the rank which she at present holds.

The principal exports from Otago are gold, wool, flax, and grain; of the last two the amounts are not large. The total amount of exports in 1853 was only £770; in 1863, £2,569,718. Since that year the amount has steadily decreased, and in 1868 had fallen to £1,160,147. The cause of this large decrease is the great falling off in the yield of gold. The amount for wool has increased from £300 in 1853 to £452,734 in 1868. The export of flax is now rapidly increasing, and will, no doubt, in a few years come in next to gold and wool. Sheep-farming is not very profitable now, and many squatters have been obliged to succumb to the hard times. But economical management, improving of stock instead of increasing the number, and cheap transit for wool and stores, and no doubt squatting can even now be made remunerative, although the price of wool is comparatively so low.

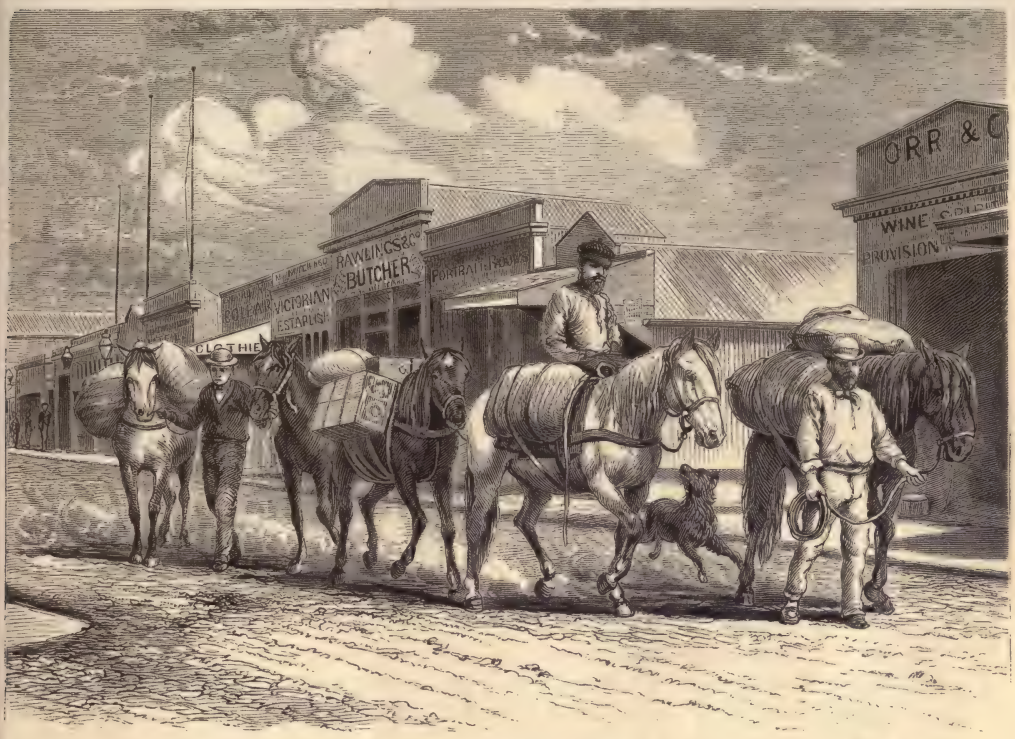
Before the discovery of the gold-fields the roads throughout the province were very bad, and the squatters who were far inland had great difficulty in getting their wool to port for shipment; but the profits were so large that a good run would be taken up, though far away from any road. The number of sheep in Otago is now over 3,000,000.

The area of the province is about thirteen and a half millions of acres, of which two millions are good agricultural land, three millions barren, and the remainder fit for pastoral purposes. The native grass is good, but squatters having freehold land put down large quantities of English grasses.

Of the agricultural land, about one-fourteenth is now under cultivation, of which one-quarter is under oats, one-half grass and hay, one-eighth wheat, and the remainder barley, etc. Otago produces oats equal to any country in the world, not only in quality, but in quantity per acre. The yield in favored localities is as high as ninety bushels; the average yield nearly fifty. Of wheat, forty bushels is about the average. Indian corn is raised only for green food in the provinces of the Middle Island. Vegetables of all kinds grow very well. Potatoes yield an average of over eight tons per acre. Of fruits, there are apples, pears, plums, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, etc.

But Otago cannot be called good for fruit generally. Peaches, grapes, and many other fruits can be grown only in favorable localities,

SHEEP STATION, OTAGO.



STORES FOR THE INLAND DIGGINGS.

and no kind of fruit is raised in sufficient quantity to supply the home market. The greater part of the fruit consumed in the province is imported from Tasmania and Australia, and will continue to be for many years to come. There is not a large fruit orchard in the province; which is surprising, for the price of all kinds of fruit is high. Apples, pears, peaches, and most of the other kinds are seldom retailed for less than twelve cents per pound when the market is well stocked.

The Otago farmer has a climate well adapted to the raising of all kinds of grain; good land that yields a high average per acre, and a country not subjected to long droughts. But farming does not pay. Farm labor is much too high; and there must be better and cheaper facilities for getting the grain to market than now exist before the farmer can hope to make any money.

There are good roads through the province, but railways are wanted to open up the country properly, and give the farmers and squatters the means of getting their products to market at cheap rates.

Although there are many streams called rivers, none of them are navigable except for boats of small tonnage. The principal river is the Clutha; on this there is a flat-bottomed steamboat which runs up the river forty miles. This is the only river steamer in the province. An agent was sent to England three years ago to raise capital to build a railroad from Dunedin to Tokomairiro and some of the other districts, but the success anticipated was not met with, and the line is not yet begun.

As has been stated, large vessels are obliged to anchor at Port Chalmers and discharge their cargoes into lighters. It is of course a serious drawback for a commercial city to be ten miles from its port. Several plans have been mooted for forming a channel for large vessels up to Dunedin wharf, but they have all been abandoned, and a railway has now been settled upon.

Englishmen generally do not approve of the American system of cheap railroads. John Bull is a stubborn fellow; he gets a notion in his head, and it is about as difficult to get it out as it is said to be to get a joke into the

head of a Scotchman. For England the English system may be the best, but for the colonies cheap railways are wanted.

Each province has its own land laws. Otago's may be taken as a fair average; and in this province the price of public land is high compared with the United States. "The agricultural lands are parceled out in blocks containing from thirty to one hundred and twenty square miles; and the purchaser of a freehold in one of these blocks (or 'Hundreds,' as they are termed) is entitled to run cattle on the unsold land around. The number and description of cattle that each person may depasture in each Hundred is determined by a 'Board of Wardens,' the members of which are elected by the landowners from amongst themselves. The board also regulates the fees chargeable for depasturing, which must not exceed five shillings per head for large, and one shilling for small cattle. The fees are appropriated for making roads, etc., within the Hundred. £1 per acre is the price of land; but if two or more apply for the same piece, it is put up at auction and goes to the highest bidder over the upset price (£1). Pastoral lands and lands not yet required for settlement are leased in large blocks, or 'runs.' Rent is charged in the form of an annual assessment, based on a low estimate of the capabilities of each run. The rate fixed by law is three shillings and sixpence per head for large, and sevenpence per head for small cattle. Town lands are sold in quarter-acre sections; the upset price ranging from £20 to £50 per acre, according to value." *

In the United States the farmer can get four acres of public land for the same money that it takes to buy one in Otago. The land in America is as good, and the facilities for getting his products to market are much better; and he has the best markets of the world near at hand. Therefore, with all the advantages that the Otago farmer is supposed to have, the American farmer is in a better position to make money than his Otago brother, although the latter gets such good yields per acre.

* *Province of Otago*, published by the Government.

FERN TREE.

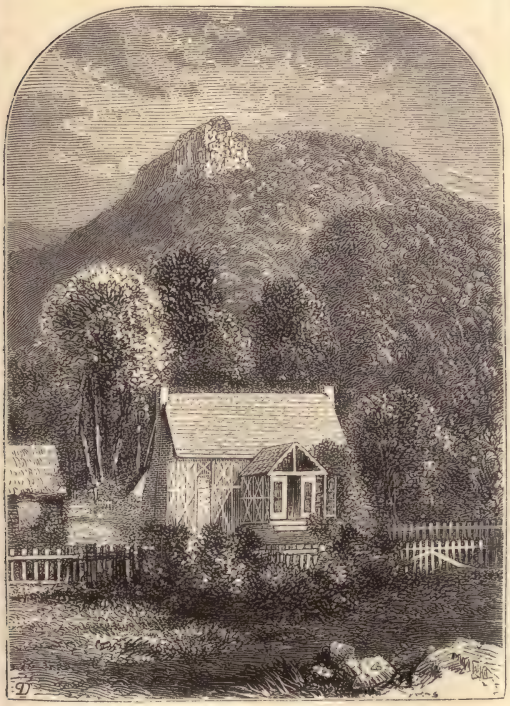
In many parts of the province there is a great lack of timber, and consequently many of the homesteads on both farms and runs are not very comfortable-looking places. Since the opening of good roads throughout the province a great improvement has taken place in the appearance of the homes of the people inland. But you will see men of means bring up their families in mud or log huts, without a fruit-tree or a flower near. Some of the farmers' houses in Otago had such a poverty-stricken appearance that it might be thought that the occupants were on the point of starvation; instead of which they are, probably, amongst the most well-to-do in the province. Very many of the homesteads on both farms and runs are, however, pictures of cozy comfort: a neat cottage, with its fruit, flower, and vegetable garden, a nicely cut lawn, fence painted, and everything about showing that the occupants are people of taste. With one style I was very much pleased—cottages built of black fern logs. It might be thought that they would have rather a gloomy appearance; but with strips of painted deal around the doors, windows, etc., they were made bright, cheerful looking, and were quite as comfortable as any other house.

There are three main roads in the province;

one from Dunedin to the Molyneux River, passing through the East Taeiri and Tokomairiro districts; one through the West Taeiri; and the other near the coast through Oamaru and Timaru to the province of Canterbury. All the roads have branches leading to the diggings.

Government has built good bridges over the principal rivers on the main lines of travel; but as all the New Zealand rivers are subject to heavy floods, the bridges are often damaged, and sometimes carried away altogether.

A great part of Otago is rolling land, completely bare of timber. I have traveled a hundred miles without seeing a tree or bush as thick as a man's wrist. In other parts, in a day's travel a half-dozen lonely cabbage-trees might be seen. The western part of the province is mountainous, and the scenery in many places is said to be equal in grandeur to any in the world. The high peaks of the Southern Alps are covered with snow the whole year, and the hardy men who have penetrated through the almost impassable tracks of these mountains to the West Coast have been repaid by witnessing immense glaciers, and rough, rugged scenery unsurpassed anywhere. Far above the level of the sea in these ranges are several large lakes, on one of which are small steamers plying between two digging townships which are on the border of the lake. Although these ranges are covered with snow during the winter months, and the high peaks during the whole year, the climate is not nearly so severe as it is in New York State; in fact, there are comparatively few days in the year that, in the valleys, diggers cannot work.



HOUSE MADE OF THE FERN TREE.

The climate throughout the province is good, and statistics prove it to be healthful. The summer months are delightful; but the winter is rather miserable. There are not the extremes of heat and cold that we have in the Northern States of America; the summer is never too hot, and the winter not severely cold. Snow falls, but never remains for any length of time, except in the ranges. Cold rains, hail, sleet, and slush are the delights of an Otago winter—New York March weather. Along the coast there is much more rain than in the interior. I have known it to rain in Dunedin more or less every day for six weeks, and during this time but little rain fell in the country districts. Oamaru, 80 miles from Dunedin, and also on the coast, has more wind than rain.

In this district there is an almost inexhaustible supply of fine building-stone. It is nearly white, and when first taken out of the quarry is so soft that it can be sawn and cut almost as easily as wood. Exposure to the air hardens it; but it has not yet been in use long enough to prove that it is very durable. The finest buildings in the province are built of this stone.

In education Otago is taking the lead. The government has made very liberal land endowments for educational purposes, and shows a desire to advance the cause in every way, so that the youth of Otago will not be obliged to leave their province to get a first-class education. Besides the ordinary grammar schools there is at present a High School for boys, under the charge of competent teachers from the English Universities; and there is also about to be established a University and a High School for girls.

Of religious denominations, the most numerously represented are the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist. There are also Baptists, Catholics, and others. There is no State aid for religious purposes; each denomination supports itself from the voluntary contributions of the respective members.

CANTERBURY AND WESTLAND.

ADJOINING Otago on the north is the province of Canterbury. Formerly this province extended across the island from east to west. About three years ago the residents on the western side of the dividing range applied for separation, and the County of Westland was created. Canterbury was settled in 1850 by members of the Church of England, and it was intended that it should be an exclusively English Church settlement. But, like the experiment in Otago, it was found impracticable, and the idea was very soon abandoned.

The province has a large extent of good agricultural and pastoral land, and the exports of wool and grain are large. In 1854 the exports of wool amounted to £7,095; in 1868, £576,076—more than one-third of the whole amount from the colony.

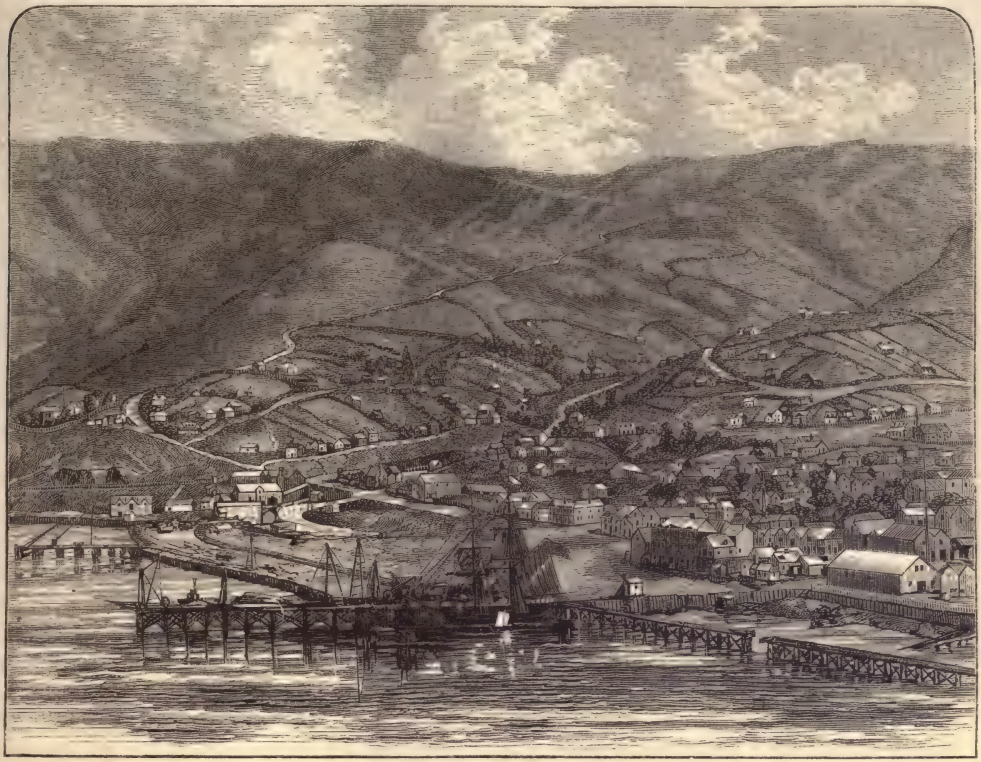
The exports of grain from the whole of New Zealand amounted to only £123,356 in 1868, and of this amount Canterbury stands credited £91,264.

The success which attended sheep-farming prior to 1868 was the principal cause of the progress of the province. The snowy mountains, running north and south, divide the province, and on the east side, from the range to the ocean the country is a great plain. A great part of this plain is splendid agricultural land, and the remainder is fit for pastoral purposes. In February, 1870, I saw some of the finest fields of grain on the Canterbury plains that I have ever seen. But the farmers all say that they can make no money, the principal reason given being that labor is too high. No class of immigrants are so much wanted in New Zealand as farm-laborers. They can find remunerative employment in several of the provinces. Female servants also find little or no difficulty in getting employment. Some of the provinces have agents in England, who render assistance to certain classes of emigrants who are too poor to pay their own passage-money—the amount advanced being refunded to the government by the persons so assisted, in easy installments.

The principal towns of the province are Christchurch, Lyttelton, Timaru, and Akaroa. Christchurch is the capital, and is situated on the Avon River, on the plain about seven miles from the sea. With its gardens and hedgerows, it is said to have more the appearance of an English provincial town than any other place in New Zealand. Lyttelton, the port town, is situated near the head of a bay and at the foot of high, steep hills, which in places rise abruptly from the very shore of the harbor. Over the hill, to the west of the town, is a bridle-path which leads to Christchurch. The walk to the top of the hill is rather tiresome; but when the top is reached a fine view is obtained of the plains, Christchurch, and the snowy mountains. To the east of the town is the main road to Christchurch, which also leads over the mountain, and is in some places steep and dangerous.

The only object of interest on this road, before getting into the suburbs of Christchurch, is Cave Rock, near Sumner. All goods for Christchurch had to go over these

CHRISTCHURCH.—GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.



LYTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND.

thirteen miles of road, or be taken in lighters outside the heads and over the Sumner bar, and then carted several miles to town. Either mode of transit was expensive. Several years ago Government began the construction of a railroad to connect the two places, starting from Lyttelton with a tunnel through the Port Hill. This tunnel is about three miles long, and was finished in 1867.

Christchurch has not the appearance of a very lively city; but there is a quiet, home-like look about the town particularly pleasing to a stranger, leading him to expect to receive, as he really does, more hospitality than in the other more stirring towns.

There are a number of fine buildings in the city and suburbs, both public and private—the Government buildings, several churches, banks, etc. The foundation of a large cathedral was laid some years ago.

The harbor will admit the largest vessels; but when an easterly wind is blowing, a heavy roll comes up the bay, sometimes doing considerable damage.

Akaroa is a French settlement on Banks' Peninsula. This district is one of the best for fruit on the Middle Island.

South of the Peninsula is a shingle beach, extending about ninety miles, and terminating just below Timaru. This place has an open roadstead, as have also several other of the New Zealand towns. It is not a safe place for shipping, and all goods are discharged from vessels into surf-boats. There is a coach-road from this place to Christchurch, but the ride is very monotonous—nothing to be seen but telegraph-poles.

Coal exists in several parts of the province. Gold is found on the Peninsula, and also in other parts, but in no place east of the dividing range have paying gold-fields been found.

Limestone and good building-stone are obtainable, while timber is scarce. Public land is £2 per acre. The pastoral lands are all occupied, and the best of the agricultural land is taken up.

Christchurch has a theatre; but it is not well enough supported to keep it open, except for

occasional performances. Friendly societies are well represented. It has, too, a racing-club, a cricket-club, and several companies of volunteers.

Nearly every foot of the east coast of the Middle Island had been thoroughly explored for years before anything was known of the west coast. Squatters who had gone westward to seek for new country for their sheep, turned back before reaching the coast. Mountains towered on all sides; some covered with almost impenetrable bush, others barren rock; immense glaciers, and dark, deep, gloomy gorges through which rushed torrents with the noise of a cataract. Mariners, also, had a dread of the west coast, and generally gave it a wide berth, for they knew not what rocks might lie hidden beneath the unsurveyed waters near the coast. After the gold discoveries in Otago, several gold-seeking parties started off to prospect these unknown regions of the west. Some were never heard of again, others returned and told wonderful stories of their hair-breadth escapes trying to get through the surf with their little boats; of the dangerous rivers, and the gloom of life in the dense jungle. But every person had the idea that rich gold-fields existed there; so adventurers continued their search, braving all the dangers and hardships, and hoping for a golden reward.

CAVE ROCK.

The reward came at last. Rich diggings were discovered on the Hokitika River, and thither thousands soon rushed from all parts of New Zealand and the gold-fields of Australia. Getting there, either by sea or land, was attended with considerable danger, and many lives were lost in fording the deep, rapid mountain streams. Many hearts of those who went by sea quailed when they saw the swell and surf through which it would be necessary to pass to reach the shore, as they were lying off Hokitika, waiting for the small steamer to come out of the river for them. An account of my own experience, the second time that I "crossed the Hokitika bar," may give the reader some idea of the danger of traveling on the west coast of New Zealand.

On the morning of the fifth day from Melbourne, we dropped anchor about three miles from shore off Hokitika. We had had a westerly wind all the way across, and knew that there would be a heavy swell on the bar. It was noon before the signal was hoisted on the flagstaff at the entrance of the river, to show that there was enough water on the bar for the small steamer to cross. Soon after we saw the tug coming down the river, and in a few minutes she was among the rollers. For a moment we would see her on the top of a mighty wave, and the next moment she would disappear altogether—not even the top of the smoke-stack to be seen. It was a hard struggle, but she got through at last, and lay a cable's length from our steamer, ready to take aboard the passengers and mail. There were probably thirty of us to go ashore, amongst whom were several who were going ashore to see the town, intending to return to the steamer in the morning. One of these was a doctor, on his way to England. There were several ladies, one a young bride. The life-boat was launched, and a dozen or more of us took our seats, and she shoved off. I say we took our seats. Now this to a landsman may seem a very simple affair, but, my dear reader, if you had been one of us you would have thought very differently. The heavy swell caused the

steamer to roll so that at times the life-boat would be twenty feet from the bottom of the ladder, and the next moment at your feet again ;—holding on to the ropes, waiting your chance for a jump when the "Now, then!" should be given. Just as you would be ready to let go, the sailors in the boat would cry out, "Hold on!" and the boat, in a second, would be several feet from the ship's side. You would jump at last, and land—perhaps on your feet ; but there was as strong a probability of it being on your back, face, or side. With bruised shins, and perhaps a bloody nose or black eye, you would eventually get seated. But our troubles were but begun. Before reaching the side of the tug we would be drenched by the spray, and heartily wishing ourselves safe on shore. Getting from the life-boat on board the tug was even more unpleasant than getting from the ship into the boat. As for the ladies, I pitied them. Two men would lean over the gunwale of the tug, and as our boat would come within reach they would make a grab at the person standing ready, catching hold by the arms, back of the neck, head—anywhere they could get a hold—and over the rail, with heels flying in the air, he or she would go, landing upon all-fours on the tug's deck. I have often seen sheep handled in this way, but never human beings, except on the west coast of New Zealand.

Passengers and mail aboard, we started for shore. The ladies were sent below to the little cabin, and the doors fastened, so that they could not be opened from the inside ; the gentlemen all remained on deck, and secured themselves by holding on to the most substantial things within reach.

About a mile from shore we came into the very heavy rollers.

The captain stood on the bridge at the wheel. "Hold on, everybody!" he cried, and on looking seaward we saw towering above us a wall of green water. It struck our little bark, and for a few seconds it seemed as if we were completely buried, and would never see daylight again. As the water cleared away the cry was heard, "Man overboard!" and struggling in the sea we saw the doctor. Nothing could be done to save him, for the next moment another sea swept over us, carrying away bulwarks, galley, and all the luggage that was on deck, and crushing in one of the wheel-houses. Sea after sea swept over us, and many felt that their end was near, for it appeared impossible for our little boat to hold together very long under such a tremendous hammering as she was getting. The ladies in the cabin were screaming to be let out ; but if the doors had been opened a moment, the water would have rushed down and perhaps have swamped us. I was taken off my feet once by the force of the water, and might have gone overboard had it not been for a friend standing by my side, who caught me by the collar and held on until I regained my feet. (Friend Bonar, let me thank you again for saving my life !)

But we got over the bar at last and were soon in the smooth water of the river. As we stepped on shore hundreds congratulated us that our little craft had successfully struggled through the dangers of the sea. Half the people of the town had been on the beach watching us, and expecting every moment to see the boat go down. During the night all the luggage was washed ashore. The doctor's body was never seen. This was one of the worst trips made across the bar ; but many have experienced almost if not quite as bad.

My introduction to Hokitika was in the middle of the summer (December), several months after the discovery of the gold-field. It was Sunday. Just before sunrise we dropped anchor ; it was a glorious morning ; the sea was as smooth as glass, the clear blue sky without a cloud. What a glorious sunrise that was ! And such a view as we got from the deck as the sun came slowly up, bright and clear, above the horizon ! In the foreground on the beach stretched a long row of white houses, behind them a dense jungle of dark green, then range after range of mountains, rising one above the other and backed by the Southern Alps, whose snow-capped peaks glistened brightly in the sun and loomed far away to the southward, where, lifted in silent grandeur, stands Mount Cook, 13,400 feet above the level of the sea.

Vessels of about 400 tons, and not drawing too much water, could at favorable times

cross the bar; larger vessels were obliged to anchor three or four miles from the shore, and discharge cargoes and passengers into the tugs. It was an open roadstead without shelter, so if it came on heavy weather vessels lying there would have to run to sea, oftentimes so suddenly that anchors and cables would have to be left behind. Freight is generally sent in vessels that can get in the river and discharge at the quay. The difficulty in getting in is sometimes very great. Scores of vessels have left their bones on the beach, both steamers and sailing vessels.

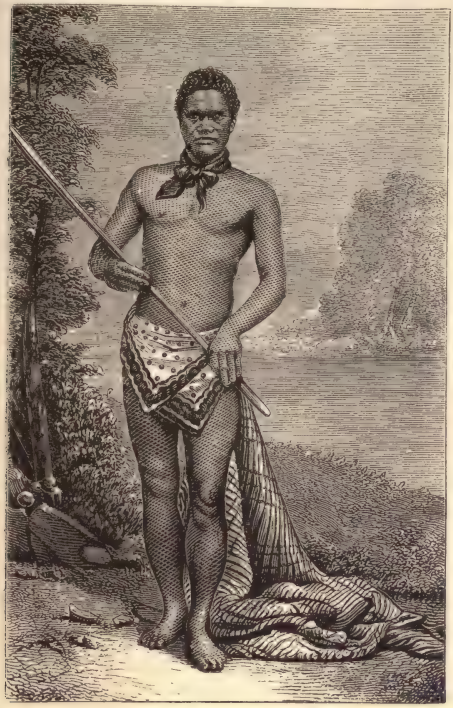
The town consisted of two streets, a short one along the bank of the river, and the other a mile or more in length, and stretching along the beach. The houses were nearly all of one story, and built of canvas or corrugated iron, perhaps with wood fronts. The main street was very narrow, and the buildings close together. On this street were two hundred places for the sale of liquor, and several more on the other street. There was probbably a grog-hole for every fifty persons on the coast: the quantity of liquor consumed can be imagined. In California I never saw anything to equal it. For gambling, however, California could bear off the palm.

Sunday afternoon I went up to a digging township on the bank of the river, several miles from Hokitika. The place consisted of a row of about twenty shanties, standing a few feet from the river. At one end of the town a dog-fight was going on, and being witnessed by an admiring crowd. Further on a man stood on a stump preaching to a score of listeners; and a few yards away two drunken men were fighting, and fifty or more fellows were cheering them on. Drinking saloons were all open, and well filled with thirsty customers. Drinking, swearing, and fighting was the order, or rather disorder, of this Sabbath-day. The English custom of female bar-tenders is to my mind horrible, and especially so on the gold-fields. At every bar was a female, some of them young girls not more than sixteen years of age, who had probably been not more than a month at the business, and whose modesty was not yet quite all gone; others were brazen-faced women, old in sin, on whose faces a blush could only be brought by the gin-bottle or paint-brush.

Returning to Hokitika in the evening, I found the streets crowded with diggers and others, many of whom were drunk and noisy; and no wonder, for more than two hundred bars had all the day been doing a roaring trade, dealing out poison at twenty-five cents the "nobler" (a drink, or small glass of liquor). Sunday on the gold-fields is about the worst day of the week, for the diggers are then all in town, and making the most of their holiday. The week-day nights are, however, worse than Sunday nights; concert-halls, dancing saloons, and bars are all ablaze, and money is spent as if it were as plentiful and valueless as the sand on the beach. Diggers are an improvident class; when money is being made rapidly they will not save, but throw it recklessly away as long as it lasts. As a class they are generally poor, for the richest claim will be worked out in time, and as they will not make hay while the sun shines, they are forced to struggle along as best they can when the rain comes and no hay can be made.

An astonishing country is this West Coast of the Middle Island. Gold everywhere; you can get it in the street, in your door-yard, in the sand on the beach, the banks of the rivers, on the mountains, in the valleys, on the plains. Now, my dear reader, do not get excited and start off for this wonderful country, thinking that you can make a fortune in a week and then return home. I have stated facts, but the whole story is not yet told. It is one thing to find gold, but quite another to find it in sufficient quantities to pay. Gold-digging is one of the poorest paying occupations that a man can follow. Where there is one who makes a fortune, there are hundreds who make only a precarious living. Then, too, the hardships and privations of the gold-digger are very great.

The first of the West Coast diggings was on the terrace along the beach, and just above high-water mark. The gold was very fine, but large quantities were taken out. All the black sand of the beach contains more or less of this fine gold, and so also is it the case with nearly every foot of soil along the coast. Very much of the ground, however, it will not



A NEW ZEALAND NATIVE.

pay to work, and all the country within some miles of Hokitika has been well prospected, and the best ground worked out. Digging townships are all along the coast for more than a hundred miles, and several townships are some miles inland. Hokitika was for a long time the leading town, but Greymouth, twenty miles farther north, is now the first in rank. Near this place there is found coal of good quality, and the gold-diggings are rich.

Back of the terrace spoken of there is a dense jungle, which reaches far inland. Silent, dark, damp, and gloomy is it in this almost impenetrable bush. Hardly a ray of sunshine penetrates through the foliage over head. The air strikes chill and damp, for there is much rain on the West Coast, and the ground gets no chance to dry in the bush. The trunks of the trees are covered with a green, slimy moss, the sight of which is almost enough to bring on an attack of ague. From the limbs hang hundreds of supple-jacks, and below there is a tangled mass of undergrowth, through which there wind and twist scores of "lawyers,"—prickly vines—which make such a close network that it seems almost impossible for a rabbit to get through it.

In the colonies, "in the bush" is the expression used in place of, as we would say, "in the woods or forest."

This bush will not burn, so that every step of the way must be cut with an axe. But nothing deters the gold-seeker. Prospecting parties soon struck off into this jungle, and new fields were discovered. These pioneers underwent great hardships; some died in the bush, and others returned half dead with swamp fever, and looking like walking corpses instead of living men. With cadaverous face, sunken eyes, and colorless cheeks, you would see them crawling about the streets a few days, and then they would disappear—whether they had gone out of the country, to the hospital or the grave, no one but their friends would know. Should a man on a prospecting expedition be taken sick in the bush, I should think it almost impossible for him to get well, for all the surroundings tend to depress his spirits. The silence alone is enough to give a well man the blues. In New Zealand there are no wild animals indigenous to the country—not a snake or reptile, and comparatively few birds.

Many diggers have made their fortunes on the West Coast, and the exports of gold have been, and are still, very large. Up to 1st of January, 1870, the amount of gold exported from the whole of New Zealand was about $100,000,000, two-fifths of which was from the West Coast diggings (but not all from Westland). But when the gold is gone the population will be gone too, for there is nothing but gold to keep the people there. The soil is very rich and deep, and very productive on the small patches that have been cleared; but farming will never pay on the West Coast. The gold-fields may last many years, but the end must come.

To the inland townships tracks have been cut through the bush, and all goods are packed on horses from the coast towns.

After the discovery of the diggings a road was constructed across the island from Christchurch to Hokitika. It is 150 miles long, cost £150,000, and was opened for traffic in 1866.

A NEW ZEALAND QUEEN.

NELSON AND MARLBOROUGH.

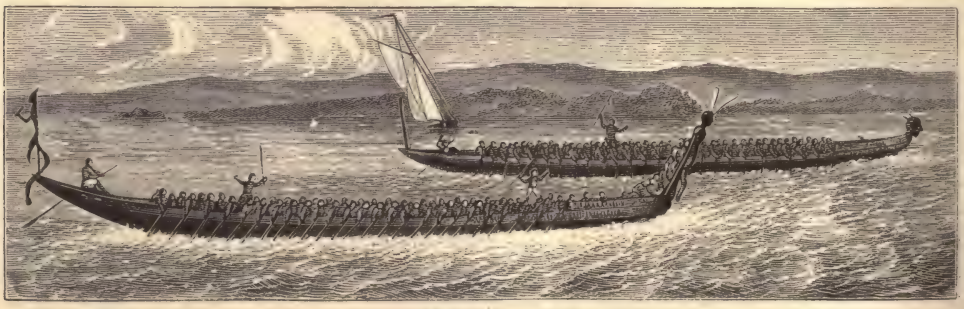
Nelson and Marlborough are the northern provinces of the Middle Island. Marlborough has a population of less than 5,000, and with little probability of the number increasing. The exports of wool amount to about $200,000 per annum. Timber and gold are also exported, but not to a large amount.

The capital of Nelson is the city of that name, — by far the prettiest town in the colony. The climate is lovely; no other part of the colonies can compare with it; and it is so healthy that a person wishing to die must remove to some other part of the country or commit suicide. Fruit and vegetables of all kinds grow in abundance, and for several miles to the southward there is good agricultural land, on which the farmers raise splendid crops of all kinds of grain. Near the town hops are extensively cultivated, and there are many very fine fruit-gardens, in which may be found nearly all the fruits that are raised in the Northern States of America. The town is laid out in broad streets running at right angles. The principal buildings are the Government Buildings and the English church. As a place of residence, simply, Nelson is incomparably superior to any other place in New Zealand.

WELLINGTON, TARANAKI, AND HAWKE'S BAY.

The southern part of the North Island is the province of Wellington, the capital and principal town of which bears the same name as the province. This town (or city, as the inhabitants call it) is perhaps the most disagreeable, as a place of residence, of any town in the colony. If the dust is not sweeping through the streets in clouds, there is almost certain to be a cold rain. The wind blows almost continuously; and added to the disagreeables before mentioned, earthquake shocks are of common occurrence. It has a good harbor—one of the best in New Zealand. And this, added to the city being the most central in the colony, is the reason why it has been chosen as the capital of the colony in preference to Auckland, the former capital.

The Provincial Government, in anticipation of Wellington soon being a rival of New York or Liverpool, began making preparations for extending the limits of the future metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere. Hills were cut down and removed to the harbor; an extensive wharf was built, and a graving-dock begun. But unfortunately things have not gone right: the steamship company failed; an earthquake gave the dock foundation such a shaking that work was stopped on it, and will probably never be resumed; the portion of the harbor reclaimed has but a half-dozen



MAORI WAR CANOES.

lonely-looking buildings upon the ground, and there is now serious talk of the General Government removing to Auckland again.

There is good agricultural land in the province, but roads are wanted to open up these districts. Then, too, the natives in all the provinces of the North Island are very troublesome, and the settlers in the outlying districts are liable to be driven from their homes any hour, houses and crops destroyed, and perhaps wives and children massacred.

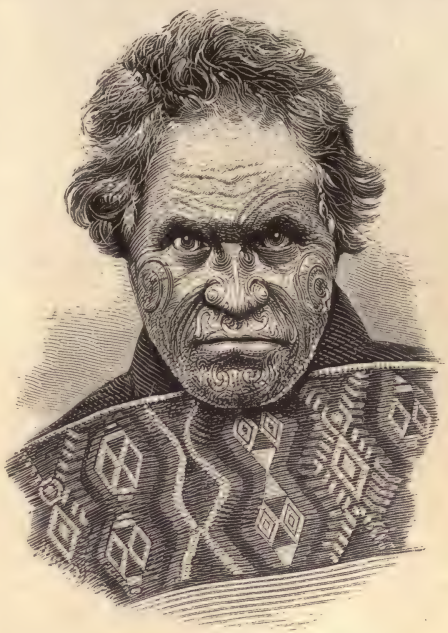
Gold is found in the province, but as yet not in paying quantities.

The first object of note on landing upon the beach of Taranaki is the beach itself, which is for many miles formed of iron-sand. There are thousands upon thousands of tons of it, but little or no use is being made of it, though "the steel produced by the Taranaki sand is far superior to any yet known, conducing to main essentials, hardness and toughness." For cutlery it is said to be very superior. South of New Plymouth a mile or more, petroleum is found on the beach. The writer has run a walking-stick into the sand about two feet, and with a shell has, in a few minutes, filled a pint bottle with pure petroleum that came bubbling up from the hole. The report of the Government Geologist is that paying quantities do not exist there. An American company offered to prospect the ground thoroughly if the Government would grant them land enough to make it an object to expend the amount that would be necessary; but the Government would not make the grant.

On the east coast of the island is the province of Hawke's Bay. And these two provinces (Taranaki and Hawke's Bay) have together a population of less than 10,000; but each has its superintendent, provincial treasurer, secretary of public works, etc., and its provincial council. Extensive petroleum springs are said to have been found in the interior, but the natives will not allow the whites to trespass too far inland.

AUCKLAND.

The portion of New Zealand comprising the province of Auckland is, without doubt, the most interesting part of the colony. For the scientific explorer this province is a rich field. In the interior are volcanoes, boiling springs, mineral springs, petroleum springs, water-falls, and other wonders. The resources of the province are gold, coal, flax, timber, kauri gum, wool, and grain. The quartz reefs of Shortland and vicinity are amongst the richest that have ever been discovered. When the existence of these rich reefs became known, thousands of people rushed to the new field from all parts of the colony. Not only dig-



A NATIVE CHIEF—MODE OF TATTOOING.

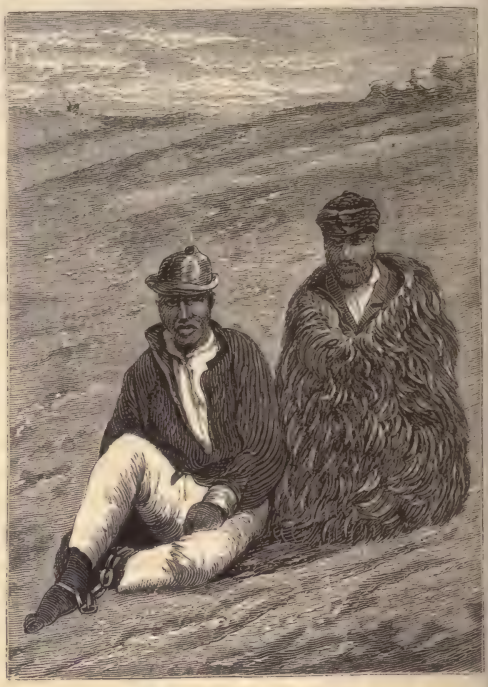
TE-OA, THE CRAZY PROPHET.

gers went, but merchants, brokers, loafers, and hard-up individuals of all classes. The country about was staked out, and thousands of claims registered within a few weeks. Very few of these claims, however, were taken up by parties who intended working them; but by speculators, for the purpose of getting up joint-stock companies. More than one thousand of these companies were gotten up, and shares placed on the market. The excitement soon became intense, and the mania for gambling in scrip was shared in alike by high and low, rich and poor, by men and women, and even children invested the contents of their money-boxes in one or more shares of the "Happy-go-Lucky," "Sink or Swim," "Never say Die," or some other as oddly named company. At the beginning of the present year not more than a dozen of the companies were paying dividends, and scrip of the remainder was worth about ten cents a bushel. A few individuals had made fortunes, but hundreds had lost their all.

That the gold-fever excitement has died out is no criterion as to the real value of the field. Scores of claims as rich as the "Golden Crown" or "Long Drive" may yet be opened, and the field be more extensive and productive than any in the colony.

The capital and principal town of the province is Auckland. If a visitor to New Zealand has time to visit but one port, let that one be Auckland. Not that the city has any great beauty to boast of, but more of New Zealand life is to be seen in and near Auckland than in any other town in the colony. A short sail from the city takes you to the diggings, and in the city itself scores of Maoris are met with. Extinct volcanoes, some of which have perfectly formed craters, are to be seen in all directions. Sailing up the harbor our vessel is soon alongside the wharf, and we step ashore.

To the left of the wharf is a large Maori war canoe, with its grotesquely carved figure-head, and there are also a dozen smaller native boats; some of them are filled with chattering natives—men, women, and children—about to start for their homes with provisions, etc., purchased in town; other boats have cargoes of melons, peaches, etc.,



THE MURDERERS OF VOLKNER.

brought from the native farms for sale to the Europeans. At the end of the wharf is an enclosure filled with natives; this is the Maori market. The peaches are all in "kits" (flax bags) holding about half a peck each. I tell the old woman to give me sixpence worth, and selecting half a dozen offer her the money; but she refuses to take it, and says I must take the kit or none. Giving her the shilling I take up the kit, and soon see why she refused to allow me to select sixpence worth. The remainder would have been unsalable. A few good peaches were on the top, and the others were fit only for the pigs. Talk about the Maoris being savages!

The favorite Maori ornament for the ears are sharks' teeth tipped with a bit of red sealing-wax, and suspended by a piece of dirty black ribbon. Ornaments made from the New Zealand greenstone are also much worn. This stone is very hard to work, but takes a fine polish. Native tools, hatchets, etc., are made from this stone; also idols, which are suspended from the neck. The dress of the old women is sometimes a blanket only, sometimes the cast-off clothing of white women. The younger females, however, are

dressed very differently ; many are in full European costume, and others with a skirt, and over the shoulders a neat native flax mat. The men are nearly all dressed in European costume. As we walk along up Queen Street we meet Maoris of all classes. Here is an old man with every inch of his face tattooed. Anon we meet several half-caste girls, dressed in the top of the fashion—waterfalls, kid gloves, silk dresses, parasols, jewelry, etc., equal in quality and cut to the most fashionable of their white sisters.

THE MAORIS (NATIVES).

The last of the Tasmanian natives died a few months ago. A century hence, I believe the last Maori (pronounced *Mowry*) will have gone to his fathers. In the year 2000 the race will be of the past. When Cook visited the Islands the population was estimated at 100,000 ; and there is good reason to suppose that fifty years before, the population of the North Island alone was much larger than this. The highest estimate given for all the Islands for 1870 is 50,000. The cause of the great reduction before Cook's day was doubtless war, for Maori life in the olden times tended to health and superior physical development.

Not only were numbers killed in battle, but the habits of the people became changed. Agriculture was neglected, each tribe thinking they would be able to steal enough from a weaker tribe to supply their own wants. This uncertain and precarious way of living soon began to tell upon the health of the people, and sickness carried off as many as the wars. Game becoming almost extinct, and the ground being untilled, the people were often in an almost starving condition. Then began cannibalism. No need of starvation now. If the tribe had no provisions they must send out the warriors to capture some prisoners, and steaming hot dishes of human flesh would soon be placed before the victorious, hungry tribe. When Cook visited New Zealand he put a number of pigs ashore, and these in a few years increased to thousands. Maize and other seed were brought by vessels trading to the country. Missionaries came, and after laboring amongst these savages for a time, got them to begin the cultivation of the soil again. Cannibalism gradually disappeared. A pig was as easily cooked as a man, and was perhaps as savory a dish ; then, too, corn and potatoes were plentiful. Besides this, thousands of the Maoris had become, nominally, Christians. I say nominally. Late events have proved that religion with the great majority of the Maoris is all on the surface ; true Christianity has not entered their hearts. In 1845 the last known act of cannibalism took place until within the last six years, during which time a number of cases are known to have occurred. A crazy Maori named Te Oa pretended to have had a revelation from heaven to declare a new doctrine to his people. But a few months had elapsed when nearly all of the Christianized Maoris had gone over to the new faith, and these "Hau Haus" have committed the most terrible crimes against the whites, massacring not only men but women and children, and mutilating the bodies in a most horrible manner. One article of their faith is that they are to drive the whites from the land. But a few months ago these human fiends made an attack on a white settlement in Hawke's Bay province, in the night, set fire to the houses, and shot the inmates down or killed them with tomahawks. Missionaries had formerly great influence over these savages, but this influence seemed all to be gone in a day. A German missionary named Volkner was murdered by two of these devils, who afterwards drank his blood. That some of the Maoris were true Christians there is no doubt, but the number compared with those who were nominally converted was very small indeed. William Thompson, the "King Maker," one of the most celebrated of the Maori chiefs, and who lately died, was probably one of the small number. During his illness the Bible was ever at his side, even after he was too weak to read it. I have conversed with several of the missionaries, and all acknowledged that their years of labor had nearly all been in vain. One old man shed tears when speaking of his work ; he was one of the oldest missionaries in the colony, and up to the time of the breaking out of the Hau-Hau faith believed that he had been the means of converting many souls, but his flock

had gone over to the new faith almost to a man.

The men are tall and well formed, the features regular, complexion from a light brown to darker shades of that color, hair black and generally straight. Many of them are splendid looking fellows; with their muscular and well-formed limbs they look every inch the noble savage. Their powers of endurance are very great; they are intelligent, quick to learn, and have splendid memories. In trade they are shrewd, in morals licentious.

They are a very inquisitive set. When I was living in Auckland a Maori was one day passing the store and saw me working a sewing machine; he appeared very much interested, came in and watched me some time, and then went away. An hour after he came back with several companions, and I was requested to work the machine again. For a week I had no peace; all the Maoris, I think, for miles around, came to see the machine, and at last they became such a nuisance that I would not allow them in the store.

Some of them are good speakers, and very clever in argument. They must have a clear space of at least thirty feet, and at every sentence the speaker runs, jumps, and dances down this space. Running backward he gains time to think of what shall follow, and down he comes, dancing, with another sentence. As warriors, they are superior to any savage nation in the world. They have studied war as a science; have a good knowledge of engineering, and are brave and active.

At bush-fighting one Maori is more than a match for five white soldiers. In all other countries that England has colonized little regard has been paid to the claim of the natives to their own land; but, in New Zealand, Government was *forced* to acknowledge the claims of the Maoris.

At Wellington I once saw a rather comical sight, showing how the chiefs ape the whites. The steamer was just about to sail, when hurrying down the wharf came a Maori, dressed as follows:—a black frock-coat, black waistcoat, black silk hat, white shirt and fancy neck-tie; in one hand an umbrella and in the other a new portmanteau; but without *pantaloons or boots*. They were probably in the portmanteau. All travelers carried baggage, so he thought he must do it, even if it necessitated the taking off of some of his clothing.

The Maori mode of salutation is somewhat peculiar, and especially so when the friends have not met for some time. Instead of shaking hands or kissing, they rub their noses together for several minutes, and then, sitting on the ground, sway their bodies to and fro, all the time shedding tears copiously, and talking most mournfully in a sing-song strain. The crying is not necessarily because some relative or friend has died, it is simply a custom of the people.

They begin their war-dance by jumping, clapping the hands on the thighs, and giving utterance to a short, peculiar noise from the throat, like "Hu! Hu!" They all keep perfect time in this, and as they continue the motions become quicker and more exciting. Soon come horrible grimaces, rolling of the eyes until the whites only can be seen, thrusting out the tongue, and yelling; in their fury and excitement they sometimes tear off what clothing they may have on, and with violent gestures and contortions of body they continue until exhaustion compels them to desist.

AREA, RESOURCES, ETC.

New Zealand has an area of about seventy-eight million acres—nearly the size of Great Britain and Ireland. The North Island has thirty-one millions, Middle Island forty-six millions, and South Island one million. The mean width of the island is about 125 sea miles, and the length about seven times its width. The coast has an extent of over 3,000 miles. Fifty million acres are supposed to be fit for agricultural purposes.

New Zealand people have much to say of the immense resources of the country, and, in anticipation of its future greatness, call it "Britain of the South." I wish well to the country, but am very far from being so sanguine of its future greatness as New Zealanders generally are. That the country has progressed wonderfully since its settlement, I freely admit. But will it continue in the same ratio? I doubt it. I certainly do not believe that New Zealand will *ever* hold such a place

amongst the nations of the world as has been held by her mother country.

As New Zealanders feel in regard to their country as a whole, so too do they feel in regard to the provinces individually. Each province thinks its future is more promising than its neighbors.

The resources of New Zealand are gold, coal, wool, grain, timber, gum, and flax.

The last-named article will, I believe, be more conducive to the permanent prosperity of the country than all the others combined. The flax (*phormium tenax*) grows wild in all parts of the country; it is a hardy plant and has a very strong fibre. Considerable difficulty has been experienced in dressing it properly, and, until within the last two years, comparatively little was exported. Mills are now being erected in many parts of the country, and cutting and dressing flax will soon give employment to a large number of men. Although rope made from it is not equal to Manilla, it is probably superior to that made from any other fibre. The dressing is still very imperfect, but improvements are being made every year, and doubtless very soon all difficulties will be overcome. The exports are increasing rapidly, and I believe will continue to increase for many years. Good as the fibre now is, cultivation will no doubt improve it. I have great faith in the flax, and believe it to be worth very much more to the country than her gold-fields. The flax-fields will never be worked out, but the last of the gold-fields is only a matter of time. It is a poor country indeed that has gold only to depend upon. Gold is worth nothing to a country that has no other resources, and valuable to a country with other resources only because it brings a large population, all of which will not be gold-diggers. The farmers, mechanics, and others find that their respective callings can be made as remunerative as gold-digging, and farms are taken up, mills erected, and homes are made, not to be deserted at a moment's notice. If the mineral resources of a country are almost unlimited—gold, iron, silver, copper, etc.—they are a source of permanent wealth. But is this the case with New Zealand? So far as known, certainly not. She has rich gold-fields, but they will in time be all worked out; other minerals are found, but not in paying quantities.

The value of gold exported from 1857 to 1869, both inclusive, is nearly nineteen and a half million pounds sterling. The exports of wool during the same period were eleven and a half millions.

Sheep-farming, as carried on in the colonies, is rather a drawback than otherwise to a country. The squatter's interest is to keep the country sparsely populated; he wants thousands upon thousands of acres, and will perhaps give employment to but a score of men. This business is carried on very extensively in nearly all of the provinces, but is not nearly so remunerative as it was a few years ago. The American war sent up the price of wool to a very high figure, and the squatters were making fortunes rapidly. But the late reduction in the price of the staple has seriously affected all who were following this pursuit.

One prosperous farmer is worth more to a country than a score of gold-diggers or squatters. Grain is counted amongst the exports of New Zealand; but as a considerable quantity of flour and wheat are imported, and will continue to be for some years, it will be a long time before she can be counted amongst the great grain-producing countries of the world. That the country has a large extent of good agricultural land I admit; but the farmer, to be successful, must have something more than good land. He must have cheap labor, and facilities for getting his produce to the good markets of the world at as cheap a rate as the farmers of other countries.

Coal is found on both of the large islands, and in many places. Some of it is rather poor, but in other places it is of good quality, and the veins are of considerable extent. But in New South Wales there is an almost unlimited supply of coal of as good quality, if not better; and it can be placed in a ship's hold at a much less price. Therefore, as an article of export, New Zealand cannot hope to compete with New South Wales, in coal.

The value of exports for 1868 was £4,429,198; of imports, £4,985,748, one-tenth of which is for beer, wine, spirits, and tobacco. On these the duty is about equal to their

value. Few articles come in free, and on some the duty is very high. There is an export duty of two shillings and sixpence per ounce on gold, and there is also a stamp duty. Altogether, the people of New Zealand are about the most severely taxed of any in the world.

Who are getting rich in New Zealand? I do not know. All may be able to make a comfortable living; but I think very few are getting rich.

There is no class of Americans that I should advise to emigrate to New Zealand to seek their fortunes. There were at one time quite a number of our countrymen in the country, but the number is now very small. Nearly all the coach lines in the colony have been established by Americans. Several large sawmills were also established by them. On the diggings there were quite a large number, many of whom came from California. There are two American commercial houses—Bates, Sise & Co., of Dunedin, and Messrs. Taylor & Co., of Christchurch. Both firms deal exclusively in American goods.

Some of our American government representatives in Australia and New Zealand are not very creditable to the country which they pretend to represent. The incumbent of one of the most important consulates spells consul "councel." Another consul would not be believed under oath by any of his countrymen. Another is a swindler, who gets trusted wherever he can, and never pays a shilling to any one. Another of the representatives, being a holder of considerable real estate, got naturalized, and was soon after elected as a member of the provincial council in the province of which he was a resident. But before the end of his term he got himself into disgrace by becoming implicated in some land-jobbing operations anything but creditable to those connected with the affair. It is not surprising, therefore, that colonial people have a very unfavorable opinion of Americans.

Farewell, New Zealand! I love thee almost as well as my native land. Within thy borders I felt as free as if under the shadow of my own loved flag; and I had the same protection, and nearly all the privileges, of thy own citizens. If I had the power, I would fill thy harbors with ships, thy valleys and plains with prosperous farmers; and all the people within thy borders should be successful and happy. The brightest dream of the most enthusiastic of thy citizens should be realized, and New Zealand should indeed be "Britain of the South."

IN THE PARK.

Two on the seat beneath the old Park elm,
  Wreathing their arms and pressing cheek to cheek,
That brief midsummer night which is Love's realm,
  Odorous with bliss, and vows too deep to speak.

Two on the seat beneath the old Park tree;—
  The sunbeams—broken into flecks of gold—
A crowing baby on its mother's knee
  Strives with its aimless hand to pluck and hold.

Two in the Park seek out the self-same seat:
  Bright like a lover's beams the old man's face
Upon his child's, in womanhood grown sweet—
  His old love back again, with grace on grace.

A BREAKFAST WITH ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

DURING a temporary absence from my office in Paris one day, in the month of October, 1864, Mr. Dumas called, and not finding me, left the following note :—

Si Monsieur était l'homme que l'on dit, il viendrait déjeûner demain avec moi à St. Gratian Avenue du lac, en prenant le chemin de fer du Nord à 11 heures moins 10 minutes.

Je lui serre bien cordialement la main.

ALEX DUMAS.

I telegraphed an acceptance of his invitation, and on the following morning took the train from the St. Lazairè station, which brought me to Enghien at twelve o'clock, whence I took a cab for St. Gratian. After driving about a quarter of an hour I remarked in front of us a large and rather picturesque-looking man standing in a gateway opening into the front yard of a modest wooden cottage, with his head uncovered and a book in his hand, talking to a passer-by. I recognized at once, from his resemblance to the photographs, the author of Monte Christo.

While we were exchanging the commonplaces which usually inaugurate an acquaintance made for a purpose, I made a hasty but careful survey of my host and his surroundings. Dumas himself, I discovered to my surprise, was over six feet high, and but for an inclination to corpulency, well proportioned. He had all the distinctive characteristics of the African ; the brown complexion of the quadroon, crisp, bushy gray hair which no comb could straighten, a head low and narrow in front, but enlarging rapidly as it receded, thick lips, a large mouth, and a throat, all uncovered, of enormous proportions. But for the retreating in all directions of his forehead, his face would have been very handsome for one of its kind, in which the animal nature was in full force. He was dressed in dark pantaloons, a spotted muslin shirt unbuttoned at the throat, and no cravat, and a white flannel round-about with a capote attached, all scrupulously neat. He moved with the alertness of a school-boy, talked all the time and rapidly. The cottage which he occupied was hired for the season, simply furnished, and suggested nothing of interest except the great change in his fortunes since he built his famous villa at St. Germains, and "warmed" it with a festival of six hundred covers, and when his income was over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

As we had never met before, he took an early opportunity of letting me know his purpose in calling upon me the previous day. He had been told, he said, that if he would go to America and write a story, it would have a great sale there. He wished to know what I thought about it. I replied that he was scarcely better known in France than in America ; that he could not write a book that would not sell, and that his welcome in the United States would be all that he could desire. He said that a lawyer in New York, of French origin, whose name I did not distinctly hear, had recommended him to come, and promised him a great success if he would go at that time ; that he proposed, if I thought well of it, to leave in about two months, and to be absent four. It occurred to me at once that in the midst of the critical contest going on in America, in which the African race had so much at stake, and where the question of emancipation as a war measure was under discussion, the appearance of one who had done more, perhaps, than any other person of African descent to vindicate the intellectual capabilities of that race, would be interesting and perhaps useful to my country people, and, without doubt, lucrative to him.

I remarked that the time seemed short to see so large a country, and I asked him whether, instead of making a story, or, as he called it, a *Roman*, he had not better give the world the benefit of his personal observations ; that it was an historical epoch with us, and that the events occurring every week transcended in interest and importance anything legitimately available for romance.

To this he made no direct reply, but went on to say that the idea he had formed was to enter into relations with some bookseller to write a four-volume work of some sort, and sell it by subscription. He said, also, that

he had several invitations to correspond with the press. I advised him to enter into no arrangement with any bookseller till his book was completed, for he could scarcely tell till he had done it what sort of a book it would be. I recommended him to keep his pen free to make such a book as a visit to the United States might inspire him to make, and, when made, to sell it in the best market he could find; and I invoked the example of de Tocqueville, who, in his private letters, frequently congratulated himself that he had forborne to publish his first impressions about America, but had waited till they had had time to ripen. Time and reflection, I said, will often suggest to the most experienced traveler things to add and correct which sometimes determine the fortunes and usefulness of a book.

In reply to these remarks, he for the first time betrayed to me his African blood. He said he never corrected anything; he wrote *dans l'abondance*, and sent his manuscript to the printer without looking it over; that he had never re-read anything he had written in his life, except in proof. My MS., he said, is without an erasure; if I get to altering and correcting, I always end by throwing it into the fire and beginning anew. I will show you one of my MSS. With that he called his secretary, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, and intellectual-looking young gentleman of some twenty-two years, and requested him to bring him a chapter of *San Felice*. The secretary presently returned with some fifty or sixty pages of quarto MS., which he placed in my hands. There was scarcely an erasure or a correction in it from beginning to end, and what surprised me more, the writing was in a clear, round hand, and not at all like the current French chirography. It was as legible as print.

I subsequently learned some facts about Dumas' literary habits, which render it a little less than absolutely certain that I really saw his MS. in the package that was shown to me. His secretary, it is said, writes so much like the great romancer that no one but an expert could distinguish the MS. of the one from that of the other. His son, and, indeed, many others, are said to possess this accomplishment as well. In other words, Dumas is in the habit of putting his name to romances he has scarcely read, much less written. He sometimes published in a single year more volumes than the most rapid penman could copy in twice that time. For example, in 1845, sixty volumes, purporting to be the work of his pen, were issued from the Parisian press. The copying alone of half of them could not have been done by a single man in a year. The remainder, be they more or less, were done by others, at first under his name alone, and later under the joint name of himself and their authors.*

In showing me his MS. he may have had it in his mind to disabuse mine of any impression I might have received of his ploughing with other people's heifers, by showing the MS. of a work which he had but recently finished. I had no doubt then that it was his, nor have I much doubt now, though unhappily his calling it his was in itself by no means conclusive proof. Whether his or not, I fully believe that he wrote *dans l'abondance*, as he said, and did not revise. There was where the African came in. He had no reflective faculties. The moment he began to correct he became confused, and the train of his thought was irrecoverably broken. He had to run down, like a clock, as he was wound up, and without stopping. It is the peculiarity of the African that, for want of the reflective and logical faculties, he is incapable, except in rare instances, of measuring distance, size, or time, or of thoroughly mastering the common rules of arithmetic. Dumas' blood was not sufficiently strained, or shall I say corrupted, to be an exception in this respect. At school he could never be made

* Dumas had a sort of manufactory of plays and romances in Paris at one time, not unlike the cheese factories of New England. His part of the work consisted in giving it his name, and perhaps its title. One of his most faithful and fertile collaborators, Auguste Maquet, is said to have contributed not less than eighty volumes to the stock of the concern. Dumas is reported to have taken yet greater liberties with printed works. His appropriations, in one way or another, of other writers' labors, got him into several duels and as many lawsuits, from none of which was he so fortunate as to retire with quite all the character he embarked in them.

to learn arithmetic, and the greatest difficulty was found in getting a little Latin into his head. He excelled, however, in hunting birds' nests, snaring game, poaching, riding horses, fencing, and pistol-shooting, and it was in gratifying these propensities that he acquired the hardy constitution which three-score years of a by no means exemplary life had failed in the least to impair.

To my inquiry if he spoke English, he replied that he read it a little, but he added, *ma maîtresse est Anglaise, et elle me fera parler toute de suite.* I looked at him again to see if I had not misunderstood him, and if he had not meant his valet, but he went on to say that he had taught her French, and that she was only waiting till her accent was perfect to appear at the opera.

He wished to know how much he would require for his expenses during his absence, and if 2,000 francs a month would be enough. I told him that if he took but one servant and no woman it would.

While we were discussing these matters the door opened, and in walked a young lady whom he addressed cordially as Madame, and presented to me. She saluted me in idiomatic English. A glance at her convinced me that she was the *maîtresse* who was to endow him with the requisite English for his transatlantic excursion. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, of regular features, and, but that her head over the forehead was too flat, would have been beautiful. I did not hear her name, if it was pronounced, but she told me, I think, that one of her parents was Irish; that she had given concerts in America; and she showed me a letter from a Mr. Thompson, of Cincinnati, to her, in which she was addressed as "Picciola."

Matrimony is an institution of which Dumas never comprehended the necessity or even the propriety. He was once married, but not in obedience to any conviction that there was any fitness in such formalities. It happened in this wise, say the Paris gossips. When about eighteen years of age, upon the recommendation of General Foy, who took him under his protection, he was appointed to a Secretaryship under the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, at a salary of about $250 a year. When the Duke had become King, Dumas, with the same insensibility to the distinction between a wife and a mistress which he showed in proposing to take his "Picciola" with him to America to teach him English, escorted a young actress, who had figured at several of the minor theatres of Paris, to a ball given by the young Duke of Orleans, the King's eldest son. After they had presented themselves and been received by the Duke, he said in a dignified tone to his chivalric guest:—

"Il est entendu, mon cher Dumas, que vous n'avez pu me présenter que votre femme."

These words were equivalent to an order, a disregard of which would have involved his disgrace. They were married at once; all the literary notabilities were invited on the occasion, and the austere Chateaubriand was one of the official witnesses. They soon, however, discovered that as married people they got on better separate than together; he remained in Paris and she went to Florence, where she died of an epidemic.

We waited breakfast till 1 o'clock for the arrival of Mr. Genesco, the editor of the *Europe*, from whom a telegram then arrived informing us that he had missed the train by two minutes. The proprietor of the cottage and a professional musician were the only other guests. The honor of conducting madame to the table fell to me. The breakfast was admirably served, though it did not escape the criticism of our host. A carp, cold and more than two feet long, taken from the neighboring lake, with a sauce piquante, was followed by a hot roasted leg of delicious mutton. Then came a *riz de veau*, with tomato sauce. When Dumas was handed some he declined, saying: "Je me défie de la sauce tomate que je ne fais pas moi-même." One of the guests insisting that the sauce was very good, "Ah," replied Dumas, in a tone between a sigh and a grunt, "it is not as I like it." He afterwards remarked of another dish not entirely to his taste: "I can't quit the kitchen five minutes." After the *riz de veau*, we had crevisses, of which he ate enormously. By this time his breathing had become as distinctly audible as if it had been effected by the

aid of a high-pressure engine. I never saw a person eat so much like an animal. Grapes and pears concluded our repast, which was led to its place with champagne, claret, and some excellent Burgundy.

Soon after we had made an end of our eating and drinking, our host relapsed into a state of stertorous somnolency against which he struggled for a while manfully but in vain. I observed, however, that this was a familiar experience with the household, and was not to be noticed. Though somewhat reassured by the tranquil air of my *commensales*, I could not help feeling a little as if I were the guest of honor at one of La Fontaine's feasts of the animals. In about half an hour, however, he overcame his drowsiness, and then talked on rapidly, and sometimes eloquently, and the more he talked the better looking he became. His smile was very sweet, and there was not a sordid, or mercenary, or selfish trait in one of his features. He spoke of topics of current interest like a man of decided opinions, but evidently saw them from a very restricted rather than from a philosophic or national point of view. He said some things that were striking. The emperor, he remarked, was *un vrai conspirateur* and not a brave man, hence he did everything requiring courage in the night, and then enumerated several of his important nocturnal performances. He compared him to those beasts of prey that only seek their food at night, such as foxes, wolves, jackals, etc., and said that he had the eye of that class of animals.

The Franco-Italian Convention of the 11th Sept., which had been then recently signed, and of which the world has just witnessed the auspicious consummation, he pronounced very ingenious and quite sure to restore Italy to Rome. He spoke with great admiration of our novelist Cooper, whose works were lying on his table, and whom he professed to have known.

Before leaving St. Gratian I returned to the subject of his projected American expedition, made proffer of such letters and counsel as might promise to be of service to him, and repeated the advice I had given him before, to make a book about the United States, and not to sell it until it was written. It was obvious that for some reason, then not quite intelligible to me, this advice was not palatable altogether.

Reflecting upon what had passed during my ride home, I came to the conclusion that his hope was that our government, following the example of several European States when in trouble, might desire to enlist his pen in its service, and that perhaps I was prepared, under the cover of a bookseller's engagement, to take him into the service of the Republic.

Speaking of his proposal, a few days later, to a distinguished member of the Institute, he told me that I should caution all to whom I gave him letters not to lend him money, for, said he, he will levy upon every one of them, *il est un grand mangeur*, and always in want of money. This, he added, is so notoriously his character that I feel no remorse in warning you of it. He thought, however, Dumas might make a good book, and perhaps, under the circumstances, a useful one.

I need hardly add that I never offered Dumas any special inducements to visit America, or that he never executed the project about which he consulted me. Neither did he ever renew the subject with me nor with any one else that I know of. His sceptre was already broken and his literary influence was rapidly passing away. During the winter succeeding my visit to St. Gratian he tried to trade a little upon his past reputation and notoriety, by lecturing; but his success did not warrant him or his friends in trying the experiment more than twice. With them Dumas may be said to have closed a literary career which, brilliant as it was for a time, placed mankind under very inconsiderable obligations.

A GENTLEMAN'S PREROGATIVE.

"THE many fail, the few succeed," is an aphorism so old, that its authorship, no doubt, had we the means at hand, could be traced to Father Noah himself,—his last utterance to the wicked world as he shut the door of the ark, and retired to safety and solitude.

Yet a greater amount of success in life, I think, might be generally attained, if, instead of abusing circumstances, which we are all ready to do, we were to endeavor to fit in the angles of character to the nooks and corners of destiny.

No one is surprised when the reckless and dissipated come to a disastrous termination of their career, but many a one of honorable instincts and unsullied morality falls short of expectation, and makes as dismal a conclusion.

There must be some reason for this, and a modest theory of my own on this vexed question has been, for many a year, that elegant tastes, without proportionate means to back them, bring as much trouble upon the possessor as absolute want of capacity, or even wrong-doing in its widest sense. And he who is ruled by his inclinations, apparently harmless, in opposition to duty, will make shipwreck before his voyage is ended, no matter how gallantly his vessel sails out of port.

A friend of my youth is just dead. He entered the narrow circle of my intimates at boarding-school, more than thirty years ago, and was the pride and glory of our whole class. Even then he was a most elegant-looking boy, and became the especial pet of the teacher, who found him clever and gentlemanlike, and to the rest of us, rough country lads, he was indeed a model of style. His father was not a rich man; indeed his income was no larger than that of my own parent, but as this last was the anxious owner of ten unruly children, he was in proportion poorer than old Mr. Centend, whose only child was our aforesaid hero.

So, when my coat was shabby, it was still worn with noble indifference to color or size; my boots were in a terrible state of patchedness before new ones were forthcoming, and as to pocket-money, my poor father, work as hard as he could, was always behindhand with my monthly allowance. Eight more sons at home and one delicate little daughter ate up his small income with fearful rapidity. I therefore grew up with very simple ideas as to what was necessary and what superfluous, and the sight of Paul Centend's toilette apparatus, which he displayed before us schoolboys, a short time after his arrival, gave me no pang of envy, although I could appreciate the elegance of its arrangement. "Father wanted to give me a common, trashy dressing-case," said the young fellow, quite at his ease in displaying his treasure, "but I wouldn't have it."—"I don't like a thing any better because it is expensive, you know, boys, but I think the best is always the cheapest, and I would do without, a hundred years, rather than start with one of those nasty japanned things the other fellows have. So the governor forked up this, though it's my selection entirely—perfectly plain and solid, with silver tops to everything—I hate shams."

"Do you choose your own clothes too?" said I, looking at the admirable material and cut of his coat; "your father must be very indulgent to you to permit that."

"Oh! my father is a regular brick, and never refuses me anything necessary for a gentleman; and let me tell you," he added with a knowing wink, "that there is not a fellow of my age in New York who knows how to choose a coat better than I. I am not bragging," he said, laughing and coloring a little, "but it's truth, every word I say."

A great big lump of a boy, who never knew his lessons, but had brains to be saucy when he liked, and who had not said a word till this moment, gave a contemptuous sneer.

"If you and your father are such big folks," he said, with a grin, "I wonder you ever came to a country school at all with us small fry—I wouldn't, I'd be hanged first."

"Do be hanged now, Wilson; don't stand on time," was Paul's reply. "It will be an immense relief to us all, and the professors too, no doubt."

Thus it was that Centend took the *pas* of us boys, and in a few months led the class like an old bell-wether. With me alone, however, he was really on an intimate footing. I was his chum, and had it not been for early education, which had given my mind a strong bias, I might have been led into trouble by the association. In all his habits and thoughts Centend was a gentleman, and opposed to anything rude or disorderly, but his judgment on the subject of expense never underwent change, and his decrees as to what every one should wear, buy, and spend were fixed by his own experience, and immutable.

Many were the amicable discussions that took place between Paul and me, on this fruitful subject, and as he grew more decided in his utterances, I became more stubborn in my opinions, and on this "moot point" eternal warfare raged.

I never shall forget one afternoon when Centend caught me with a pair of cheap white gloves that I had purchased at half price at the country store. This extravagance had emptied my purse and made my countenance fall, but there was to be a wedding at the Professor's house that evening, and we were all expected to appear in white gloves and cravats. It was impossible to stay away without giving offence, and I had therefore made this sacrifice to society, but not without a pang.

Paul took the gloves from me, turned them coolly over, and handed them back with a contemptuous shrug.

"Cheap and nasty, I see," said he, laughing. "You never will learn wisdom, Jack, and buy your things tip-top."

"These are good enough for one evening," said I quietly; "white gloves don't last any longer, and beside I can't afford any better; these took all that was left of my allowance."

"You should have written home for more money."

"I wouldn't do that, whatever happened; not if I had to wear mittens."

"Then you are a jackass; I would rather beg, borrow, or steal a first-rate pair of kids than go in those."

"I shall go in these, and have a nice time in spite of cheap gloves; I am only a boy, and nobody expects us to be elegant or handsomely gotten up here."

"I shall always be dressed as a gentleman should, if it takes the last stiver I have got in the world. Every one notices dress, and besides I hate mean clothes."

"It is the meanest thing in the world to have what you can't afford, or can't pay for."

"Nonsense! the *pater familias* is an animal that expects to be fleeced; he likes it, no matter how loudly he *baas*."

"Well, my father has no fleece to spare, and when I leave school I have got to work hard and push my own way in the world. I am not going to encumber myself with a load of elegant tastes. Common clothes, plain fare, will be my lot for years, perhaps for life, and it is as well to submit to circumstances until I can overcome them."

Paul said no more. He was too kind-hearted to dwell upon my uncertain prospects, and felt really much commiseration for what seemed to him abject poverty; but this conversation had the effect to confirm us both in our preconceived opinions.

Three years passed away, and we separated to enter life on different pathways.

With much difficulty my father obtained for me a place in a city lawyer's office, where I studied, and received at the same time a small salary for doing ordinary office work. If my elegant friend Paul had seen me in the shabbiest of clothes, and on the scantiest of fare, working like a veritable beast of burden, I doubt whether a hearty scolding, or a heartier shake of the hand would have been his greeting. As it was, not till time had carried me rather higher up on the rounds of fortune's ladder did we meet again, and then he welcomed me with a cordiality that revived the affection of early years. He had been through college, and was now on his way to Europe to finish his studies and see the world.

"You are your own master now," said I, glancing at his faultless mourning suit, evidently in its first freshness.

"Yes, and I miss my father terribly, although he was always pounding it into me about my extravagance. However, he was a true friend, and left me all he had in the world.

Not so much, after all. Only $50,000. But it's a nice little sum."

"You can live very comfortably on that abroad," said I. "The income will support you if you get in a cheap place."

"No cheap places for me," said Centend, laughing. "You know I don't believe in that sort of thing. The best of everything is the cheapest, 'in fare, wear, and stare,' and to see the world and eat and be clothed decently is the prerogative of a gentleman."

I sighed. "It is not the fate of all," I said. "Some must struggle while others enjoy. However, it is all right in the end, no doubt."

"Jack," said Centend quickly, "come out in the steamer with me. You want a holiday sadly, and the run across will do you good. You can go for a month or so to Paris, and return in the autumn. It won't cost you much, and I'll back you to any extent. You are such an economical old squaretoes, that having you along will lessen my expenses by half. For you know I have no dissipations."

This was true, for Centend, extravagant as he was in everything he bought or used, was too elegant to enjoy *fast* city life, and spent his time in the choicest society, where he was sure to find the highest culture and most congenial entertainment.

I need hardly say that Centend went to Europe alone. I fagged away, often heart-sick and weary, till a sudden turn of affairs put me in as junior partner of the firm in which I first entered as humble assistant. Also about this time my father died, leaving an unsullied name behind him, and a property that, divided between ten children, gave each of them $5,000. All of my brothers were now settled, most of them in a distant part of our country, and my only sister, a pretty little creature of nineteen, was claimed by me as her elder brother, and head of the family.

Then, too, a hope long cherished, but frequently relinquished, became at once feasible as it was delightful. I could now possess a home of my own, simple and plain,—for this alone my means permitted,—but still my own, where my sister and one other person, even dearer, should take their places by the hearth-stone, and rule by right of authority and affection.

This was fifteen years ago, be it remembered; a man in those happy days could buy a small house at a moderate price, and furnish it, without utter ruin, at the upholsterer's. Indeed the snug dwelling which so comfortably contained my household goods, my dear little Susie, and my still more charming Caroline, was in itself nothing remarkable, but to my eyes the abode of happiness and luxury.

As it chanced, about two months after my marriage, I met accidentally my friend Paul Centend in the street not far from my own house, looking for lodgings after a prolonged tour in Europe. Never was a friend more affectionately greeted than I; never did my heart respond more warmly to Centend's kindly interest.

I invited him immediately to my house, and promised him unlimited hospitality from my wife and sister.

I shall never forget Paul's first visit at my modest domicile. He "took stock" in a moment of all my economical arrangements, and a smile, which brought back reminiscences of boyhood, lit up his face as with a gleam of sunshine.

"The same old two-and-sixpence are you, my boy, as when first we met 'upon the banks of Dee'! And does your adored admire mahogany and hair-cloth, and condescend to put her feet on a villanous three-ply? She must be very much in love indeed."

"I hope she is," said I, laughing; "at any rate she is contented, apparently, with me and my belongings. I have done as well for her as I could afford, and she knows it and is satisfied; indeed, happily for my pocket, neither of us has expensive tastes, nor sighs for what is unattainable."

"There is the mistake you always make, my dear fellow; a handsome thing at double the common price is the cheapest, because it does not go out of fashion and lasts longer. Depend upon it, real wood furniture and the heaviest carpets are the best investments in the end."

"Certainly for a rich man, but I have not money to pay for such things, and in debt I will never be."

"There you are again. Who talks about debt? Everybody says you have money put

away in an old stocking, and can afford to do as you please."

"That is a mistake. I have a good business and this house, and cannot afford to use everything up in the present."

Centend now planted himself on the corner of my comfortable though despised sofa, and discoursed eloquently for two mortal hours about his European tour, his present plans and future intentions.

"Now I am going to work," he said, laughing. "I am educated to a point that will make me a useful person in any capacity, and will undertake any kind of business which will be at the same time very light and very remunerative."

"Remunerative! You, one of the lucky ones, talking of work! What will happen next?"

"Well, Jack, the fact of it is, that a tour in Europe cuts into one's capital in the wofullest style imaginable. I don't know whether I should have gone, had I known how things would really have turned out; but you see, traveling first-class and all that sort of thing is expensive, and of course nothing else is fit for a gentleman."

"Ahem. And I suppose there are many other ways of getting rid of one's money besides traveling first-class."

"Well, you know I never gamble, and don't prefer running in debt, or trouble of any kind, it is so intensely vulgar. But I did give some of the neatest dinners in Paris ever got up by an American. I don't mind telling you that, and it made a dreadful hole in my purse, I assure you."

"I am sorry to hear it. You are one of those who can't afford to be poor; your tastes are too elegant."

"Stop laughing at me, Jack, and give me the best advice as to what I shall do;" and here Paul, relying on my faithful friendship, gave me a long account of his financial difficulties, for, having spent nearly two-thirds of his capital, his means were entirely too limited to suit his ideas as to what was absolutely necessary for a gentleman's decent appearance.

At this turn of proceedings my wife and sister suddenly entered the room. They had been out shopping together, and as they came into the parlor, animated and blooming, I thought I had never seen two more lovely or elegant women.

That the same idea had occurred to Centend struck me immediately as he rose to be formally introduced. A look, which I knew to be one of pleasure and surprise, lit up his fine features, and rendered his fascinating manners more *prononcés* than ever. Centend stayed to dinner that day, and ate his beefsteak off English china with such a relish that "I wondered as I gazed." Perhaps, however, the flavor was rendered tolerable by the presence of the ladies, who, being easy in their manners, lively in their conversation, and, above all, attractive in appearance, made the meal pass, for me at least, like a banquet of the gods. When Paul left us that evening he squeezed my hand long and hard.

"Well, by Jove! my dear Jack," he said, "I believe you have the best of it, after all. I can't say I admire your choice of houses or furniture, but your taste in women is without fault. Your Caroline is handsome enough for a duchess, and that little blue-eyed sister of yours is as lovely as an angel. I wish I were a rich man," he added, with a great sigh, "then I could be happy too, and marry for love."

"No, no, that can't be thought of," said I, laughing. "*You* can't afford to marry for love. Make up to some heiress who wants somebody to help her spend her money. That is the course for you, my dear fellow, and the sooner it is done the better it will be for your pocket."

I went back to the parlor, much pleased with my friend's visit. Caroline and Susie had already taken Paul into their good graces, and the warm interest I had so long felt for my school-mate was soon shared by both these sympathetic women.

But alas! for the blindness of masculine eyes. Paul's visits, which now came on "fast and furious," ostensibly to consult me as to his entrance on a business career, had really another object, and I, foolish bat of a fellow, never saw that it was Susie's blue eyes that attracted him, and not our plain dinners and my still plainer talk. I even laughed at my wife when she mildly insinuated that she

thought Paul's looks were wandering and melancholy when our little charmer was not within visible distance.

"My dear love," said I, with the knowing air of a man who has been down to the very roots of human nature, and knew every fibre of the same, "women who think men like Paul Centend have any hearts to lose are mightily mistaken. He has been all over the world and seen all sorts of beauty, and come back perfectly heart-whole. It is not in our little back parlor, over a girl as unsophisticated as Susie, that this man of fashion is to become spooney. No, no. Besides, he is as poor as a church-mouse."

"Very well, Jack," said Caroline, puckering up her mouth, and looking as wise as an owl, "have it your own way, my dear; but remember, if anything comes of it, I have warned you beforehand. You forget that your friend Centend is a great admirer of elegance, and every one admits that your sister is as graceful as she is handsome; also Mr. Centend never denies himself any luxury that he thinks suited to his position, and as to poverty, he knows nothing of its reality—only the shadow of it haunts him, while he has a penny that he can call his own."

Still these words made but little impression, and Paul came and went, as fancy led him, altogether unquestioned by me.

It was nearly a year after this that Susie walked into my room one morning and told me, laughing and blushing, that Centend had offered himself, and she had accepted him. Had the skies fallen I could not have been more surprised, for Paul, in all his private confidences, had never approached this subject. Neither was I at all gratified, for, fond as I was of Centend, I loved my sister far more dearly, and I dreaded lest the man she had chosen should fail in his duty to protect her. I immediately, of course, when it was too late, did all I could to prevent this marriage, which was in many respects very unsuitable. Paul was one of those who should never have married at all, or at any rate entered into the holy bonds only under the most brilliant auspices.

To deny himself or his elegant tastes, to live for others, and be content to work and suffer for them, was something he had never conceived of, much less put in practice, and to all such marriage is, or ought to be, impossible.

Well, they married, notwithstanding, and I gave my dear Susie away with eyes dimmed with tears, and more sighs in my speech than congratulations; while my wife, ready always to look on the bright side, and make the best of everything, planned the arrangements as pleasantly as our limited means would permit.

And Susie went out into her new life with a man she adored, and who loved her as Isaac in the simple times of old loved the wife whom he had sought so faithfully; but alas! for the simplicity of those happier days; they are gone never to return. Flocks and herds will not suffice the modern requirements of taste, neither in the shape of wholesome provisions or comfortable clothing. Furniture, china, and silver must not only be good, but beautiful, artistically designed, and very costly, otherwise they fail to come up to the standard that fashion has erected, and which few have the courage to rebel against. My views on this subject were original, but it was in vain I endeavored to impress them upon these my best friends. Paul finally obtained an office in the Custom House, given him through the influence of his *quondam* schoolmate Wilson, now a flourishing politician; and with this to furnish an income, and a really beautiful home, which he bought and furnished with all that was left of his patrimony and Susie's five thousand dollars, Centend and his wife began their housekeeping experience.

This was the time before the war, and things were not then as now at gold prices, but it was painful to see Centend struggling under the pressure of wants and tastes which he could not deny or control. Before the first year was out, there was anxiety written on Susie's rosy cheeks, and Paul, who would never deal with any but the best (that is to say, the most fashionable) butchers, bakers, and grocers, was no longer out of the power of trades-people, and trembled at the sight of a bill. Upon comparing accounts it was discovered by Susie, who, like most women, was the first to see the need of retrenchment, that their living and ours

differed much more in expense than comfort, our little establishment being kept by good management on about half what the Centends expended; but Paul's objections to deal in second-class shops, as he called them, for a time checked his wife's efforts to economize. A few years of this sort of thing and a family of young children changed, however, the absolute necessity of the case.

Paul, his love of elegance not a whit abated, but his purse absolutely empty, gave up the reins of power into his wife's hands and allowed her to manage matters in the only way that was possible. Centend never before was given to bursts of ill-temper, indeed his natural disposition was amiable, but as the sweetest wine is said to make the sharpest vinegar, so Paul, cut short in his pleasures, his peculiar fancies, and his critical appetites, was fast becoming morbid, querulous, and fault-finding. Many a morning did Susie come round to our house to "have out" the good cry which she dared not indulge in at home. Many a surreptitious trifle for Paul's dessert, or a present for the children, was conveyed by Caroline from our domicile to theirs.

But all things have an end; Paul's office was taken from him by a change of political rulers, and, beset by duns and difficulties, ill health came upon him (the sure result of over-strained faculties), and typhus fever closed the catalogue of his misfortunes.

When Centend had sufficiently recovered from his long illness to look circumstances in the face, he found himself in a deplorable condition indeed. The war had just broken out, and swept away the hopes of happiness of thousands better anchored than he. What then had destiny to offer him? He had neither the physical strength nor a natural love for the soldier's profession, but he gloried in his country, and possessed that kind of courage which in refined and sensitive temperaments has so often produced great results in times of emergency and danger. He obtained a commission, and leaving his family with me, he traveled, almost from a sick-bed, into the heart of the battle-ground, there to bid a long farewell to elegant leisure and the luxuries of home. During all these years of blood and carnage, Paul was one of those whose places are ever in the "deadliest breach." As if to dispel forever the dream that a gentleman's prerogative is the softest, the sweetest, and the best of what earth can furnish, *his* duty compelled him to the roughest fare, scanty slumbers, and weary and long night-marches. Others had furloughs, he could not obtain them; the delicacies sent by his friends at home never came to hand; to him at last fell the dreadful lot of Andersonville, and a bestial existence to which death would have been Paradise.

I can bear to tell the story now, when it is over, and he who bore himself so bravely is done with it all—for he came back at last, not to live and be happy, but to die and be happier; for he had, while conquering the enemy, learned to conquer himself, his own passions and weaknesses, and left the world a noble soul, one who had fulfilled his mission and was ready to depart.

Self-indulgence had tarnished the brightness of his character, but long months of suffering and privation had brought reflection, and with reflection new views of life, of death, and of the Christian's hope. Nor was he suffered to die in loneliness; those he loved were around him, and the hours that ushered him into the eternal world were peaceful and without regret.

"My dear Jack," he said, but a few days before his tranquil end, "how strangely my destiny has been shaped by Providence. A man who in youth never permitted himself an uncomfortable moment, is killed at last by the effect of the horrors of a southern prison. But for my poverty, I should never have left my home and dear ones, to do battle even in this righteous cause, and but for my expensive tastes I should never have been brought to this necessity. The evil that has happened to me is my own work, while the good I have been able to do has been the one blessing vouchsafed me by an overruling power. Let me entreat you, however, to warn my children against following in my footsteps. This life is not given us for enjoyment, or the cultivation of elegant tastes. The prerogative of a gentleman is the privilege of every human soul to 'do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with his God.'"

CHILDREN WHO WORK.

LOOKING up with one of the sweetest little smiles in her baby-face, a small girl, perhaps seven or eight years of age, replied to my question:

"I work at feathers."

Hers was not the rosy, dimpled, child-face whose type is familiar in all our happy homes. She was thin in flesh, and pale; yet the bright, mirthful eyes, and the peculiarly infantile expression about the mouth, intimated that happiness and love were not altogether strangers to her life.

It was in one of the evening, or "night" schools, as they are more properly called, of New York City, and she was one of the hundred thousand working children in that metropolis, who, after a day of toil, try these uncertain night paths to knowledge.

Do you care to hear her brief story?

She was ten years of age—none are admitted to the evening schools younger than that. Her sister, not yet old enough to come to school, worked with her at stripping feathers in an establishment on Walker Street.

"What kind of feathers are they, and what kind of work is stripping feathers?" we asked.

"Why, like that in your hat," said the bright little creature, looking astonished at my ignorance. "That is what they are like when we have finished them; but we girls work at them before they are dyed. I make about three dollars a week, and my sister—she is only six years old—she does not make as much; sometimes a dollar a week, sometimes more."

Her father was dead, and her sickly mother could earn but a little money by sewing. Such is the pitiful story of thousands in this great Babel of business, pleasure, wealth, poverty, fashion, and suffering.

Soon the invalid mother will pass away, confiding her little ones to the mercy of a heavenly Father. Will He send guardian angels to watch over them, to protect their little steps and strengthen them for a struggle with the destiny which stares them in the face, and that seems inevitable?

Ah! if these little children were ours! But they are not. We can go away and forget them. Our little ones are safely housed and kept. Man is not his brother's keeper, and we are not bound to look after other people's children.

That peculiar expression of the child's mouth! How it carries me home to a face much smaller and younger, belonging to a little sprite who shall never work ten hours a day at "feathers."

But how do I know what she will do? How many or how few unfortunate turns of the inexorable wheel of human events would be necessary to place her there, side by side with those sad little toilers?

Alas! why must we be so selfish that we can feel nothing but that which touches ourselves, *our* hearts, *our* pleasures, or *our* pockets?

And since so many children are born into the world without competent protectors from its evils, why is innocence left in ignorance and poverty, to stumble and fall under temptation? And when is that ever-present enigma to be solved which Carlyle suggests as the great problem of life:—"So many shirts in the world, and so many shirtless backs; how to get the shirtless backs into the shirts?"

So many little unprotected children in the world, and so many rich men and women with warm human hearts; how to get these children into these hearts? How to show people who are anxious to save a suffering and perishing world, that the place to begin is the cradle, just as they would begin with a very young plant in order to fashion the tree in symmetry.

Inquiries by the United States Commissioner of Education, seeking the solution of such problems, have elicited facts respecting the number and condition of the poor children in this city, which, it is believed, will be of interest to every thinking man and woman in the country.

How few residents of Manhattan Island realize, or are even aware of the fact, that within its confines are at least one hundred

thousand children—the adjacent cities contain perhaps as many more—to whom the morning light on six days of the week brings only toil. For these children there are no schools, no nuttings in the woods, no bright walks in Central Park. They are prematurely burdened with the cares of life; dwarfed in stature from the lack of proper nutriment; by confinement in the bad air of workshops; by the bearing of heavy burdens, and the deprivation of such recreations as a normal childhood imperatively demands. They may be seen in the early morning, in all portions of the city, among the laboring throng, hastening with serious mien to the service of the day.

When Briareus-handed industry knocks at the gates of the morning, we are apt to think only of strong men and healthy women. But here, side by side with these, are frail little forms, too often but poorly protected against the wintry blast.

Did you, reader, ever reflect that many children begin the terrible struggle of life for food, shelter, and clothing, at an age when others are scarcely out of their cradles?

Bestow more than a passing glance upon these little ones now, if you never did before. It is much too early for school, yet each child is carrying what appears to be a lunch in basket, paper, or bag. Evidently they belong to this class of working children. The lunch will be needed at noon; for ten hours must pass before the tired feet can take their homeward way.

Where are the children going? What do they find to do?

If you care to know, go with me to the night schools, and afterward to the various factories where these night students toil. The teachers keep upon the school registers a faithful record of the employment of each pupil, and among them, probably, almost every occupation which the wants of man sustain is represented, either by adult students or children.

You will be astonished by the vast number of occupations in which boys and girls under the age of fifteen years are made to earn from fifty cents to five dollars per week. Nearly two hundred different employments are recorded in a single school for boys. They manufacture ink, tassels, tin boxes, whalebones, whips, tobacco, toys, soap, shirts, ropes, picture-frames, paper collars and boxes, mineral waters, fans, feathers, corks, chignons, brushes, brier-wood pipes, bonnet-frames, bottles, bags, beads, artificial flowers, and bird-cages. They are apprentice-boys, cash and errand boys; they work at hair-picking and map-coloring; they post bills and tend stands. Two have given their occupation as "Sexton's assistant." Some of these trades are rather high-sounding for boys, such as blacksmithing, carpentering, and architecture; but it would seem that nearly every business pursued by adults admits of the employment of children in some of its more simple details.

In the girls' schools many of these same employments are registered as followed by them. It seems evident that parents of the little workers are not particular what the children do, so that it brings them bread. While boys make ladies' chignons, girls run on errands for the stores. On the register of one night school for girls are recorded the names of fifty as "errands" for a single large dry goods firm.

Frequently items appear upon the registers indicating a little sentiment of pride or ambition in these night students. The hotel chambermaid or cook invariably gives her occupation as "housekeeper." One little girl of eleven years professes to be a "sales lady." Eighty little girls at one school are registered as "nurses." They are employed all day at home "taking care of the baby while mother goes out to wash." Some quite small girls, working in type-foundries, give their occupation as "type-setting;" but their work is merely placing the types in rows upon a "setting-stick."

Having visited as many night schools as possible in our limited time, and learned from the younger children where they or any children they may know work, we are ready to begin our tour of the factories and workshops.

The Commissioner of Education in Washington wishes to ascertain, as nearly as possible, how many children under fifteen years of age are pursuing "avocations" instead of being in school. But we soon find that it will not do

THE LITTLE FEATHER-WORKERS.

:o say anything about schools or school ages, if we wish to learn facts. A majority of employ-ers were found to be either afraid or ashamed :o acknowledge that they employ children. For instance, we know that children of both sexes are employed in cutting corks; but gen-tlemen in that business, to whom we apply for information, declare that no children work for them.

"How old are your youngest 'hands?'"

"We have none younger than eleven or twelve."

It seems, then, that workers of this age are not considered as children by many employ-ers, and we only arouse their suspicion and opposition by calling them so. Therefore our inquiries in future will refer only to "young people"—boys and girls. We find a retired cork-cutter who informs us that the number of "young people" employed in the business could not be less than one thousand, which number would be increased fivefold but for the extensive importation of corks ready cut.

Three or four thousand girls work in the various book-binding establishments of the city. A part of the work is simple and suited to little children, such as folding and gathering the material. It is thought that at least half the girls working thus are under fifteen years of age.

Large numbers of children are employed in the manufacture of envelopes, there being about eight thousand, it is said, in the city, fully one-fourth of whom are under fifteen years of age. They gum, separate, and sort the envelopes, being paid three and a half cents per thousand, and earning about three dollars per week. The work seems to be pleasant, clean, and the rooms tolerably well ventilated. In this and some other kinds of work, the chief objection seems to be, that while the children are earning their three dollars per week they cannot be in school, acquiring the education so necessary to arm and prepare them properly for the struggles and competitions of life.

Some children give their occupation as workers in gold-leaf. This work requires the careful exclusion of every breath of air from the room, the leaf is so very light. The one work-room we visited was better ventilated than I expected to find it, and much better than most establishments of the kind, it was stated—some air being admitted by keeping the room door leading to the front office open. Great skill is required in handling the thin, frail leaf, and most of the girls engaged in this work were found to be over thirteen years of age.

Little children are registered as employed in "burnishing" china, silver, and gold ware. The idea that heedless childhood could be trusted to polish our beautiful "sets," our silver tea-pots, pitchers, cups, and similar articles in gold, seemed so interesting that I took some trouble to see them work, and after going to three places where they had not time, or rather did not care to talk about it, found one gentleman who was willing to take the time. Here were girls thirteen years of age and upward, sitting in rows before a

long table, leaning forward, the handles of the burnishers—curious-looking steel instruments—pressed against the breast, and using them very skillfully in polishing a variety of beautiful and costly articles. When I remarked that this labor and the position of the worker must be very injurious, and liable to permanently injure the lungs, I was informed that the girls complain of little inconvenience after the first week or so, although men who sometimes work at burnishing find it necessary to wear breast-plates for protection.

There are, it is thought, about eight thousand girls employed in the manufacture of paper collars, one-fourth of whom are under fifteen years of age. The youngest children bend the collars, and perform many other simple details of the work. The swiftness and skill attained by some of the older girls, in counting and putting up the collars, is truly astonishing. One whom I saw at work counts and boxes twenty thousand in a day of ten hours. Another, whose business is to paste lining on the button holes of the collars, three on each, lined five thousand as a day's work.

The making of paper boxes employs at least ten thousand children. An idea may be formed of the immense number of boxes that must be made, from the numbers and varieties to be seen thrown away every day, from the match-box up. In the class of shelf-boxes alone we are shown two hundred different sizes. The larger boxes are made in factories, but the material for the smaller and cheaper varieties is taken home by children, and there "worked up." Many become very expert in the use of the material. A teacher of a night school exhibited a present she had received from a pupil, of a miniature pasteboard house and lot, yard, garden, and outhouses complete.

But in all these hundreds of occupations which busy the skilled fingers of little children, the greatest number, and those of the most tender age, are engaged in the preparation of feathers, flowers, and tobacco—mere luxuries, yet considered so indispensable by a majority of men and women.

Reader, if this fact should seem to you of any special significance, and if it should suggest serious thoughts occasionally, do not drive them away, but entertain them kindly. I do not desire to plant thorns in any of your flowers. Far from it. But may it not be hoped that the fine lady, luxuriating in forms of airy beauty, grace, and harmony will sometimes think pitifully and helpfully of the little children; that the man of ease, contentedly smoking his pipe or cigar, or rolling the sweet morsel under his tongue, may occasionally be carried in imagination to the filthy rooms where young children—almost babes—spend the long day in "stemming" the weed.

Do you think God intended childhood as a season for drudgery? If not, can any of you suggest some good plan by which the "rights" of children may be secured to them? Women who are already awake to some of the great issues of the hour, will you now arouse more fully to the importance of educating the children? Is not the question a fundamental one? And the rights of all children once secured, will not the world then be right?

With the addresses of a dozen or more feather and artificial flower establishments in various portions of the city, nearly three days were passed in the vain attempt to witness and sketch the simple operations of stripping or cutting feathers. The manufacturers in this business are remarkably fearful of the light, and have adopted stringent rules—unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—excluding all visitors from their work-rooms; but some of them refuse us politely and invent the best excuses they can.

One proprietor has no young girls at work, just now, either in the feathers or flowers; another is making repairs; one, whose refusal is expressed beforehand in his forbidding face, informs us that he has "no time to be bothered; the young people are well enough off; never you mind them."

The gentleman in charge of the establishment on Walker Street, where our little friend of the night school works, was polite and willing to give information, but as determined as others not to admit visitors. Another gentleman assured us frankly that no manufacturer of feathers and flowers in the city would allow visitors in his work-room, and the reason given is that each has particular patterns of his own, and fears that they may be copied

by others. Some, it is stated, even send their "hands" to seek work in other establishments, and, after a few days, take them back to enjoy the benefit of what they may have learned.

When quite discouraged we found a very small workshop, one of hundreds carried on in the city, employing about a dozen girls. The proprietor, a Frenchman, who is just commencing business, was not only willing to let us sketch the little girls at work, but desired a picture made of the larger girls curling the colored feathers and preparing the flowers. All seemed pleased with the idea of being 'put into a book."

Manufacturers of feathers and flowers say that there are engaged in this work as many as ten thousand girls in New York and Brooklyn, two-thirds of whom are under fifteen years of age, and some as young as six and seven. The work done by the youngest children is simple, and manufacturers insist that it is very easy, consisting merely of stripping or cutting the feathers and stringing them, preparatory to dyeing, or preparing the material for flowers by equally simple operations. It is thought much more pleasant than any other work in which large numbers of children are engaged. The workrooms are not foul with unhealthful odors, but are generally tolerably well ventilated. Yet the children do not thrive upon this "easy" work. Few of them look as children should—fat, rosy, and cheerful.

Many thousands of children, some of them very small, are at work in the tobacco factories of New York City. More than one thousand are employed by a single firm, and there are hundreds of smaller establishments scattered through the city, sometimes consisting of merely the members of a single family. Permits to visit the larger factories are not easily obtained. In this craft, also, proprietors have methods of work which they jealously guard.

"I have expostulated," said the manager of one of the oldest tobacco establishments, as he gave us a permit to visit the factories under his charge, "against the employment of young children; but the overseers say that the children will go elsewhere and get work; that their parents are in want and need their labor, and so it seems impossible to avoid hiring them."

In one of their factories the youngest child employed is four years of age, the oldest person a woman of eighty. They work side by side.

Children so young as four years, we are told, are not regularly hired, but, in cases where their parents or guardians are employed, are brought with them for safe keeping, and as it is quite impossible for them to "keep still" all the time, they are glad to imitate the others in "stemming," and are soon able to add a dollar to the weekly wages of mother, sister, or grandmother. Thus they learn the business, and in the course of a year or two become regular "hands."

I saw a very pretty little baby, certainly not more than four years of age, trying to learn. She looked very demure, sitting upon an inverted basket, and occasionally glancing side-

FOUR AND EIGHTY.

ways at visitors. Every worker in this room, we are told, is Irish; but this nursling, with her prominent forehead, delicate features, blue eyes, and golden hair, looks more like a stray fairy who has lost her way and fallen into the foulest and darkest of prisons.

The entire building steams with the fumes of tobacco, and some of the rooms are positively unbearable to those not accustomed to the odor. The rooms where the women and children work are the least objectionable; but they are dreadful places for young children to grow up in.

The youngest girls are separated from each other in their work by a goodly number of steady old women being placed between them, "otherwise, you know," said our cicerone, "the children would play." They sit upon benches, ranged along in regular rows, quite near together. At the end of every bench hang upon the wall numbers of hoop-skirts, ready for duty upon the street when it is time to go home, but unnecessary and inconvenient about the work.

Ten thousand children, it is said, are working in tobacco, in New York and Brooklyn, for ten hours a day, six days of the week, and fully five thousand of them are believed to be under fifteen years of age. Children in many cases supply the places of more mature hands, and thus offer the employer an opportunity for gain not to be resisted as long as other manufacturers with whom he must compete employ this cheap labor.

Were stringent laws passed, similar to those existing in some of the New England States, regulating the employment of children under a certain age, many of the employers would accept the change, and would co-operate with others in arranging for a voluntary system of half-time schools; while not a few declare that such a system "wouldn't work," they "couldn't be bothered with it."

Tell them of the good results at Indian Orchard, and other places, from half-time schools, they say:—"O, in New England things can be done that can't be done anywhere else. Besides, in New England they work more hours than we do here. Our children can have an extra two hours for evening school."

CHOPPING TOBACCO.

I thought of the weary forms and heavy eyelids I had seen in all the evening school with a feeling of despair. Could anything be more pitiful than the attempts of children under such conditions of mind and body, to learn the difference between b and c, or to master the absurdities of our spelling?

In a subterranean apartment a few dozen boys are at work chopping the weed in its rough form, preparing it for the process of softening in brine for the "stemmers." A little light comes in from somewhere, enough for us to distinguish the utter dreariness of the scene. The little stove in the middle of the cellar fails to overcome the dampness of the atmosphere, but the exercise seems to keep the boys warm. Most of them, as might be expected, are chewing tobacco.

Many other details of the work in tobacco which must be passed over for want of space are performed by boys and girls. An undersized girl of twelve we saw elevated upon a box feeding a large machine. Her labor, it is stated, is equal in quantity and quality to that of an adult.

Interesting boys of ten or eleven were keeping the knives of a cutting machine clear by using a sponge saturated with rum, thus being brought in contact at once with two brother vices of society—rum and tobacco. They are getting their education. I

they prove apt scholars we may expect them to graduate in a few years.

In addition to the outrage of sacrificing the health and educational interests of children by keeping them at mechanical drudgery nearly all their waking hours, certain kinds of labor they perform are absolutely dangerous to life and limb. At the evening schools we heard of girls who, while working in twine manufactories, had lost one and two joints of their fingers. The principal of one school stated that last winter she had ten girls who had lost the initial finger from the right hand, and therefore could not be taught to write. One child, who learned to write with the left hand, came to school afterwards with the initial finger of that hand also gone. It was taken off in the twisting machinery at a twine factory.

Determined to see this terrible machine, we learned the address of the largest twine establishment in the city, and away up town, nearly to Central Park, we went one bitter cold day, so cold that to keep our courage up it needed the reflection that little girls, thinly clad, struggle through such weather all winter long, plunge into it from hot work-rooms and with vitality consumed by labor in impure air.

We found about three hundred persons at work, two hundred of them being children under fifteen years of age, and nearly all girls, who spin, wind, and twist the flax.

We were shown a very picturesque machine for hackling the flax, tended by ten sturdy little boys of twelve or thirteen years of age, five on each end. They were mounted upon a platform to enable them to reach and change the clamps which held the flax. This monster machine, which supersedes the small hacklers upon which our grandmothers dressed their flax, requires to be fed at either end continuously, and it works with the regularity and remorselessness of fate. Not discovering this peculiarity at first, and observing the boys working for dear life, we remarked to the proprietor: "These boys seem to be trying to show off before you."—"No," he replied, "the machine keeps them at it."

"Is it not better for them than running in the streets?" asked the proprietor.

"Better than that, yes; but how are they to be educated?"

"They nearly all go to evening schools."

Studying in the evening after working like this all day! No wonder they fall asleep over their lessons.

This tread-mill of a machine made me forget for a moment the terrible twisters we came to see. Only for a moment. Descending to the next floor we find a few women at work, and a few boys, but nearly all girls, of various ages, and engaged in many different labors, but all of one complexion—sooty, grimy, dusty, flaxy: all were dressed in a coarse skirt of hemp, often ragged and tattered. They ran from one corner of the room to another, carrying heavy boxes and armfuls of bobbins. You might almost imagine they were having a grand play, with such celerity do they fly from place to place; but the little faces are very sober, some thin and pale, and all appear to have arrived at a "realizing sense" of the burthens of life. There is one wielding a broom almost twice as high as herself, and almost as large around as her legs; the thinness of the latter showing painfully under her short tattered dress. If she could go to the Children's Aid Society's schools for even a part of the day, they would dress her warmly, and give her at least one nourishing meal in the twenty-four hours.

Here are the dreadful twisting machines, very disappointing in appearance, seeming to be only long rows of spindles stretching from one end of the room to the other, with nothing peculiarly dangerous about them. The proprietor is anxious to confirm the impression caused by their harmless appearance.

"A few girls," he says, "have had their fingers *hurt* in these machines; but it was always in cases where they forgot or neglected their work to talk or play. The twisters are not more dangerous than other machines at which children work."

I asked a little girl who had lost the fourth finger of her right hand how it happened, and she replied:—

"It was the rule that we go to help the others, and I went to help a girl, and she kept twisting the twine so," giving her hands a great flourish. "But my little finger always *did* stick

out from the others, and it got caught among the flax, and I knew it would take my hand off, and I jerked it out with all my might, and only lost half the finger. If I had been slow, my hand would have been taken off."

This is the simple story of a girl of twelve years. She was trying to imitate one more skillful than herself. The stories of other fingers lost in twine factories would differ but slightly from this. A moment's forgetfulness of the danger, but one moment of yielding to the universal childish impulse to play, and the mischief is done.

It is expected that penalties must follow violations of the law of mechanics, as of other laws, but children should not be placed in situations where so sad a penalty is the result of a moment's inattention. Their innocence and ignorance appeal for protection against the possibility of such calamities. An engine of 150 horse-power, driving a balance-wheel of 18,000 pounds weight, is an irresistible force when it clashes with the little finger of a child. Should not children's fingers be protected from the destruction threatened by such machinery, in some manner, by law if not otherwise?

But if the situation of children engaged in regular employment is so sad, what can be said of those who are drifting about the streets of the city, without any real homes or steady employment, but supporting a miserable existence by such irregular work as they can obtain—living "by their wits." From fifteen to twenty thousand is considered a moderate estimate of the number of boys and girls situated thus in the midst of this great centre of wealth and refinement. Many of these are orphans — others worse than orphans — children of criminals and poor wretches sunk deep in the degradation of drunkenness. Some are runaways from other cities; some are children of emigrants whose parents die upon the way here; some have fathers in the army and no mothers; others have invalid mothers and no fathers. Their daily portion is hunger, cold, and misery of almost every description. They may be seen almost every day upon the street, bent double, staggering under heavy loads, sweeping the crossings, or begging. Sometimes they go without food until sick with hunger. Often their loathing of the miserable holes they call home is so great that they seek lodging in the station-house, and not unfrequently the beginning is made in crime for the sake of the shelter of even a prison over their heads.

The work of the New York Juvenile Asylum was fully described in the first number of this magazine. The Children's Aid Society is likewise doing a beneficent work for a portion of these outcasts by providing shelter, employment, food, and schools in the city, and permanent homes in the West. Six thousand sent to permanent homes, and twelve thousand aided to employment in some direction, during the period of seventeen years, is a great work in itself, but compared to that which needs to be done it is but a mite. The means of the Society are limited, and in other respects its operations are hampered by obstacles which a mere private enterprise must necessarily encounter.

Why should not the State aid, if not sustain such efforts entirely by liberal appropriations, or by the enactment of wise helping laws?

The magnitude of this evil is not appreciated. When it was proposed by Mr. Brace, the leading spirit in the Children's Aid Society work, to start the Rivington Street lodging-house for boys, many persons, even those who were engaged in the work, doubted the necessity of the step. The president of the society thought there were not homeless boys enough to need it; but very soon it was full, and now applicants for lodging have to be sent away every day.

I asked some bright little newsboys, lodgers at this house, how many such hotels they thought there ought to be for boys in New York? One thought that thirty would do, and another said it would need fifty. I asked another if he thought there were many boys now out of employment in New York? He said,

"The city's full of them. Why, there's men even offering to work for boys' wages."

When this unequal struggle of childhood with hunger, cold, and all the nameless horrors of poverty has produced its natural effect, and the boy or girl has become hardened, the

people, in self-protection, are obliged to support them in reformatories or prisons, while any plan by which all the poor children might be supported and schooled, and thus made useful citizens, would seem to the same people like useless extravagance. It is stated that it now costs the State of New York more than four times as much to support her criminal courts as to educate her children. Is this fact true? And if it is true, what of it?

Horace Mann, the great apostle of the people, as President Sarmiento so justly designates him, saw the truths which underlie this question more clearly, and stated them more forcibly than any other person has ever done. Twenty-five years ago he told the people of this republic that—"No greater calamity can befall us as a nation than that our children should grow up without knowledge and cultivation. If we do not prepare them to become good citizens, develop their capacities, enrich their minds with knowledge, imbue their hearts with a love of truth and duty, and a reverence for all things holy, then our republic must go down to destruction as others have gone before it, and mankind must sweep through another vast cycle of sin and suffering before the dawn of a better era can arise upon the world."

THORWALDSEN'S SACRED MARBLES.

THORWALDSEN was especially the delineator of the antique, and in this field he has greatly enriched the City of Copenhagen with the priceless Museum of Sculpture that bears his name.

When he proposed to adorn the Frauen-Kirche of the same city with the sublimest theme of Christianity, that of Christ and the Apostles, it was a matter of interest to know whether his antique culture would sustain him in the embodiment of the Christian idea. His task was admirably performed; the statues of Christ and the Apostles crowned the column of his fame.

The old church, antique in style, is well adapted to display the figures, which are arranged two and two on each side of the pillars of the nave, whilst the statue of Christ occupies the sombre niche of the altar, extending its arms as if to receive the worshipers. The series of Apostles supporting Christ is opened by Peter and Paul, and the pairs seem to be arranged with reference to contrast in character. Peter has turned his head quickly around, as if in the act of resolutely obeying a command. The left hand is holding up his garment, that it may not impede him in his duty, whilst the right is firmly holding the keys that are the symbol of his office. He is the man of quick, determined action. Paul is the teacher. Thought and clear perception rest on his features, and the whole declares the consciousness of victory, whilst the statue itself is peculiarly dignified. The hand is raised to teach, and the mouth opened to speak; the stern eye is prepared to silence opposition.

The second pair is that of Matthew and John. The former is the careful historian, and is observantly listening to what is being told to him. The mouth is firmly closed, and he seems absorbed in his occupation, which is that of writing. It is his duty to relate the blessed story of salvation, and the angel reclining at his side seems absorbed in the revelation of this mystery. But John, in some respects the masterpiece of the group, is the most perfect contrast of his companion. He is the man of inspiration. His spirit has soared to the eternal world, and is sunk in the contemplation of it, all his powers being absorbed by the announcements from on high. He reports not the deeds of history that are perceived by the senses, but their mysterious nature—the mystery of the Godhead. He is not the historian, but the prophet in history. What he relates comes not to him by tradition, but by inspiration. And while the heads of the other statues are nearly all inclined to the ground, his is turned gently upward. His countenance is that of youth, but not of effeminacy or sentimentality.

THORWALDSEN'S ST. JOHN.

He is the man in the youth, but with less individual expression than the others, for he is wholly lost in the contemplation of the divine mystery. God is revealed in the flesh. The eagle at his feet is a symbol of his soaring nature.

The third pair is that of Philip and James the brother of John. Philip's mouth is opened in sadness, and his head is turned on one side. His gentle nature is affected with grief that the world can be so hostile to the messengers of Christ. Here all vigor seems lost in sorrow. James, on the contrary, is the man of cheerful determination, who journeys through the world without hesitation. His pilgrim's hat is thrown over the shoulder, his

left hand is on his garment, and the right holds his pilgrim's staff. He is in the act of stepping forward with the left foot, and his head is turned sideways to the place that he is leaving: he is casting yet one sad glance toward Jerusalem as he goes out into the world to proclaim to it the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Following these are James the son of Alpheus, and Andrew. This James much resembles Jesus in the gentleness cast over the whole statue, but strength is wanting. James is tired of his pilgrimage; his knees bend a little in weakness, his left hand leans on the strong staff, and the right feebly reclines on the left. In contrast to him is Andrew. Here all is calm firmness—defiance. The external form, broad shoulders, short neck, and broad, firm head, indicate defiance to the world and its power as he leans on his cross, the instrument of his martyrdom and the sign of his victory.

The next are Thomas and Judas. The former is resting the index-finger of his right hand reflectingly on his cheek, and gives us the impression of thoughtful melancholy. Judas seems absorbed in prayer, and is embracing the halberd that is to kill him. His bearing is an answer to the enigmas that torture the soul of Thomas.

The last pair is composed of Bartholomew and Simon Zelotes. The bald head and furrowed brow of Bartholomew indicate age, but it has not broken his strength, and he is calmly regarding in his right hand the knife that is the sign of his martyrdom. Simon is leaning with both hands on the saw that is to deprive him of life, and observing it with a feeling of inexpressible sadness. His soul suffers at the thought that all the love and mercy of God are lost on a world filled only with hatred against his messengers.

And now for the statue of Christ in the central niche of the altar. One must school himself to appreciate it, for it is not possible to represent Christ in statue. It is more easy to do this in painting, for the conception of Christ needs something symbolical. Thorwaldsen has sought to make his statue of Christ the expression of an idea. We see the Apostles in their calling as we imagine them on earth, but the figure of Christ is an ideal one. It is not Jesus, as he walked on earth; it is not the Son, sitting at the right hand of the Father, but it is the embodiment of the Gospel; and therefore he has not the garments as he wore them in life, but has a light envelope thrown around him, as if risen from the dead, and thus his right shoulder and side are bare, showing the wound in the latter. The extended hands and the whole form have something inviting in their character, as if he were exclaiming to poor sinners: "Come hither, ye weak and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The impression left by the entire group is that of marvelous gradation of conception, and great fullness of thought and feeling; but what is common to them all is that seriousness which in individual cases rises to sadness, and that responsibility of calling that rests on them, and creates in them the resolution to live and die for their Lord and Master.

AN APRIL VIOLET.

UNDER the Larch with its tassels wet,
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the rosy dawn, my love I met.

Under the Larch, when the sun was set,
He came with an April violet:
Forty years—and I have it yet.

Out of Life with its fond regret,
What have Love and Memory yet?
Only an April violet.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUE SILVER.

THE artistic and learned world of Germany has recently been thrown into quite an excitement about a rare discovery of antique silver vessels, such as never before have been found within its borders. Some Prussian soldiers were making excavations for artillery purposes near Hildesheim, not far from the city of Hanover, in North Germany, when at a depth of ten feet they suddenly came upon three large vases, about two feet in height, containing quite a number of smaller vessels, with beakers, bowls, and salvers.

A close inspection proved them to be of great value, being ninety pounds of solid silver, partly overlaid with gold. But far more than this was their artistic worth, as the workmanship proved to be of surpassing beauty, and induced those connoisseurs who first examined them to declare them to be relics of the flourishing art-period of the Renaissance, when the influence of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Benevenuto was so clearly seen in the rich arabesques and graceful images of that period.

But the later investigations of the professional antiquarians of Germany proved that not half their value had yet been surmised. These gentlemen declared them to be splendid specimens of antique art, originating in the golden age of Augustus or his immediate successors. They were evidently the eating and drinking service of some luxurious old Roman, as the ornaments were all emblematic of the art and mythology of ancient Rome in her highest glory. And finally a critical inspection, after still more careful cleaning, discovered Roman weights, expressed in pounds, ounces, and scruples, and even the Roman names of some of the artists in the old Roman alphabet.

The discovery is therefore evidently antique, and far more extensive and valuable than any ever made north of the Alps, and even superior to the remarkable treasures in this line exhumed in Pompeii in 1835. The interesting question then immediately arose as to how these rare vases, beakers, salvers, candelabras, and all the utensils of a gorgeous table-service, should be found so far north, and in a region of no large Roman colony. The oxydized state of the vases proved them to have been buried a great length of time, for some of these were fairly eaten through.

This enigma set the antiquarians and historians at work again, and they soon told the following interesting story: About nine years after the birth of Christ the Roman Proconsul Varus was sent to Northwest Germany, to subdue the rebellious tribes under the old hero Hermann. The Roman general had commanded in Syria,

ANTIQUE SILVER BELL-SHAPED VASE.

ANTIQUE SILVER BEAKER-VASE, WITH HANDLES.

and found it but soldierly sport to subdue these weak and effeminate people. This led him to over-estimate himself and under-estimate his foes. He consequently undertook this ancient "Holiday Promenade to Berlin," accompanied by everything that could redound to his luxury and splendor, not forgetting his magnificent table-service with which to enjoy his delicacies and his wines. The Great Hermann led him by superior strategy into the pathless wilderness of the Teutoburger Forest, and there, after a three days' battle, totally annihilated the Roman Army. In its flight it doubtless buried these treasures in hope of recovering them, or certain victorious German clans may have thus concealed them from their own foes and never been able to recover them.

But they have at last arrived at Berlin, after a pretty tedious journey, it must be confessed, and are now adding their charms to the many priceless ornaments of the Art Museum of that great capital. And we now propose to give a concise description of some of the principal pieces of that great discovery, accompanied by splendidly-executed illustrations of three of these rarest works of art.

The first and most beautiful one is a bell-shaped vase, whose artistic execution leaves no doubt of its old Roman origin. It seems to have been a massive punch-bowl, though all its accessories are unfortunately wanting. It is very much corroded, but the largest part of it is in a tolerable state of preservation. A delicate plexus of grape-vines springs from the wings of griffins at the base, and twines around it to the summit, forming meshes in which are sportive children catching fish and crabs, beetles and butterflies. The entire execution is of workmanship so exquisitely delicate that none of the modern imitations of the antique fully equal it.

The second figure is a beaker-vase with handles. It is only about four inches in height, but its artistic perfection is quite equal to the preceding larger one. It has fallen into five pieces: the outer shell, the inner body of massive silver, the two handles, and the base. But each of these parts is uninjured, and there is no difficulty at all in attaching the parts together by solder. This beaker is surrounded by the foliage of the vine, and adorned with dramatic masks in very bold relief. These are as exquisite in

ANTIQUE SILVER BOWL, WITH THE INFANT HERCULES.

drawing as they are perfect in expression.

The third figure, which is also very beautiful, is a shallow bowl of about a span in diameter. In the bottom of it simply rests the infant Hercules, for it rises in such lofty relief that only a portion of the head and back touch the base. The boy is throttling serpents, as prophetic of his future strength, and he performs the dangerous task with a smile over his easy victory. The whole execution is of thrilling effect, and clearly indicative of its origin.

In addition to these, the collection contains a larger bowl, with an image of Minerva in the bottom, the whole figure of the goddess being heavily gilded and adorned with shield and helmet and a wreath of olive leaves. In execution it is not quite equal to those we have given in the cuts. Then there is a very beautiful small bowl, containing a bust that has been supposed to be that of Paris, from its delicacy and the absence of a beard. Another bowl contains a medallion with the bust of a goddess, at first supposed to be Helena, but afterwards, from its symbols and surrounding, decided to be that of Cybele. Among the smaller vessels and utensils are many valuable specimens — three shallow bowls, with rich foliage and the heads of men and beasts, and a drinking vessel, ornamented with a simple laurel wreath. There are five beakers worked with enameled leaves, and a large vase, of some twenty inches in height, shaped like a funnel, and adorned with prancing steeds and raging boars.

A very interesting feature regarding the affair, are the learned and critical discussions among the German savans concerning the symbols, and the conclusion to be drawn from these as to epochs and artists. "Did they belong to such an age and to the Proconsul Varus, and are they the handiwork of Roman, Greek, or even of Asiatic goldsmiths?" Was there ever a richer field for the digging, delving, hair-splitting antiquarians of Germany?

THE FLY.

From time immemorial the fly has had an existence upon the earth; a special and important mission to fulfill. It has been written a bore and pronounced a nuisance; declared a pest, and gravely regarded a messenger of evil; made a "Plague" and known as a scavenger; adjudged an assassin and condemned as a malefactor; used as an emblem in proverb and in prophecy; and if not canonized, it is at least placed in the heavens, and we find it taking rank among the stars as a constellation. From the remotest antiquity to the present moment it has been an unchanged representative of its class, and yet it is to-day regarded with as little interest and as much contempt as when Young wrote that the immortal soul, when thrown into tumult by the varied and fitful scenes of earth,

> "Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
> To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

Yet its part in the universe is scarcely less important to-day than when, by reason of its numbers, it "corrupted the land" in order to convey a great moral lesson to Pharaoh's hardened heart, and a convincing argument to his benighted understanding.

The profusion with which flies are distributed over the surface of the globe, causes them to fulfill two important duties in the economy of nature. On the one hand they furnish to insectivorous birds an inexhaustible supply of food, and on the other they contribute to the removal of all decaying animal and vegetable substances, and thus serve to purify the air which we breathe. Their fecundity, the rapidity with which one generation succeeds another, and their great voracity, added to the extraordinary quickness of their reproduction, are such as to warrant Linnæus in saying that three flies, with the generations that spring from them, would eat up a dead horse as quickly as could a lion. Certainly these little insects are worthy of our attention and study, from the part they play in the general economy of nature. Man has no more potent aid in the conservation of health and the mitigation of disease and suffering. By their agency are quickly removed the noxious fluids of decaying plants and animals, which, if left undisturbed, would not only offend the senses, but would scatter broadcast the seeds of disease, and produce speedy and certain destruction of life. Among these the classes Diptera and Coleoptera, of which the fly and the beetle are the representatives, may be said to constitute by far the largest portion to which this office is assigned.

When we consider their relations to ourselves and other animals, they become, also, objects of fear and repulsion. Gnats and mosquitoes suck our blood; the gad-fly and asylus attack our cattle. It is related of one species, that it attacks and ultimately destroys many of the wretched convicts who are sent to the penitentiary of Cayenne, in French Guiana, South America. When one of these degraded beings, who live in a state of sordid filth, goes to sleep, a prey to intoxication, this fly, *Lucilia hominivorax*, sometimes gets into his mouth and nostrils, lays its eggs there, and when they are changed into larvæ the death of the victim usually follows. Instances of a similar character are reported in some of our medical works, showing that the larvæ, under the favoring circumstance of filth, have attacked the living flesh and occasioned an agonized death in a short time. Who would suppose that one of the causes which render it so difficult to explore Central Africa, is a fly not larger than the house-fly? The Tsetse fly (*Glossina morsitans*) is not dangerous to man, to any wild animals, nor to the pig, the mule, the ass, nor the goat; but it stings mortally the ox, the horse, the sheep, and the dog, and renders the countries which it curses uninhabitable for these valuable animals. This sucker of blood secretes, in a gland placed at the base of his trunk, so subtle a poison that three or four flies are sufficient to kill an ox; and yet a most remarkable feature is that man and wild animals, and even calves while they continue to feed upon milk, possess entire immunity from the effects of the poison. The *Glossina morsitans* abounds on the banks of the Zambesi and in other marshy situations. The African cattle recognize its ominous buz-

zing and manifest the greatest fear at this fatal sound. Dr. Livingstone, in crossing these regions, lost more than forty fine oxen in as many minutes by the bite of the Tsetse fly, notwithstanding they were carefully guarded and had been but little bitten.

But the common house-fly (*Musca domestica*) is a representative of the whole class, and being a constant companion in our dwellings, may with propriety be the special object of study. Unlike the butterfly and moth, the fly has but one pair of wings, the second being replaced by two appendages called bal-

FIG. 1.—THE BALANCER.

ancers (technically halteres, Fig. 1), because they serve to regulate the flight. They are little membranaceous threads, placed one at the base of each wing near a spiracle, and terminated by a minute oval button, which seems capable of contraction and dilatation. The animal moves these organs with great vivacity, often when at rest and probably when flying. If either or both of these organs be cut off, the insect can no longer fly nor walk; hence it is supposed the poisers are connected with the feet, and are air-holders, and not improbably connected with respiration, by

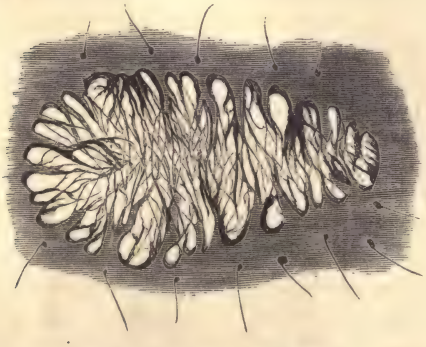


FIG. 2.—SPIRACLE OF HOUSE-FLY.

FIG. 3.—THE TRUNK.

opening and closing the spiracle in their vicinity. The respiratory apparatus of all insects is not by air-tubes communicating with lungs, as in the vertebratæ, nor by gills, as in the mollusks, but by stigmata, spiracles, or breathing-pores, located upon the surface of the body, which communicate with a system of minute air-tubes scattered everywhere throughout the body for the aëration of the blood. These spiracles (Fig. 2), while they open upon the surface, are guarded from the reception of dust, &c., by a net-work of fibres stretching from border to border, and so interlaced as to be efficient protectors.

Flies take their food by suction, either finding it or reducing it to a fluid state by secreting and throwing out a fluid from their trunks for this purpose. The mouth, or trunk (Fig. 3), consists of a sheath, a sucker, and one to four bristle-formed lancets, which at the same time that they pierce the food apply to each other so accurately as to form an air-tight tube;—the last two named parts are retractile, and when withdrawn and hidden in the sheath may be forced out by pressing between the thumb and finger either the two sides or the upper and under part of the thorax, when the fly is forced to show its

trunk to its fullest extent. The lips—the extremity of the proboscis—are capable of closing in the middle, leaving an opening front and back; thus arranged, and acting with great rapidity in a hundred different ways, alternately lengthening and shortening, and becoming successively flat and convex, the mouth becomes a pump and the fluid rises by suction; the fly exhausting the air from the tube of its trunk, and the liquid at the opening going up through the influence of atmospheric pressure.

They feed principally upon fluids that exude from the bodies of other animals; sweat, saliva, and other secretions; they also seek vegetable juices, and may be seen in our houses to feed eagerly upon fruits and sweet substances. It is this passion that causes them to attack and occasion mischief to our books, by scraping off with their liplets the white of egg and sugar varnish used to give polish to the covers, &c., leaving traces of their depredations in the soiled and spotted appearance which it occasions. It is by means of these same organs also that the fly teases us in the heat of summer, when it alights upon the hand or face to sip the perspiration as it exudes and is condensed upon the skin.

The antennæ are of peculiar structure, and are the more interesting to study, not only because they present a great variety of forms, but from the probability that they are the organs of hearing for this class of insects. In our fly they originate in the front of the head, close together, and diverge as they proceed. They are jointed and densely covered with hairs, which decrease regularly in length

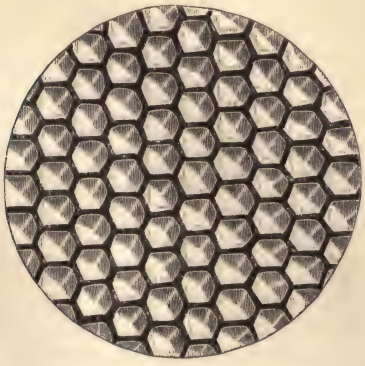


FIG. 4.—THE EYE OF THE FLY.

FIG. 5.—THE FOOT OF THE FLY.

from the base, making a wide and pointed plume.

While examining the proboscis you will not fail to observe two large protuberances upon the head, often covering nearly the whole surface;—these, the eyes, usually compound and consisting of many thousands, are constructed thus: each little hexagon of the eyelets, or ocelli, that compose the compound eye, (Fig. 4), is a perfect instrument of vision, consisting of the horny lens,—a six-sided prism, and an inner conical lens, which last is also compound, composed of two lenses placed together by their flat sides, and having different refracting powers. This arrangement enables all insects possessing mosaic composite eyes to see objects with more distinctness in proportion to the number of cones, since each cone will receive at least one direct ray of light from every object that is presented to the eye from the external world. The law of compensation, which is ever found throughout nature to maintain the balance between necessity and convenience, is nowhere more distinctly and beautifully exemplified than in the composite eyes of insects. The number of ocelli has been estimated at 7,000 in the house-fly, 12,000 in the dragon-fly, and 34,000 in the butterfly.

The principle upon which the fly can with ease, safety, and rapidity traverse the ceiling has long been the subject of thought and theory, and not until the microscope revealed the

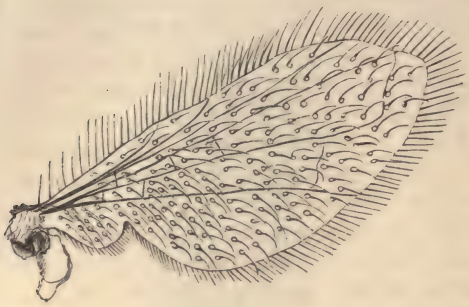


FIG 7.—WING OF HOUSE-FLY.

structure of the foot could these marvelous movements be fully and confidently explained; a minute examination of this organ will unfold the principle as well as the wonderful wisdom and beauty of the arrangement. The foot (pulvillus), (Fig. 5), is a membranous structure, having seated upon its upper surface two claws, which are movable in every direction. Projecting from the lower surface are the organs which have been termed "hairs"—"hair-like appendages," &c.—These are the immediate agents in holding, and may be termed "tenent hairs," in allusion to their office. Fig. 6 shows the under surface of the fore-foot of the flesh-fly with tenent hairs *a* and *b* more magnified. It has been found by experiment that flies cannot walk without slipping upon glass when it is moistened by the breath or steam, or sprinkled with flour; and the frequent rubbing together of the under side of the feet, and backward and forth, along the whole surface of the hairs with which the tarsi are clothed, is not an operation of cleanliness or amusement only, but one of absolute necessity, in order to keep the *pulvilli* in a fit state for climbing smooth, vertical surfaces; the hairs of the tarsi serving as a brush for this particular purpose.

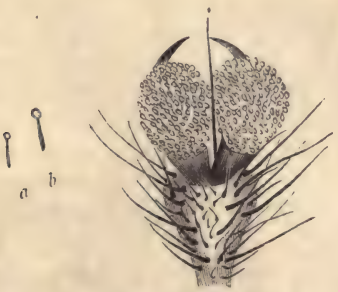


FIG. 6.—UNDER SURFACE OF THE FOOT.

In ordinary flight the house-fly makes about 600 strokes with its wings in a second, and is carried through the air about five feet in that brief time, but if alarmed the velocity can be increased six or seven-fold, so as to carry the insect thirty or thirty-five feet in the second. To accomplish this wonderful movement the wing (Fig. 7), must be adapted to the end; consequently we find it composed of two membranes of exceeding tenuity stretched upon a framework of nervures which have their origin in the trunk of the body and communicate with the air-vessels. The nervures are hollow, horny tubes, which divide and ramify throughout the wing. They contain spiral threads, which appear to be air-vessels, analogous to the air-vessels in the wings of birds, and into which a subtle fluid is introduced at every voluntary expansion of the wings. Those insects that are longest on the wing, the dragon-fly for instance, have their wings most covered with nervures: the upper surface is also studded with hooked spines of the same horny texture.

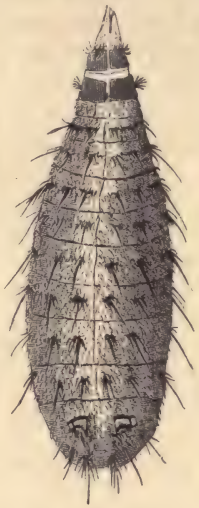


FIG. 8.—LARVA.

FIG. 9.—COCOON.

Their reproductive power is enormous. A blue meat-fly (*Musca vomitoria*) will deposit in less than half a day, upon a piece of meat, not less than 200 eggs in irregular heaps of various sizes, and has been known to produce 20,000 living larvæ, and in twenty-four hours

each has increased its own weight above 200 times. The eggs are of an iridescent white color, and four or five times as long as they are broad. In less than twenty-four hours after the egg is laid the larva (Fig. 8) is hatched. As soon as it is born it begins to eat, and with the hooks and lancets with which it is provided, buries itself in the meat. These worms discharge no solid excrement, but produce a sticky liquid, which keeps the meat moist and hastens putrefaction. The larvæ eat voraciously and continually, and arrive at full growth in four or five days. They now seek a retreat under ground and take no more nourishment until they are transformed into flies. In this retreat they assume a globular or oval form, disengage themselves from their skin, which becomes reddish-brown, shut themselves up in this box, closing it in every part, and strengthening it so as to secure themselves from the effects of the air and the attacks of other animals. In four or five days after, the cocoon (Fig. 9) is occupied by a white pupa, provided with all the parts of a fly. The fly is inanimate, and is like a mummy enveloped in its cloths, each member having its own special case or sheath. It emerges from the end of the cocoon where the head of the larva was placed. This end is composed of two half cups, placed one against the other, and which can be detached from each other and from the rest of the cocoon. It requires considerable strength to raise these lids, or valves, and disengage itself from the swaddling-clothes in which it is enveloped. It raises the cup by a series of expansions and contractions of its body, and by butting against it with the head, and comes out gray, but in the course of three hours perfects itself, and assumes its ultimate color, at the same time unfolding its wings and other parts. The common flies deposit their eggs upon vegetables, and particularly on fungi in a state of decomposition, and on manure heaps, &c., and are essentially parasites, settling on both man and beast, to suck up the fluid substances that are diffused over the surface of their bodies. These insects are of great service, not only in a general sense, by taking up large masses and visible portions of matter, but their province being as well the consumption of decaying animal matter which is found about in quantities so small as to be imperceptible to most people, and is not removable by ordinary means, even in the best kept apartments during hot weather.

The popular notion is that the presence of large numbers of flies in any locality is a precursor of sickness; this phenomenon, rightly interpreted, would indicate that there is present an undue quantity of decomposing animal matter, which if left undisturbed would form a nidus for some form of disease. The flies, however, being attracted in proportionate numbers, these little scavengers become a saving element in the economy of life.

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Concluded from page 516.)

XI.

MADAM COURT expected Peer to visit her at her house, and he went there.

"Now you shall know my Court," said she, "and you shall make the acquaintance of my chimney-corner. I never dreamed of this when I danced in 'Circe' and 'The Rose Elf in Provence.' Indeed, there are not many now who think of that ballet and of little Frandsen. 'Sic transit gloria in the moon,' as they say in Latin. My Court is a witty fellow, and uses that phrase when I talk about my time of honor. He likes to poke fun at me, but he does it with a good heart."

The "chimney-corner" was an inviting low-studded room, with a carpet on the floor, and an endless lot of portraits for a book-binder to have. There was a picture of Gutenberg, and one of Franklin, of Shakspeare, Cervantes, Molière, and the two blind poets, Homer and Ossian. Lowest down, hung, glazed and in a broad frame, one cut out in

paper of a *danseuse*, with great spangles on a dress of gauze, the right leg lifted toward heaven, and written beneath a verse :—

> "Who wins our hearts by her dancing?
> Who of her wreath-trophies can sing,*
> Mademoiselle Emilie Frandsen!"

It was written by Court, who wrote excellent verse, especially comic verse. He had himself clipped the picture out and pasted and sewed it before he got his first wife. It had lain many years in a drawer, now it flourished here in the poetic picture gallery; "my chimney-corner," as Madam Court called her little room. Here were Peer and Court introduced to each other.

"Is he not a charming man?" said she to Peer. "To me he is just the most charming."

"Ay, on a Sunday, when I am well bound in State clothes," said Herr Court.

"You are charming without any binding," said she, and then she tipped her head down as it came over her that she had spoken a little too childishly for one of her age.

"Old love does not rust," said Herr Court. "An old house a-fire burns down to the ground."

"It is as with the Phœnix," said Madam Court; "one rises up young again. Here is my Paradise. I do not care at all to seek any other place, except an hour at your mother and grandmother's."

"And at your sister's," said Herr Court.

"No, angel Court; it is no longer any Paradise there. I must tell you, Peer, they live in narrow circumstances, but there is a great mingle-mangle about them for all that. No one knows what he dare say there in that house. One dare not mention the word 'darkey,' for the eldest daughter is beloved by one who has negro blood in him. One dare not say 'hunchback,' for that one of the children is. One dare not talk about 'defalcation,'—my brother-in-law has been in that unfortunate way. One dare not even say that he has been driving in the wood: wood is an ugly sound, for it is just the same as Woods, who fought with the youngest son. I don't like to go out and sit and hold my tongue. I don't dare talk, so I just come back to my own house and sit in my chimney-corner. Were it not too emphatic, as they say, I would gladly ask our Lord to let us live as long as my chimney-corner holds out, for there one grows better. Here is my Paradise, and this my Court has given me."

"She has a gold mill in her mouth," said he.

"And thou hast gold grain in thy heart," said she.

> "Grind, grind all the bag will hold,
> Milly's the grain, Milly's pure gold,"

said he, as he chucked her under the chin.

"That verse was written right on the spot! It ought to be printed!"

"Yes, and handsomely bound!" said he.

So these two old folks rallied each other.

A YEAR passed before Peer began to study a rôle at the theatre. He chose "Joseph," but he changed it for "George Brown," in the opera of "The White Lady." The words and music he quickly made his own, and from Walter Scott's romance, which had furnished the material for the opera, he obtained a clear, full picture of the young, spirited officer who visits his native hills and comes to his ancestral castle without knowing it; an old song wakens recollections of his childhood; fortune attends him, and he wins a castle and his wife.

What he read became as if something which he himself had lived—a chapter of his own life's story. The music, rich in melodies, was entirely in keeping. There was meanwhile a long, very long time before the first rehearsals began. The singing-master did not mean that there should be any hurry about his appearance, and at length he too understood this. He was not merely a singer, he was an actor; and his whole being was thrown into his character. The chorus and the orchestra at the very first applauded him loudly, and the evening of the representation was looked forward to with the greatest expectation.

"One can be a great actor in a night-gown at home," said a good-natured companion; "can be very great by daylight, but only

* It is but fair to say for the enthusiastic Court that he is not responsible for the disgraceful English rhymes. His Danish ones were built on Miss Frandsen's name.—TRANS.

so-so before the lights in a full house. That you will see for yourself."

Peer had no anxiety, but a strong desire for the eventful evening. The singing-master, on the contrary, was quite feverish. Peer's mother had not the courage to go to the theatre; she would be ill with anxiety for her dear boy. Grandmother was sick, and must stay at home, the doctor had said; but the trusty friend Madam Court promised to bring the news the very same evening how it all went off. She should and would be at the theatre, even if she were to be in the last extremity.

How long the evening was! How the three or four hours stretched into eternity! Grandmother sang a psalm, and prayed with mother to the good God for their little Peer, that he might this evening also be Lucky Peer. The hands of the clock moved slowly.

"Now Peer is beginning," they said; "now he is in the middle; now he has passed it."

The mother and grandmother looked at one another, but they said never a word. In the streets there was the rumbling of carriages; people were driving home from the theatre. The two women looked down from the window; the people who were passing talked in loud voices; they were from the theatre, they knew, bringing good news or sorrow up into the garret of the merchant's house.

At last some one came up the stairs. Madam Court burst in, followed by her husband. She flung herself on the necks of the mother and grandmother, but said never a word. She cried and sobbed.

"Lord God!" said mother and grandmother. "How has it gone with Peer?"

"Let me weep!" said Madam Court, so overcome was she. "I cannot bear it. Ah! you dear good people, you cannot bear it either!" and her tears streamed down.

"Have they hissed him off?" cried the mother.

"No, no! not that!" said Madam Court. "They have—oh, that I should live to see it!"

Then both mother and grandmother fell to weeping.

"Be calm, Emilie," said Herr Court. "Peer has been victorious! He has triumphed! The house came near tumbling down, they clapped him so. I can feel it still in my hands. It was one storm of applause from pit to gallery. The entire royal family clapped too. Really, it was what one may call a white day in the annals of the theatre. It was more than talent—it was genius!"

"Ay, genius," said Madam Court, "that is my word. God bless you, Court, that you spoke that word out. You dear good people, never would I have believed that one could so sing and act in comedy, and yet I have lived through a theatre's whole history." She cried again; the mother and grandmother laughed, whilst tears still chased down their cheeks.

"Now sleep well on that," said Herr Court; "and now come, Emilie. Good-night! good-night!"

They left the garret-chamber and two happy people there; but these were not long alone. The door opened, and Peer, who had not promised to come before the next forenoon, stood in the room. He knew well with what thoughts the old people had followed him; how ignorant, too, they still must be of his success, and so, as he was driving past with the singing-master, he stopped outside; there were still lights up in the chamber, and so he must needs go up to them.

"Splendid! glorious! superb! all went off well!" he exclaimed jubilantly, and kissed his mother and grandmother. The singing-master nodded with a bright face and pressed their hands.

"And now he must go home to rest," said he, and the visit was over.

"Our Father in Heaven, how gracious and good Thou art," said these two poor women. They talked long into the night about Peer. Round about in the great town people talked of him,—the young, handsome, wonderful singer. So far had Peer's fame gone.

XII.

THE morning papers mentioned the *début* with a great flourish of trumpets as something more than common, and the dramatic reviewer reserved till another number his

privilege of expressing his opinion. The merchant invited Peer and the singing-master to a grand dinner. It was an attention intended as a testimony of the interest which he and his wife felt in the young man, who was born in the house, and in the same year and on the very same day as their own son.

The merchant proposed the health of the singing-master, the man who had found and polished this "precious stone," a name by which one of the prominent papers had called Peer. Felix sat by his side and was the soul of gayety and affection. After dinner he brought out his own cigars; they were better than the merchant's; "he can afford to get them," said that gentleman; "he has a rich father." Peer did not smoke,—a great fault, but one that could easily be mended.

"We must be friends," said Felix. "You have become the lion of the town! all the young ladies, and the old ones too, for that matter, you have taken by storm. You are a lucky fellow all over. I envy you; especially that you can go in and out over there at the theatre, among all the little girls."

That did not now seem to Peer anything so very worthy of envy.

He had a letter from Madam Gabriel. She was in transports over the extravagant accounts in the papers of his *début*, and all that he was to become as an artist. She had drunk his health with her maids in a bowl of punch. Herr Gabriel also had a share in his honor, and was quite sure that he, beyond most others, spoke foreign words correctly. The apothecary ran about town and reminded everybody that it was at their little theatre they had first seen and been amazed at his talent, which was now for the first time recognized at the capital. "The apothecary's daughter would be quite out of conceit with herself," added Madam, "now that he could be courting Baronesses and Countesses." The apothecary's daughter had been in too much of a hurry and given in too soon; she had been betrothed, a month since, to the fat counsellor. The bans had been published, and they were to be married on the twentieth of the month.

It was just the twentieth of the month when Peer received this letter. He seemed to himself to have been pierced through the heart. At that moment it was clear to him that, during all the vacillation of his soul, she had been his steadfast thought. He thought more of her than of all others in the world. Tears came into his eyes; he crumpled the letter in his hand. It was the first great grief of heart he had known since he heard, with mother and grandmother, that his father had fallen in the war. It seemed to him that all happiness had fled, and his future was dull and sorrowful. The sunlight no longer beamed from his youthful face; the sunshine was put out in his heart.

"He does not seem well," said mother and grandmother. "It is the wear and tear of that theatre life."

He was not the same as formerly, they both perceived, and the singing-master also saw it.

"What is the matter?" said he. "May I not know what troubles thee?"

At that his cheeks turned red, his tears flowed afresh, and he burst out with his sorrow, his loss.

"I loved her so earnestly!" said he. "Now, for the first time, when it is too late, I see it clearly."

"Poor, troubled friend! I understand thee so well. Weep freely before me, and hold fast by the thought, as soon as thou canst, that what happens in the world happens best for us. I too have known and felt what you now are feeling. I too once, like you, loved a girl; she was discreet, she was pretty and fascinating; she was to be my wife. I could offer her good circumstances, but one condition before the marriage her parents required, and she required: I must become a Christian—!"

"And that you would not?"

"I could not. One cannot, with an honest conscience, jump from one religion to another without sinning either against the one he takes leave of or the one he steps into."

"Have you no faith?" said Peer.

"I have the God of my fathers. He is a light for my feet and my understanding."

They sat for an hour silent, both of them, Then their hands glanced over the keys, and the singing-master played an old folk song.

Neither of them sang the words; each made his own thoughts underlie the music. Madam Gabriel's letter was not again read. She little dreamed what sorrow it had carried.

A few days after there came a letter from Herr Gabriel; he also wished to offer his congratulations and "a commission." It was this especially which had given occasion to the letter. He asked Peer to buy a little porcelain thing, namely, Amor and Hymen, Love and Marriage. "It is all sold out here in the town," he wrote, "but easily to be got in the capital. The money goes with this. Send the thing along as quickly as possible: it is a wedding present for the counsellor, at whose marriage I was with my wife." Finally Peer came to—"Young Madsen never will become a student: he has left the house, and has daubed the walls over with stale witticisms against the family. A hard subject that young Madsen. 'Sunt pueri pueri, pueri puerilia tractant!' *i.e.*, 'Boys are boys, and boys do boyish things.' I translate it since you are not a Latinist," and with that Herr Gabriel's letter closed.

XIII.

Sometimes, when Peer sat at the piano, there sounded tones in it which stirred thoughts in his breast and head. The tones rose into melodies that now and then carried words along with them; they could not be separated from song. Thus arose several little poems that were rhythmic and full of feeling. They were sung in a subdued voice. It was as if they were shy and timid in feeling, and moved in loneliness.

Like the wind our days are blown,
No tarrying place is here;
From cheeks the roses have flown:
Perished the smile and the tear.

Wherefore, then, smitten with grief?
Sorrow, too, taketh its flight,
Everything fades like the leaf,
Men and women, and daytime and night.

Vanishing, vanishing all!
Thy youth, thy hope, and thy friend.
Like the wind, they heed not thy call,
They vanish, nor turn back again.

"Where did you get that song and melody?" asked the singing-master, who accidentally found the words and music written down.

"It came of itself, that and all this. They do not fly farther into the world."

"A downcast spirit sets out flowers too," said the singing-master, "but it dare not give counsel. Now we must set sail and steer for your next *début*. What do you say to Hamlet, the melancholy young Prince of Denmark?"

"I know Shakspeare's tragedy," said Peer, "but not yet Thomas's opera."

"The opera should be called Ophelia," said the singing-master. "Shakspeare has, in the tragedy, made the Queen tell us of Ophelia's death, and this is made to be the chief point in the musical rendering. One sees before his eyes, and feels in the tones, what before we could only learn from the narrative of the Queen."

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death."

The opera brings all this before our eyes. We see Ophelia: she comes out playing, dancing, singing the old ballad about the mermaid that entices men down beneath the river, and while she sings and plucks the flowers the same tones are heard from the depths of the stream; they sound in the voices that allure from the deep water; she listens, she laughs, she draws near the brink, she holds fast by the overhanging willow and stoops to pluck the white water-lily; gently she glides on to it, and singing, reclines on its broad leaves; she swings with it, and is carried by the stream out into the deep, where, like the broken flower, she sinks in the moon-

light with the mermaid's melody welling forth about her.

In the entire scene it is as if Hamlet, his mother, his uncle, and the dead, avenging king alone were necessary to make the frame for the picture. We do not get Shakspeare's Hamlet, just as in the opera Faust we do not get Goethe's creation. The speculative is no material for music; it is the passionate element in both these tragedies which permits them to be rendered in a musical production.

The opera of Hamlet was brought on the stage. The actress who had Ophelia's part was admirable; the death scene was most effectively rendered; but Hamlet himself received on this evening a commensurate greatness, a fulness of character which grew with each scene in which he appeared. People were astonished at the compass of the singer's voice, at the freshness shown in the high as well as in the deep tones, and that he could with a like brilliancy of power sing Hamlet and George Brown.

The singing parts in most Italian operas are a patchwork in which the gifted singers, men and women, work in their soul and genius, and then, out of the variegated colors given them, construct shapes as the progress of the poem requires; how much more glorious, then, must they reveal themselves when the music is carried out through thoughts and characters; and this Gounod and Thomas have understood.

This evening at the theatre Hamlet's form was flesh and blood, and he raised himself into the position of the chief personage in the opera. Most memorable was the night scene on the ramparts where Hamlet, for the first time, sees his father's ghost; the scene in the castle, before the stage which has been erected, where he flings out the words that are drops of poison; the terrible meeting with his mother, where the father's ghost stands in avengeful attitude before the son; and finally, what might in the singing, what music at Ophelia's death! She became as a lotus flower upon the deep, dark sea, whose waves rolled with a mighty force into the soul of the spectators. Hamlet this evening became the chief personage. The triumph was complete.

"How came he by it!" said the merchant's rich wife, as she thought on Peer's parents and his grandmother up in the garret. The father had been a warehouse-man, clever and honorable; he had fallen as a soldier on the field of honor; the mother, a washer-woman,—but that does not give the son culture, and he grew up in a charity school,—and how much, in a period of two years, could a provincial schoolmaster instil into him of higher science.

"It is genius!" said the merchant. "Genius!—that is born of God's grace."

"Most certainly!" said his wife, and folded her hands reverently when she talked to Peer. "Do you feel humble in your heart at what you have received?" she asked. "Heaven has been unspeakably gracious to you. Everything has been given. You do not know how overpowering your Hamlet is. You have yourself created the representation. I have heard that many great poets do not themselves know the glory of what they have given; the philosophers must reveal it for them. Where did you get your conception of Hamlet?"

"I have thought over the character, have read a portion of what has been written about Shakspeare's work, and since, on the stage, I have entered into the person and his surroundings. I give my part and our Lord gives the rest."

"Our Lord," said she, with a half-reproving look. "Do not use that name. He gave you power, but you do not believe that he has anything to do with the theatre and opera!"

"Most assuredly I do!" said Peer, courageously. "There also does he have a pulpit for men, and most people hear better there than in church."

She shook her head. "God is with us in all good and beautiful things, but let us be careful how we take his name in vain. It is a gift of grace for one to be a great artist, but it is still better to be a good Christian." Felix, she felt, would never have named the theatre and the church together before her, and she was glad of that.

"Now you have laid yourself out against mamma!" said Felix, laughing.

"That was very far from my thoughts!"

"Don't trouble yourself about that. You will get into her good graces again next Sunday when you go to church. Stand outside her pew, and look up to the right, for there, in the balcony-pew, is a little face which is worth looking at—the widow-baroness's charming daughter. Here is a well-meant piece of advice, and I give it to you:—You cannot live where you are now. Move into larger lodgings, with the stairs in good order; or, if you won't leave the singing-master, then let him live in better style. He has means enough, and you have a pretty good income. You must give a party too, an evening supper. I could give it myself, and will give it, but you can invite a few of the little dancing girls. You're a lucky fellow! but I believe, heaven help me, that you don't yet understand how to be a young man."

Peer did understand it exactly in his own way. With his full, ardent young heart, he was in love with art; she was his bride, she returned his love, and lifted his soul into gladness and sunshine. The depression which had crushed him soon evaporated, gentle eyes looked upon him, and every one met him in a friendly and cordial manner. The amber-heart, which he still wore constantly on his breast, where grandmother once had hung it, was certainly a talisman, as he thought, for he was not quite free from superstition,—a child-like faith one may call it. Every nature that has genius in it has something of this, and looks to and believes in its star. Grandmother had shown him the power that lay in the heart, of drawing things to itself. His dream had shown him how, out from the amber-heart, there grew a tree which burst through garret and roof, and bore a thousand-fold of hearts and silver and gold; that surely betokened that in the heart, in his own warm heart, lay the might of his art, whereby he had won and still should win thousands upon thousands of hearts.

Between him and Felix there was undoubtedly a kind of sympathy, different as they were from each other. Peer assumed that the difference between them lay in this: that Felix, as the rich man's son, had grown up in temptations, and could afford to taste them and take his pleasure thus. He had, on the contrary, been more fortunately placed as a poor man's son.

Both of these two children of the house were meanwhile growing up into eminence. Felix would soon be a Kammerjunker,* and that is the first step to being a Kammerherr,* as long as one has a gold key behind. Peer, always lucky, had already in his hand, though it was invisible, the gold key of genius, which opens all the treasures of the earth, and all hearts too.

XIV.

It was still winter-time. The sleigh-bells jingled, and the clouds carried snow-flakes in them, but when sunbeams burst through them there was a heralding of spring. There was a fragrance and a music in the young heart that flowed out in picturesque music and found expression in words.

A SPRING SONG.

In swath of snow the earth is lying,
Over the sea merry skaters are flying,
The frost-rimmed trees are specked with crows,
But to-morrow, to-morrow the winter-time goes.
The sun bursts through the heavy skies,
Spring comes riding in summer guise,†
And the willow pulls off its woollen glove.
Strike up, musicians, in leafy grove;
Little birds, little birds, sing in the sky,
Winter's gone by! winter's gone by!

O, warm is the kiss of the sun on our cheek,
As violets and stonewort in the woodland we seek:
'Tis as if the old forest were holding its breath,
For now in a night each leaf wakes from death.
The cuckoo sings! (you know its tell-tale song),
So many years your days will be long.‡
The world is young! be thou, too, young;
Let happy heart and merry tongue
With spring-time lift the song on high,
Youth's never gone by! never gone by!

* Titles of court attendants. The latter of these gentlemen wear in their court dress a gold key hanging by a ribbon at the back of the coat.

† It is a custom at Eastertide for the peasants to come riding into the towns and villages, their horses and themselves decked with green boughs, especially of the beech, and so they go in procession and have a merry dance in the evening; it is then said in the people's way,—"Spring is riding summer-wise into town."

‡ It is a Scandinavian superstition that the first cuckoo one hears in the spring will answer the question,—"How many years shall I live?" by a prophetic number of notes. Many other questions are asked, and boys and girls will go out at night that in the early morning they may hear the cuckoo's answers.

Youth's never gone by ! never gone by !
The earth lives a charmed life for aye,
With its sun and its storm, its joy and its pain.
So in our hearts a world has lain,
That will not be gone, like a shooting star,
For man is made like God afar,
And God and Nature keep ever young.
So teach us, Spring, the song thou'st sung,
And pipe in, little birds in the sky,—
" Youth's never gone by ! never gone by !"

"That is a complete musical painting," said the singing-master, "and well adapted for chorus and orchestra. It is the best yet of your pieces which have sprung out of words. You certainly must learn thorough bass, although it is not your vocation to be a composer."

Some young music friends meanwhile quickly brought out the song at a great concert, where it excited remark but led to nothing. Our young friend's career was open before him. His greatness and importance lay not in the sympathetic tones of his voice, but in his remarkable dramatic power. This he had shown as George Brown and as Hamlet. He very much preferred the regular opera to the singing of pieces. It was contrary to his sound and natural sense, this stepping over from song to talking, and back to singing again.

"It is," said he, "as if one came from marble steps on to wooden ones, sometimes even on to mere hen-roosts, and then again to marble. The whole poem should live and breathe in its passage through tones."

The music of the future, which the new movement in opera is called, and of which Wagner is specially standard-bearer, received a response and strong admiration from our young friend. He found here characters so clearly marked, passages so full of thought, the entire handling characterized by forward movement, without any stand-still or recurrence of melodies. "It is surely a most unnatural thing, the introduction of arias."

"Yes, introduction," said the singing-master. "But how they, in the works of most of the great masters, stand prominently forth, a large part of the whole ! So must and should it be. If the lyric has a home in any place, it is in the opera ;" and he mentioned in Don Juan, Don Octavio's aria, "Tears, cease your flowing." "How like is it to a charming lake in the woods, by whose bank one rests and is filled to the brim with the music that streams through the leafy woods ! I pay my respects to the profundity that lies in the new musical movement, but I do not dance with you before that golden calf. Nor is it your heart's real meaning which you express, or else you are not yourself quite clear about it."

"I will appear in one of Wagner's operas," said our young friend. "If I cannot show my meaning by the words, yet I will by my singing and acting."

The choice fell on Lohengrin, the young mysterious knight who, in the boat drawn by swans, glides over the Scheldt to do battle for Elsa of Brabant. Who so well as he ever acted and sang the first song of the meeting, the conversation of two hearts in the bridal chamber, and the song of farewell when the holy Grail's white dove hovers about the young knight, who came, won—and vanished ? This evening was, if possible, another step forward in the artistic greatness and celebrity of our young friend, and to the singing-master it was a step forward in the recognition of the music of the future—

"Under certain conditions," he said.

XV.

At the great yearly exhibition of paintings, Peer and Felix one day met before the portrait of a young and pretty lady, daughter of the widow-baroness, as the mother was generally called, whose salon was the rendezvous for the world of distinction and for every one of eminence in art and science. The young baroness was in her sixteenth year, an innocent, charming child. The picture was a good likeness and given with artistic skill.

"Step into the saloon here close by," said Felix. "There stands the young beauty with her mother."

They stood engaged in looking at a characteristic picture. It represented a field where two young married people came riding on the same horse, holding fast to one another. The chief figure meanwhile was a young monk who was looking at the two happy travelers. There was a sorrowful dreamy look in the young

man's countenance; one could read in it his thought, the story of his life; an aim missed, great happiness lost! human happiness in human love he had not won.

The elder baroness saw Felix, who respectfully greeted her and the beautiful daughter. Peer showed the same customary politeness. The widow-baroness knew him immediately from having seen him on the stage, and after speaking to Felix she said some friendly, obliging words to Peer as she pressed his hand.

"I and my daughter belong to your admirers."

What perfect beauty seemed to possess the young girl at this moment! She looked with her gentle, clear eyes almost gratefully upon him.

"I see in my house," continued the widow-baroness, "very many of the most distinguished artists. We common people stand in need of a spiritual airing. You will be heartily welcome. Our young diplomat," she pointed to Felix, "will show you the way the first time, and afterward I hope that you will find the way yourself."

She smiled on him. The young girl reached out her hand naturally and cordially, as if they had long known each other.

Later in the autumn, one cold, sleety evening, the two young men went as they had been invited. It was weather for driving and not walking in for the rich man's son, and for the first singer on the stage. Nevertheless they walked, well wrapped up, with galoshes on their feet and rough caps on their heads.

It was like a complete fairy scene to come out from the raw air into the apartment displaying such luxury and good taste. In the vestibule, before the carpeted stairs, there was a great display of flowers among bushes and fan-palms. A little fountain plashed in the basin, which was surrounded by tall callas.

The great salon was beautifully lighted, and a great part of the company had already gathered. Soon there was almost a crowd. People trod on silk trains and laces; there was a hum round about of conversation's sonorous mosaic, which, on the whole, was the least worth while of all the splendor there.

Had Peer been a vain fellow, which he was not, he could have imagined that it was a feast made for him, so cordial was the reception which he met from the mistress of the house and the beaming daughter. Young ladies and old, yes, and gentlemen with them, said most agreeable things to him.

There was music. A young author read a well-written poem. There was singing, and true delicacy was shown in that no one urged our young and honored singer to make the whole affair most complete. The lady of the house was the observing hostess, full of spirits and full of hospitality in that elegant salon.

It was his introduction into the great world, and our young friend was soon here also one of the select ones in the choice family circle. The singing-master shook his head and smiled.

"How young thou art, dear friend," said he, "that thou canst enjoy going among these people. They can be good enough in and for themselves; but they look down on us plain citizens. For some of them it is only a piece of vanity, an amusement, and for others a sort of mark of exclusive culture when they receive into their circle artists and the lions of the day. These belong in the salon much as the flowers in a vase, they wither and then they are thrown away."

"How harsh and unjust," said Peer. "You do not know these people, and will not know them."

"No," answered the singing-master. "I am not at home with them, nor are you either, and this they all remember and know. They caress you and look at you just as they pat and look at a race-horse that is to win a wager. You belong to another race than they. They will let you go when you are no longer in the fashion. Do you not understand that? You are not proud enough. You are vain, and you show that by seeking these people."

"How very differently you would talk and judge," said Peer, "if you knew the widow-baroness and a few of my friends there."

"I shall not get to knowing them," said the singing-master.

"When is the engagement to come out?" asked Felix one day. "Is it the mother or

the daughter?" and he laughed. "Don't take the daughter, for then you'll have all the young nobility against you, and I too shall be your enemy, and the fiercest one."

"What do you mean?" asked Peer.

"You are the most favored one. You can go out and in at all hours. You'll get the cash along with the mother, and belong to a good family."

"Stop your joking," said Peer. "There is nothing amusing to me in what you say."

"No indeed, there is no fun at all in it," said Felix. "It is a most serious matter, for you'll not let her grace sit and weep and be a double widow."

"Leave the baroness out of your talk," said Peer. "Make yourself merry over me if you want to, but over me alone, and I will answer you."

"No one will believe that it is a love match on your side," continued Felix. "She is a little outside of the line of beauty—one does not live on spirit alone!"

"I gave you credit for more refinement and good sense," said Peer, "than would let you talk thus of a lady you ought to esteem, and whose house you visit, and I won't talk of this longer."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Felix. "Will you fight?"

"I know that you have learned that, and I have not, but I can learn," and he left Felix.

A day or two afterward the two children of the house met again, the son from the first floor and the son from the garret. Felix talked to Peer as if no quarrel had risen between them. He answered courteously, but curtly too.

"What is the matter now!" said Felix. "We two were a little irritable lately, but one may have his joke without being flayed for it; so let us forget and forgive."

"Can you forgive yourself the manner in which you spoke of a lady to whom we both owe great respect?"

"I spoke very frankly!" said Felix. "In fine society one may talk with a razor-edge, but that is not thought an ill thing. It is the salt for the tasteless every-day fish dinner, as the poet calls it. We are all just a little wicked. You can also let a drop fall, my friend; a little drop of innocence which makes one smart."

So they were soon seen arm in arm. Felix well knew that more than one pretty young lady who would otherwise have passed him by without seeing him, now noticed him since he was walking with the "Ideal of the Stage." Lamp-light always casts a glamour over the theatre's hero and lover. It still shines about him when he shows himself on the street, in day-light, but is generally rather extinguished then. Most of the artists of the stage are like swans; one should see them in their element, not on the paving stones or the public promenade. There are exceptions, however, and to these belonged our young friend. His appearance apart from the stage never disturbed the conception one had of him as George Brown, or Hamlet, or Lohengrin. It was the form associated thus with poetry or music that many a young heart made to be the same with the man himself, and exalted into the ideal. He knew that it was thus, and found a kind of pleasure in it. He was happy in his art, and in the means he possessed of exercising it, yet there would come a shadow over the joyous young face, and from the piano sounded the melody with the words:—

Vanishing—vanishing all!
Thy youth, thy hope, and thy friend.
Like the wind, they heed not thy call,
They vanish, nor turn back again.

"How mournful!" said the widow-baroness. "You have happiness in full measure. I know no one who is so happy as you."

"Call no one happy before he is in his grave, the wise Solon said," replied he, and smiled through his seriousness; "it were a wrong, a sin, if I were not thankful and glad of heart. I am thus. I am thankful for what is intrusted to me, but I myself set a different value on this from what others do. It is a beautiful piece of fireworks which shoots off and then is all out. The actor's work thus vanishes out of knowledge. The everlasting shining stars may be forgotten for the meteors of a moment, but when these are extinguished, there is no living trace of them except by the old signs. A new generation does not know and cannot picture to itself those

who delighted their fathers from the stage; youth, perhaps, applauds splendor and brass as delightedly and as loudly as the old folks once did splendor and true gold. Far more fortunately placed than the scenic artist are the poet, the sculptor, the painter and the composer. They may in the struggle of life experience hard fortune and miss the merited appreciation, while those who exhibit their works, as the actor and the musician, live in luxury and proud state. Let the many stand and gaze at the bright-colored cloud and forget the sun, yet the cloud vanishes, the sun shines and beams for new generations."

He sat at the piano and improvised with a richness of thought and a power such as he never before had shown.

"Wonderfully beautiful!" broke in the widow-baroness. "'Twas as if I heard the story of a whole life-time. You gave your heart's canticle in the music."

"I thought of the Thousand and one Nights," said the young girl, "of the lamp of fortune, of Aladdin," and she looked with pure, dewy eyes upon him.

"Aladdin!" he repeated.

This evening was the turning-point in his life. A new section surely began.

What was befalling him this flitting year? His fresh color forsook his cheeks; his eyes shone far more clearly than before. He passed sleepless nights, but not in wild orgies, in revels and rioting, as so many great artists. He became less talkative, but more cheerful.

"What is it that fills you so?" said his friend the singing master. "You do not confide all to me!"

"I think how fortunate I am!" he replied —"I think of the poor boy! I think of— Aladdin."

XVI.

MEASURED by the expectations of a poor-born child, Peer now led a prosperous, agreeable life. He was so well to do that, as Felix once said, he could give a good party to his friends. He thought of it, and thought of his two earliest friends, his mother and grandmother. For them and himself he provided a festival.

It was charming spring weather; the two old people must drive with him out of town and see a little country place which the singing master had lately bought. As he was about seating himself in the carriage, there came a woman, humbly clad, about thirty years old; she had a begging paper recommending her signed by Madam Court.

"Don't you know me?" said she. "Little Curly-head, they used to call me. The curls are gone, there is so much that is gone, but there are still good people left. We two have appeared together in the ballet. You have become better off than I. You have become a great man. I am now separated from two husbands and no longer at the theatre."

Her "paper" begged that she might come to own a sewing-machine.

"In what ballet have we two performed together?" asked Peer.

"In the 'Tyrant of Padua,'" she replied. "We were two pages, in blue velvet and feathered cap. Do you not remember little Malle Knallerup? I walked just behind you in the procession."

"And stepped on the side of my foot!" said Peer, laughing.

"Did I?" said she. "Then I took too long a step. But you have gone far ahead of me. You have understood how to use your legs in your head," and she looked with her melancholy face coquettishly and with a simper at him, quite sure she had passed quite a witty compliment. Peer was a generous fellow. She should have the sewing-machine, he promised. Little Malle had indeed been one of those who especially drove him out of the ballet into a more fortunate career.

He stopped soon outside the merchant's house, and stepped up-stairs to his mother and grandmother. They were in their best clothes, and had accidentally a visit from Madam Court, who was at once invited to join them, whereupon she had a sore struggle with herself, which ended in her sending a messenger to Herr Court to inform him that she had accepted the invitation.

"Peer gets all the fine salutations," said she.

"How stylishly we are driving!" said mother; "And in such a roomy, great carriage," said grandmother. Near the town,

close by the royal park, stood a little cozy house, surrounded by vines and roses, hazels and fruit-trees. Here the carriage stopped. This was the country-seat. They were received by an old woman, well known to mother and grandmother; she had often helped them in their washing and ironing.

The garden was visited, and they went over the house. There was one specially charming thing—a little glass house, with beautiful flowers in it. It was connected with the sitting-room. There was a sliding door in the wall.

"That is just like a *coulisse*," said Madam Court. "It moves by hand; and one can sit here just as in a bird-cage, with chickweed all about. It is called a winter-garden."

The sleeping-chamber was also very delightful after its kind. Long, close curtains at the windows, soft carpets, and two arm-chairs, so commodious that mother and grandmother must needs try them.

"One would get very lazy sitting in them," said mother.

"One loses his weight," said Madam Court. "Ah! here you two music people can swim easily enough through the seas of theatrical labor. I have known what they are. Ay, believe me, I can still dream of making *battements*, and Court makes *battements* at my side. Is it not charming—'two souls and one thought.'"

"There is fresher air here, and more room, than in the two small rooms up in the garret," said Peer with beaming eyes.

"That there is," said mother. "Still home is so good. There did I bear thee, my sweet boy, and lived with thy father."

"It is better here," said grandmother. "Here there are all the conveniences of a rich man's place. I do not grudge you and that noble man the singing-master this home of peace."

"Then I do not grudge it to you, grandmother, and you, dear blessed mother. You two shall always live here, and not, as in town, go up so many steps, and be in such narrow and close quarters. You shall have a servant to help you, and see me as often as in town. Are you glad at this? Are you content with it?"

"What is all this the boy stands here and says!" said mother.

"The house, the garden, all are thine, mother, and thine, grandmother. It is for this I have labored to lay up money. My friend the singing-master has faithfully helped me by getting it ready."

"What is all this you are saying, child?" burst forth the mother. "Will you give us a gentleman's seat? My dearest boy, thou wouldst do it if thou couldst."

"It is all true," said he. "The house is thine and grandmother's." He kissed them both; they burst into tears, and Madam Court shed quite as many.

"It is the happiest moment of my life!" exclaimed Peer, as he embraced them all.

And now they had to see everything all over again, since it was their own. In place of their row of five or six plants in pots out on their roof, they now had this beautiful little conservatory. Instead of a little closet they had here a great roomy pantry, and the kitchen itself was a complete little warm chamber. The chimney had an oven and cooking-stove; it looked like a great shining box iron, said mother.

"Now you two have at last a chimney corner just like me!" said Madam Court. "It is royal here. You have got all that man can get on this earth, and you too, my own courted friend."

"Not all!" said Peer.

"To be sure the little wife comes!" said Madam Court. "I have her already for you. I have her in my feeling! but I shall keep my mouth shut. Thou noble man! Is it not like a ballet, all this?" She laughed with tears in her eyes, and so did mother and grandmother.

XVII.

To write the text and music for an opera, and be himself the interpreter of his own work on the stage, this was his great aim. Our young friend had a talent in common with Wagner, in that he could himself construct the dramatic poem; but had he, like him, the fulness of musical power so that he could fashion a musical work of any significance?

Courage and doubt alternated in him. He could not dismiss this constant thought from his mind. A year and a day since had it shone

forth as a picture of fancy; now it was a possibility, an end in his life. Many free fancies were welcomed at the piano as birds of passage from that country of Perhaps. The little romances, the characteristic spring song gave promise of the still undiscovered land of *tone*. The widow-baroness saw in them the sign of promise, as Columbus saw it in the fresh green weed which the currents of the sea bore toward him before he saw the land itself on the horizon.

Land was there! The child of fortune should reach it. A word thrown out was the seed of thought. She, the young, pretty, innocent girl spoke the word—Aladdin.

A fortune-child like Aladdin was our young friend. This was the light that broke into him. With this light he read and re-read the beautiful oriental story; soon it took dramatic form: scene after scene grew into words and music, and the more it grew the richer came the music thoughts; at the close of the work it was as if the well of *tone* were now for the first time pierced, and all the abundant fresh water gushed forth. He composed his work anew, and in stronger form, months afterward, arose the opera Aladdin.

No one knew of this work; no one had heard any measures at all of it, not even the most sympathetic of all his friends, the singing-master. No one at the theatre, when of an evening the young singer with his voice and his remarkable playing entranced the public, had a thought that the young man who seemed so to live and breathe in his rôle, lived far more intensely, ay, for hours afterward, lost himself in a mighty work of music that flowed forth from his own soul.

The singing-master had not heard a bar of the opera Aladdin before it was laid upon his table for examination, complete in notes and text. What judgment would be passed? Assuredly a strong and just one. The young composer passed from highest hope to the thought that the whole thing was only a self-delusion.

Two days passed by, and not a word was interchanged about this important matter. At length the singing-master stood before him with the score in his hands, that now he knew. There was a peculiar seriousness spread over his face that would not let his mind be guessed.

"I had not expected this," said he. "I had not believed it of you. Indeed, I am not yet sure of my judgment: I dare not express it. Here and there there are faults in the instrumentation, faults that can easily be corrected. There are single things, bold and novel, that one must hear under fair conditions. As there is with Wagner a working over of Carl Maria Weber, so there is noticeable in you a breath of Haydn. That which is new in what you have given is still somewhat far off from me, and you yourself are too near for me to give an exact judgment. I would rather not judge. I would embrace you!" he burst out with a rush of gladness. "How came you to do this!" and he pressed him in his arms. "Happy man!"

There was soon a rumor through the town, in the newspapers and in society gossip, of the new opera by the young singer, whom all the town was flattering.

"He's a poor tailor who could not put together a child's trousers out of the scraps left over on his board," said one and another.

"Write the text, compose it, and sing it himself!" was also said. "That is a three-storied genius. But he really was born still higher—in a garret."

"There are two at it, he and the singing-master," they said. "Now they'll begin to beat the signal-trumpet of the mutual admiration society."

The opera was given out for study. Those who took part would not give any opinion. "It shall not be said that it is judged from the theatre," said they; and almost all put on a serious face that did not let any expectation of good show itself.

"There are a good many horns in the piece," said a young man who played that instrument, and also composed. "Well if he doesn't run a horn into himself!"*

"It has genius, it is sparkling, full of melody and character"—that also was said.

"To-morrow at this time," said Peer, "the scaffold will be raised. The judgment is, perhaps, already passed."

* Alluding to a Danish popular phrase, in which a man is supposed to gore himself.

"Some say that it is a masterpiece," said the singing-master; "others, that it is a mere patchwork."

"And wherein lies truth?"

"Truth!" said the singing-master. "Pray show me. Look at that star yonder. Tell me exactly where its place is. Shut one eye. Do you see it? Now look at it with the other only. The star has shifted its place. When each eye in the same person sees so differently, how variously must the great multitude see!"

"Happen what may," said our young friend, "I must know my place in the world, understand what I can and must put forth, or give up."

The evening came,—the evening of the representation. A popular artist was to be exalted to a higher place, or plunged down in his gigantic, proud effort. A shot or a drop! The matter concerned the whole city. People stood all night in the street before the ticket-office to secure places. The house was crammed full; the ladies came with great bouquets. Would they carry them home again, or cast them at the victor's feet?

The widow-baroness and the young, beautiful daughter sat in a box above the orchestra. There was a stir in the audience, a murmuring, a movement that stopped at once as the leader of the orchestra took his place and the overture began.

Who does not remember Henselt's piece—"Si l'oiseau j'étais," that is like a twittering of birds? This was something akin; merry playing children, happy child-voices; the cuckoo gave its note with them, the thrush struck in. It was the play and carol of innocent childhood, the mind of Aladdin. Then there rolled in upon it a thunderstorm; Noureddin displayed his power; a flash of lightning rent the rocks; gentle beckoning tones followed, a sound from the enchanted grotto where the lamp shone in the petrified cavern, while the wings of mighty spirits brooded over it. Now there sounded forth, in the notes of a bugle, a psalm so gentle and soft as if it came from the mouth of a child; a single horn was heard and then another, more and more were blended in the same tones, and rose in fullness and power as if they were the trumpets of the judgment day. The lamp was in Aladdin's hand, and there swelled forth a sea of melody and majesty as if the ruler of spirits and master of music held sway.

The curtain rolled up in a storm of applause which sounded like a *fanfare* under the conductor's baton. A grown-up boy played there, so big and yet so simple,—it was Aladdin who frolicked among the other boys. Grandmother would at once have said:—

"That is Peer, as he played and jumped about between the stove and the chest of drawers at home in the garret. He is not a year older in his soul!"

With what faith and earnest prayer he sang the prayer Noureddin bade him offer before he stepped down into the crevice to obtain the lamp. Was it the pure religious melody, or the innocence with which he sung, that drew all hearts after him? The applause was unbounded.

It would have been a profane thing to have repeated the song. It was called for, but it was not given. The curtain fell,—the first act was ended.

Every critic was speechless; people were overcome with gladness—they could only speak out their gratitude.

A few chords from the orchestra, and the curtain rose. The strains of music, as in Gluck's "Armida," and Mozart's "Magic Flute," arrested the attention of each; as the scene was disclosed where Aladdin stood in the wonderful garden, a soft subdued music sounded from flowers and stones, from springs and deep caverns, different melodies blending in one great harmony. A *susurrus* of spirits was heard in the chorus; it was now far off, now near, swelling in might and then dying away. Borne upon this unison was the monologue of Aladdin; what one indeed calls a great aria, but so entirely in keeping with character and situation that it was a necessary dramatic part of the whole. The resonant, sympathetic voice, the intense music of the heart subdued all listeners, and seized them with a rapture that could not rise higher, when he reached forth for the lamp that was fanned by the song of the spirits.

Bouquets rained down from all sides, a carpet of living flowers was spread out before his feet.

What a moment of life for the young artist,—the highest, the greatest! A mightier one could never again be granted him, he felt. A wreath of laurel glanced upon his breast and fell down before him. He had seen from whose hand it came. He saw the young girl in the box nearest the stage, the young baroness, rising like a Genius of Beauty, singing a pæan over his triumph.

A fire rushed through him, his heart swelled as never before, he bowed, took the wreath, pressed it against his heart, and at the same moment fell backward.—Fainted? dead?—What was it?——The curtain fell.

. . . . . .

"Dead!" ran the word through the house. Dead in the moment of triumph, like Sophocles at the Olympian Games, like Thorwaldsen in the theatre during Beethoven's symphony. An artery in his heart had burst, and as by a flash of lightning his day here was ended, ended without pain, ended in an earthly jubilee, in the fulfilment of his mission on earth. Lucky Peer! More fortunate than millions!

THE END.

THE MARTYR CHURCH OF MADAGASCAR.*

DURING the past two or three years Christendom has been thrilled by accounts of the marvellous successes of Christianity in Madagascar; and yet, until quite recently, no reliable sources of information in regard to that remarkable work have been open to the public. The newspapers, both religious and secular, have abounded in allusions to that work; but in regard to the history of the island, the circumstances connected with the introduction of Christianity there, the rise and progress of the latter, its long night of trial, and particularly its more recent remarkable progress, the means of popular information have hitherto been most tantalizingly meager.

Mr. Ellis has fully met this great need. No man, indeed, could well be better qualified than he to render this important service. Himself a veteran missionary, and having, in the course of his long and laborious life, paid three protracted visits to this island, he may be said truly to have been, not only an eye-witness, but also himself a part of what he so well describes. This, his latest contribution to our missionary literature, will prove most welcome, not only on the score of the merits of his story, which must be regarded as one of the brightest and most romantic passages in the history of Christian progress, but on account of its intrinsic literary excellencies. It will, of course, soon find its way to the shelves of every man whose heart beats in sympathy with the cause of Christian missions.

The existence of the large African island known as Madagascar, washed on all sides by the waters of the Indian Ocean, was first made known to Europe towards the close of the thirteenth century, by Marco Polo. It is some nine hundred miles long from north to south, by three hundred broad in its widest part, containing thus an area larger than that of England, Ireland, and France combined. The central portions of the island are 6,000 feet above the sea, while some of the single mountains rise to double that elevation. The lower ranges of the country are fertile, richly wooded and well watered, the mountain streams occasionally forming extensive lakes, and the pent-up waters near the coast frequently spreading out into marshy levels, which render the surrounding country, at certain seasons of the year, highly insalubrious, particularly to foreigners.

The population of Madagascar is supposed to be about four millions. The predominant race at the present time is the Hora, evidently of Malayo-Polynesian extraction, and occupying the more central and elevated parts of the island. Though native traditions describe the country as formerly inhabited by a single homogeneous people, called Vazimba, the present population is evidently composed of a variety of races, the chief and dominat-

* *The Martyr Church.* By Rev. Wm. Ellis. Boston, 1869.

ing one being generally known as Malagasys, and notably superior to the tribes occupying the adjacent coast of the African continent.

The government of this island seems never in former times to have formed a single kingdom,—the territory having been occupied, and, in a qualified sense, governed by several independent tribes. Quite recently, however, and especially since their alliance with the English, the Horas have effectually subjugated the other races, established their military posts in every province, and now receive acknowledgment and homage, if not tribute, as rulers over the entire country.

Until within the present century the Malagasy were regarded by Europeans as but little better than untamed savages, while their country was valued chiefly as a vast hunting-ground for slaves. Though by no means so debauched or cruel as the aboriginal inhabitants of most of the South Sea islands, yet idolatry in religion, and polygamy and infanticide in domestic life, are said formerly to have been universal.

The earliest embassy of friendship to the central regions of Madagascar was sent by the English in 1816. The first Radama, ruler of the Horas, then in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and unquestionably, in many respects, by far the most enlightened ruler ever known in Madagascar, joyfully welcomed the peaceful and friendly envoy, and treated him with most assiduous and gentle kindness. A treaty of amity and good-will was soon ratified, one of the earliest and most important results of which was the abolition of the slave-trade in the island in 1817.

Two years later a still more important commission visited this island. At the instance of Sir Robert Farquhar, then Governor of Mauritius, a mission, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, an unsectarian yet evangelical body, supported by the Dissenting churches of England, was sent out to Madagascar in 1820. This first mission consisted of Messrs. Jones and Bevan, with their respective families, and was received with certain flattering demonstrations of favor. Reaching their destination, however, in the rainy season, the sultriest and most fatal portion of the year, the whole party, Mr. Jones excepted, were swept off in a few days by fever. Two years passed away before Mr. Jones, assisted by Mr. Griffiths, was enabled, in 1820, to recommence the mission. Established now with the express sanction of Radama, and fixing its seat of operations at Sananarivo, the capital, and withal the healthiest and most populous part of the island, the mission entered upon its arduous task under the most auspicious circumstances. Schools were formed in the capital, and in various towns throughout the island, in which not only the English language, but the principles of the Christian religion were carefully inculcated.

For fifteen years the mission proceeded almost altogether without molestation or interruption. In this time the Bible had been translated into the native tongue, which, at the outset, was without even an alphabet. Tracts and catechisms by the thousands had been printed and scattered. One hundred schools had been established, with four thousand scholars, and at least fifteen thousand persons in all had received instruction at the hands of the missionaries; while multitudes, enlightened by the preaching of the Gospel, were beginning to throw off the bondage of superstition, and to turn their faces towards the rising day.

The first converts to Christ in Madagascar were baptized on the 29th of May, 1831. On that day twenty, who for some time had been earnest seekers after truth, had received special attention and instruction by the missionaries, and who now seemed to give good evidence that they understood the nature, extent, and claims of the Gospel, and had experienced its transforming power upon their own hearts by receiving this ordinance of baptism, publicly and forever renounced their paganism, and avowed themselves Christians. Two were husband and wife, and afterwards became very distinguished among the Madagascar saints. The former had been celebrated among his countrymen as a diviner. He publicly destroyed all his emblems of superstition and instruments of divination, and taking not only a Christian, but an apostolic name, became known thenceforth not as a diviner, but as "Paul, the divine."

The example of these baptisms stimulated inquiry among others, and now much of the time of the missionaries was occupied in the welcome and delightful employment of answering questions, and giving religious instruction to those who were becoming personally interested in the new religion. Congregations were multiplying; conversions were becoming every day more frequent. The more barbarous customs of the country, moreover, were beginning to yield to the influence of Christian teaching. Infanticide was disappearing. The ordinance of Tangena—the compulsory drinking of water poisoned by a plant of that name as a test of guilt or innocence—began to be abolished, while some four thousand officers employed by the government were now transacting their business in writing, although at the time of the arrival of the missionaries in the country such things as pen and ink were unknown. In short, everything indicated a rapid change from barbarism, with its cruel superstitions and dark idolatries, to Christianity and civilization.

In the mean time, however, King Radama, who, though never professing to have become a Christian, proved himself an earnest and faithful friend of Christianity, died; and an entirely different policy was adopted by his successor. Treacherous, unscrupulous, and cruel to the last degree, and effecting her succession to the throne only by means of violence, fraud, and wholesale murder, "Queen" Ranavalona—one of the inferior wives of the late King—soon inaugurated a bitter and relentless crusade against the Christians. The latter were required to close their schools, shut up their houses of worship, to labor upon the Sabbath, and finally to abandon their Christian profession altogether; and all this upon the utterly groundless charge that the missionaries and all those associated with them were hostile to and were endeavoring to destroy her government.

In consequence of repeated orders from the government, four of the missionaries left the island in June, 1835. One year later, the remainder, consisting of Messrs. Johns and Baker, with great sorrow, also took leave of the island. From this time until 1861 the cause of missions in Madagascar was, so far as European aid was concerned, abandoned to its fate.

Notwithstanding all these sore and unaccustomed trials, however, and the prospect of yet severer ones, the young converts continued in secret to worship God. In the forest and on the mountains, under the cover of night and with bated breath, they held their meetings for prayer and mutual consolation. Unable any longer with safety to use their Testaments and hymn-books, they dug a large hole in the mountain side, lined it with long dry grass and leaves, and there buried all the books they had.

Although, throughout the twenty-six years during which the missionaries were absent from the island, this persecution reigned with unbroken power, so that seldom, if ever, did one year pass without some of the Christians suffering, yet there were seasons when this malignant spirit raged with especial violence.

The first real storm burst forth just as the missionaries were leaving, in 1836. The first person seriously to suffer in consequence was a woman belonging to a family of rank and position, that had been remarkable for its zealous devotion to the idols and the superstitions of the country. Her name was Rafaravavy. Awakened to a sense of concern for her soul's salvation, and fully committed to the Christian religion previous to the latter having been proscribed by the government, she had lavishly devoted time, strength, and means to the support of the infant and now persecuted cause. A person of such earnestness, and especially of such social distinction, could not, of course, long escape the attention or vengeance of this strangely infuriated queen. She was accused, arrested, put in irons, and finally sentenced to death. Through the influence of powerful friends her sentence was commuted to perpetual slavery. Effecting her escape at length from this, she subsequently spent several years in England, where, by her intelligence, urbanity, gentleness of demeanor, benevolence, and manifest sincerity of character, she deeply interested all who met her, and particularly her own sex, on behalf of that cause, for the sake of which she was an exile from her native land. Early in 1842 this noble woman—this beautiful earnest of the

future triumphs of the Gospel in Madagascar—returned to Mauritius, where, if we mistake not, in self-denying Christian toil she spent the remainder of her days.

The first actual martyr in Madagascar was Rasalama. When informed that her death had been determined upon, she said that she rejoiced that she had been accounted worthy to suffer for believing in Jesus, adding: "I have hope of life in heaven." On the day previous to her death, besides being most cruelly beaten, she was put in heavy irons, which were so fastened as to confine the body in a position of excruciating pain. In the early morning, as she was borne along to the place of execution, she sang hymns by the way; and on reaching the spot—a broad, dry, shallow fosse, or ditch, strewn with the bones of previous criminals—she calmly knelt on the earth, committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and fell pierced with the spears of the executioners.

From this time forth for many years the fires of persecution raged with more or less violence. Many were sold into irredeemable slavery. Many suffered from drinking the Tangena. Many were slain with spears. Not a few were plunged head downwards into a deep pit, when boiling water was poured upon them till they died. A favorite method of despatching the nobles—for it was esteemed a sacrilege to shed the blood of persons of rank—was by burning alive. At one place a man and his wife and child, of noble descent, were placed upon a high pile of wood; then additional sticks were thrown over them till they were covered entirely from sight. They were then called to and exhorted to recant; but they shouted back: "We cannot deny the Saviour." The torch was then applied, and all were soon consumed.

Another punishment laid upon some, particularly those Christians who had been officers in the army, was the necessity of hard labor, as convicts, under heathen task-masters, and upon government works—quarrying, dressing, and carrying upon their slender shoulders heavy granite stones, and constructing massive government buildings—supplied in the mean time with insufficient clothing, and with only the most indifferent and unwholesome food. For years after, large scars of deeply cut wounds, produced by these heavy stones, were still plainly visible. Some, again, were sentenced to draw heavy logs of timber from the forest—said to be the severest labor known in Madagascar.

Quite a number of these Christians suffered martyrdom by being thrown from a granite precipice near the city,—Ampamarinana, as it is called,—the Tarpeian rock of Madagascar. Taken from their place of confinement, wrapped in old, torn, or dirty mats,—their mouths, it may be, stuffed with mouldy or filthy rags,—tied sometimes by the heels, and then slung, head downwards, to a pole, and thus carried by two men to the place of execution; or otherwise hustled along the public thoroughfares through the agitated crowds of the city, the victims, on their arrival at the summit of the rock, were stripped, pinioned, bound, and then one by one taken to the edge of the precipice, and there either pushed or laid down and rolled or kicked over the fearful brink—falling one hundred and fifty feet upon the jagged and broken fragments of rock at the base of the mountain.

In the mean time, as indeed we have already seen, the manner in which these Christians endured their trials and met the terrors of martyrdom were worthy of apostolic times.

Not one, we are told, when brought to the final test, ever renounced the Saviour's name. One distinguished Christian, when about to be hurled over the precipice, is said to have asked permission to stand and once more view the scene before him. After surveying each familiar object, he remained a moment in silence, as if in prayer; then forced over the precipice, he was heard singing a Christian hymn as his body descended to be broken and crushed in death. Ranivo, a young woman of rare personal attractions, and belonging to the tribe or clan from which the reigning family trace their origin, was among the condemned. The Queen, anxious to save this young woman, had ordered that she be placed where she might see the other Christians thrown from the fearful height. After this she was led by the executioner to the edge of the rock, and directed to look down upon the mangled bodies of her friends. Her relatives

in the mean time were most earnestly entreating her to recant and so save her life. A member of her own family importunately expostulated with her; but nothing availed to shake her purpose. "I beg of you," said she, "that I be permitted to follow my friends."—"She is insane," said the executioner, smiting her on the mouth; "take her home."

The second great persecution occurred in 1840. In the month of June, this year, sixteen persons left the capital by night, determined, if possible, to seek under British protection, at Mauritius, the liberty of conscience denied them in their own land. For several days they proceeded on their way with safety; but just as they came in sight of the coast, and saw the waters they had hoped were to bear them away to a haven of rest, they were encompassed by an armed marauding band in the employ of the Queen, and ordered to retrace their steps. They returned—some to hopeless slavery, some to death.

In the year 1841 about three thousand Christians suffered death, mainly by the Tangena and scalding.

Among the number who in 1842 were added to the glorious company of martyrs was a poor cripple. The officer appointed to administer the poison-water assured him that if he would stop praying to Jehovah he should not only live, but have a home with a family who would maintain him free of all expense. The temptation was a strong one; but, turning to the officer, he tearfully exclaimed: "How can I cease praying to One who has done everything for me?" The deadly draught was swallowed, and the poor fellow died in great agony soon after.

Another severe persecution followed in 1845. In February, 1849, nearly two thousand persons were accused. Four nobles were burned alive, thirteen were hurled down the precipice, and two or three thousand were severely punished in various ways.

In July, 1857, through the treachery of a professed convert, the names of seventy Christians were carried to the government. Of these, thirteen were stoned to death, and more than fifty fastened together in heavy fetters, under which half the number died.

Only one other attempt at persecution was made, and that proved disastrous to its author alone. In June, 1860, two high officers and thirty soldiers had been accused of meeting unlawfully for purposes of worship. An appeal having been made to the test of the Tangena, and the result of the ordeal having declared the innocence of the accused, according to a custom among that people the accuser was sentenced to receive the punishment that, had they been found guilty, would have been visited upon the accused.

These were the several persecutions that had fallen upon the Church in Madagascar during the reign of Ranavalona. Ten thousand persons had during that time been sentenced to different kinds of penalties. Death had been threatened in the name of all that was powerful and dreaded in heaven and earth to every one who should avow the hated faith. The country had been scoured by troops, and the gods of the land had been invoked against the outlawed and defenceless Christians; and now with what result? Though destitute of all human guidance and all human aid; though no European teacher or preacher had, during all these dreary twenty-six years of oppression and suffering, gone out and in before them, the Christians in the island had increased from one to seven thousand. Indeed it would seem that by her fierce and unrelaxed persecution, pursued through the greater part of her protracted reign, Ranavalona had served simply as "the instrument of testing, purifying, and strengthening in her country that divinely implanted faith which the chief energies of her life had been given to destroy."

But a great change for the better is now at hand. On the 16th of July, 1861, Ranavalona died, and the Prince Royal, her son, with the title of Radama II., quietly, though not altogether without opposition, succeeded to the throne. This prince from an early day had sympathized deeply with the Christians, and had assisted and favored them in various ways. Repeatedly he had interposed on their behalf, and thwarted the purposes of the bloodthirsty Prime Minister. On one occasion he was the means of saving the lives of twenty-one Christians. Under the circumstances it was not unnaturally expected that whenever

he should ascend the throne, persecution, on account of religion in Madagascar would cease, and the spread of Christianity there be as a triumphal march. Nor were his friends, or the friends of Christian civilization in Madagascar, altogether disappointed. The most absolute religious freedom was at once proclaimed. Schools were reorganized; scattered congregations were regathered; religious exiles were recalled; prison doors were opened, and the missionaries were invited at once to return and to resume their labors. No longer in the heart of forests, or on the tops of lonely mountains, or concealed by the darkness of unfrequented caves, did the Christian people of Madagascar assemble to worship God. And not more welcome, we may readily believe, to the weary and suffering watchers through the night, is the breaking up of darkness and the dawn of day, than was the advent of this Gospel day to these long-persecuted saints.

The reign of Radama II. was comparatively brief. Having become very dissipated in his habits, and accordingly, in the minds of many, unfit for his position, a conspiracy against him was organized, which finally culminated in his assassination. Suddenly, about daybreak on the 12th of May, 1863, two officers, with a number of men, invaded his apartments, and disregarding alike the efforts and entreaties of his wife on his behalf, removed her from the room, seized the King, cast a mantle over his head, and then tightened the sash about his neck until he sank a lifeless corpse upon the floor. Thus perished one whose soul, in spite of his antecedents, God had filled with generous impulses, a horror against the destruction of human life in any form, and a sincere and disinterested sympathy towards all suffering from injustice and cruelty. Raised up at a most critical period in the early history of the martyr church of Madagascar, and exercising over the mind of his cruel mother an influence exerted by no other mortal, Radama II. had the honor of lightening the heavy yoke under which the Christians in that land were so long bowed down, of inspiring in the bosoms of those Christians hopes of a better future, and subsequently of actually inaugurating that blessed day.

Within a few hours after the death of her husband, Rabodo, Queen of the late King, was offered the then vacant throne, which she accepted. Though never altogether abandoning her faith in idols, Rasoherina—the title under which she was proclaimed Queen—continued to the Christians the same religious privileges bestowed by her late husband.

It was during this reign that (1867) the most important and joyous event occurred which had as yet marked the progress of the Madagascar Mission—the opening at Ambatonakanga of the first Memorial Church—occupying the very spot which, thirty years before, had been baptized with the blood of the first martyr, Rasalama; and whose cap-stone was literally brought with shoutings of "Grace, grace be unto it." When the top-stone, with the vane, had been fixed on the pinnacle of the spire, at the instance of the chief mason—a native Christian—and the minister, who, together with the workmen, were sitting on the scaffolding around the top of the spire, all removed their hats, and then unitedly offered thanksgiving unto God, who had thus far so signally blessed the work of their hands.

Rasoherina died in April, 1868. On the following morning her younger sister, Romomo, was proclaimed sovereign. This woman had first heard of Christ from a man afterward burned for his faith. A brother of hers, Prince Ramonja, an officer of high rank in the army, had not only been reduced to the ranks because of his Christian profession, but subjected meantime to such cruel hardships that an almost helpless invalidism was entailed upon him for life. The Prince, nevertheless, remained to the very last the faithful friend, the wise counsellor, the eloquent and fearless champion of the Christians. And now his sister, by the grace of God, ascends the throne—the first Christian sovereign of Madagascar. Upon the occasion of her formal coronation she took her seat beneath a gorgeous canopy, on the front of which were inscribed, in shining letters, the Malagasy words signifying, "*Glory be to God;*" on the other sides, "*Good-will among men;*" "*On earth peace;*" and "*God shall be with us.*" On one hand of Her Majesty stood a small table bearing a magnificent copy of the Bible; while in her coro-

nation speech there was a clear, distinct proclamation of religious liberty. Neither idols nor priests were present, as upon former occasions—nothing inconsistent with a devout Christian ceremony.

From this time, naturally, the movement in favor of Christianity became still more general and strongly marked. Respectable families came in company to church. Officers came attended by their subordinates. The most influential portions of society, as well as the most servile, flocked on the Lord's day to the house of God. Though their places of worship were being constantly enlarged and multiplied, these were still all filled by crowds apparently eager to hear and learn.

On the 21st of February, 1869, on the invitation of the Queen, all the high officers, the nobles, the head men of the people, and the preachers from all the churches of the city assembled in the court in the front of the palace. After singing, prayer, and preaching, Audriambelo—one of the first native preachers—proceeded, in accordance with a previous arrangement, publicly to baptize both the Queen and her prime minister. No wonder the people, who were present as spectators on this occasion, saw the Queen, the prime minister, and all the Christians greatly moved and weeping. From that very palace, but a few years before, had gone forth many an edict sentencing to death all who called on the name of Jesus. Now the high officials of the land—possibly the very officers that aforetime had led these martyrs out to execution—are called upon to behold, in the broad light of day, another Ranavalona on the throne of Madagascar, publicly and forever renouncing the idols and every form of heathenism, explicitly avowing her faith in Jesus Christ, and henceforth associating herself with his disciples. It was natural enough, surely, that those Christians, under the circumstances, should have wept from sympathy, thankfulness, and joy.

Not long after this (September, 1869) an order was issued by the Queen utterly to destroy all the national idols in the realm. The keepers of these idols, as was natural, affected to be frantic with terror. Their occupation was gone. A few of the natives were slightly exercised with misgivings, and confidently looked for a failure of the rice crop in consequence of this act. But the great body of the people sincerely rejoiced when these national idols were thus sentenced and committed irrevocably to the flames.

The influence of this imperial example may easily be imagined. "Almost all the higher officers of the government," writes one of the missionaries from there, winter before last, "are coming forward as candidates for baptism. I have now, at one place, over one hundred persons under weekly instruction, among whom are the chief of the idol-keepers, the late Queen's astrologer, several of the present Queen's household, the head of the civilians, and other members of the government." Multitudes of all classes are now following their Queen and accepting Christ. Twenty thousand persons are reported to have joined the Christian congregation last year. Pagan influence and power over the people would seem to be broken, and already that nation may be said to be fairly started on a race of civilization.

Madagascar is not yet, it is true, altogether a Christian country; but with her people eagerly seeking instruction by thousands, can we doubt that the 20,000 lately added to her worshiping congregations is but a small fraction of those who, in the years to come, will there seek and find a nobler and a purer faith?

From these results of the operations of Christianity in Madagascar, philanthropists and students of social science can readily estimate the practical value and power of the Gospel as a means of civilization. Have they any reason to believe that they can successfully get on without it? Has any other instrumentality ever proved so effectual—so mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of wickedness, and for the moral recovery of our fallen race?

Latitudinarians, who are trying to persuade themselves that we have outgrown the Gospel, and that a new religion is imperatively demanded for this our "happy and progressive age," would do well, we think, to ponder the lessons of "the Martyr Church" of Madagascar. Strange that people do not always see that it

is one thing to *talk*, and quite another to *do*, and that what the world wants is *doing;* that it is one thing to theorize and speculate and criticise and utter smart sneers at Revelation, and quite another to do the hard work of reforming and civilizing ignorant and besotted men.

And finally, Christians, and not most assuredly without reason, will recognize, in these most remarkable and modern triumphs of their cause, an additional evidence of the undiminished efficacy of their religion, and accordingly a fresh and glorious confirmation of their faith and hope respecting the ultimate and universal triumphs of the Cross in the earth.

FLORIDA ROSES.

NOT Sharon's Roses were more fair
Than these, which Southern gardens bear—
These, pure as snows of Northern air—
White Roses!

Or these, alive with Nature's flush,
Tinted as by a maiden's blush;
They make life's current in me gush—
Pink Roses!

Or these, like drops from Nature's heart;
Only her life-blood could impart
Such vital hues as shame poor Art—
Red Roses!

Or these, so yellow, that they seem
From golden walks of which we dream,
Or born of some celestial beam—
Gold Roses!

Or these, which nothing else can mate—
Such form, such coloring delicate,
As only Rainbows could create—
Cloud Roses!

Or these, embosomed in green moss,
Dainty and soft as fairy floss;
I kiss these, as some kiss the Cross—
Moss Roses!

Or these, of faintest scent refined,
As borne from distance on the wind
Bringing some long-lost joy to mind—
Weird Roses!

I gaze on all till sight grows dim;
I scent them till my senses swim;
I think who made them, and bless HIM—
GOD'S Roses!

THE ANTHRACITE PROBLEM.

In the six counties of Luzerne, Carbon, Northumberland, Dauphin, Columbia, and Schuylkill, in the State of Pennsylvania, are about 400 mines, producing last year 15,000,000 tons of anthracite coal, which is the entire yield of the Western continent. The middle Atlantic slope obtains fuel almost exclusively from these mines, and upon them, and the carrying trade they create, nearly 200,000 men solely depend for employment. This brief statement of the leading facts shows that there is no one branch of American industry in which so many millions of people are directly interested, and it is not strange, therefore, that every rumor of trouble in any one of those six counties, by which coal production is, or threatens to be, suspended, not only disturbs the immediate locality, but stirs metropolitan journals to vigorous comment, and agitates remote hamlets which newspapers seldom reach.

Suspension of mining, more or less general and protracted, has become an annual event. There has rarely been, of late years, a time when all the mines were worked, and there has scarcely been a moment when any one of them was worked to the full extent of the capacity of the labor employed. Yet the average price of coal to the consumer, during this period, has been unreasonably high, and occasionally exorbitant rates have been demanded. At the same time the labor of the coal-fields has been so meagrely remunerated that it has sought to better its condition by the formation of one of the most extensive and powerful Labor Unions in the world. And, although the mining of anthracite requires large capital, it is admitted that there are few business enterprises that should pay a larger interest upon the investment. It is evident from this statement of the secondary facts of the case that there is something awry in the coal-fields, and it is the purpose of this article to bring that something into the foreground, where it can be recognized without the risk of a mistake.

Nature's choicest gifts are so grudgingly bestowed that the best fuel ever used by man was found in a region isolated by physical obstacles from the markets of the world. There was no navigable stream flowing from the rugged highlands, which concealed the black treasure, to any centre of population, and the first problem of the coal-fields was that of transportation. The Susquehanna River, rising in North-western New York, and stretching on its sinuous course through the beautiful Wyoming Valley, washed the bases of a hundred hills containing coal deposits. But nature was never more wasteful than with this enticing and useless stream. A volume of water that, properly confined, would be sufficient at nearly all seasons for barge navigation, is so spread over a vast bed that no serious attempt has ever been made to utilize the river. The only other water-courses found near the anthracite fields were the Lehigh and Schuylkill rivers, which only skirted the edges, and were there nothing but unmanageable mountain torrents in the wet season, and exasperating rivulets in dry weather. But, such as they were, after vast labor and expenditure they became, by means of a canal and slack water navigation, the first extensive coal-carriers. Their capacity, however, was inadequate to the demands of even the mere specks of coal territory which they drained. The problem of transportation remained unsolved, after the completion of several canals transporting 864,384 tons in 1840, and there is little doubt the necessity for its solution hastened by many years the development of the railway on this continent.

It is claimed that the first railway of America, except one of three miles at Quincy, Mass., was the Gravity road, nine miles in length, from Mauch Chunk to Summit Mines; but whatever may be the facts as to the beginning, it is certain that railroads improved and multiplied faster in the coal regions than anywhere else in the first years following their introduction. There was a necessity for them more imperative than existed elsewhere, and no sooner had the feasibility of the new means of inter-communication been demonstrated than capital and enterprise rushed in to

operate where both were so sure to meet with a rich reward. The natural obstacles to railroad construction to be overcome were great, for the face of the country was rugged in the extreme. But these obstacles were surmounted, and all other difficulties overcome, until the Schuylkill region had been tapped by the Reading Railroad; the great middle or Lehigh basin reached by the Lehigh Valley and Lehigh and Susquehanna roads, running side by side for more than a hundred miles; and the vast northern fields of Luzerne cut in twain by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western road, which opened outlets east to New York, and westward via Binghamton and the Erie Railway. But these trunk lines were supplemented by numerous branch tracks, threading the fields in all directions, and leading up under the breakers of hundreds of mines, including among them the famous Switch-Back or Gravity Railroad, back of Mauch Chunk, which has been for years the wonder of tourists. With these achievements it might be supposed that the great problem of the coal-fields had been successfully worked out. In fact, only the first steps in its solution had been taken.

It so happened that the southern fields were first developed, and the natural consequence was that the business of mining was scattered in many hands. Men of enterprise and limited capital flocked to the new industry in such numbers that very few succeeded in obtaining more than one mine, and in many cases a single mine was the property of an association of individuals. The mine, with perhaps the exception of a small amount of rolling stock, in a few instances, was the sole property of these men, who were therefore coal producers only, and from these facts they came to be known in the parlance of the trade as "small operators," and under that title became one of the three antagonistic forces which have operated to the disturbance of the coal-fields.

The rich and accessible anthracite deposits of the northern basin, contained almost entirely in Luzerne county, remaining comparatively untouched long after the southern and middle basins had been developed, as naturally became the spoil of capital associated on a gigantic scale as the others had been left to individual effort; every new enterprise enlisting first the men of small means and great faith. So in this case the small operators, working against many obstacles, had shown that these were mines of wealth as well as coal, before combined capital came to profit by the road personal daring had opened. But when it did come it went to work with a will. Restricted by the prior occupation of the other regions to the northern basin, it built railroads, canals, hamlets, cities. It honeycombed the hills overhanging the Lackawanna valley, or, fringing that other valley embalmed in song and story as the Wyoming, it gave an impetus to this most tardily developed of the fields that soon shot it far ahead of its competitors. All this was done by the power of associated capital, working through what are known as the great coal corporations, which are now, as they have been from the first, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company. Owning now more than half of the 130 mines in the northern basin, and either owning or having favorable contracts with the trunk lines of transportation, these three companies are the Titans of the coal trade, as well as the second of its disturbing forces.

Labor went first of all to the new fields. Mining of coal ranking more from usage than fact as a skilled industry, the anthracite mines, by reason of the great thickness of the veins and their comparative freedom from fire-damp, attracted the experienced miners of England, Ireland, and Wales. Few in numbers at first, immigration has kept pace with the demand for such industry until now the miners and mine laborers number over 40,000. The great majority being of the nationalities named, and bred from their cradles to toil, are men of little culture, perhaps, but they are men of strong sense, who thoroughly understand the specialty in which they are engaged. And no class of laboring men, skilled or unskilled, ever had more decided views of the rights of labor or were more resolute in demanding them. Living for years on the edge of starvation, because of the vicissitudes of the trade upon

which they depended, they began to assume the cares of capital, and search for a remedy for the ills that the coal trade is heir to. There is not space, nor is it necessary, to trace step by step the increasing dissatisfaction resulting from meagre and uncertain pay, which finally culminated in the formation of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, and the great strike of 1869 for the basis. Both events had apparent and real causes, and the latter were fully developed as the contest progressed. The miners, with the wrongs of years of poorly-requited toil to be righted, and acting with the tremendous power of combination, are the third of the contending forces in the anthracite fields.

In the spring of 1869 coal was unusually low in the great markets, and the small operators of the southern fields, having to pay heavy charges for transportation, were crushed by the great corporations which owned their avenues to market, and thus combined the profits of producers and carriers. Schuylkill, with 105 firms, owning 146 mines, could not compete with two companies owning forty-five mines, besides the railroads and canal which connected them with the points of delivery to consumers. Upon such a state of facts came the strike of 1869, beginning in Schuylkill and spreading northward until the whole anthracite region was paralyzed, but not simultaneously, as suspension did not reach the upper fields for some time after it was general in the lower, where, on the other hand, resumption occurred some weeks before it did in the upper. In Schuylkill and the adjacent region the strike, although ostensibly in the interest of the miners, was so plainly for the benefit of the operators that it was openly charged and by many believed that it had been instigated and fostered by the latter. There was never any more positive proof of this than the fact that general suspension had the effect, as always before, to greatly advance prices, by which the Schuylkill operators were the first to profit. Their case was too simple to need more than a brief statement. Depending almost entirely upon the Reading Railroad for transportation to market, that line charged rates which were not perhaps exorbitant in themselves, but its capacity being always overtaxed, it could not be expected to lower them in response to a decline in prices of coal, and the Schuylkill operators therefore went upon a falling market with all their profits absorbed by the transit from the mines. It was inevitable that the operators, being unable to dispute with the railroad, should economize in all possible directions. First of all they cut down the wages of miners, and this expedient proving as futile as it was desperate, it was natural that they should be compelled to suspend operations, at last, without having succeeded in anything, but adding to their perplexities by increasing the disaffection of the labor upon which they were dependent. It thus happened that when coal fell naturally to a reasonable rate, a majority of the operators in the lower fields were immediately forced to work at a loss, and were vitally interested in raising prices by such artificial means as the stoppage of production. For these reasons, and in consideration of the fact that by resumption in the lower fields, long before it became general, these operators were temporarily extricated from an awkward dilemma, it was alleged that the suspension was really a strike of southern operators against low prices.

But the miners always claimed that the strike was begun and maintained by themselves, in their own interests, and without suggestions or aid from any operators in Schuylkill or elsewhere. This claim was substantiated by the face of the record, for the strike was undoubtedly decreed by the General Council of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, in behalf of a measure that seemingly originated with the miners, and purported to be devised as the only certain remedy for the hardships of inadequate and precarious wages under which they labored. That measure was popularly known as "the basis," because it contemplated the basing of wages upon the price of coal. An arbitrary minimum was to be established each year, and a specified portion of that being paid for mining, a named per cent. of all advances upon that price was to accrue to the miner. This arrangement not only made the miner a sharer in the profits without incurring any of the risks of an enterprise in which he had not a dollar in-

vested, but made him a power above natural laws by clothing him with the high prerogative of naming the minimum price of coal for a year in advance. But this programme was accepted by nearly all the miners and most of the operators in the lower fields, as the only possible solution of the evils of coal production; and while it would, in any event, have resulted in increased hardships to the miners, it might have lightened the burdens of the small operators and consumers if it had been adopted, as had been designed, throughout the coal regions. It was the chief purpose, although unavowed, of the basis to stop production when prices fell below the arbitrary minimum, and as it would have had that effect, if it had been everywhere observed, the advantages enjoyed by the great corporations from a normal market would have been destroyed.

Partial failure, however, waited upon the new expedient from its birth. Accepted in the lower fields as the universal panacea, it was rejected in the upper as the device of the charlatans of industry. The miners in the employ of the great corporations, numbering more than one-seventh of all in the anthracite fields, were not only not members of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, but greatly weakened that organization by resolutely refusing to join in the strike for "the basis" when it was begun in Schuylkill. The leaders in the movement knew perfectly well that so long as they stood aloof the strike was a failure, and the Association a farce. It is not surprising, therefore, that extraordinary exertions were made to secure their adhesion.

The history of labor agitations has no more exciting scenes than were witnessed in Scranton in the early spring of '69, when the emissaries of the strikers pleaded with their brethren, who were yet at work, to join in the movement. Expostulations and threats naturally followed hard upon unavailing argument, and a state of feeling was created that needed only some untoward incident to explode into actual violence. The large mining town of Hyde Park, which is part of the city of Scranton, and inhabited exclusively by the miners and *employés* of the great corporations, seethed with the agitation for many days; but finally, on the 23d of May, the miners resolved, by a vote of 408 to 369, not to suspend, and the question was considered settled. But on the morning of the 25th, when the men there employed gathered to go down the great Oxford Shaft, they found a notice posted at its mouth, which declared, in the most labored of false syntax and orthography, that the men of the southern fields were determined to enforce suspension, and the proclamation ended with these words: "Any Man goes Down this Shaft let him have his Coffin made." This vague, illiterate, anonymous scrawl achieved in a moment what weeks of argument and entreaty had failed to accomplish. Not a man went down the shaft, and the panic spreading with marvelous rapidity, before sunset of that day not a worker was left in any mine in all the anthracite regions. By these questionable means universal suspension became, for the first time, an accomplished fact.

At this moment the Miners' Union—which name is more suggestive and convenient than the official title of Workingmen's Benevolent Association—seemed to have gained a complete victory. Organized only in the previous autumn out of the dissensions engendered by the partial strike of 1868, for the enforcement of the eight-hour law, it was born of discord, and had been nurtured by disturbance. Yet it proclaimed itself the apostle of peace, humanity, and law, and declared by its leaders that it sought nothing for the miner but his just due, and did not desire even that at the expense of consumers. It asserted that it would so establish mining industry upon a secure and satisfactory basis as to make the local strikes, which had been so prolific of misfortune in past years, entirely impossible. It proclaimed that it never acted in the interests of any operators, large or small, but in its every deed had the benefit of its members in view. It courted the closest scrutiny of its acts, and dared its enemies to produce proof that it was other than it seemed. It repudiated the device by which suspension had been at last secured in the Scranton district, and claimed that it had employed and intended to use none but moral forces. It was fortunate in its president, John Parker, a

man of strong sense, equable temper, and undoubted honesty, eminently fitted by experience and character to secure public confidence for the Union, of which he was the controlling spirit. Yet the first fruit of the supremacy of the Union was desolation to the miner, and its second result benefit to the small operators. By the middle of June the "basis" was satisfactorily arranged with the wholesale price of coal at New York fixed at $5, and in a few days the mines of Schuylkill were being worked to their utmost capacity. The general suspension of a month had so inflated prices that the poor of the great cities were unable to buy fuel, but they had also reached a point where there was something left after satiating the railroad cormorant, and the trade was prosperous again. The miners had indeed eaten the bread of idleness to the last crumb, and the poor in hundreds of cities had suffered sorely; but the Union had pulled the chestnuts of the small operators out of the big corporation fire, and there was great rejoicing because of "the triumph of labor over capital."

Many weeks were yet to elapse before it could be generally understood how barren was the victory the miners had obtained. Although stampeded into suspension, the Hyde Park men did not join or make common cause with the Union, but sullenly maintained a separate struggle of their own with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company. That great corporation frankly met the issue with the unequivocal declaration that it would have no partners, and could never accede to the "basis" arrangement. When the men stopped work they were receiving eighty-six cents per car for mining, and the Company persistently said they could have the same wages, or more, whenever they desired to work. The miners declined the terms; insisted upon the "basis," but yet declined all overtures for adhesion to the terms of the Company. The Company, being confronted in a few weeks with resumption in the lower fields, was still more determined not to yield, and the men, seeing in the same event the success of the strike, were encouraged to hold out. From these causes the strike in the Scranton district, which dominates the upper fields, continued until the beginning of September, when it ended with the surrender of the principle for which the miners had so sturdily contended. Resumption was accompanied by the Avondale disaster, and the miners had the shadow of that horror to embitter their defeat. They did indeed get a very great advance in wages, for they had accepted the offer of the Company of $1.31 per car, but they did not get the least recognition of any one of the claims which they had set up, and which had been granted in the lower fields. The long strike of 1869, therefore, ended, with the power of the corporations unbroken, with the miners impoverished by months of idleness, with the Union unrecognized where it most needed allegiance, and with the Schuylkill operators for the time as the sole beneficiaries of the struggle.

Fifteen months of delusive peace followed the protracted and bitter contest of 1869. It was a period of unprecedented prosperity to the Luzerne miners, who were receiving two-thirds more wages than they had obtained prior to the strike, and were rapidly getting forehanded with the world. The miners in the other counties, who were working under the basis, were receiving much less pay than this, and their condition had been in no way improved by the suffering they had endured. And the small operators soon relapsed into their former condition, for while transportation tolls were not reduced, the uninterrupted production inevitably depressed the market. The great corporations worked with such vigor that, during the year 1870, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western mined 2,350,341 tons, the Delaware and Hudson 2,269,948 tons, and the Pennsylvania Coal Co., 1,086,008, and, combined, they put upon the market more than one-third of the entire annual production. The two first owning their lines of transportation, these facts show that the coal trade was again thrown back into its chronic condition, by reason of the small operators being unable to compete with corporations mining and transporting these great quantities, without paying tribute thereon to the Reading Railroad. Schuylkill paying these heavy tolls on its 3,138,429 tons, while in Luzerne the same parties took the

profits of producers and carriers on 5,706,297 tons, places the whole case beyond argument. The Schuylkill operators, who had a short season of prosperity in the previous summer, while suspension continued in the northern districts, were again between the upper and nether mill-stones of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and Reading Railroads, and many of them were crushed. As coal went down many collieries suspended for want of orders, which were not sought, and the general condition of both miners and operators in the southern fields was deplorable. Nor did the corporations fare much better, for they were paying inordinately high rates for mining; and despite their advantages, their profits were difficult to discover as the market receded.

At last the November auction sale in New York, for coal to be delivered in December, yielded only an average of $3.99½, and the fact was seized as the occasion, if not excuse, for a stroke of policy which produced events unparalleled in the coal regions. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company suddenly reduced wages to the rates before the strike of 1869, and the Luzerne miners, who had never before inaugurated suspension, began a strike which yet continues, and has already become one of the most general and disastrous in its effects with which this unfortunate region has been afflicted.

The Company claims that it did not desire or expect suspension as the result of reducing wages at once and without warning from $1.31 to 86 cts.; but it came so swiftly and naturally that [illegible] was astonished. To avoid recognition of the "basis," and irritated by four historic months of idleness, the Company in the previous year had unwisely advanced wages thirty per cent. beyond a fair amount, so that this new trouble had the same germ as its predecessors, in the warring interests of small operators, miners, and corporations. The arrangement which had concluded the strike of 1869 had brought disaster to each of the contending forces at last. Schuylkill could withstand the transportation pressure no better than before, and the corporations had neutralized their advantages in that respect by advancing mining wages far beyond what the business would warrant, with no other apparent purpose than to add to Schuylkill's miseries and to cripple the Union by keeping their *employés* out of it. This policy bore its natural fruit; and everybody finding himself in the condition of the sheep that came home shorn, nobody could think of any remedy for the new phase of an old evil but the stale device of a general suspension. This time the Luzerne miners were the apostles of idleness as the road to wealth, and spread their emissaries abroad preaching the gospel to which they were such late converts. For the first time they became eager advocates of the Union, and formally offered unquestioning adherence if the General Council would order and enforce general suspension. In no other way could they hope to maintain their struggle with the corporations for any length of time, and they became almost abject in their supplications to a body they had spurned in the previous year. The leaders of the Union remembered and spoke bitterly of the past; but in the end common interest triumphed over pique, and the Council meeting at Tamaqua decreed a general suspension, to begin January 11, 1871. The order was obeyed with a few trivial exceptions, and the stupor of paralysis again fell upon the whole anthracite region, to last many weeks. There was scarcely a pretence upon the part of the miners of denying that the purpose of suspension was to bull the market to abnormal rates; and the operators and corporations, seeing the wisdom of silence, have been chary of explanations.

At the time article is written the strike yet continues, unpleasant symptoms that it may produce of lawless violence, which have hitherto been rare accompaniments of these troubles. As the present results of the strike, more 100,000 men have dragged dependents to starvation, and the poor in the Atlantic cities are freezing for want of which has advanced beyond their reach nor either small operators nor corporations in the end reap any substantial reward from a disruption as senseless as it is needless. In the end resumption must come very much as it has before, and be followed in time by other suspensions. So long as these causes are in operation, it is inevitable that there will be periodical dis-

turbances of coal production, with most disastrous results to producers and consumers.

The anthracite coal trade has increased from 365 tons in 1822, to about 15,000,000 tons in 1870. While railroads carried only 850 tons in 1841, the bulk of last year's production was taken to market by rail. The capital invested in coal production and transportation approximates $250,000,000, of which $45,000,000 are represented by opened and working mines, $75,000,000 by railroads, $40,000,000 by canals, and the remainder by the value of the coal lands. That this great trade has increased with such marvelous rapidity, and this vast capital yielded a fair annual interest, is due wholly to the fact of the creation of these artificial avenues to market. The cure of present evils lies in the cause of past success. The cry of over-production means only that enough money has not been invested in railroads. Nothing is more certain than that the earnings of the existing coal railroads must be diminished before coal production can be uninterrupted and satisfactory to all parties. There must be additional rail outlets from the lower fields eastward sufficiently capacious to give the Schuylkill operators the benefit of competition in transportation.

It makes little difference whether these roads lead to New York or Philadelphia, so that they are kept independent of existing lines. When they are built, and the means of transportation in the lower fields equal or surpass their productive capacity, the corporation Sampsons of Luzerne will be shorn of the locks which give them strength to crush rivals staggering to market under heavy tolls. When these roads are completed, and additional outlets south and west from the lower and middle fields are opened, the problem of the anthracite fields will be solved. But only the display elsewhere of the energy, pluck, and ability which has developed the Scranton district beyond all competitors, although it was only opened in 1855, can bring lasting peace to the coal-fields and reasonable fuel to the consumer. Only by the equalization of advantages can miners, small operators, and great corporations, strive together in harmony. Every year the production and consumption of anthracite increases, and as both must increase faster in the future than in the past, it is only by the multiplication of trunk lines of railroads from the mines in the southern fields that this equalization can be secured.

The suspension which is just ending has been more disastrous in its effects upon consumers and producers than any of its predecessors. The wretchedly poor in the city of New York paid, in the last days of February, at the rate of $28 per ton for fuel, and the miners were at the same time suffering as they never did before, for want of the necessaries of life. At this moment of extreme disaster, when the needs of all classes made resumption imminent, the railroads tapping the Southern and Middle fields showed how vast is their power, and how little the public interest is consulted in their use of it, by suddenly advancing tolls to $7.10 per ton, and thereby made resumption an impossibility. When this had been done, on the 23d day of February, all the operators gathered in council at Philadelphia, thus presenting the singular spectacle of the Lackawanna lions lying down with the Schuylkill lambs to roar and bleat that stale device of a "basis" which had been first promulgated by the Miners' Union, and had, by the experience of a year, been found to be a basis of nothing but ruin. Having, in four resolutions, taken precisely the ground, as to Schuylkill and Lehigh, occupied by the Union in the previous year, this meeting declared that the operators were united in opposing any interference, by workmen or their association, with the management of their works. The Miners' Union is justly chargeable with many crimes against consumers, and with many follies closely akin to crimes against producers,—but it never did anything so senseless or so mean as this. The precarious truce between the great Lackawanna companies and their staggering rivals seemed concluded only to insult the general intelligence by resolutions which perpetuate present evils; and by leaving all parties to the contest precisely where they were before, seemed cunningly devised to keep the door open for future suspensions when the interests of either of the contracting parties may demand it. Nothing was said or done concerning the outrage committed by the coal-carriers in advan-

cing tolls to an exorbitant rate, for which sin of omission these operators are entitled to the public thanks. In no other way could they have so clearly shown that the real anthracite problem is one of transportation. The majority at this meeting, controlling all the coal-carrying railroads, finding nothing better to do at a moment of panic and widespread disaster resulting from their previous acts, than to declare against outside interference with their management, afforded an irrefutable argument against their exclusive control of a great industry.

Let the public keep in mind that coal is reasonable in price only so long as production is uninterrupted, and that suspension has been always forced by exorbitant tolls on the avenues to market.

A HOROSCOPE.

I SIT and sigh, but not with idle pain;
I have outlived the callow heats of youth;
The time of buds that go to come again
Is past with me, and I desire the truth.

The deep, deep truth of long, long love I need;
I have no heart to waste in fruitless bloom,
But all my heart I have for love indeed,
And all my heart goes forth to meet my doom.

What can I do, but sit and fold my hands?
I hear no footfalls of the one to come—
Else I would rise and run through many lands
To meet her coming, and to lead her home.

What do I long for?—since I know not whom;
I long for peace from longing, and for rest;
Whether that I grow old—I find in room
Of venturous pinions, now a homesick breast:

Homesick, though not with retrospective pain,
Hollow with hunger for a home to be,
Breaking for longing toward a sweet refrain
Forever borne o'er an enchanted sea.

This wind and wave has worn my youth away;
'Tis long to anchor by the Blessed Isles;—
Yet there I dreamed for me a future lay
Securely glad in one sweet woman's smiles.

Oh, inaccessible lady charmed from me!
I see thee sit at evening by my fire,
A light of wifely welcome circling thee,
As home I draw to close with thy desire.

I see thee there, my queen of feast and grace,
Throned at my board, dispense the Attic cheer;
I look across and watch thee in thy place,
Mine, and so fair—so queenly, and so dear.

I hear thee sing clear carols of the hearth,
  Pensive and sweet, in tender twilight glooms
My children love the music more than mirth,
  And gather in from all the darkening rooms.

Steals on a holier household hour than all:
  Thy children grouped about their mother's chair,
Upon thy knees with them I see thee fall—
  Most beautiful among thy children there!

I talk with thee alone—I stroke thy hair—
  I read thy eyes—I fold thee to my breast;
We mix our mutual dreams, and purely share
  Love lapsing on through all our raptured rest.

The days go onward ever, sun and rain;
  The nights between them follow, cloud or star;
The same to us, no matter loss or gain,—
  Each unto each what naught could make, can mar.

And we grow old together, in my dream,
  Like blended rivers placid toward the sea—
Alas, but now my lone divided stream
  Still hither, thither roves in quest of thee!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

"AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 556.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

I TOLD them my story. Even Clara looked grave when I came to the incident of finding myself on the verge of the precipice.

"Thank God, my boy!" said Mr. Coningham, kindly. "You have had a narrow escape. I lost myself once in the Cumberland hills, and hardly got off with my life. Here it is a chance you were ever seen again, alive or dead. I wonder you're not knocked up."

I was, however, more so than I knew.

"How are you going to get home?" he asked.

"I don't know any way but walking," I answered.

"Are you far from home?"

"I don't know. I daresay the people here will be able to tell me. But I think you said you were going down into the Grindelwald. I shall know where I am there. Perhaps you will let me walk with you. Horses can't go very fast along these roads."

"You shall have my horse, my boy."

"No. I couldn't think of that."

"You must. I haven't been wandering all day like you. You can ride, I suppose?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"Then you shall ride with Clara, and I'll walk with the guide. I shall go and see after the horses presently."

It was indeed a delightful close to a dreadful day. We sat and chatted a while, and then Clara and I went out to look at the Jungfrau. She told me they had left her mother at Interlaken, and had been wander-

WILFRID ON THE MOUNTAINS.

ing about the Bernese Alps for nearly a week.

"I can't think what should have put it in papa's head," she added; "for he does not care much for scenery. I fancy he wants to make the most of poor me, and so takes me the grand tour. He wanted to come without mamma, but she said we were not to be trusted alone. She had to give in when we took to horseback, though."

It was getting late, and Mr. Coningham came out to find us.

"It is quite time we were going," he said. "In fact we are too late now. The horses are ready, and your clothes are dry, Mr. Cumbermede. I have felt them all over."

"How kind of you, sir!" I said.

"Nonsense. Why should any one want another to get his death of cold? If you are to keep alive, it's better to keep well as long as ever you can. Make haste, though, and change your clothes."

I hurried away, followed by Clara's merry laugh at my clumsy gait. In a few moments I was ready. Mr. Coningham had settled my bill for me. Mother and daughter gave me a kind farewell, and I exhausted my German in vain attempts to let them know how grateful I was for their goodness. There was not much time, however, to spend even on gratitude. The sun was nearly down, and I could see Clara mounted and waiting for me before the window. I found Mr. Coningham rather impatient.

"Come along, Mr. Cumbermede; we must be off," he said. "Get up there."

"You *have* grown, though, after all," said Clara. "I thought it might be only the petticoats that made you look so tall."

I got on the horse which the guide, a half-witted fellow from the next valley, was holding for me, and we set out. The guide walked beside my horse, and Mr. Coningham beside Clara's. The road was level for a little way, but it soon turned up on the hill where I had been wandering, and went along the steep side of it.

"Will this do for a precipice, Clara?" said her father.

"Oh dear! no," she answered; "it's not worth the name. It actually slopes outward."

Before we got down to the next level stretch it began again to rain. A mist came on, and we could see but a little way before us. Through the mist came the sound of the bells of the cattle upon the hill. Our guide trudged carefully but boldly on. He seemed to know every step of the way. Clara was very cool, her father a little anxious, and very attentive to his daughter, who received his help with a never-failing merry gratitude, making light of all annoyances. At length we came down upon the better road, and traveled on with more comfort.

"Look, Clara!" I said—"will that do?"

"What is it?" she asked, turning her head in the direction in which I pointed.

On our right, through the veil, half of rain, half of gauzy mist, which filled the air, arose a precipice indeed—the whole bulk it was of the Eiger mountain, which the mist brought so near that it seemed literally to overhang the road. Clara looked up for a moment, but betrayed no sign of awe.

"Yes, I think that will do," she said.

"Though you are only at the foot of it?" I suggested.

"Yes; though I am only at the foot of it," she repeated.

"What does it remind you of?" I asked.

"Nothing. I never saw anything it could remind me of," she answered.

"Nor read anything?"

"Not that I remember."

"It reminds me of Mount Sinai in the Pilgrim's Progress. You remember Christian was afraid because the side of it which was next the wayside did hang so much over that he thought it would fall on his head."

"I never read the Pilgrim's Progress," she returned, in a careless if not contemptuous tone.

"Didn't you? Oh, you would like it so much!"

"I don't think I should. I don't like religious books."

"But that is such a good story!"

"Oh! it's all a trap—sugar on the outside of a pill! The sting's in the tail of it. They're all like that. *I* know them."

This silenced me, and for a while we went on without speaking.

The rain ceased; the mist cleared a little; and I began to think I saw some landmarks I knew. A moment more, and I perfectly understood where we were.

"I'm all right now, sir," I said to Mr. Coningham. "I can find my way from here."

As I spoke I pulled up and proceeded to dismount.

"Sit still," he said. "We cannot do better than ride on to Mr. Forest's. I don't know him much, but I have met him, and in a strange country all are friends. I daresay he will take us in for the night. Do you think he could house us?"

"I have no doubt of it. For that matter, the boys could crowd a little."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not above two miles, I think."

"Are you sure you know the way?"

"Quite sure."

"Then you take the lead."

I did so. He spoke to the guide, and Clara and I rode on in front.

"You and I seem destined to have adventures together, Clara," I said.

"It seems so. But this is not so much of an adventure as that night on the leads," she answered.

"You would not have thought so if you had been with me in the morning."

"Were you very much frightened?"

"I was. And then to think of finding you!"

"It was funny, certainly."

When we reached the house there was great jubilation over me, but Mr. Forest himself was very serious. He had not been back more than half an hour, and was just getting ready to set out again, accompanied by men from the village below. Most of the boys were quite knocked up, for they had been looking for me ever since they missed me. Charley was in a dreadful way. When he saw me he burst into tears, and declared he would never let me out of his sight again. But if he had been with me it would have

been death to both of us: I could never have got him over the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest received their visitors with the greatest cordiality, and invited them to spend a day or two with them, to which, after some deliberation, Mr. Coningham agreed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGAIN THE ICE CAVE.

THE next morning he begged a holiday for me and Charley, of whose family he knew something, although he was not acquainted with them. I was a little disappointed at Charley's being included in the request, not in the least from jealousy, but because I had set my heart on taking Clara to the cave in the ice, which I knew Charley would not like. But I thought we could easily arrange to leave him somewhere near until we returned. I spoke to Mr. Coningham about it, who entered into my small scheme with the greatest kindness. Charley confided to me afterwards that he did not take to him—he was too like an ape, he said. But the impression of his ugliness had with me quite worn off; and for his part, if I had been a favorite nephew he could not have been more complaisant and hearty.

I felt very stiff when we set out, and altogether not quite myself; but the discomfort wore off as we went. Charley had Mr. Coningham's horse, and I walked by the side of Clara's, eager after any occasion, if but a pretence, of being useful to her. She was quite familiar with me, but seemed shy of Charley. He looked much more of a man than I; for not only, as I have said, had he grown much during his illness, but there was an air of troubled thoughtfulness about him which made him look considerably older than he really was; while his delicate complexion and large blue eyes had a kind of mystery about them that must have been very attractive.

When we reached the village, I told Charley that we wanted to go on foot to the cave, and hoped he would not mind waiting our return. But he refused to be left, declaring he should not mind going in the least; that he was quite well now, and ashamed of his behavior on the former occasion; that, in fact, it must have been his approaching illness that caused it. I could not insist, and we set out. The footpath led us through fields of corn, with a bright sun overhead, and a sweet wind blowing. It was a glorious day of golden corn, gentle wind, and blue sky, with great masses of white snow, whiter than any cloud, held up in it.

We descended the steep bank; we crossed the wooden bridge over the little river; we crunched under our feet the hail-like crystals lying rough on the surface of the glacier; we reached the cave and entered the blue abyss. I went first into the delicious, yet dangerous-looking blue. The cave had several sharp angles in it. When I reached the farthest corner I turned to look behind me. I was alone. I walked back and peeped round the last corner. Between that and the one beyond it stood Clara and Charley, staring at each other with faces of ghastly horror.

Clara's look certainly could not have been the result of any excess of imagination. But many women respond easily to influences they could not have originated. My conjecture is, that the same horror had again seized upon Charley when he saw Clara; that it made his face, already deathlike, tenfold more fearful; that Clara took fright at his fear, her imagination opening like a crystal to the polarized light of reflected feeling; and thus they stood in the paralysis of a dismay which ever multiplied itself in the opposed mirrors of their countenances.

I too was in terror—for Charley, and certainly wasted no time in speculation. I went forward instantly, and put an arm round each. They woke up, as it were, and tried to laugh. But the laugh was worse than the stare. I hurried them out of the place.

We came upon Mr. Coningham round the next corner, amusing himself with the talk of the half-silly guide.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Out again," I answered. "The air is oppressive."

"Nonsense," he said merrily. "The air is as pure as it is cold. Come, Clara; I want to explore the penetralia of this temple of Isis."

I believe he intended a pun.

Clara turned with him; Charley and I went out into the sunshine.

"You should not have gone, Charley. You have caught a chill again," I said.

"No, nothing of the sort," he answered. "Only it was too dreadful. That lovely face! To see it like that—and know that is what it is coming to!"

"You looked as horrid yourself," I returned.

"I don't doubt it. We all did. But why?"

"Why, just because of the blueness," I answered.

"Yes—the blueness, no doubt. That was all. But there it was, you know."

Clara came out smiling. All her horror had vanished. I was looking into the hole as she turned the last corner. When she first appeared, her face was "like one that hath been seven days drowned;" but as she advanced, the decay thinned, and the life grew, until at last she stepped from the mouth of the sepulchre in all the glow of her merry youth. It was a dumb show of the resurrection.

As we went back to the inn, Clara, who was walking in front with her father, turned her head and addressed me suddenly.

"You see it was all a sham, Wilfrid!" she said.

"What was a sham? I don't know what you mean," I rejoined.

"Why that," she returned, pointing with her hand. Then addressing her father, "Isn't that the Eiger," she asked—"the same we rode under yesterday?"

"To be sure it is," he answered.

She turned again to me.

"You see it is all a sham! Last night it pretended to be on the very edge of the road and hanging over our heads at an awful height. Now it has gone a long way back, is not so very high, and certainly does not hang over. I ought not to have been satisfied with that precipice. It took me in."

I did not reply at once. Clara's words appeared to me quite irreverent, and I recoiled from the very thought that there could be any sham in nature; but what to answer her I did not know. I almost began to dislike her; for it is often incapacity for defending the faith they love which turns men into persecutors.

Seeing me foiled, Charley advanced with the doubtful aid of a sophism to help me.

"Which is the sham, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"That Eiger mountain there."

"Ah! so I thought."

"Then you are of my opinion, Mr. Osborne?"

"You mean the mountain is shamming, don't you—looking far off when really it is near?"

"Not at all. When it looked last night as if it hung right over our heads, it was shamming. See it now—far away there!"

"But which then is the sham, and which is the true? It *looked* near yesterday and now it *looks* far away. Which is which?"

"It must have been a sham yesterday; for although it looked near, it was very dull and dim, and you could only see the sharp outline of it."

"Just so I argue on the other side: The mountain must be shamming now, for although it looks so far off, it yet shows a most contradictory clearness—not only of outline but of surface."

"Aha!" thought I, "Miss Clara has found her match. They both know he is talking nonsense, yet she can't answer him. What she was saying was nonsense too, but I can't answer it either—not yet."

I felt proud of both of them, but of Charley in especial, for I had had no idea he could be so quick.

"What ever put such an answer in your head, Charley?" I exclaimed.

"Oh! it's not quite original," he returned. "I believe it was suggested by two or three lines I read in a review just before we left home. They took a hold of me rather."

He repeated half of the now well-known little poem of Shelley, headed *Passage of the Apennines*. He had forgotten the name of the writer, and it was many years before I fell in with them myself:—

"The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm."

In the middle of it I saw Clara begin to titter, but she did not interrupt him. When he had finished, she said with a grave face, too grave for seriousness :—

"Will you repeat the third line—I think it was, Mr. Osborne?"

He did so.

"What kind of eggs did the Apennine lay, Mr. Osborne?" she asked, still perfectly serious.

Charley was abashed to find she could take advantage of probably a provincialism to turn into ridicule such fine verses. Before he could recover himself, she had planted another blow or two.

"And where is its nest? Between the earth and the sky is vague. But then to be sure it must want a good deal of room. And after all, a mountain is a strange fowl, and who knows where it might lay? Between earth and sky is quite definite enough. Besides, the bird-nesting boys might be dangerous if they knew where it was. It would be such a find for them!"

My champion was defeated. Without attempting a word in reply, he hung back and dropped behind. Mr. Coningham must have heard the whole, but he offered no remark. I saw that Charley's sensitive nature was hurt, and my heart was sore for him.

"That's too bad of you, Clara," I said.

"What's too bad of me, Wilfrid?" she returned.

I hesitated a moment, then answered :

"To make game of such verses. Any one with half a soul must see they were fine."

"Very wrong of you, indeed, my dear," said Mr. Coningham from behind, in a voice that sounded as if he were smothering a laugh; but when I looked round, his face was grave.

"Then I suppose that half soul I haven't got," returned Clara.

"Oh! I didn't mean that," I said, lamely enough. "But there's no logic in that kind of thing, you know."

"You see, papa," said Clara, "what you are accountable for. Why didn't you make them teach me logic?"

Her father smiled a pleased smile. His daughter's naïveté would in his eyes make up for any lack of logic.

"Mr. Osborne," continued Clara, turning back, "I beg your pardon. I am a woman, and you men don't allow us to learn logic. But at the same time you must confess you were making a bad use of yours. You know it was all nonsense you were trying to pass off on me for wisdom."

He was by her side the instant she spoke to him. A smile grew upon his face: I could see it growing, just as you see the sun growing behind a cloud. In a moment it broke out in radiance.

"I confess," he said. "I thought you were too hard on Wilfrid; and he hadn't anything at hand to say for himself."

"And you were too hard upon me, weren't you? Two to one is not fair play—is it now?"

"No; certainly not."

"And that justified a little false play on my part?"

"No, it did *not*," said Charley, almost fiercely. "Nothing justifies false play."

"Not even yours, Mr. Osborne?" replied Clara, with a stately coldness quite marvellous in one so young; and leaving him, she came again to my side. I peeped at Mr. Coningham, curious to see how he regarded all this wrangling with his daughter. He appeared at once amused and satisfied. Clara's face was in a glow, clearly of anger, at the discourteous manner in which Charley had spoken.

"You mustn't be angry with Charley, Clara," I said.

"He is very rude," she replied indignantly.

"What he said was rude, I allow, but Charley himself is anything but rude. I haven't looked at him, but I am certain he is miserable about it already."

"So he ought to be. To speak like that to a lady, when her very friendliness put her off her guard! I never was treated so in all my life."

She spoke so loud that she must have meant Charley to hear her. But when I looked back, I saw that he had fallen a long way behind, and was coming on very slowly, with dejected look and his eyes on the ground. Mr. Coningham did not interfere by word or sign.

When we reached the inn he ordered some

refreshment, and behaved to us both as if we were grown men. Just a touch of familiarity was the sole indication that we were not grown men. Boys are especially grateful for respect from their superiors, for it helps them to respect themselves; but Charley sat silent and gloomy. As he would not ride back, and Mr. Coningham preferred walking too, I got into the saddle and rode by Clara's side.

As we approached the house, Charley crept up to the other side of Clara's horse, and laid his hand on his mane. When he spoke Clara started, for she was looking the other way and had not observed his approach.

"Miss Clara," he said, "I am very sorry I was so rude. Will you forgive me?"

Instead of being hard to reconcile, as I had feared from her outburst of indignation, she leaned forward and laid her hand on his. He looked up in her face, his own suffused with a color I had never seen in it before. His great blue eyes lightened with thankfulness, and began to fill with tears. How she looked, I could not see. She withdrew her hand, and Charley dropped behind again. In a little while he came up to my side, and began talking. He soon got quite merry, but Clara in her turn was silent.

I doubt if anything would be worth telling but for what comes after. History itself would be worthless but for what it cannot tell, namely, its own future. Upon this ground my reader must excuse the apparent triviality of the things I am now relating.

When we were alone in our room that night —for ever since Charley's illness we two had had a room to ourselves—Charley said,

"I behaved like a brute this morning, Wilfrid."

"No, Charley; you were only a little rude from being over eager. If she had been seriously advocating dishonesty, you would have been quite right to take it up so; and you thought she was."

"Yes; but it was very silly of me. I dare say it was because I had been so dishonest myself just before. How dreadful it is that I am always taking my own side, even when I do what I am ashamed of in another. I suppose I think I have got my horse by the head, and the other has not."

"I don't know. That may be it," I answered. "I'm afraid I can't think about it to-night, for I don't feel well. What if it should be your turn to nurse me now, Charley?"

He turned quite pale, his eyes opened wide, and he looked at me anxiously.

Before morning I was aching all over: I had rheumatic fever.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLEY NURSES ME.

I SAW no more of Clara. Mr. Coningham came to bid me good-bye, and spoke very kindly. Mr. Forest would have got a nurse for me, but Charley begged so earnestly to be allowed to return the service I had done for him, that he yielded.

I was in great pain for more than a week. Charley's attentions were unremitting. In fact he nursed me more like a woman than a boy; and made me think with some contrition how poor my ministrations had been. Even after the worst was over, if I but moved, he was at my bedside in a moment. Certainly no nurse could have surpassed him. I could bear no one to touch me but him: from any one else I dreaded torture; and my medicine was administered to the very moment by my own old watch, which had been brought to do its duty at least respectably.

One afternoon, finding me tolerably comfortable, he said,

"Shall I read something to you, Wilfrid?"

He never called me Willie, as most of my friends did.

"I should like it," I answered.

"What shall I read?" he asked.

"Hadn't you something in your head," I rejoined, "when you proposed it?"

"Well, I had; but I don't know if you would like it."

"What did you think of then?"

"I thought of a chapter in the New Testament."

"How could you think I should not like that?"

"Because I never saw you say your prayers."

"That is quite true. But you don't think I never say my prayers although you never see me do it?"

The fact was, my uncle, amongst his other peculiarities, did not approve of teaching children to say their prayers. But he did not therefore leave me without instruction in the matter of praying—either the idlest or the most availing of human actions. He would say, "When you want anything, ask for it, Willie; and if it is worth your having, you will have it. But don't fancy you are doing God any service by praying to him. He likes you to pray to him because he loves you, and wants you to love him. And whatever you do, don't go saying a lot of words you don't mean. If you think you ought to pray, say your Lord's Prayer, and have done with it." I had no theory myself on the matter; but when I was in misery on the wild mountains, I had indeed prayed to God; and had even gone so far as to hope, when I got what I prayed for, that he had heard my prayer.

Charley made no reply.

"It seems to me better that sort of thing should not be seen, Charley," I persisted.

"Perhaps, Wilfrid; but I was taught to say my prayers regularly."

"I don't think much of that either," I answered. "But I've said a good many prayers since I've been here, Charley. I can't say I'm sure it's of any use, but I can't help trying after something—I don't know what—something I want, and don't know how to get."

"But it's only the prayer of faith that's heard. Do you believe, Wilfrid?"

"I don't know. I daren't say I don't. I wish I could say I do. But I daresay things will be considered."

"Wouldn't it be grand if it was true, Wilfrid?"

"What, Charley?"

"That God actually let his creatures see him—and—all that came of it, you know."

"It would be grand indeed! But supposing it true, how could we be expected to believe it like them that saw him with their own eyes? *I* couldn't be required to believe just as if I could have no doubt about it. It wouldn't be fair. Only—perhaps we haven't got the clew by the right end."

"Perhaps not. But sometimes I hate the whole thing. And then again I feel as if I *must* read all about it; not that I care for it exactly, but because a body must do something—because—I don't know how to say it—because of the misery, you know."

"I don't know that I do know—quite. But now you have started the subject, I thought that was great nonsense Mr. Forest was talking about the authority of the church the other day."

"Well, *I* thought so, too. I don't see what right they have to say so and so, if they didn't hear him speak. As to what he meant, they may be right or they may be wrong. If they *have* the gift of the Spirit, as they say—how am I to tell they have? All impostors claim it as well as the true men. If I had ever so little of the same gift myself, I suppose I could tell; but they say no one has till he believes—so they may be all humbugs for anything I can possibly tell; or they may be all true men and yet I may fancy them all humbugs, and can't help it."

I was quite as much astonished to hear Charley talk in this style, as some readers will be doubtful whether a boy could have talked such good sense. I said nothing, and a silence followed.

"Would you like me to read to you then?" he asked.

"Yes, I should; for, do you know, after all, I don't think there's anything like the New Testament."

"Anything like it!" he repeated. "I should think not! Only I wish I did know what it all meant. I wish I could talk to my father as I would to Jesus Christ if I saw *him*. But if I could talk to my father, he wouldn't understand me. He would speak to me as if I were the very scum of the universe for daring to have a doubt of what *he* told me."

"But he doesn't mean *himself*," I said.

"Well, who told him?"

"The Bible."

"And who told the Bible?"

"God, of course."

"But how am I to know that? I only know that they say so. Do you know, Wilfrid—I *don't* believe my father is quite sure himself, and that is what makes him in such a rage with anybody who doesn't think as he does. He's afraid it mayn't be true after all."

I had never had a father to talk to, but I thought something must be wrong when a boy *couldn't* talk to his father. My uncle was a better father than that came to.

Another pause followed, during which Charley searched for a chapter to fit the mood. I will not say what chapter he found, for, after all, I doubt if we had any real notion of what it meant. I know, however, that there were words in it which found their way to my conscience; and, let men of science or philosophy say what they will, the rousing of a man's conscience is the greatest event in his existence. In such a matter, the consciousness of the man himself is the sole witness. A Chinese can expose many of the absurdities and inconsistencies of the English: it is their own Shakspeare who must bear witness to their sins and faults, as well as their truths and characteristics.

After this we had many conversations about such things, one of which I shall attempt to report bye and bye. Of course in any such attempt, all that can be done is to put the effect into fresh conversational form. What I have just written must at least be more orderly than what passed between us; but the spirit is much the same; and mere fact is of consequence only as it affects truth.

CHAPTER XX.

A DREAM.

THE best immediate result of my illness was, that I learned to love Charley Osborne more dearly. We renewed an affection resembling from afar that of Shakspeare for his nameless friend; we anticipated that informing *In Memoriam*. Lest I be accused of infinite arrogance, let me remind my reader that the sun is reflected in a dewdrop as in the ocean.

One night I had a strange dream, which is perhaps worth telling for the involution of its consciousness.

I thought I was awake in my bed, and Charley asleep in his. I lay looking into the room. It began to waver and change. The night-light enlarged and receded; and the walls trembled and waved about. The light had got behind them, and shone through them

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; for I was frightened.

I heard him move; but before he reached me I was lying on a lawn, surrounded by trees, with the moon shining through them from behind. The next moment Charley was by my side.

"Isn't it prime?" he said. "It's all over!"

"What do you mean, Charley?" I asked.

"I mean that we're both dead now. It's not so very bad—is it?"

"Nonsense, Charley!" I returned; "*I*'m not dead. I'm as wide alive as ever I was. Look here."

So saying, I sprang to my feet, and drew myself up before him.

"Where's your worst pain?" said Charley, with a curious expression in his tone.

"Here," I answered. "No; it's not; it's in my back. No, it isn't. It's nowhere. I haven't got any pain."

Charley laughed a low laugh, which sounded as sweet as strange. It was to the laughter of the world "as moonlight is to sunlight," but not "as water is to wine," for what it had lost in sound it had gained in smile.

"Tell me now you're not dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But," I insisted, "don't you see I'm alive? *You* may be dead, for anything I know, but *I am not*—I know that."

"You're just as dead as I am," he said. "Look here."

A little way off, in an open plot by itself, stood a little white rose-tree, half mingled with the moonlight. Charley went up to it, stepped on the topmost twig, and stood: the bush did not even bend under him.

"Very well," I answered. "You are dead, I confess. But now, look you here."

I went to a red rose-bush which stood at some distance, blanched in the moon, set my foot on the top of it, and made as if I would ascend, expecting to crush it, roses and all, to the ground. But behold! I was standing on my red rose opposite Charley on his white.

"I told you so," he cried, across the moonlight, and his voice sounded as if it came from the moon far away.

"Oh, Charley!" I cried, "I'm so frightened!"

"What are you frightened at?"

"At you. You're dead, you know."

"It is a good thing, Wilfrid," he rejoined, in a tone of some reproach, "that I am not frightened at you for the same reason; for what would happen then?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would go away and leave me alone in this ghostly light."

"If I were frightened at you as you are at me, we should not be able to see each other at all. If you take courage, the light will grow."

"Don't leave me, Charley," I cried, and flung myself from my tree towards his. I found myself floating, half reclined on the air. We met midway each in the other's arms.

"I don't know where I am, Charley."

"That is my father's rectory."

He pointed to the house, which I had not yet observed. It lay quite dark in the moonlight, for not a window shone from within.

"Don't leave me, Charley."

"Leave you! I should think not, Wilfrid. I have been long enough without you already."

"Have you been long dead, then, Charley?"

"Not very long. Yes, a long time. But indeed I don't know. We don't count time as we used to count it.—I want to go and see my father. It is long since I saw *him*, anyhow. Will you come?"

"If you think I might—if you wish it," I said, for I had no great desire to see Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps he won't care to see me."

"Perhaps not," said Charley, with another low silvery laugh. "Come along."

We glided over the grass. A window stood a little open on the second floor. We floated up, entered, and stood by the bedside of Charley's father. He lay in a sound sleep.

"Father! father!" said Charley, whispering in his ear as he lay—"it's all right. You need not be troubled about me any more."

Mr. Osborne turned on his pillow.

"He's dreaming about us now," said Charley. "He sees us both standing by his bed."

But the next moment, Mr. Osborne sat up, stretched out his arms towards us with the open palms outwards, as if pushing us away from him, and cried:

"Depart from me, all evil-doers. O Lord! do I not hate them that hate thee?"

He followed with other yet more awful words which I never could recall. I only remember the feeling of horror and amazement they left behind. I turned to Charley. He had disappeared, and I found myself lying in the bed beside Mr. Osborne. I gave a great cry of dismay—when there was Charley again beside me, saying:

"What's the matter, Wilfrid? Wake up. My father's not here."

I did wake, but until I had felt in the bed could not satisfy myself that Mr. Osborne was indeed not there.

"You've been talking in your sleep. I could hardly get you waked," said Charley, who stood there in his shirt.

"Oh Charley!" I cried, "I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, Wilfrid?"

"Oh! I can't talk about it yet," I answered.

I never did tell him that dream; for even then I was often uneasy about him—he was so sensitive. The affections of my friend were as hoops of steel; his feelings a breath would ripple. Oh my Charley! if ever we meet in that land so vaguely shadowed in my dream, will you not know that I loved you heartily well? Shall I not hasten to lay bare my heart before you—the priest of its confessional? Oh Charley! when the truth is known, the false will fly asunder as the autumn leaves in the wind; but the true, whatever their faults, will only draw together the more tenderly that they have sinned against each other.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FROZEN STREAM.

BEFORE the winter arrived I was well, and Charley had recovered the fatigue of watching me. One holiday he and I set out alone to accomplish a scheme we had cherished from the first appearance of the frost. How it arose I hardly remember; I think it came of some remark Mr. Forest had made concerning the difference between the streams of Switzerland and England—those in the former country being emptiest, those in the latter fullest in the winter. It was—when the frost

should have bound up the sources of the beck which ran almost by our door, and it was no longer a stream but a rope of ice—to take that rope for our guide, and follow it as far as we could towards the secret recesses of its summer birth.

Along the banks of the stream, we followed it up and up, meeting a varied loveliness which it would take the soul of a Wordsworth or a Ruskin to comprehend and express. To my poor faculty the splendor of the ice-crystals remains the one memorable thing. In those lonely water-courses the sun was gloriously busy, with none to praise him except Charley and me.

Where the banks were difficult we went down into the frozen bed, and there had story above story of piled-up loveliness, with opal and diamond cellars below. Spikes and stars crystalline radiated and refracted and reflected marvelously. But we did not reach the primary source of the stream by miles; we were stopped by a precipitous rock, down the face of which one half of the stream fell, while the other crept out of its foot, from a little cavernous opening about four feet high. Charley was a few yards ahead of me, and ran stooping into the cavern. I followed. But when I had gone as far as I dared for the darkness and the down-sloping roof, and saw nothing of him, I grew dismayed, and called him. There was no answer. With a thrill of horror, my dream returned upon me. I got on my hands and knees and crept forward. A short way farther the floor sank—only a little, I believe, but from the darkness I took the descent for an abyss into which Charley had fallen. I gave a shriek of despair, and scrambled out of the cave howling. In a moment he was by my side. He had only crept behind a projection for a trick. His remorse was extreme. He begged my pardon in the most agonized manner.

"Never mind, Charley," I said, "you didn't mean it."

"Yes, I did mean it," he returned. "The temptation came, and I yielded; only I did not know how dreadful it would be to you."

"Of course not. You wouldn't have done it if you had."

"How am I to know that, Wilfrid? I might have done it. Isn't it frightful that a body may go on and on till a thing is done, and then wish he hadn't done it. I am a despicable creature. Do you know, Wilfrid, I once shot a little bird—for no good, but just to shoot at something. It wasn't that I didn't think of it—don't say that. I did think of it. I knew it was wrong. When I had leveled my gun I thought of it quite plainly, and yet drew the trigger. It dropped, a heap of ruffled feathers. I shall never get that little bird out of my head. And the worst of it is, that to all eternity I can never make any atonement."

"But God will forgive you, Charley."

"What do I care for that," he rejoined, almost fiercely, "when the little bird cannot forgive me? I would go on my knees to the little bird if I could, to beg its pardon, and tell it what a brute I was, and it might shoot me if it would, and I should say 'Thank you.'"

He laughed almost hysterically, and the tears ran down his face.

I have said little about my uncle's teaching lest I should bore my readers. But there it came in, and therefore here it must come in. My uncle had, by no positive instruction, but by occasional observations, not one of which I can recall, generated in me a strong hope that the life of the lower animals was terminated at their death no more than our own. The man who believes that thought is the result of brain, and not the growth of an unknown seed whose soil is the brain, may well sneer at this, for he is to himself but a peck of dust that has to be eaten by the devouring jaws of Time; but I cannot see how the man who believes in soul at all can say that the spirit of a man lives, and the spirit of his horse dies. I do not profess to believe anything *for certain sure* myself, but I do think that he who, if from merely philosophical considerations, believes the one, ought to believe the other as well. Much more must the theosophist believe it. But I had never felt the need of the doctrine until I beheld the misery of Charley over the memory of the dead sparrow. Surely that sparrow fell not to the ground without the Father's knowledge.

"Charley! how do you know," I said,

"that you can never beg the bird's pardon? If God made the bird, do you fancy with your gun you could destroy the making of his hand? If he said, 'Let there be,' do you suppose you could say 'There shall not be?'" (Mr. Forest had read that chapter of first things at morning prayers.) "I fancy myself that for God to put a bird all in the power of a silly, thoughtless boy——"

"Not thoughtless! not thoughtless! There is the misery!" said Charley.

But I went on—

"—would be worse than for you to shoot it."

A great glow of something I dare not attempt to define grew upon Charley's face. It was like what I saw on it when Clara laid her hand on his. But presently it died out again, and he sighed—

"If there *were* a God—that is, if I were sure there was a God, Wilfrid!"

I could not answer. How could I? *I* had never seen God, as the old story says Moses did on the clouded mountain. All I could return was,—

"Suppose there should be a God, Charley? Mightn't there be a God?"

"I don't know," he returned. "How should *I* know whether there *might* be a God?"

"But *may* there not be a *might be?*" I rejoined.

"There may be. How should I say the other thing?" said Charley.

I do not mean this was exactly what he or I said. Unable to recall the words themselves, I put the sense of the thing in as clear a shape as I can.

We were seated upon a stone in the bed of the stream, off which the sun had melted the ice. The bank rose above us, but not far. I thought I heard a footstep. I jumped up, but saw no one. I ran a good way up the stream to a place where I could climb the bank; but then saw no one. The footstep, real or imagined, broke our conversation at that point, and we did not resume it. All that followed was—

"If I were the sparrow, Charley, I would not only forgive you, but haunt you for ever out of gratitude that you were sorry you had killed me."

"Then you *do* forgive me for frightening you?" he said eagerly.

Very likely Charley and I resembled each other too much to be the best possible companions for each other. There was, however, this difference between us—that he had been bored with religion and I had not. In other words, food had been forced upon him, which had only been laid before me.

We rose and went home. A few minutes after our entrance Mr. Forest came in—looking strange, I thought. The conviction crossed my mind that it was his footstep we had heard over our heads as we sat in the channel of the frozen stream. I have reason to think that he followed us for a chance of listening. Something had set him on the watch—most likely the fact that we were so much together and did not care for the society of the rest of our schoolfellows. From that time, certainly, he regarded Charley and myself with a suspicious gloom. We felt it, but beyond talking to each other about it, and conjecturing its cause, we could do nothing. It made Charley very unhappy at times, deepening the shadow which brooded over his mind; for his moral skin was as sensitive to changes in the moral atmosphere as the most sensitive of plants to those in the physical. But unhealthy conditions in the smallest communities cannot last long without generating vapors which result in some kind of outburst.

The other boys, naturally enough, were displeased with us for holding so much together. They attributed it to some fancy of superiority, whereas there was nothing in it beyond the simplest preference for each other's society. We were alike enough to understand each other, and unlike enough to interest and aid each other. Besides, we did not care much for the sports in which boys usually explode their superfluous energy. I preferred a walk and a talk with Charley to anything else.

I may here mention that these talks had nearly cured me of castle-building. To spin yarns for Charley's delectation would have been absurd. He cared for nothing but the truth. And yet he could never assure himself that anything was true. The more likely a thing looked to be true, the more anxious was he

that it should be unassailable; and his fertile mind would in as many moments throw a score of objections at it, looking after each with eager eyes as if pleading for a refutation. It was the very love of what was good that generated in him doubt and anxiety.

When our schoolfellows perceived that Mr. Forest also was dissatisfied with us, their displeasure grew to indignation; and we did not endure its manifestations without a feeling of reflex defiance.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EXPLOSION.

ONE spring morning we had got up early and sauntered out together. I remember perfectly what our talk was about. Charley had started the question: "How could it be just to harden Pharaoh's heart and then punish him for what came of it?" I, who had been brought up without any superstitious reverence for the Bible, suggested that the narrator of the story might be accountable for the contradiction, and simply that it was not true that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Strange to say, Charley was rather shocked at this. He had as yet received the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible without thinking enough about it to question it. Nor did it now occur to him what a small affair it was to find a book fallible, compared with finding the God of whom the book spoke, fallible upon its testimony—for such was surely the dilemma. Men have been able to exist without a Bible: if there be a God it must be in and through Him that all men live; only if He be not true, then in Him, and not in the first Adam, all men die.

We were talking away about this, no doubt after a sufficiently crude manner, as we approached the house, unaware that we had lingered too long. The boys were coming out from breakfast for a game before school.

Amongst them was one of the name of Home, who considered himself superior from his connection with the Scotch Homes. He was a big, strong, pale-faced, handsome boy, with the least bit of a sneer always hovering upon his upper lip. Charley was half a head shorter than he, and I was half a head shorter than Charley. As we passed him, he said aloud, addressing the boy next him—

"There they go—a pair of sneaks!"

Charley turned upon him at once, his face in a glow.

"Home," he said, "no gentleman would say so."

"And why not?" said Home, turning and striding up to Charley in a magnificent manner.

"Because there is no ground for the assertion," said Charley.

"Then you mean to say I am a liar."

"I mean to say," returned Charley, with more promptitude than I could have expected of him, "that if you are a gentleman you will be sorry for it."

"There is my apology then!" said Home, and struck Charley a blow on the head which laid him on the ground. I believe he repented it the moment he had done it.

I caught one glimpse of the blood pouring over the transparent blue-veined skin, and rushed at Home in a transport of fury.

I never was brave one step beyond being able to do what must be done and bear what must be borne; and now it was not courage that inspired me, but a righteous wrath.

I did my best, got a good many hard blows, and planted not one in return, for I had never fought in my life. I do believe Home spared me, conscious of wrong. Meantime some of them had lifted Charley and carried him into the house.

Before I was thoroughly mauled, which must have been the final result, for I would not give in, the master appeared, and in a voice such as I had never heard from him before, ordered us all into the schoolroom.

"Fighting like bullies!" he said. "I thought my pupils were gentlemen at least!"

Perhaps dimly aware that he had himself given some occasion to this outbreak, and imagining in his heart a show of justice, he seized Home by the collar, and gave him a terrible cut with the riding-whip which he had caught up in his anger. Home cried out, and the same moment Charley appeared, pale as death.

"Oh, sir!" he said, laying his hand on the

master's arm, appealingly, "I was to blame too."

"I don't doubt it," returned Mr. Forest. "I shall settle with *you* presently. Get away."

"Now, sir!" he continued, turning to me—and held the whip suspended, as if waiting a word from me to goad him on. He looked something else than a gentleman himself just then. It was a sudden outbreak of the beast in him.

"Will you tell me why you punish me, sir, if you please? What have I done?" I said.

His answer was such a stinging blow that for a moment I was bewildered, and everything reeled about me. But I did not cry out—I know that, for I asked two of the fellows after.

"You prate about justice!" he said. "I will let you know what justice means—to *you* at least."

And down came a second cut as bad as the first. My blood was up.

"If this is justice, then there *is* no God," I said.

He stood aghast. I went on.

"If there be a God——"

"*If* there be a God!" he shrieked, and sprang towards me.

I did not move a step.

"I hope there is," I said, as he seized me again; "for you are unjust."

I remember only a fierce succession of blows. With Voltaire and the French revolution present to his mind in all their horror, he had been nourishing in his house a toad of the same spawn! He had been remiss, but would now compel those whom his neglect had injured to pay off his arrears! A most orthodox conclusion! but it did me little harm: it did not make me think that God was unjust, for my uncle, not Mr. Forest, was my type of Christian. The harm it did was of another sort—and to Charley, not to me.

Of course, while under the hands of the executioner, I could not observe what was going on around me. When I began to awake from the absorption of my pain and indignation, I found myself in my room. I had been ordered thither, and had mechanically obeyed. I was on my bed, staring at the door, at which I had become aware of a gentle tapping.

"Come in," I said; and Charley—who, although it was his room as much as mine, never entered when he thought I was there without knocking at the door—appeared, with the face of a dead man. Sore as I was, I jumped up.

"The brute has not been thrashing *you*, Charley!" I cried, in a wrath that gave me the strength of a giant. With that terrible bruise above his temple from Home's fist, none but a devil could have dared to lay hands upon him!

"No, Wilfrid," he answered; "no such honor for me! I am disgraced for ever!"

He hid his wan face in his thin hands.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said. "You cannot have told a lie!"

"No, Wilfrid. But it doesn't matter now. I don't care for myself any more."

"Then, Charley, what *have* you done?"

"You are always so kind, Wilfrid!" he returned with a hopelessness which seemed almost coldness.

"Charley," I said, "if you don't tell me what has happened——"

"Happened!" he cried. "Hasn't that man been lashing at you like a dog, and I *didn't* rush at him, and if I couldn't fight, being a milksop, then bite and kick and scratch, and take my share of it? O God!" he cried in agony, "if I had but a chance again! But nobody ever has more than one chance in this world. He may damn me now when he likes: I don't care."

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; "you're as bad as Mr. Forest. Are you to say such things about God, when you know nothing of him? He may be as good a God, after all, as even we should like him to be."

"But Mr. Forest is a clergyman."

"And God was the God of Abraham before ever there was a clergyman to take his name in vain," I cried; for I was half mad with the man who had thus wounded my Charley. "I am content with you, Charley. You are my best and only friend. That is all nonsense about attacking Forest. What could you have done, you know?—Don't talk such rubbish."

"I might have taken my share with you," said Charley, and again buried his face in his hands.

"Come, Charley," I said, and at the moment a fresh wave of manhood swept through my soul; "you and I will take our share together a hundred times yet. I have done my part now; yours will come next."

"But to think of not sharing your disgrace, Wilfrid!"

"Disgrace!" I said, drawing myself up, "where was that?"

"You have been beaten," he said.

"Every stripe was a badge of honor," I said, "for I neither deserved it nor cried out against it. I feel no disgrace."

"Well, I've missed the honor," said Charley; "but that's nothing, so you have it. But not to share your disgrace would have been mean. And it's all one; for I thought it was disgrace and I did not share it. I am a coward for ever, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense! He never gave you a chance. *I* never thought of striking back; how should *you?*"

"I will be your slave, Wilfrid! You are *so* good, and I am *so* unworthy."

He put his arms around me, laid his head on my shoulder, and sobbed. I did what more I could to comfort him, and gradually he grew calm. At length he whispered in my ear—

"After all, Wilfrid, I do believe I was horror-struck, and it *wasn't* cowardice pure and simple."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I said. "I love you more than ever."

"Oh Wilfrid! I should have gone mad by this time but for you. Will you be my friend whatever happens?—Even if I should be a coward after all?"

"Indeed I will, Charley.—What do you think Forest will do next?"

We resolved not to go down until we were sent for; and then to be perfectly quiet, not speaking to any one unless we were spoken to; and at dinner we carried out our resolution.

When bedtime came, we went as usual to make our bow to Mr. Forest.

"Cumbermede," he said sternly, "you sleep in No. 5 until further orders."

"Very well, sir," I said, and went, but lingered long enough to hear the fate of Charley.

"Home," said Mr. Forest, "you go to No. 3."

That was our room.

"Home," I said, having lingered on the stairs until he appeared, "you don't bear me a grudge, do you?"

"It was my fault," said Home. "I had no right to pitch into you. Only you're such a cool beggar! But by Jove I didn't think Forest would have been so unfair. If you forgive me, I'll forgive you."

"If I hadn't stood up to you, I couldn't," I returned. "I knew I hadn't a chance. Besides, I hadn't any breakfast."

"I was a brute," said Home.

"Oh I don't mind for myself; but there's Osborne! I wonder you could hit *him*."

"He shouldn't have jawed me," said Home.

"But you did first."

We had reached the door of the room which had been Home's and was now to be mine, and went in together.

"Didn't you now?" I insisted.

"Well I did; I confess I did. And it was very plucky of him."

"Tell him that, Home," I said. "For God's sake tell him that. It will comfort him. You must be kind to him, Home. We're not so bad as Forest takes us for."

"I will," said Home.

And he kept his word.

We were never allowed to share the same room again, and school was not what it had been to either of us.

Within a few weeks, Charley's father, to our common dismay, suddenly appeared, and the next morning took him away. What he said to Charley I do not know. He did not take the least notice of me, and I believe would have prevented Charley from saying good-bye to me. But just as they were going, Charley left his father's side, and came up to me with a flush on his face and a flash in his eye that made him look more manly and handsome than I had ever seen him, and shook hands with me, saying—

"It's all right—isn't it, Wilfrid?"

"It *is* all right, Charley, come what will," I answered.

"Good-bye then, Wilfrid."

"Good-bye, Charley."

And so we parted.

I do not care to say one word more about the school. I continued there for another year and a half. Partly in misery, partly in growing eagerness after knowledge, I gave myself to my studies with more diligence. Mr. Forest began to be pleased with me, and I have no doubt plumed himself on the vigorous measures by which he had nipped the bud of my infidelity. For my part I drew no nearer to him, for I could not respect or trust him after his injustice. I did my work for its own sake, uninfluenced by any desire to please him. There was in fact no true relation between us any more.

I communicated nothing of what had happened to my uncle, because Mr. Forest's custom was to read every letter before it left the house. But I longed for the day when I could tell the whole story to the great, simple-hearted man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONLY A LINK.

BEFORE my return to England, I found that familiarity with the sights and sounds of a more magnificent nature had removed my past life to a great distance. What had interested my childhood had strangely dwindled, yet gathered a new interest from its far-off and forsaken look. So much did my past wear to me now the look of something read in a story, that I am haunted with a doubt whether I may not have communicated too much of this appearance to my description of it, although I have kept as true as my recollections would enable me. The outlines must be correct; if the coloring be unreal, it is because of the haze which hangs about the memories of the time.

The revisiting of old scenes is like walking into a mausoleum. Everything is a monument of something dead and gone. For we die daily. Happy those who daily come to life as well!

I returned with a clear conscience, for not only had I as yet escaped corruption, but for the greater part of the time at least I had worked well. If Mr. Forest's letter, which I carried to my uncle, contained any hint intended to my disadvantage, it certainly fell dead on his mind; for he treated me with a consideration and respect which at once charmed and humbled me.

I fully expected that now at least he would tell me the history of the watch and the sword; but even yet I was disappointed. But I doubt whether, indeed, he could have given me any particulars. One day, as we were walking together over the fields, I told him the whole story of the loss of the weapon at Moldwarp Hall. Up to the time of my leaving for Switzerland I had shrunk from any reference to the subject, so painful was it to me, and so convinced was I that his sympathy would be confined to a compassionate smile and a few words of condolence. But glancing at his face now and then as I told the tale, I discovered more of interest in the play of his features than I had expected; and when he learned that it was absolutely gone from me, his face flushed with what seemed anger. For some moments after I had finished, he was silent. At length he said,

"It is a strange story, Wilfrid, my boy. There must be some explanation of it, however."

He then questioned me about Mr. Close, for suspicion pointed in his direction. I was in great hopes he would follow my narrative with what he knew of the sword, but he was still silent, and I could not question him, for I had long suspected that its history had to do with the secret which he wanted me to keep from myself.

The very day of my arrival, I went up to my grandmother's room, which I found just as she had left it. There stood her easy-chair, there her bed, there the old bureau. The room looked far less mysterious now that she was not there; but it looked painfully deserted. One thing alone was still as it were enveloped in its ancient atmosphere—the bureau. I tried to open it—with some trembling, I confess; but only the drawers below were unlocked, and in them I found nothing but garments of old-fashioned stuffs, which I dared not touch.

But the day of childish romance was over,

and life itself was too strong and fresh to allow me to brood on the past for more than an occasional half-hour. My thoughts were full of Oxford, whither my uncle had resolved I should go; and I worked hard in preparation.

"I have not much money to spare, my boy," he said, "but I have insured my life for a sum sufficient to provide for your aunt, if she should survive me; and after her death it will come to you. Of course, the old house and the park, which have been in the family for more years than I can tell, will be yours at my death. A good part of the farm was once ours too, but not for these many years. I could not recommend you to keep on the farm; but I confess I should be sorry if you were to part with our own little place, although I do not doubt you might get a good sum for it from Sir Giles, to whose park it would be a desirable addition. I believe, at one time, the refusal to part with our poor little vineyard of Naboth was cause of great offence, even of open feud between the great family at the Hall and the yeomen who were your ancestors; but poor men may be as unwilling as rich to break one strand of the cord that binds them to the past. But, of course, when you come into the property, you will do as you see fit with your own."

"You don't think, uncle, I would sell this house, or the field it stands in, for all the Moldwarp estate? I, too, have my share of pride in the family, although as yet I know nothing of its history."

"Surely, Wilfrid, the feeling for one's own people who have gone before, is not necessarily pride!"

"It doesn't much matter what you call it, uncle."

"Yes, it does, my boy. Either you call it by the right name or by the wrong name. If your feeling *is* pride, then I am not objecting to the name, but the thing. If your feeling is not pride, why call a good thing by a bad name? But to return to our subject: my hope is, that if I give you a good education, you will make your own way. You might, you know, let the park, as we call it, for a term of years."

"I shouldn't mind letting the park," I answered, "for a little while; but nothing should ever make me let the dear old house. What should I do, if I wanted it to die in?"

The old man smiled, evidently not ill-pleased. "What do you say to the bar?" he asked.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"Would you prefer the church?" he asked, eying me a little doubtfully.

"No, certainly, uncle," I answered. "I should want to be surer of a good many things before I dared teach them to other people."

"I am glad of that, my boy. The fear did cross my mind for a moment, that you might be inclined to take to the church as a profession, which seems to me the worst kind of infidelity. A thousand times rather would I have you doubtful about what is to me the highest truth, than regarding it with the indifference of those who see in it only the prospect of a social position and livelihood. Have you any plan of your own?"

"I have heard," I answered, circuitously, "that many barristers have to support themselves by literary work for years before their own profession begin to show them favor. I should prefer going in for the writing at once."

"It must be a hard struggle either way," he replied; "but I should not leave you without something to fall back upon. Tell me what makes you think you could be an author."

"I am afraid it is presumptuous," I answered, "but as often as I think of what I am to do, that is the first thing that occurs to me. I suppose," I added, laughing, "that the favor with which my schoolfellows at Mr. Elder's used to receive my stories, is to blame for it. I used to tell them by the hour together."

"Well," said my uncle, "that proves at least that if you had anything to say, you might be able to say it; but I am afraid it proves nothing more."

"Nothing more, I admit. I only mentioned it to account for the notion."

"I quite understand you, my boy. Meantime, the best thing in any case will be Oxford. I will do what I can to make it an easier life for you than I found it."

Having heard nothing of Charley Osborne since he left Mr. Forest's, I went one day, very soon after my return, to call on Mr. Elder, partly in the hope of learning something about him. I found Mrs. Elder unchanged, but could not help fancying a difference in Mr. Elder's behavior, which, after finding I could draw nothing from him concerning Charley, I attributed to Mr. Osborne's evil report, and returned foiled and vexed. I told my uncle, with some circumstance, the whole story; explaining how, although unable to combat the doubts which occasioned Charley's unhappiness, I had yet always hung to the side of believing.

"You did right to do no more, my boy," said my uncle; "and it is clear you have been misunderstood—and ill-used besides. But every wrong will be set right some day."

My aunt showed me now far more consideration—I do not say—than she had *felt* before. A curious kind of respect mingled with her kindness, which seemed a slighter form of the observance with which she constantly regarded my uncle.

My study was pretty hard and continuous. I had no tutor to direct me or take any of the responsibility off me.

I walked to the Hall one morning, to see Mrs. Wilson. She was kind, but more stiff even than before. From her I learned two things of interest. The first, which beyond measure delighted me, was, that Charley was at Oxford—had been there for a year. The second was that Clara was at school in London. Mrs. Wilson shut her mouth very primly after answering my question concerning her; and I went no further in that direction. I took no trouble to ask her concerning the relationship of which Mr. Coningham had spoken. I knew already from my uncle that it was a fact, but Mrs. Wilson did not behave in such a manner as to render me inclined to broach the subject. If she wished it to remain a secret from me, she should be allowed to imagine it such.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

PROFESSIONAL MORALS.

No man has a right to practice his profession in such a way as to encourage personal vice in those whom he serves, or wrong-doing towards individuals and the community. This is a very simple proposition, to which no respectable man in any profession will presume to make objection. If there ever lived a professional villain of whom a professional vilifier could say: "This is he who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal," he could only be saved from universal execration by a natural doubt of the justice of the sarcasm and the candor of its author. Theoretically, there are no differences among decent men on this subject, when it is placed before the mind in this way. It is one of those simple, self-evident propositions, about which no man would think of arguing for an instant. Up to the bar of this proposition one can bring every act of his professional life, and decide for himself whether it be legitimate and morally good. We repeat it,—*No man has a right to practice his profession in such a way as to encourage personal vice in those whom he serves, or wrong-doing towards individuals and the community.*

The great cities are full of men who have achieved remarkable skill in the treatment of a certain class of diseases, and other dangerous or inconvenient consequences of a bestial social vice. No matter how often their patients may approach them, or how vile they may be, or how successfully they may scheme against the peace and purity of society, or what form the consequences of their sin may assume, these professional men take their fee, and do what they can to shield the sinners from the effect of their crimes. Whatever they may be able to do professionally to make it safe for men and women to trample upon the laws of social purity, they do and constantly stand ready to do. Yet these men have a defense of themselves which enables them to hold their heads up. They are physicians. It is their business to treat disease in whatever form it may present itself. It would be impertinent in them to inquire into the life of those who come to them for advice. They are not the keepers of other men's consciences. They are men of science and not of morals. It is their business to cure disease by the speediest and best methods they know, and not to inquire into character, or be curious about the indirect results of their skill. Such would be their defense, or the line of their defense; yet, if it can be seen or shown that their professional life encourages vice in the community, by the constant shield which it offers against the consequences of vice, the defence amounts to nothing. If a debauchee or a sensualist of any sort finds impunity for his excesses in the professional skill of his physician, and relies upon that skill to shield him from the consequences of his

sin, be they what they may, his physician becomes the partner of his guilt for gold, and a professional pander to his appetites. He may find professional brethren to defend him, but before the unsophisticated moral sense of the world he will be a degraded man, and stand condemned.

There are such men in the world as professional pardoners of sin. There are men in priestly robes who, on the confession of a penitent, or one who assumes the position of a penitent, release him professionally from the consequences of his misdeeds. Unless history has lied, there have been men among these to whom the vicious have gone for shrift and pardon for a consideration, and received what they went for, on every occasion of overt crime when the voice of conscience in their superstitious souls would not be still, and who have retired from the confessional ready for more crimes, from whose spiritual consequences they have intended and expected to find relief in the same way. It is not necessary to charge such desecration of the priestly office upon any one. We have no reason to believe that in this country such things are common; but we know that priests are human, and that there have been bad and mercenary men among them. It is only necessary to suppose cases like this, to see that a priest may, in the exercise of his professional functions, become the partner of the criminal in his crimes, a friend and protector of vice, and a foe to the purity and good order of society. He can set up his professional defense, and find professional defenders, perhaps; but any child, capable of comprehending the question, will decide that he is degraded and disgraced.

What is true, or may be true, of these professions, is true of any profession. Nothing is more notorious than that there are lawyers who are public nuisances—who encourage litigation, who are universally relied upon by criminals for the defense of crime, and whose reputation and money have indeed been won by their ability to clear the guilty from the consequences of their wrong-doing. Between these low extremes of professional prostitution and the high ground occupied by the great mass of legal men, there are many points where self-interest, united with incomplete knowledge, is powerful to lead the best minds into doubtful ways, and engage them in the support of doubtful causes or the defense of doubtful men. It is freely admitted that the best lawyer may find questions of personal morality and professional propriety in his practice that are hard to settle, and that may conscientiously be settled incorrectly; but no lawyer needs to question whether it is right for him to strengthen the position of a notorious scamp, especially if that scamp is known to be a corrupter of the law by all the means in his power, and a wholesale plunderer of the people.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION AND THE PRESS.

A VERY significant movement relating to the temperance question has been inaugurated in Massachusetts, recently. Its special suggestiveness resides in the fact that it originates with the friends of the Maine law, and is a tacit acknowledgment of the incompetency of that law to fulfill the purpose for which it was designed. It is now determined to bring to the aid of that law the old temperance machinery, so long thrown into disuse by the expectation that the law would take its place, and perfect the reform it had begun. We greet the restoration of this machinery as a good movement; but, while we give it our hearty approval, we cannot fail to remember that it was found incompetent of itself to achieve the result at which it aimed. Whether it will succeed better as an auxiliary to the law, remains to be seen. That it will help somewhat, we cannot doubt; but the truth is that all these spasmodic and semi-professional efforts at reform—these bands, and brotherhoods, and pledges, and organizations, and appeals—have proved themselves to be of very little permanent usefulness. After the people had been educated by them, or had been under their influence for many years, they relapsed fearfully the moment these means were dropped, and it was undertaken to enforce a law whose efficiency would depend upon the public sentiment which they had developed. After those who had taken the reform into their hands had conscientiously and thoroughly worked their scheme for many years, they found, to their dismay, that not enough of temperance sentiment had been developed to sustain for a day, in efficient practical operation, the law which was to render all further moral efforts unnecessary.

In our judgment, we must have in this country something more and better than Maine laws, and something more and better than temperance organizations and the stereotyped machinery of temperance movements. Neither this law nor this machinery, separately or in combination, has proved itself sufficient to effect the desired reform. We believe, however, that the reform is possible, that the agent to effect it exists, and that that agent has already a foothold in every intelligent house in the land. We have no question that the press of America, fully discharging its duty as a censor, enlightener, and educator of the people, can do more to make the nation temperate in five years than all the temperance laws, lectures, and organizations have been able to effect in twenty-five years. Is it not true, to-day, that not one newspaper in twenty-five, the country through, manifests a positive interest in the temperance question and persistently casts its influence against the use of intoxicating drinks? Is it not true that there is no question of public morals toward which the general American press is so uniformly indifferent, and in regard to which it assumes so little responsibility as this?

There is a good reason for this fact somewhere—a sufficient one, at least, or it would not exist. It is not because the editorial fraternity are without convictions on the subject, that they say nothing about it. It is not because they are tipplers themselves, or because they lack opportunity of acquaintance with the sad results of intemperance. It is mainly because they have

consented to regard the question as practically taken out of their hands. Unless they have manifested entire willingness to become the organs and tools of the temperance organizations of the country,—to say their words, push their schemes, and advocate their measures,—without question or discrimination, those organizations have chosen to regard them as enemies of the temperance cause. It would be impossible for any set of men to manifest greater bigotry and intolerance towards all who have seen fit to differ with them on moral and legal measures than have characterized those zealous and thoroughly well-meaning reformers who, through various organizations, have assumed the custody and management of this question. Editors who have undertaken to discuss the question independently—as they are in the habit of discussing all public questions—have been snubbed and maligned until they have dropped it in disgust, and turned the whole matter over to those who have doubted or denounced them. Editors have not been alone in this surrender. It is notorious that more than one legislature, in more than one State, has passed laws for the suppression of intemperance that it had no faith in whatever, because the self-appointed champions of the temperance reform demanded them, and would have nothing else. It has not been safe for legislators to oppose the schemes of these men—safe for their reputation for sobriety. It has been assumed and declared that all men who were not with them, in whatever movement they chose to institute, were friends of free rum and the upholders of vice and crime. So legislators have given them their own imperious way, and washed their hands of responsibility by the consideration that temperance men had "got what they wanted."

The time for a new departure is come. It is punctuated by the shifting and uncertain movements of those who have "had their own way" for many years, and who find themselves as far from the goal at which they aimed as they were when they started. The press, independently, must take this question in hand, and educate the people to temperance. The truth is that there is not a country on the face of the earth where stimulants are needed so little, and where they are capable of producing so much mischief, as in our own. Our sparkling, sunny atmosphere, and the myriad incentives to hope and enterprise in our circumstances, are stimulants of God's own appointment for the American people. This pouring down of intoxicating liquors is ten thousand times worse than waste—it is essential sacrilege. This straining of the nerves, this heating of the blood, this stimulation or stupefaction of the mind, this imposition of cruel burdens upon the digestive organs, is a foul wrong upon Nature. Tens of thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year to this Moloch of strong drink. The crime, the beggary, the disgrace, the sorrow, the disappointment, the disaster, the sickness, the death that have flowed in one uninterrupted stream from the bottle and the barrel, throughout the length of the land, are enough to make all thinking and manly men curse their source and swear eternal enmity to it. The American people need to have it proved to them that under no circumstances are the various forms of intoxicating drink good for them. They are not yet convinced of this, although they know, of course, that the abuse of drink brings all the evils that can be imagined. Every juvenile periodical, every newspaper, every magazine, every review, owes it to the country to teach this fact persistently. There has been something in the way in which the temperance reform has been pursued which has brought upon it the stigma of fanaticism. That stigma ought to be obliterated—so thoroughly obliterated, that the man who weakly yields to a degrading appetite, or wantonly courts such an appetite, and the danger and disgrace it brings, shall feel that he bears a stigma which marks his degradation among a generation of clean and healthy men. In short, temperance must be made not only respectable, but fashionable. The wine-bibber and the beer-drinker, as well as those of stronger stomachs and coarser tastes, must be made to feel that they are socially disgraced by their habits. In the family, in the school, everywhere, by all the ordinary means of approach to young and plastic minds, the virtue of temperance should be inculcated. It is fashionable for the young to drink wine to-day. It must not be to-morrow; and in order that it may not be, the accepted leaders of public opinion must tell the people the truth, and enforce upon the people the obligations of duty. That world of high life which sends down its powerful influence upon all the life beneath it never was influenced by professional temperance reformers, or by temperance organizations, and is not likely to be. The clergymen it listens to, the papers, and magazines, and books it reads, and the social authorities it respects, must inculcate temperance until it shall be a shame to place a wine-bottle before a friend.

O Heaven! for one generation of clean and unpolluted men!—men whose veins are not fed with fire; men fit to be the companions of pure women; men worthy to be the fathers of children; men who do not stumble upon the rock of apoplexy at mid-age, or go blindly groping and staggering down into a drunkard's grave, but who can sit and look upon the faces of their grandchildren with eyes undimmed, and hearts uncankered. Such a generation as this is possible in America; and to produce such a generation as this, the persistent, conscientious work of the public press is entirely competent, as an instrumentality. *The press can do what it will;* and if it will faithfully do its duty, Maine laws will come to be things unthought of, and temperance reformers and temperance organizations will become extinct.

THE SAN DOMINGO QUESTION.

We suppose that the readers of newspapers have already perceived that an immense amount of personal and political feeling is involved in the discussion of the project for the annexation of San Domingo. It is a pity that such feeling should exist; for the question is

too large and too important to be trifled with—too momentous in its bearings and results to permit any but pure and patriotic motives to guide us in its settlement. Notwithstanding the savage onslaught made upon the President's project in Congress, and by portions of the press, we have seen no reason for revising our expressed opinions; and we still believe, not only that San Domingo will be annexed, but that the wisdom and patriotic purity of the President, in all his relations to the subject, will be thoroughly vindicated. The first installments of news from the interviews of the Commission with Baez and the people tend to confirm us in our belief.

There are in San Domingo one hundred and fifty thousand people in occupation of territory capable of supporting many millions. They are poorly organized, poorly governed, constantly harassed. They seem to be good-natured and easily controlled. They want peace, protection, and the prosperity which they plainly perceive peace and protection only can give them. They seek our protection for their country, and the absorption of themselves into our higher civilization. Now the questions growing out of the attitude of this little people concern the settlement and civilization of a great realm. The grand question which statesmanship and philanthropy will see among them all, is, whether there shall be in occupation of San Domingo, in half a century from this time, only the poor descendants of the present inhabitants in diminished numbers, or whether the island shall be teeming with an enterprising and intelligent people, with railroads and telegraphs, churches and schools, and all the appointments of an advanced Christian civilization. Gen. Grant and Mr. Sumner will soon pass away. Their opinions and feelings are not of the slightest importance in this question any further than they may assist in settling it correctly. Happily the American people are in the habit of looking into public questions for themselves, and, without taking sides upon this one, they are waiting for the report of the Commissioners before making up their minds. Upon the report of these Commissioners—in whose competency and candor they have entire faith—they will rely for facts; and if these facts sustain the President's assertions and views, there is no politician with will strong enough or influence great enough to prevent the absorption of the beautiful island by the Great Republic.

THE OLD CABINET.

AND so you read that "first letter of the new year," written at the Old Cabinet, and you do not think it is altogether fair or generous to assume that old friendships lose their force because, forsooth, *we* have been lifted above the level of our first loves, because "we have grown and they have not?"

Did we say that this was the only good reason for estrangements? Nay, verily. It is not the only; but it is one. And when we consider the average stuff of which youthful friendships are fashioned, when we consider how much chance and circumstance have to do with it, perhaps it is safe to say that, as a rule, it is an unfavorable sign for us if the original circle is not narrowed down by the process indicated, as we come to years of maturity and to a better understanding of ourselves. We all know what it is—the melancholy, the vague regret as one friend after another passes forever beyond the portal of the intimate heart sanctum. It is one of the saddest things in life—sad when it comes to us slowly in a sense of insufficiency, sadder still when some act of theirs suddenly tears aside the veil, showing them other than we dreamed.

Nevertheless, it is true that friends may find themselves separate from the very necessities of their growth. They have come, to be sure, to the dividing of ways; but the sundered paths both lead toward the mountain-top. Poor Clough felt this when he wrote those mournful, resonant verses ("Qua Cursum Ventus"), which have been a solace to so many.

Let us be sure of another thing also, that for every bereavement there is a recompense. Do not new friends enter in with royal welcome?

"I think when I behold
Full Heaven, I shall not say, 'Why was this never told?'
But, 'Ah! this is not new. From first I saw this bliss.'"

But chiefest recompense of all is the friend found long ago. The friendship that began in the morning of our lives, and waxes brighter and brighter unto the perfect day,—the friendship that breaks upon us with constant new revelations of beauty and perfect grace,—wherein there is no disappointment or regret, or anything that can mar,—that deepens and widens with our deepening, widening lives, is full of comfort and inspiration, and crowned with all heavenly benedictions. There is no language that can tell it. We can only bow our heads and thank the Father.

IT was at our quiet country supper-table—after a busy day in the city:

"Theodosia!"

"Well."

"I have an idea."

"Indeed!" (with surprise),—"present it."

"I am going to abandon this literary drudgery. I am going to become distinguished and wealthy. I am going to throw down the Pen, and take up the Rostrum!"

"The Rostrum! Explain yourself."

"I mean that I have made up my mind to go into the lecture field."

"You! Why you never made a speech in your life; you are quite insignificant as a Reformer; you are on the unpopular side of the Goose question; can't walk more than five miles a day without getting weak

in the legs, nor lift a barrel of flour with your teeth; you never wrote a poem or killed anybody in all your born days. What nonsense!"

"Theodosia," we replied, with that ease of manner which accompanies the consciousness of superior wisdom, "I don't like to call you an ignoramus, but it is painfully evident that you haven't the first idea of the present requirements of the lyceum platform, nor of the modern modes and appliances for winning success as a lecturer. Just let me read you the advertisement of the lecture to be given in the Town Hall this very night :—

"'*The Most Fascinating Lecturess of the Times.*'

THE SIXTH LECTURE

In the course of the Demosthenian Phalanx, will take place at the Town Hall, on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 32d inst.

SUBJECT.—*Where, O where has my little dog gone?*

The Committee of the D. P. have the pleasure of announcing that they have succeeded in securing the services of the gifted

MISS K. BELLONA BELLADONNA,

for the sixth lecture in their very popular course, this being the ONLY appearance of Miss B. in our midst during the present winter. Miss Belladonna has deservedly won for herself the proud title of the

PET OF THE PROSCENIUM,

and her appearance has everywhere been hailed with the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm. We present below a few of the many flattering

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.

"Miss B. was tastefully and modestly attired in a gorgeous lavender-colored silk, trimmed with point d'Alençon, green silk over-skirt, with primrose satin demi-train, caught up at the sides with pink rose-buds, simulating the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Her coiffure was simple and appropriate, consisting merely of puffs à la Pompadour, mignon braids, and curls à l'Impératrice. The lecture was a great success.—*Little Peddlington Gazette.*

"Her eyes are of a delicate hazel; her nose has something of the dreamy languor of Southern Italy; while her lips, curved and coral-colored, give a grace to the current matter of the evening. Her chin is delicately moulded—firm without being masculine; reminding one of the finer chiselings of Phydias. This lady has improved marvelously since her début four years ago. Her eyebrows are darker and her tresses more luxuriant. We wish her a long and brilliant career.—*Petersboro Puddler.*

"Miss B. is the tallest lady lecturer we have. But so exquisitely proportioned is she that the audience, in its moments of coldest criticism, would not suspect her of being over five feet three. If we have any fault to find, it is that her shoulders are too drooping to suit the austere requirements of our intelligent Bricksburgh audiences.—*Bricksburgh Banner.*"

"There," said we triumphantly to Theodosia, "Miss B. is to-day one of the most popular lecturers in the United States. As I passed Jingle's, on my way up from the cars, I saw a cue of ticket-buyers stretching from his counter out across the sidewalk and twice around the lamp-post. The Town Hall will be crowded.

"Now, Theodosia, don't misunderstand me. You know I am not what you would call a vain man; I understand my limitations (Mrs. Howe's word, you know); but I don't profess to be blind to the fact that with a little help from the tailor and barber (not to mention penciling or the Bloom of Youth) and a judicious arrangement of stage-lights, I would be what almost any unprejudiced observer would call rather a presentable fellow. At any rate, I'm going to try it. It's easy enough, you know, to write the 'Notices of the Press' yourself, and 'credit' them with discrimination. It strikes me that something like this would draw :—

"Mr. Q., in appearance, is all that could be desired. Fine, flashing blue eyes; complexion a delirious compound of olive and vermilion; an eagle nose; a *tout ensemble* at once gracious and dignified. —*Jericho Jewsharp.*

"Mr. Q. was faultlessly attired in a perfect-fitting blue swallowtail coat, pearl-color pants, and low-cut vest. His snowy shirt was adorned with embroidery and fastened with pink coral studs. His delicate foot was encased in patent leather, while his pale lemon kids came in with splendid effect in the eloquent peroration.—*Skinnyattilus Skimmer.*

"We had heard much of Mr. Q.'s moustache—but were not prepared to be so entirely carried away. For elegant atmosphere of rigidity and repose, tint of tasseled corn, and singular depth and *insouciance*, we are free to say this feature has never been equaled on the Frogswallow platform.—*Frogswallow Frying-pan.*

"Mr. Q. possesses the advantage of uniting in his own person the best points of all the prominent lecturers of the day. A forehead like Beecher, a nose like Bayard Taylor, an eye like Emerson, a chin like Phillips, and a hand like Greeley—added to the twinkle of a Twain and the dander of a Dickenson; these altogether present a combination of charms calculated to secure the breathless attention of our most cultivated audiences.—*The Brooklyn Boomerang.*"

SERIOUSLY, and sadly—who is to blame for the manner in which some of our women lecturers are brought before the public? In the town where Miss K. Bellona Belladonna is holding forth to-night—the sin, we are assured, is to be laid at the door of the Lecture Committee of the Demosthenian Phalanx. We are well acquainted with the chairman of that com-

mittee. He is a Christian and a gentleman—at least he would take it very hard if any one should deny him the attributes of either. He is known as the most successful chairman of the most successful lecture committee the Phalanx ever had. He has won not a little local celebrity in the rôle of "course manager;" and he is, moreover, an exceedingly clever fellow. We know that in his annual reports he has alluded, with entire sincerity and becoming modesty, to the good work which is being done by the public lectures of the Phalanx, "in disseminating the truths of science, cultivating the taste, and uplifting the moral standard of the community."

And yet—and yet, if we were a woman, and a sister of the chairman of the Phalanx lecture committee—we would hide the scarlet of our cheeks in the china-cupboard there.

How well we remember that morning of the Dickens' Reading! We suppose we must have been wild—in a subdued sort of way—with enthusiastic expectation. Nearly every one else had seen and heard "Boz"—our friend F. had been the very night before—and now it was to be our turn. If we had been as young as once we were, we should have gone around turning chairs upside down, and by similar idiotic proceedings given evidence of the tumult within. As it was, we were merely a little nervous.

The morning was half over when F. dropped in. 'Yes, he had seen Dickens;—the whole thing was a humbug—had to knock his feet against the legs of the chair to keep awake—there was a sigh of relief all over the house when he stopped reading—and if every one were as honest as he they would tell the same story." We cannot even now recall without a shudder the feeling of chilliness, the melancholy depression of spirits that came over us upon this announcement. An unexpected shower-bath would have been nothing in comparison. It need not be told how, at the touch of the magician, our spirits came again; nor how forever memorable is that wonderful night with the real David Copperfield, and Peggotty, and the Micawbers,—that night of the storm and the wreck, when we saw Steerforth's body lying there with his head upon his arm, as he used to lie at school.

A fudge for the doubters! We wouldn't give a fig for a man who has no enthusiasms.

Blessed, too, be hobbies! They are among the best educators any soul can have.

The sooner a boy mounts a hobby, the better it is for him. No matter if it kick up its heels some day, and land him in the mud. He will be more careful in selecting his animal next time. A boy is no boy who hasn't his hero. Let him make mistakes. Let his heroes "turn to clay"—as some of them will—he can find others of better stuff. It is like falling in love two or three times at an early age,—there is no discipline like it.

THE falling snow filled "the upper and lower air," and rested on house and tree and street like a great white pall. Now and then a bit of sky flitted overhead; but it was only a duller white—cold, and leaden, and severe. A strange silence fell upon the city. Yet with all the unutterable sadness of it, there was a grace, and a tenderness, a sense of benediction, a consciousness of protection,—a sombre gleam everywhere which told of the warm, serene sun burning steadfast far above.

We think that none who came that week-day morning out of the church on Mercer street and watched the hearse with its precious freight moving away through the storm, but felt that of all the days in the year this day was the fittest in which to bear Alice Cary to her rest: this day so strangely like one of her own poems—and chiefly like that noblest one of all, the poem of her life—with its doubt, and shadow of suffering; its gentle grace, its charity and helpfulness, its inmost heart of hope.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

LACE.

As an adjunct to the toilette, lace ranks next after gems in beauty and costliness. More perishable, but hardly less precious, its delicate webs, though laid aside now and then in favor of some momentary novelty, preserve their value from age to age, and are handed down from grandam to great-granddaughter, priceless heirlooms, to be treasured, watched, and guarded.

Never out of fashion, lace has its times of being *the* fashion, of which to-day we are witnessing an example. Whether by reason of menaced lace-shops and conscripted workmen in late luxurious France, we cannot tell; certain it is, society has taken alarm, and with outstretched hands is demanding lace—for trimming, for head-dresses, to flounce, to drape, to frill. Bright eyes are peering into and fair fingers carefully opening long-locked drawers, wherein, embalmed in old-time scents, sandal-wood, lavender, or *pot pourri*, repose the treasures of a past generation. The Mechlin square that topped the powdered rolls of some beauty of the Revolution, surmounts with equal grace the *chignon crêpé* of 1871. Veils, turbans, what not, are brought into play. "Lace is lace," according to the dictum of Mrs. Grundy; applicable almost anyhow and anywhere, and bearing with it through all circumstances an air of elegance and high-breeding.

The costliest laces are the preferred. Point d'Alençon, whose every mesh is worth a golden coin; Chantilly, Brussels, Mechlin, Valenciennes, mock the longing gaze in shop-windows with unattainable beauty. Cluny and Honiton, on the contrary, are in eclipse, and we pass the counters where their dainty

frostwork lies regardless and untempted. One of these days a royal hand will again be stretched out, as was Queen Victoria's of yore, and Devonshire valleys be filled anew with happy industry. Meantime the tide of fashion has ebbed to burst in splendor on further shores.

We have less disposition to quarrel with the pretty extravagance, for the poetry and the refinement which belong to it. Rare and delicate laces are works of art, nor breathes there the woman with soul so dead as not to sigh for them. And as to costliness, the permanence of its value makes it on the whole a less expensive trimming than others whose price at the outset is not a tithe so much. Improvident souls, failing to recognize this, go on season after season spending small fortunes on satin, gimp, velvet, and *passementerie*, which perish with the using; and season after season find themselves bereft and shabby, at the mercy of some newer and more popular fancy. But she who, with far-sighted prudence, has hoarded a valuable trimming of lace, is mistress of the situation. Good for a lifetime if carefully worn, appropriate and transferable to twenty different dresses, never out of fashion, always esteemed; it is an investment for a century, and, handed down to children's children, remains for evermore a glory to the Smiths who possess it, and the despairing envy of the Browns, whose remote and misguided ancestress decried its price and spent her money on bugles and quilled satin.

PARLOR GAMES.

ALTHOUGH the calendar tells of spring, and the days are perceptibly longer, the beating snow on our window-panes speaks loudly of winter, and furs and crackling fires are as much in order as ever. Still night follows hastily on the heels of day, blinding the world with his dusky cloak; still the boys and girls, driven in early by the darkness, cluster about the hearth with lesson and needle, or, weary of both, yawn loudly and demand to be amused.

"What shall we do, mother, what shall we play?" perplexing question oftimes to poor mother, who has no frisk left in her, and wonders why the children can't be content to sit still as older people do. Dear madam, they can't! You might as well ask your cider-barrel to stop working. Their legs and arms are all a-twitch with the insatiable fermentation of their age; their brains are electric with growth. Let them have their fun now at the proper season, and they won't be half so likely to take it bye and bye at the wrong.

Let them act charades, get up tableaux, dance about, "dress up." Never mind if it does pull the room to pieces; or, if the comfort of an invalid or busy person is invaded by the noise, let them play games, of which there are plenty neither boisterous nor difficult. They will enjoy them all the more if you will lay down your work for a while and take a part with them.

There is "piano kaleidoscope," for instance, which will keep a group of little ones enchanted and happy for a whole evening. The lid of the piano is raised and folded over so as to form, with the help of the piano cover, a long, triangular passage. The children stand at one end of this peeping in; the other is brightly lit by a gas branch or a couple of candles, and Mother holds up at the opening a series of gay objects, such as flowers, lamp-mats, bead-baskets, which, triply reflected in the polished wood, make a series of beautiful effects, like those of a kaleidoscope.

Or there is the "Game of Statues." Everybody is a statue, excepting two who enact a showman and a would-be purchaser. The showman must be the "funny one" of the family. He describes the statues, turns them round, gives the prices, indicates their best points, regrets that this one's nose was a little injured in packing, and that one got dirty on the voyage and hasn't had its face washed yet; the statues meantime standing perfectly still, with immovable faces. Any one who moves or laughs is punished by a forfeit.

"Menagerie" is another nice game, especially if there happens to be a family gathering or a little party. The older people arrange themselves as audience, one person acts showman, the rest are put out of the room and enter one by one. The showman states that he has the finest collection of beasts ever seen; brought together at vast expense from every quarter of the globe; and including every animal that went into Noah's ark. What would the gentleman (or lady) like to see? The visitor is pretty sure to choose some out-of-the-way creature like a crocodile or gorilla in hopes of posing the showman, who prolongs the conversation a little, and manages to extract a sketch of the animal and his ways. After which he draws aside the curtain, behind which a looking-glass is hidden, and Tom, who has demanded the "chimpanzee—a troublesome creature, always in mischief, a dreadful glutton; nails—of course they're dirty—*he* never cleans them," —sees his own face! And Flora, who has asked for the porcupine, as a "cross, sulky creature, good for nothing but to make pincushions," is scandalized by a similar reflection! Well managed, this game can be made very amusing.

"Musical fright" is noisier. A row of chairs—one less in number than the persons playing—is ranged down the middle of the room. Some one plays the piano, while the children dance in a circle. Suddenly the music stops and the players run for the chairs. One person of course fails to secure any, and is counted out of the game. After each turn a chair is withdrawn till only one chair and two players are left; the one who gets that is declared winner.

"Russian scandal" is played in this wise: One person takes another out of the room and tells him a story. Player No. 2 calls out No. 3 and repeats the same story. No. 3 tells No. 4, and so on till all have heard it, when the last told rehearses the story aloud to all the others, the version being generally widely different from the original, each person having unconsciously added and left out something.

In "Black Art" there must always be two confederates who know the secret. One goes out of the room while the rest choose some object to be guessed. The person out then re-enters and is asked: "Is it this?" "Is it that?" till finally the right article is named, and immediately to the surprise of all he answers "yes." The apparent witchcraft lies in the fact that confederate No. 2 names first some *black* object and then the thing chosen.

"Charade."—Three or four persons in the secret go into a room by themselves. The rest of the company enter one by one. The word of the charade is "Mimic." No one speaks, but everything done by the new-comer the rest imitate exactly till he guesses the word; after which he takes his place among the actors, and the next comes in.

"The Reviewers."—This is a game for older boys and girls. Each is furnished with pencil and paper, and begins by writing the name of an imaginary book on the top line, folding it once, and passing it to the next player, who adds a second name and an "or," and hands it on. Each then write the author's name, a motto, an "opinion of the press," and a second "opinion of the press." The papers are then opened and read—the contents running something in this wise:—

Dilly Ducker;
or,
The Fiend of the Hills.
By
Penelope Perry.
Motto:
"I heard a little lamb cry, 'Baa!'"

"Sweet—soothing—satisfactory."—*Home Register.*

"A book calklated to make the American eagle screech proudly and flap his wings."—*Kennebunk Argus.*

"Word and question" is also played with pencil and paper. Each player writes a word and a question on two different slips of paper, folds them, and lays them in two baskets provided for the purpose. They are then distributed hap-hazard, and every person writes a rhyming answer to the question he draws, in which the word is introduced. This game gives great opportunity for clever young people to show their cleverness. We conclude with a list of amusing forfeits:—

The forfeit-payer asks everybody in the room to do her a favor.

She must answer three questions without smiling.

His eyes are bandaged, and he guesses who feeds him with spoonfuls of water.

To put your sister or friend "through the key-hole." (This is done by writing the names on paper and passing them through.)

Answer "no" to twenty questions.

Walk round the room and kiss your own shadow without laughing.

Two persons from opposite sides of the room are to meet and shake hands blindfold.

To imitate a donkey to the best of your powers.

To be put up to auction and bid for. When the forfeit-holder thinks the price sufficient, he restores the forfeit.

Answer five questions without saying "yes" or "no."

STRIKING SEEDS IN THE HOUSE.

COLD as it is, true garden-lovers, impatient as lovers always are, will begin about this time to anticipate spring weather by sowing seeds in pots and boxes for early planting. Pansies, zinnias, asters, balsams, phlox, started thus come into bloom a fortnight or three weeks sooner than they otherwise would, and it is a far safer method of treating rare and delicate seeds than sowing in the open air.

The earth for this indoor culture must be light and friable. Sprinkle the seeds over the surface and smooth them in with the palm of your hand. Water moderately and set in a warm, sunny place, laying over the top of the flower-pot or box a pane of glass. The moisture thus confined (after the principle of the fern-case) coaxes the little germs rapidly forward, and the plants will have reached their second leaf and be ready for out-doors by the time that May has warmed her brown beds and begun to twinkle with beckoning fingers for all green things to come and make merry.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE heavy pall that for the past few months the war in Europe has cast over everything, has at last been partially raised, and the Germans, at least, seem about to resume their usual literary activity. The Christmas holidays exerted a fair share of influence in this regard, as a Christmas in the Fatherland is nothing without a flood of books for old and young.

The mania for profusely illustrated and gorgeously bound volumes had proceeded, indeed, so far, that candid people were beginning to be alarmed as to the utter worthlessness of the matter contained in many of these magnificent exteriors, in which the printer and the binder had performed well their tasks, but wherein the author had given little else than the most tedious and inappropriate, if not actually silly or pernicious matter, depending entirely on the external garb to allure the buyers, too many of whom were inclined to look at little else. But the most beautiful festival of the year came upon the Germans, this time, under peculiarly serious circumstances; millions of hearts and thousands of homes were too sad for anything frivolous, even in the form of Christmas gifts, and this was most clearly demonstrated in the character of the books adorning the publishers' counters and the Christmas tables. These, for all classes, were of a more serious and thoughtful character than they had been for many a festival past. An unusual number were devotional, and the widely-known *Hours of Devotion*, by Zschocke,

was issued in many and various editions, at an unusually low price.

In naming a few of the most important issues, we would allude especially to the cheap editions of all the classic or standard authors. Within a few years the publication of all of these, up to a certain date, has been thrown open to competition, and the result is a great rivalry among the publishing houses to supply the public with cheap or beautiful editions. Some of these are famous for their explanatory notes and critical introductions, as those of the Bibliographical Institute in Hildburghausen. Grote, in Berlin, is most celebrated for illustrated editions at a reasonable price; while Brockhaus, of Leipsic, is taking in the whole range of national German literature in the 18th and 19th centuries. All of these may be said to be marvels of accuracy, beauty, and cheapness, and they are virtually being scattered broadcast over the country during the last few years, and more than ever just now, under the impulse of the new birth of the Empire.

A charming work just published is *Rossmässler's Forest;* it is full of the warmest poetry and the deepest appreciation of Nature, and seems almost to enter the domain of the devotional. The charms of the forest, and the countless secrets of its marvelous life, are unveiled rather than depicted, and the wonderful results of modern investigation are given in a tone and spirit calculated to lead the reader to a consecrated study of Nature, as a relief from the stormy and cruel conflicts of man.

Another work of a most practical character for the wants of daily life, and intended to cheer and embellish it, bears the title of *Housekeepers' Lexicon*, and is dedicated to the women of Germany and their special duties and interests in the household. One volume gives "Philosophical Glances into Daily Life," another is "Counsellor in the Market," and there are three volumes devoted to treatises on the thousands of articles that ladies need to buy, giving in a most attractive style and instructive manner such a wealth of illustration and advice, and such a mass of information regarding the whole field of intelligent housekeeping in all its bearings, that one wonders where the author collected all his matter and experience. It is just the gift for the period to patient and economical housewives, and doubtless now more acceptable to them in their sorrow than the fashion journals of the day.

But we are also reminded of the wide influence that the principal one of these publications is hereafter to exert in Germany, by the New Year's address of the *Berlin Bazar* to its patrons. This great fashion journal of the world claims a circulation of a half-million of copies, and is issued in twelve different languages. It is emphatically a friend of all classes, as it consults the interests of all, rich and poor, high and low. It is no longer considered a luxury, but rather a necessity in German households, and represents all the interests of women in the line of beauty and economy of dress, endeavoring always to subject this latter to the demands of comfort and womanly propriety. For sixteen years it has gone on increasing in usefulness and popularity, and has now become, without dispute, the fashion journal of the world, speaking to its patrons in all the languages of civilization, and moulding European taste in the interest of utility and sound common sense. It has for years been the source whence journals in the same sphere, in nearly all the capitals of the world, have drawn material and suggestions, and it now bids fair to receive the credit that it deserves. Its great effort in future will be to prove that it is far superior to any of its rivals that in Paris have so long attracted the eyes of the world to a great extent on capital borrowed from its pages.

BEETHOVEN'S CENTENNIAL engaged, for a few weeks, the attention of a large part of Germany, though the brilliancy and perfection of the grand musical demonstrations were largely interfered with by the war. It was proposed, indeed, for a while to postpone them until a more fitting season, as was the case with the festal ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the Schiller statue in Berlin. But Beethoven, in his musical career, was mainly an Austrian, and the Viennese took too little interest in the Prussian war to let it interfere with their devotion to the Shakespeare of music, who had done so much to glorify their land. But even the Viennese were not so successful as they hoped to be in the great object of their monster demonstration. They desired to secure sufficient funds to obtain a monumental statue of the great Maestro, as an ornament to their capital, and a test of their appreciation of his unrivaled powers. They scarcely received half the sum required, and some new means must now be devised to obtain the rest, or Beethoven's favorite home will be in disgrace. The result of the excitement has been a renewed study of the great musician's creations, and a close investigation of all the events of his life. His living disciples love to relate all the anecdotes that are told about his strange career and incomprehensible eccentricities, and in this way his daily walk and talk have been laid open to the world with an almost cruel minuteness. One of the most noted events connected with the celebration is the publication of a beautiful full-length engraving and portrait of the inimitable composer, by Bruckmann, of Munich and Berlin. It is said to be admirable as a likeness, and represents the "tone-master" in the midst of the landscape of Döbling, a village near Vienna, where he usually spent his summers, and where he is said to have composed his famous Pastoral Symphony. He is wrapped in his traditional mantle, and holds in his hands a roll of notes, while his eyes are directed earnestly and thoughtfully into the distance.

"BEAUTIFUL STRASBURG" is fast becoming a national device with the German people, far and near. They are killing the fatted calf, and receiving the lost and alienated one back to their bosom with every demonstration of joy and interest. Gifts of every kind are flowing into Strasburg from all quarters, and the Germans are determined to conquer it with kindness. A national interest is taken in the restoration or rather in

the replacement of the lost library, which the director seemed maliciously to devote to destruction during the days of the siege. All the great libraries of Germany are preparing to send what duplicates they can spare, and especially whatever they possess that has marked interest in Strasburg in connection with the history of Printing, and of German art in Alsace. Königsberg has just sent 40,000 volumes, and other great centres are forwarding rare books and manuscripts in abundance. Even England is appealed to to join in the movement, and the Deans of Universities and the owners of private libraries are called on to assist in the restitution of a library worthy of one of the oldest university cities of Europe. If matters keep on as well as they promise, Strasburg will soon have again one of the most valuable libraries of the Continent.

THE RUSSIAN DIPLOMATISTS seem to be turning against their old friends in France. Alexander Balche, who was three years in the Russian Embassy at Paris, has just published at Odessa a critical essay on the national malady of "Glory." In this he declares that the vanity of the French character always keeps them in the condition of mediocrity, for they are ever granting the highest prizes to men who are most successful in generous doses of phrases concerning the "glory" of France and her revolutions. How, he asks, can Rouher as statesman, Cousin as philosopher, Thiers as historian, Victor Hugo as poet, be considered other than mediocrities? But they have all met with brilliant success because they have understood, directly or indirectly, how to talk to France about her "glory," and for this appeal France never has deaf ears. This "glory" is the malady of the nation, and one that threatens to become chronic, for those who are called to heal it think only how they may use it to their advantage. That nation must indeed have a fever of glory that will ever cherish it at the expense of its own repose; this evil genius, that rules the nation and paralyzes all its good qualities and noble deeds, must be the demon of illusion and unrest. Read the proclamations of Favre, Gambetta, Victor Hugo, and Quinet; what are they but phrases about the imperishable glory of the nation? what but self-worship and empty words about their natural and sacred supremacy over all the nations of the earth? And even in the most humiliating defeats, Victor Hugo declares that the "barbarous hordes" may have the victories, but that the cultured French have all the "glory."

FINLAND is out of the world, in the opinion of most people; but, distant as it is from the great centres of civilization, it lives with the world and takes an active interest in the stirring events of the times. Finland has its "Monthly," published at Helsingfors, and in a recent number it thus discusses the great duel between France and Germany: "In the struggle between these nations, Protestantism and Catholicism are measuring their *moral* strength. Prussia and Germany are essentially Protestant, for, although a large portion of the population are of the Catholic faith, the spirit of the Reformation has penetrated the marrow of the people, and has perceptibly affected the views of the Catholics. The influence of Protestantism is visible in the entire population. Scientific investigation is more free, the culture of all classes is more thorough, and the elements of civilization are stronger than in most nations of our day." And thus through the pages of quite a lengthy magazine article, so that we feel compelled to confess a fellow-sympathy with our worthy and thoughtful colleague, the *Finland Monthly* of Helsingfors.

ITALIAN ART-HISTORY has recently received a valuable accession to its pages, in the treatise of Riegel on the Tuscan school, in its representation of the Lord's Supper. The master-piece of Leonardo has ever been considered a model of perfection in this line, and there is no doubt that all the more important monuments of Christ surrounded by His disciples at His last meal with them, are of Tuscan origin. Leonardo was a Tuscan, although his immortal conception was executed on the walls of a monastery of Milan. In Florence there are whole series of worthy representations of the Last Supper, and although other cities, as Sienna, Padua, and Rome, possess many treasures of this kind, they almost all originate with Tuscan artists who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Riegel attributes this fact to the greater liberty of thought in Tuscany during this era, and to its intellectual advantages and political liberty, that shed their quickening influence on the church of that period, and produced mighty talents in poetry, philosophy, and art. The whole discussion of the author is a very broad and instructive one, and leaves the reader impressed with the conviction that our Saviour's last interview with His disciples collectively has been more fully conceived and sublimely illustrated by the Tuscan artists, than those of any other school in or out of Italy.

SPAIN is now having its Dante revival, in common with so many other nationalities. The immortal Florentine poet seems to revisit the earth in spirit whenever the essence of civil and religious liberty receives new strength by the struggles of the nations. The Dante literature is among the richest in bibliographical curiosities, and the greatest of these rarities is an old Spanish translation of the Divina Commedia. It is remarkable as being the first printed translation of this sublime poem in any modern language. To Spain belongs the glory of being foremost in making the poem accessible to the people; but the efforts of the early translators remained without much fruit, for, with three different translations in close succession, the poem had but little success, on account of the intense opposition of the Church and the threats of the Inquisition. For nearly four hundred years, therefore, the early promises were of little avail, and Dante in his Spanish garb lay smothered by the Spanish monks. But scarcely had Spain broken the chains of her recent dissolute dynasty, when Dante came forth to greet the new life of the nation, and in the short space of a year two editions of the poem have been published. The first is a reprint of the early translation of Villegas, which had be-

come extremely rare, and the Italian text is given beside the Spanish. The work is gotten up in gorgeous and very expensive style, and is illustrated with Scaramuzza's highly artistic conceptions of the Inferno. But the beauty of the outfit has made it too expensive for hosts of the friends of Dante, who have called for another cheap edition for the intelligent masses. This has just appeared, but it does not seem to give satisfaction to the lovers of the divine poet; it is a modern translation by an author of no great fame, who seems not to have had the sagacity to use effectively the generous means at his command to give to his countrymen the poem with the light of modern investigation and criticism. The Spanish people are therefore still calling for some literary magnate who shall give them this poet in a popular and attractive form, and we shall perhaps soon have another edition of Dante in that land where his writings were once so bitterly proscribed. Verily, the world moves.

THE VENERABLE GUIZOT, notwithstanding his more than fourscore years, is still actively engaged with his pen. Having finished his *Religious Meditations*, which many thought that he intended as the fitting close of his remarkable literary career, he is now devoting himself to a history of France for its rising generation. If his life is spared he may yet make this labor the most worthy monument of his career, and perform a great service for the France of the future. The youth of France, more than of any other land, seem to need a history written specially for them, in which not only their progress and their victories, but their trials and defeats, are vividly depicted to them as lessons from which to profit. The history of the last few months might be a most prolific theme for good in the hands of an experienced sage like Guizot. What has mainly been related to the youth of France hitherto as history, has much of it been intellectual poison; it has acted on the politico-moral code of the nation like the fiery absinthe on the nervous system of the young Parisians. With but few noble exceptions, modern French historians, romancers, dramatists and poets, have rivaled in impressing on the French youth the most baneful views of civic virtues, and have thrown over all the actions of France a fatal and deceptive gloss. They may have differed most widely from each other on the platforms of politics and religion, but they seem to be in the most perfect harmony in demoralizing their youth in regard to the State.

GERMAN TOURISTS IN AMERICA have not seldom made themselves obnoxious to their countrymen in the Fatherland by their wholesale endorsement of every extravagance that they meet here, and their laudations of every occurrence that comes within their observation. The bowie-knife of the Southwestern ruffian, or the explosion of a steamer on the Mississippi, were capital themes for marvelous stories of adventures in America; and the backwoods scenes have been told over and over in terms as thrilling and romantic as if located among the wilds of Africa. Some few men have made it the profession of their lives to tell these hobgoblin and wonder stories of America, but they have fairly surfeited their readers on the other side, and disgusted their countrymen on this. The result is that a too general impression prevails among the Germans of the Continent that their fellow-countrymen on this side of the ocean have degenerated into a species of lawlessness and vagabondage, and have forgotten the virtues of their homes and their love for them. But the sympathy of the Germans in this country for their brethren engaged in conflict with their deadly enemy has been so wide-spread and deep as to give rise to a totally different impression, and a much better appreciation of them. A few weeks ago, in Berlin, the Parent Association for the relief fund for the sufferers by the war held a meeting to compare accounts. When it was announced that they had received over two million and a half of dollars, and that more than one-fifth of this had been contributed by the Germans of the United States, there was a grand shout of gratitude for their brothers over the sea, and a resolve to speak hereafter much more respectfully of those who forget not their lares and penates in a foreign land.

OUR "HEATHEN CHINEE" have been fairly outdone by heathen of another stamp, in a very recent occurrence in Florence. All visitors to that beautiful city well remember the delightful promenade known as the "*Cascine*," so crowded on fair afternoons with the elegant world of the Tuscan capital. In the dead hour of the night a solemn procession was seen approaching this ordinarily festive spot; the principal vehicle was an omnibus containing the body of an Oriental Prince—His Royal Highness Radschah Muharadschah, of Kolapore. The young Prince had just arrived in Florence and was taken suddenly sick, but he refused to take the remedies of the Italian physicians, preferring to dissolve costly pearls and drink the liquor.

He died in a few days, only twenty years old. His servants arrayed the body in his costliest garments, placed a necklace of pearls worth 50,000 francs around his neck, golden bracelets on his arms, and a red turban on his head. Eight of them then took his body into the omnibus, and this was followed by close carriages conveying the officers of his household, the Brahmin priest and the princely physician. His retinue had determined to burn the body, according to the national custom. The funeral pile of wood, about four feet in height, had already been prepared, and the attendants in their gala robes lifted the body from the vehicle and bore it thither. Fragrant essences were sprinkled over the wood, the body laid upon it, and several feet more of wood piled on this. The attendants then formed a circle around the pyre, crossed their arms on their breasts, and engaged in earnest prayer while the mass was being lighted. As soon as the flames burst forth the Hindoos melted into floods of tears while gazing at the solemn conflagration, and continued their oriental ceremonies until 10 o'clock the next morning. They then collected the charred bones into an urn, which the Brahmin took in his arms, and the mourners entered their carriages and returned to

their hotel. The closing ceremonies of the spectacle were witnessed by a large crowd, for the Florentines flocked to the spot as soon as they learned of the mysterious heathen ceremonies in their midst.

GOUNOD, the famous French composer, whose opera of "*Margaret*" has been the delight of the musical world, owns a modest little villa not far from the Park of St. Cloud—a region that has been fearfully exposed to the ravages of shot and shell. Fearing that his cherished home would be swept away, the brilliant composer wrote in great dejection to the Crown Prince, representing himself as an artist who was not at all responsible for the political and military strife of the day, and as one whose life had been devoted to an art the results of which had, with hard labor, secured to him the darling object of his heart—a modest rural retreat. He begged, if possible, that this might be spared to him for future comfort and labor in his sphere. The Crown Prince immediately gave orders to have the villa protected—no easy task amongst the flying shells. It was placed under the special care of the officers of that outpost, who had everything put in order and sealed under government seal, whilst on the house was placed a large placard giving the name of its owner and the princely command for its protection.

QUEEN VICTORIA is likely to get into a little trouble just now regarding the woman-question, as presented in the famous contest over the admission of women to the medical lectures of the University of Edinburgh. The rival professors on both sides of the question claim that they have her sympathy; but Professor Christenson has just publicly declared that the Queen is opposed to the measure. This is contrary to general report and belief, and an effort is being made to induce the Queen to hold up her royal hand, which has generally been shown on the side of all the reasonable demands of her sex. She has at least brought up her daughters to be very active in all that regards woman's welfare. Her eldest, the Crown Princess of Prussia, seems to spend nearly all her time in Berlin in "patronizing" the institutions for alleviating women's ills, and, during the war, she has led the van in bringing women into the Sanitary Commission, and she herself wears the "Red Cross" during her duties, for hours daily. And the same, indeed, may be said of the Princess Alice, of Hesse, who is much loved by her German subjects.

IT is yet too early for us to know just how much the eclipse of Dec. 22d has taught us as to the nature of the sun. It takes the astronomers some time to compare notes and observations. The best abstract is that given in *Nature* by J. Norman Lockyer. Our unscientific readers will understand that the brilliant portion of the sun is called its *photosphere*, outside of which is a less luminous envelope called the *chromosphere*, and visible only in the case of an eclipse, when the sun's photosphere is hidden by the moon. Just what this chromosphere consists of, and how extensive it is, was the problem which the observers in Sicily and Spain tried to solve. In the case of an eclipse the eclipsing moon is seen surrounded by what is called the corona, a kind of "glory" radiating in all directions and extending to a great distance. Mr. Lockyer thinks it probable from the indications that the inner part of this corona is simply the bright chromosphere, which must have a thickness of nearly 150,000 miles. In the lower part are iron, barium, sodium, etc., in a state of vapor, while in the upper part is incandescent hydrogen, and probably a new element, even lighter than hydrogen, and which gives a peculiar green line to the spectrum of the terrestrial aurora. The part of the corona outside of the chromosphere consists of apparent radiations variously seen by observers, and due to reflections within the earth's atmosphere. Much more satisfactory results would have been obtained if the weather had not everywhere been unfavorable.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

BOOKS.

IF John Bunyan had dropped theology and had studied Lewis Carroll's *Adventures of Alice in Wonder Land* he might have written such a book as George MacDonald's *Phantastes* (*Phantastes; a Faerie Romance, for Men and Women:* Loring, Boston). MacDonald's artistic standard of execution is not equal to his conception; if it were, it would be in his power to produce works such as the world has seldom seen. To the conception he brings rare poetic fancy; large-hearted, wholesome, out-door, every-day charity; tender, subtile, spiritual insight; marvelous knowledge of the workings of human hearts, and inexhaustible love of nature. But to the execution he brings a hand which is often either impatient or careless—we do not know which—we suspect it is carelessness rather than impatience, for impatience seems incompatible with such tenderness as he shows: but only impatience, carelessness, or lack of culture, can account for his so often failing in finish, in artistic shape. To one who has learned to love and comprehend his real greatness,—for that he is one of the great writers of the day there can be no question,—this failure is a frequent distress, and an increasing surprise. So many exquisite pictures are marred by one uncouth word, one awkward phrase, that at last one grows sore under the annoyance, as one does under the inexplicable persistence of some intimate friend in a disagreeable personal habit. But as, in even that case, grace and beauty and lovableness of character can finally make us forget the clumsy trick into which the flesh has fallen, so finally, in reading and loving George MacDonald, one comes to forget that it is often in a clumsy sentence that he sets his wise and tender sayings.

Phantastes is indeed a "faerie romance." Adding to the license of the romance, the limitless scope of the fairy story, it takes us on, we know not, and we wonder not, where, until the whole is as real to us as if we had dreamed it in our own beds. The fancies are not simply fancies, however. There is underlying all the subtlest suggestion of allegory; so subtle that it can never weary, so subtle in fact that there would probably be as many interpretations as readers. Perhaps the most exquisite thing in the story is the conception of the flower-fairies, as described in the first two chapters; the flower being a sort of outer body to the fairy which it can put on or off as it likes. "Whether all the flowers have fairies," he says, "I cannot determine, any more than I can be sure whether all men and women have souls;" and, "Especially do I desire that they should see the fairy of the daisy,—a little, chubby, round-eyed child with such innocent trust in his look. Even the most mischievous of the fairies would not tease him, although he did not belong to their set at all, but was quite a little country bumpkin. He wandered about alone, and looked at everything with his hands in his little pockets, and a white nightcap on,—the darling. He was not so beautiful as many other wild flowers I saw afterwards, but so dear and loving in his looks, and little confident ways." The story of "Cosmo Von Wehrstahl" is perhaps an irrelevant episode in the narrative. The device of making it part of a book read by Anodos in fairy land, does not quite cover its introduction; but the story itself is as weird and uncanny in its atmosphere, and as perfect in execution, as any of Zschokke's. It is perhaps, in its way, one of the most artistic things which MacDonald has done. In fact the whole "faerie romance" itself is on a higher plane, artistically, than any other story of his which we know. It is not, of course, a book of such worth as *Alec Forbes*, or *Robert Falconer;* but it is a purely poetical conception, and in parts most exquisitely worked out.

There seem to be so many pilgrims in one, and such a shifting succession of shrines, in *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* (or Passages from the Life and Correspondence of Herbert Ainslie, B.A.; London: Chapman & Hall; New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons), that reading the book reminds one of trying to look into a kaleidoscope which somebody else holds and always turns just before the figure is distinctly seen. A young English theologue, seized with misgivings as to the truth of the Church of England doctrines—setting sail for California to avoid taking orders—roughing it in the "mines" of the Sierra Nevada and of Australia,—with a Herman Melville episode between of love-making in the Navigator's Islands—bringing up at last as a justice of the peace in Sydney, and marrying an Australian heiress who had such a "redundancy of nature that all the books of the poets seemed to be written upon her," "with the addition that she seems also capable of having written the poems herself;"—all this would seem a tolerably fair stock of material for five hundred small pages, without any great help from theology and metaphysics. But when we add that there is no vexed question in either of those domains with which this metamorphic pilgrim is not grappling during his journey, it is plain that it cannot be easy to adjust one's self to the gait necessary to keep pace with him. The difficulty is also much enhanced by the constant change of person and tense in the narrative, so that we make abrupt transition from the modest autobiographical to the minute historical, then to the still more confiding journalistic, and all by turns, and no one long. For these reasons the book seems to us artistically bad, in spite of much brilliancy of thought and really acute analytic treatment of the puzzling problems of religious belief.

The History of Greece, by Professor Ernst Curtius, of the University of Göttingen (Charles Scribner & Co.), is the crowning work of a long and laborious life devoted almost entirely to Grecian antiquity and its kindred studies. The learned author made several scientific journeys through the country whose story he now tells, and before publishing the present volumes he gave to the world a number of valuable works on the architectural remains, the inscriptions, the legends, and the history of the Hellenic people. These were rather for the student than the general reader. In the present work he has attempted to summarize, in a connected and readable narrative, the results of many years of research, incorporating the discoveries of modern scholarship, without encumbering the page with elaborate discussions and superfluous references. In compass, his history is similar to Mommsen's *History of Rome;* but it is rather more popular in its aims than that excellent work; equal in weight as an authority, but more attractive to those who read for the interest of the narrative rather than with the purpose of following the historian step by step in his researches. Yet Professor Curtius is a philosophical writer. He is not satisfied with rehearsing salient facts and incidents; he pushes generalization to its furthest legitimate limits, and traces back to their source the causes which rendered Greece great and glorious, and gave her such an extraordinary influence upon the whole civilized world. His style is graphic and animated, and the translation, by Prof. Ward, of Manchester, retains much of the elegance and freedom of the original. The first volume, which has just appeared, is devoted to the natural features of the country, the prehistoric age, the migrations of the tribes, and the history of Peloponnesus, Attica, and the Hellenes beyond the Archipelago, down to the time of the Persian wars. Four volumes will probably complete the work. Prof. Curtius, it may be interesting to know, was the tutor of the present Crown Prince of Prussia.

In the prosecution of his excellent plan of giving to the world occasionally a few fragmentary literary and scientific essays in the intervals of more serious labor, Prof. Max Müller has published a third volume of *Chips from a German Workshop* (Charles Scribner & Co.), consisting of critical and biographical papers

of a somewhat lighter and more popular character than the contents of the first and second volumes. They comprise some entertaining studies of old German literature, essays on Schiller, Bacon, Bunsen, and the Sieur de Joinville, some curious antiquarian and philological inquiries, and one or two miscellaneous pieces; and at the end of the book are given a great many letters from Bunsen to the author, which have never before been published. It will be seen, therefore, that the table of contents is agreeably diversified, and likely to attract a great variety of readers. Of the style of the book it is unnecessary to say much. Müller's reputation as an interesting writer is almost as general as his fame for scholarship. It is not enough to say that he uses the English language like a native; he has a rare faculty of making the darkest matters clear and the driest subjects interesting; he writes with singular force and directness, and with a literary dexterity which almost any author might envy.

The fourth and concluding part of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* has been issued from the press of Roberts Brothers, of Boston, and the work is now complete. Considered as a single connected composition, it is the longest poem in the English l[illegible] while a certain unity of design runs throu[illegible] the rhymed stories may be read separate[illegible] diminution of their interest. The par[illegible] embraces the six stories from classical[illegible] Scandinavian lore, that are supposed to[illegible] months of winter. The finest of them is [illegible] of Aslang," a nurse-tale of weird attra[illegible] is narrated with singular pathos and[illegible] six, like the previous stories of *The E[illegible]* are full of sensuous beauty, and are [illegible] a rich poetic glory that cheats the cr[illegible] forgetfulness of faults. Faults there are of construction, frequent false rhymes, and lines that would be bald prose but for the "*idem sonans*" of the end of the couplet, inversions of style and discords in the music; but these are as nothing in the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of thirty thousand lines of exquisite description. The general melody is so delicious, the theme goes on so smoothly, the soft vision imparts such pleasure to the raptured sense, that we are content to enjoy without caring to analyze our feelings that we may ascertain the secret of the enjoyment. But we cannot help giving expression to the very painful regret inspired by all the poems Mr. Morris has given us, that they breathe a spirit of undeniable skepticism. "The idle singer of an empty day," as he styles himself, he writes too evidently from a conviction that there is nothing beyond the grave; and the roses that bloom so sweetly in his Earthly Paradise, seem, in this regard, like the flowers with which the dying Mirabeau wished to be crowned as he entered upon what he affected to believe "an eternal sleep." Everywhere in the volume, in the Icelandic legends, in the mediæval myths, in the Grecian fables, the pagan idea interposes that death is the end of all things, and the whole meaning of the poet resolves itself into a dithyrambic utterance of *carpe diem*—let us make the most of earthly joys, for there are none other. This consideration induces the belief that the poems of Mr. Morris, beautifully wrought as they are, cannot long retain a hold upon the human heart. They lack the vitalizing principle of faith, and, despite the fascination of their fluent rhymes, will probably fail of lasting fame.

From the same press with the volumes of William Morris comes *The Monitions of the Unseen, and Poems of Love and Childhood*, the latest offering of Jean Ingelow to her admirers. The work will excite, we think, a general feeling of disappointment, as indicating no advance upon her previous efforts in song. There is a great deal of tenderness in these recollections of early life, but the sadness that pervades them becomes a monotone. In the longer poem with which the book opens, the teaching is set forth in charming cadences and with befitting dignity of expression; the lyrics, upon which more careful workmanship has been expended, have a finish that seems to have been purchased, in some instances, at a loss of strength, and there is an excess of repose in them—of dreamful qui[illegible] of folding of the hands to sleep, as if they ha[illegible] [illegible] of poppy rather than of Hippocrene. But if [illegible] elevation of her wonderful [illegible] they [illegible] no other woman [illegible] than [illegible]

Dr. McCosh, [illegible] of Princeton Coll[illegible] at present delivering in New York a course of Lectures to the Times, on *Natural Theology and the Evidences of the Christian Religion*. They are on the Ely Foundation, and are addressed to the students of the Union Theological Semin[illegible]

[illegible] of the philosophy of speculation," as "speculation" is commonly understood, devoted to [illegible] elucidation of the mysteries of Erie and kindred topics, might with some safety be predicted a prosperous life. It would seem to have a "field," as the saying is. But a journal of speculative philosophy! Why, who cares for such things in this country? What attraction could it possess for busy Americans? Those who do not think (and there are a few such) would not want it; while most of those who think they do think, would most likely imagine that sort of philosophy to bear about the same relation to hard sense as stock-gambling bears to legitimate business, and shun it accordingly. Yet just such an anomaly exists, and, let us hope, prospers. It is an able, and, for the English language, unique publication. May it live long, if for no other reason than to give certain of our spiritual guardians a chance to read a little of the German philosophy they are so ignorantly conscientious in denouncing. The volume before us (*Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Vol. III. St. Louis: Wm. T. Harris, Editor) is devoted chiefly to the systems of Fichte and Hegel.

KELLOGG.

WHILE music is depressed in New York, it is some satisfaction to know that our best artists are not altogether silent, but, like missionaries of culture, are carrying the song and the symphony in triumph through the provinces. Three unusually good com-

panies have been all the season employed, to their own profit and the pleasure of the public, in making the grand musical tour of the United States. Theodore Thomas has taken his splendid orchestra to all the principal cities; Nilsson has captivated the Great West; and Miss Kellogg, with a nice little party of artists, has been cheered from Canada to Carolina. It is always pleasant to hear of the prosperity of Miss Kellogg; first, because she is our countrywoman, and secondly, because she has reached her present eminence by sheer hard work and Yankee pluck. The genius of song came to her, not as a good fairy smoothing away difficulties and filling life with pleasures and sunshine, but as a stern mistress, exacting severe labor and liberal of sharp rebukes. The young girl's first attempt was a failure; her second was little better; the result of her third would have discouraged any singer not freely endowed with enthusiasm and courage. Good judges, indeed, were prompt to appreciate the purity and sweetness of her voice, and to predict for her a bright future; but the majority of Academy audiences are not good judges, and Miss Kellogg was never fairly valued by the [illegible] Gounod's lyric until she was seen as the *Margherita* of poetic feeling [illegible]st." There was a delicate [illegible]on,—the personation [illegible]eet, appropriate simplicity other wild [illegible]w afterfairy enchanted and loving in his [illegible]and little maiden ways." The story of "Cosmo Von Wehrstahl" is perhaps an irrelevant episode in the narrative. The device of making it part of a book read by Anodos in fairy land, does not quite cover its introduction; but the story itself is [illegible]its strength and as perfect as we [illegible]. It is not only that in form, and face, and action, she fulfilled, as intellectual comprehension of the character, she fulfilled, our ideal, but there was an indescribable quality in her voice that accorded perfectly with the deep, mysterious tenderness of the poem and the dreamy spirit of the music. There is nationality in voices. The French is elegant, weak, unsubstantial, over-refined; the German, strong and hard; the Italian, rich, sensuous, and passionate. The American has more of the bird-like quality, more purity and freshness than any of these. It is equal to any in flexibility; it rather surpasses the Italian in sweetness, though it lacks both richness and strength. It is the voice in which youth should carol its joys, and maiden modesty sing its love; not the voice of tragedy, of spiritual exaltation, or of fiery passions. Adelina Patti is not rightly an American, but she has an American voice, warmed with a little Italian heat. Parepa combines some of the best qualities of three sorts of voice—American purity, Italian fire, and German force. Nilsson's organ is entirely phenomenal. It is like an American voice greatly strengthened, but chilled and rarefied. The best example we have ever had of the pure American soprano—clear, fresh, true, and sympathetic, is found in Miss Kellogg. We feel that it must have been in just such tones that Goethe's *Gretchen* sang simple ballads at her spinning-wheel, and whispered her love at the garden window, and prayed God's pardon in the prison-cell.

Our young countrywoman has not only been liberally favored by Nature, but she has been a conscientious student of Art; and if she rarely attempts those brilliant feats of vocalization in which musical jugglers of the school of Carlotta Patti delight, she has at any rate learned to make the best and most pleasing use of her voice; she has no vices of style, she is always correct, and she never sings a false note. The danger against which she now ought to guard is an excess of courage. When she went to London she challenged comparison with Nilsson's *Margherita*, and (if we may judge from the specimens of that part which Nilsson has given in concerts) her boldness was amply justified. While Nilsson was in the flush of her success in New York, Miss Kellogg gave a concert at the Academy of Music, singing Nilsson's songs, and again winning a triumph. She attempted the grand rôle of *Leonora* in the "Trovatore," and if her success was not complete, it at any rate exceeded the expectations of her friends. Her latest essay was in the oratorio. She sings in the "Messiah," with sweetness, simplicity, and feeling; but the broad style, the grand declamation, the sustained power and spiritual dignity which are demanded by the architecture [illegible]'s true interpreter—these are not and the histor[illegible]s, ardent admirers must have grace, a rather for the [illegible]y their place with gracelicity in that present work h[illegible]she was attempting us all. That has nected and reac[illegible]ured her. And many good singers and of research, in ha[illegible]ture, are [illegible]sed across our stage, but scholarship, with [illegible]eat vitabains our favorite *Margherita*, orate discussion[illegible]and usy which we measure all other pass, his history [illegible] mak dearest of lyric heroines. *Rome;* but it is [illegible]rtainly surpasses Nilsson. [illegible]tion, and that excellent w[illegible]d but more attrac[illegible]ive.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE Water-Color Exhibition at the National Academy of Design, while in some of its details it is both interesting and satisfactory, as a whole disappoints the expectations we had formed in regard to the development and popularity of a branch of Art which, for many reasons, we desire to see widely cultivated and appreciated. Compared with previous exhibitions, this is only of average merit; there is no marked increase in the number of artists, nor, in but few cases, any remarkable progress as to individual skill and taste. Still we must remember how very lately the experiment commenced; how long it was before the water-color artists attained their due rank in public estimation in England, and we must note the signs of promise here apparent. While Colman holds his own in the rendering of his favorite Spanish subjects, William Hart and A. F. Bellows have made decided progress. We are not surprised to learn that several of the latter's pictures have been sold since the exhibition opened; there is a fresh, free feeling for nature in them which is very charming and very true; the study of the "Old Mill at Shagford" is full of this genuine and genial character. "Feeding the Pets," by Darley, is a farm-yard scene drawn vigorously and faithfully from nature. We are glad to meet our old friend George Harvey,

ho, a quarter of a century ago, was famous for his ...oit American Sketches: his manner now seems hard and formal, but it is correct and careful. William Magrath has made a decided advance; there are very clever traits in his "Out of the Gloom" and "Pensées d'Amour." We are pleased that Falconer continues to give us faithful representations of our memorable buildings; his picture of the shop where Fulton served his apprenticeship is a quaint and pleasing relic. J. Henry Hill and Charlotte Deming, Mary Duffield and Harry Fenn, exhibit some good things. J. Simmons has two vivid and well-defined female heads. The "Christening Party," by Bellows, two or three landscapes by Geo. H. Smillie, and a view of Lake George, by William Hart, are very good. T. C. Farrer has several characteristic pictures; Mrs. Carson paints flowers with much grace and skill,—a crucifix entwined with passion-flowers from her hand is beautiful; Romako gives us some excellent Italian subjects, and Rivoire clusters of delicate wild flowers. Mr. Blodgett has sent two remarkable French specimens of animal painting. Of the two hundred and seventy-three water-color pictures, there are a score or two of choice and charming works.

AMERICAN GLACIERS.

STAY-AT-HOME travelers have hitherto had one disadvantage compared with those who cross the ocean, in their search for the grand or strange in Nature. They could find in our own country every variety of scenery that exists in Europe,—rivers, lakes, mountains, skies, worthy of Italy or Switzerland,—everything but glaciers. They have found here new sensations for the *blasé* European traveler,—cataracts beyond compare, geysers scarcely equaled in Iceland, marvelous Yo-Semite gorges, and great *Sequoia* forests that have somehow escaped the catastrophes that separate us from the Tertiary Period, and in which, no doubt, have sported mastodons and all their kindred; all these, but no glaciers, unless they be in the unexplored regions of Alaska. The ranges near the Pacific coast seem high enough for them, but Professor Whitney has lamented their entire absence. The Sierra Nevadas show traces everywhere of glaciers so recent that they appear to have been melted away only last season; but all that remains of them is here and there a little rudimentary mass of ice, or fields of perpetual *névе* snow, which are remarkable for depth and area, but not sufficiently extended to start a glacier movement. The heights of Colorado are less snowy than the Nevadas, and the *névе* masses are less; and the Wind River, Wahsatch, and Uintah ranges, though possessing a very great extent of lofty peaks, are even less snowy than the Laramie range of Colorado. But Clarence King, connected with Major-General Humphrey's *U. S. Geological Exploration of the 40th Parallel*, has been fortunate enough to find three fine glaciers on the northern side of Mount Shasta, the famous volcano of Northern California. As the ascent had previously been made always from the southern side, they had escaped observation. One of these glaciers is about five miles long and half as wide. They are broken by "cascades," and show all the characteristic features, even to the streams of water flowing from them, milky with suspended sediment, and promising to the future faculty of the State a fine field of investigation on the peculiar diseases that follow from drinking such water. The United States can depend on its centers of goitre and cretinism, as well as of glacial movement. Also on Mt. Tachoma, or Rainier, as it is generally called, a still larger system of glaciers has been discovered, with their tributary glacial streams. The main White River glacier pours straight down from the rim of the crater, and is ten miles long and reaches a width of five miles, and is probably some thousands of feet thick. It has also been just discovered that Mt. Hood, of the Cascade Range of Oregon, boasts three other glaciers with ice caves, crevasses, and torrents, terminal and lateral moraines, quite worthy of the Swiss Alps, and adding to ordinary glacial attractions the further attraction of volcanic craters.

PRESIDENT MCCOSH'S LECTURES.

DR. MCCOSH, President of Princeton College, is at present delivering in New York a course of Lectures to the Times, on *Natural Theology and the Evidences of the Christian Religion*. They are on the Ely Foundation, and are addressed to the students of the Union Theological Seminary; but they are thrown open to the public, which is attending on them in large numbers. They are directed against the prevailing errors of the day, and have a special reference, at least the earlier portion of them, to the speculations of Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndal, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, and will go on to discuss Positivism, Materialism, and the historical questions raised by M. Renan. The lectures consist of three series. *First Series*—The Relation of Physical Science to Religion, in which it is shown that the Argument from Design is not done away by modern science, and such subjects as the Conservation of Physical Force, Star Dust, Protoplasm, and the Origin of Species are discussed, while it is shown that there is a plan in the structure and the history of the world, and this in entire conformity with revealed truth. *Second Series*—The Relation of Mental Philosophy to Religion, in which it is shown that mind exists and can rise to the knowledge of God, and the mental principles involved in the theistic argument are unfolded; while there is an examination of the theories of Nescience and Relativity of Positivism and Materialism. *Third Series*—The Relation of History to Religion, in which M. Renan's theories are criticised, and the arguments derived from the life and character of Jesus and the progress of the early church are explained and defended. Until the publication of the lectures in book form, extended criticism would be premature, owing to the unsatisfactory character of the reports which have appeared in the daily papers.

ETCHINGS.

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

"Oh! a wedding ring's pretty to wear,
And a bride of all women is fair,
But then,
There's no trusting in men,
And, if I were a girl, I'd of lovers beware.
They may court you to-day,
Sweet as birds in the May,
But to-morrow, look out! they'll be all flown away!"
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head—
Lovers were now the last thing she need dread.
But you never can tell
Who has once been a belle;
"Sweethearts! I've had 'em; I know 'em!" she said.

"Just as long as your company's new,
There is no one that's equal to you;
You then
Can have choice of the men;
'Tis the black eyes to-day, and to-morrow the blue.
I had once a brocade
For my marriage-gown made;
On the shelf of the store-room my wedding-cake laid;
Never that cake on the table was set.
Here I am, Dorothy Sullivan yet!
Let it go! let it go!
I am glad it was so;
Hardly earned lessons you're slow to forget.

"Could I keep all to-day that I know,
With the face that I had long ago,
Ah, then,
I would pay back the men!
They should get a small part of the debt that I owe!
For 'tis little care they,
Spite the fine things they say,
How a woman's heart aches if they have their own way.

Promises! little they keep men in awe!
Trust 'em! I'd sooner trust snow in a thaw!
They are easy to make,
And more easy to break;
Keeping 'em's something that never I saw!

"When you come to your own wedding-morn,
Just to find you're a maid left forlorn,
Ah, then,
Where's your faith in the men,
When your wedding-gown's on and your bridegroom is gone?
You must take off that gown,
And sit quietly down,
Cast aside, thrown away, to be talk for the town."
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head;—
"Children once burnt of the fire have a dread;
Let your love-stories be,

When you're talking to me;
Sweethearts! I've had 'em! I know 'em!" she said.

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